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**LIPPINCOTT'S**  
**MONTHLY MAGAZINE.**

**A**

**POPULAR JOURNAL**

**OF**

**GENERAL LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND POLITICS.**

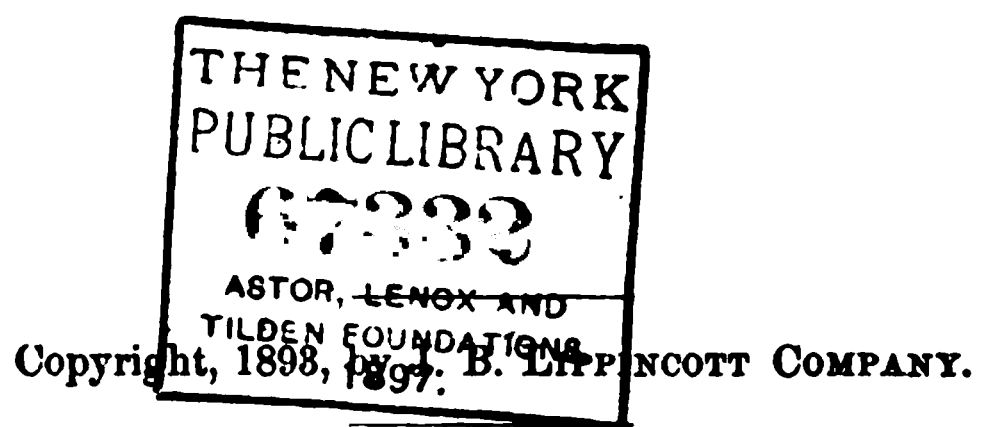
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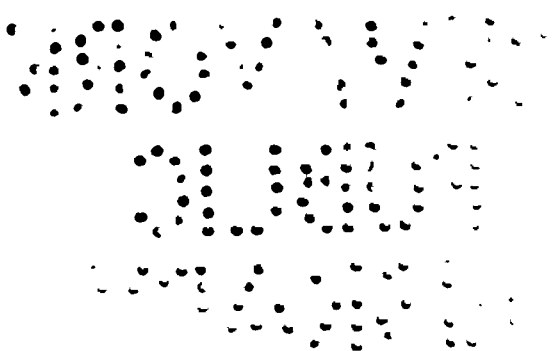
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# A PACIFIC ENCOUNTER.

BY

MARY E. STICKNEY,

AUTHOR OF "CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE," "A COWBOY'S STRANGE  
EXPERIENCE," "GRANT'S LUCK," ETC.

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# LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1893.

## A PACIFIC ENCOUNTER.



I.

WIGHT RUPERT was standing with his friend Don Mariano Hernandez in the cathedral plaza of Panama, ruefully regarding an uninviting mat of green coffee spread out on the ground there to dry, remains of the cargo of a lighter that had caught fire down the bay the night before.

Over in the western sky a fair cloud-fleet was sailing on a shimmering sea of gold, proud galleons of smoked pearl with rose-red sails, languidly drifting away, as if they bore to a land of dreams all the burdens of the long, hot day. It still was very warm, the air heavily oppressive, as if the life of it had been burned out; and the thick, white dust of the street was hot to the tread, like ashes whose heart-fires were not yet quenched. Up in the cathedral tower a drowsy boy was beating the sad-voiced bells with stones, the hoarse clangor inexpressibly irritating to heretic nerves, with its uncertain and spasmodic measure, as the energy of the unhappy performer fluctuated; and a few dark-faced women, with slumberous, passion-freighted eyes, were straying in at the wide-open door of the church.

There was a stir of life about the Grand Hotel, on the other side of the plaza, a passing in and out by the broad doors, a flutter of white gowns on the gallery overhead. Lounging in the shade below was a laughing group of *Americanos* from the man-of-war lying down the bay, handsome young fellows, at whom a butterfly bevy of native girls, with jetty eyes and teeth like jewels set in their nut-brown faces, were smiling bold invitation as they passed by with free swinging stride and the queenly poise of head learned in the carrying of many a burden to market, all as unconscious of their lithe seductive grace as they were

innocent that there might be aught to criticise in those brief flounced *polleras* that so lavishly disclosed the charms they assumed to clothe.

Overhead in the clear luminous light, their rusty feathers just touched with the dust of gold that the spendthrift god of day was casting behind him, hovered in lazy flight a few turkey-buzzards, the city's scavengers, pausing as if to watch, like birds of evil omen, the little train that had just issued from a side-door of the church, an acolyte ringing a bell as they went, others bearing lighted candles, another carrying the great white gold-fringed umbrella over the padre's head, who went, as everybody knew, to carry comfort to one whose soul might presently slip away into the shadows beyond that sunset sea of gold. The laughing girls, and the trio of native soldiers, marvels of dignity and dirt, who were chattering together at the corner, hushed their gay noise to draw back humbly, reverently making the sign of

RUPERT AND DON MARIANO.

the cross as the *cortège* passed them by. But scarce for a moment was their sunshine clouded: they had met death too often to be frightened at his shadow, they who had lived their lives in that fever-cursed city by the sea, where no sight is more common than those sad little processions bearing the last alms of the Church to those poorest of all earth's poor,—the dying.

"Confound it!" Rupert explosively ejaculated, seeing nothing but the greenish-gray mat of damaged coffee. It was an unpromising lot,

dirty and malodorous from its soaking of salt water ; and Rupert, to whose branch house in New York it had been consigned, was in a correspondingly gloomy frame of mind, no little aggravated by sundry lesser evils,—the heat, the din of the bells, and most of all, perhaps, by a harassing apprehension that Don Mariano would probably invite him to dinner. With this vexatious waste of good material before his eyes, it appeared as simply beyond the limit of human endurance to face with any fair show of courtesy the burning abominations of *chile* that distinguished the Hernandez *menu*, to say nothing of the added ordeal of conversation with Don Mariano's fat wife, who understood no English, and, in Rupert's opinion, had nothing to say in her own tongue worthy the effort of understanding on his part.

It happened, however, that he was staying on board the Pacific Mail steam-ship, the Southern Cross, lying at anchor down the bay, and not much before nine o'clock that night could he hope that the tide would be up to the old Taller sea-stairs sufficiently high to serve for his escape. They called to their aid a mighty ally, the terror-stricken people fleeing from the horrors of ruined *Panama Viejo*, when they intrenched themselves behind those grim, far-reaching reefs of Panama Bay ; but it is a barrier to hold man prisoner, when the tide is out, as inexorably as, in their day, it kept the dreaded buccaneers at bay. Rupert fumed to feel himself between the devil and the deep sea, as it were, while still prudently reflecting that Don Mariano, who had for some time acted as his agent at the Isthmus, had proved an associate whose invitations it would be neither politic nor grateful to treat cavalierly.

"*Caramba !*" murmured Don Mariano, in his gentle cooing voice, his face turned toward the coffee with an expression of sympathetic discouragement, but with gaze absently straying away to the considerably demoralized assemblage of the saints, survivors of many an earthquake, surveying the world from their weed-grown niches in the cathedral façade, as though he would have invoked their aid.

The truth was that Don Mariano, on his side, was no little troubled in the depths of his courteous soul in respect to that invitation to dine which he felt it might be incumbent upon him to offer. The most amiable courtesies are pregnant of one grave embarrassment : once begun, it is hard to say where they may gracefully stop. Don Mariano, having on previous occasions entertained his San Francisco patron with all cordial good will, was now at a loss to know how he might break loose from the amiable habit he felt he had fastened upon himself. Had the amenities of polite life permitted such refreshing candor, he might have brought peace to both their troubled souls by explaining that on those other occasions when Rupert had stiffly graced the Hernandez board he had so far failed in winning favor with the Doña Carlota (of whose whims good Don Mariano, loving peace, was ever prudently mindful, the Doña Carlota being as sharp of tongue as an *Americana del Norte*,—Don Mariano could imagine no stronger comparison) that she had at last declared in good set terms that she would have no more of him. He had thought—being blessed with a broad lack of prejudice against a lie where the truth might seem better in



fair disguise—to repeat the excuse that had served him the day before, that the Doña Carlota was ill; but, as if with malice aforethought, she had just robbed him of that fair resource by appearing, brave and blooming, almost under their very noses, as she passed in at the cathedral door. Don Mariano, who would as willingly have been convicted of crime as of discourtesy, felt himself in sore straits; but for the moment he could only relieve his feelings in another and more despairing “*Caramba!*” which it might appear was inspired by contemplation of the damaged coffee or the noise of the bells.

It was at this opportune moment that Bruce Malcolm, emerging from the billiard-room of the Grand Hotel, caught sight of the pair, and came rushing across the plaza to meet them, shouting out, in his irrepressible boyish fashion, an invitation to dine before he had fairly given them civil greeting. Here was a deliverance that seemed fairly providential. Rupert felt himself absurdly disposed to embrace the young fellow upon the spot, while still wondering somewhat what all this unusual warmth of hospitality might mean; and even grave Don Mariano was stirred to such lively enthusiasm that it seemed he might almost mean literally to follow up his smiling “*Beso á usted la mano!*”

“I have been looking for you, Rupert,” Malcolm eagerly explained as they turned back toward the hotel, slipping his hand through the other’s arm with that air of cordial good-fellowship that made him beloved of all men. “Only got in an hour ago,—from Colon, you know. Heard you were here; and I wanted to make sure of capturing you for dinner.”

“And I can assure you that I am quite ready to be led captive in such a cause. We will help you to breed a famine on the Isthmus with all the good will in the world,—*no es verdad*, Don Mariano?”

“*Si, si, señor; con mucho gusto,*” with his usual suave politeness. Although he understood English fairly well, and had even been heard to speak it with considerable fluency upon occasion,—people said it had generally happened when he was in such a temper that the profanity of his own language had fallen altogether short of properly relieving his feelings,—yet, as a rule, there was nothing that Don Mariano hated more than to torment his tongue with other than the mellifluous accents to which he was born. “*Doy á usted las gracias, amigo mio.*”

“*No hay de que*, Don Mariano; but, all the same, I wish you *would* talk United States,—just for style, you know,” the young fellow laughingly retorted. “But I say, Rupert, I have a favor to ask of you.”

“All right; fire away. Will you start in with a cigar?—these are not bad,” holding out a well-filled case. Don Mariano had left them to send a note to his wife. “And now, old fellow, what is it?”

“Oh, nothing much,” complacently drawing at the cigar he was lighting. “Thanks; and, by Jove! Rupert, this is something like a cigar. Where did you get it?”

“Havana,—last time I was over. You are not likely to strike anything like it here, I fancy. Strange how this climate seems to play the deuce with tobacco.”

“Oh, it does with everything else, for that matter. But look here,

Rupert; you are going up on the Southern Cross, are you not?—Yes: so I thought,” smoking leisurely. “Well, I want to put my sister under your wing for the trip.”

And he had said it was “nothing much” he had to ask! Had one of its too common earthquakes shaken the old city of Panama at that moment, Rupert could scarcely have looked more startled. “Your sister!” he faltered. “I did not know that you *had* a sister, Malcolm.”

“Well, I have,—and two of them, as it happens. Did you take me for a foundling?” with his ever-ready laugh. “The older is married, and has lately gone to San Francisco to live. I have had it in mind to ask you to call on her, by the way.”

“Thanks,” perfunctorily, seeing that something was expected of him. “But I am not a society man, you know. I don’t do much in the calling line.”

“But you would not need to stand on ceremony with them,—my sisters, you know; you could come and go as you pleased. And you would like my sister’s husband, I am sure; he is one of the best fellows in the world,—just your sort,” protested the young fellow, with such cordial friendliness that Rupert felt constrained to repeat his thanks with a considerable access of warmth.

“Betty, who is here,” Malcolm continued, “has been making me a little visit on her way to Frisco. She came down from New York three weeks ago, with the Cornings of Colon, old friends of ours; and I had arranged with Mrs. Boyd to chaperon her on this trip up; but at the last moment Mrs. B. changed her plans, leaving me in the lurch. My sister is expecting to meet a friend in San Francisco, who is coming from the East to see her, and was bent on going just the same. You know how girls are,” he comprehensively added.

“No, I don’t, thank heaven!” Rupert dryly retorted; “but I can imagine.”

“Well, don’t imagine that you know it all,” with his infectious laughter. “But perhaps they don’t like to have their own way any better than we do, after all,” he magnanimously added. “A young girl travelling alone, though—of course nothing could happen to her—but it is not altogether pleasant. It seemed a regular godsend when I heard you were here.”

“Why, thanks,” returned Rupert, on this topic hopelessly reduced to monosyllables. He was anxiously questioning himself if it were not worth his while to invent excuse for stopping over till the next steamer.

“I hope you won’t think it too much of a bore,” observed Malcolm, with a somewhat crestfallen air, struck by the other’s palpable lack of enthusiasm. “Of course my sister is quite capable of taking care of herself; but if you would have an eye on her in a general way,—throw her a life-preserver if the ship should happen to run ashore,—or anything in that line, you know,—I should feel under an everlasting obligation.”

“Oh, certainly,” goaded on to something like resignation in compunction for Malcolm’s frankly mortified face; “that is, if I go,” bound to leave himself a loophole of escape. “I am rather looking

for a telegram which may compel me to stop over. But still the chances are that I shall go; and in that case I shall be most happy to be of any use. And, of course, you know," with a smile somewhat strained, "I feel highly flattered at the honor,—the amiable mark of esteem. A delicate tribute to my gray hairs, I take it."

"I did not know that you had any; but you are welcome to take it in the most complimentary light possible," laughed Malcolm, reassured at the tone, his momentary chagrin forgotten. Of course Rupert was a crotchety old bachelor, a bit shy and offish perhaps where women were concerned, but none the less a sterling good fellow, in age and character and social standing all that any man might desire as escort for his sister. And moreover Malcolm was comfortably persuaded that when once he knew sweet little Betty, Rupert would become sufficiently resigned, not to say grateful, for the office that had, perhaps, been rather forced upon him. "But, of course, you know," he ingenuously added, "I would sooner ask you than a younger man."

"Oh, thanks awfully," with a sardonic note of laughter. Although he had seen less than forty years, Dwight Rupert was well used to being reckoned old. The gray hairs of which he spoke were not apparent in the short brown beard upon which the heavy moustache drooped a shade lighter, nor in the hair of yet a lighter hue that showed, damp and clinging, across his forehead as he idly fanned himself with his soft Panama hat. Tall and broad-shouldered, his erect soldierly form showed no lack of the brave strength of youth; nor had time traced its mischievous epitaph of dead years about the bluish-gray eyes that looked at the world with an unflinching steadiness that promised they would miss nothing which fairly came within their range. But yet there was an intangible something about the man inspiring young fellows to approach him with a certain deference, and moving old men to treat him with a sort of good-fellowship, which told him beyond mistaking that his youth was reckoned lost.

"If I had been going in for mere youth and beauty," laughed Malcolm, with an air of getting off a joke which must be apparent to everybody, "Dick Hazelton hinted that I might call upon him. He is going up with you."

"No; you don't mean it?" with a comprehensive grin. Dick Hazelton was one of the black sheep whose dyed-in-the-wool wickedness had, during his residence there, stirred the properly-minded people of the Isthmus to ever-fresh astonishment. It rather commonly happens, however, that the community that talks the most in virtuous condemnation may yet specifically yawn in the face of the saint, while betraying a charity fairly excessive in coddling an interesting sinner. And thus it was in that quite consciously proper little circle made up of the foreign residents, that while they gossiped and exclaimed and wagged their virtuous heads over his disreputable doings, society still amiably opened its doors to handsome Dick Hazelton, and even made much of him in a way, although his attentions to women were none the less generally regarded as rather compromising.

"I appreciate the comparison," Rupert dryly added. "But is he really going up with us? I had not heard of it."

"No; I suppose not. The fact is that he only divulges the secret to a favored few, and then but in whispers, his scheme being to fold up his tent like the Arab, and silently steal away," with a grin that told much, while Don Mariano, who had rejoined them, laughed softly.

"Oh!" with swift intelligence: "so Panama has at last grown too hot to hold him?"

"Well, rather," with dry significance.

"And which particular one of his little eccentricities has he been overdoing?" with true masculine relish for a bit of gossip which might be piquantly spiced with evil.

"Oh, it is simply his amiable habit of loving not wisely but too well. He has passed his affections around here at Panama as liberally and impartially as the lump of sugar at one of the old Knickerbocker tea-parties, you know. You have heard, of course, of his affair with Mrs. Grant. Well, it happened that the lady had a pretty nurse-maid, —a native girl, only a shade or two off color,—upon whom King Richard cast an amorous eye. Mrs. Grant, however, being by no means inspired with the love-me-love-my-dog sentiment, kicked, and to such purpose that—ah, by Jove!—speak of the devil, you know,—there he is!" glancing across the plaza, where a young man was sauntering toward them, a young fellow of fair, almost effeminate, beauty, clad in dainty white linen, natty and trim from head to foot.

"*Un diablo hermoso!*" murmured Don Mariano, appreciatively regarding the advancing shape.

"Handsome enough, you bet," agreed Malcolm, with good-humored emphasis; "but, I say, Rupert, if he once gets hold of us only death can save us from having him with us at dinner. The boys have been drinking his health, by way of a send-off, until he has just about reached that stage of exuberant sociability when he will stick like wax."

"I *could* knock him down, in a case of liberty or death," remarked Rupert, tentatively.

"Oh, that would be too much trouble," protested Malcolm, languidly. "Discretion is the better part of valor when the thermometer is in the nineties."

And with one impulse the trio moved hastily toward the opposite door; and not until many a day after did it occur to Dwight Rupert that he had not, after all, learned the details pertaining to Dick Hazelton's departure from Panama.

---

## II.

It seemed like a child who rose to meet them as they entered the great bare parlor above, a little girl in a simple white frock, who was marvellously like her brother when she smiled, a kind of boyish frankness in her soft brown eyes, an irrepressible kindness glowing in her delicate face, promising that she was ready to be friends with all the world. Rupert experienced a slight sensation of relief. He would

almost have preferred to undertake the care of an infant in arms rather than the fine lady his apprehension had vaguely pictured.

The introductions were in Spanish, Malcolm speaking with elaborate distinctness while he explained that Don Mariano did not speak English. It was plain from the shadow of dismay that flitted across her face that Miss Malcolm could not boast the gift of tongues, but her smile was no less winning as she extended a slim white hand to each in turn, although her lips did not venture to frame a syllable.

Professing a devouring appetite, Malcolm led the way at once down to that quaint little room adjoining the large dining-hall of the Grand Hotel, which no one who has ever been there could well forget, with its cool tiled floor and the impossible flowers blooming on the gaudily-frescoed walls, its heat and flies, and the heavy vitiated atmosphere laden with mixed odors of by-gone soup and cigars. Malcolm took the head of the table, placing his sister at his right. Don Mariano was seated at his other side; while to Rupert was given the chair at the right of the little lady.

She was scarcely as young as her small stature had at first led him to believe, Rupert perceived, furtively glancing at her while he unfolded the generous expanse of napkin allotted him,—a long and narrow stretch of linen like a toilet towel strayed from its proper sphere. A whimsical apprehension had occurred to him in respect to her youth. In his visits to the Isthmus he had observed that very young girls, as well as a certain other class rather verging on the sere and yellow leaf, seemed alike possessed of a mania for bearing away from Panama an outlandish collection of parrots and monkeys. Of all things tropical a monkey was his pet abomination; and the only virtue he had ever been able to discover in a parrot was that it would sometimes swear when confronted with the hideous grin of its proverbial enemy. It was quite in order, with a sort of grim humor he reflected now, that fate, having saddled him with the charge of a young woman, should add the usual little menagerie to fill his measure of ill luck to overflowing.

The dinner proceeded with that fictitious air of despatch peculiar to the tropical service. With the spasmodic energy of a liberated jack-in-the-box, the waiter flew in with soup rich in grease and garlic, presently, with the same misleading suggestion of haste, to snatch up the scarce-touched plates and vanish again. A seemingly interminable interval of fasting, and then, with an air calculated to convey the idea that he had been running from the moment of his exit, the fellow was back bearing a fish lavishly decorated with onions and *chiles*, which proved not bad in its way, but there was all too little of it. And then ensued another period of hungry waiting.

A woman has usually this advantage over the average man, that her temper is not altogether at the mercy of her appetite. Rupert, hungry and out of patience, ill-humoredly staring at the grease-stained roses on the opposite wall, while his thoughts drifted back to gloomy calculations as to his damaged coffee, was roused by a little inarticulate sound to turn toward his neighbor. As she caught his eye a smile flashed across her face, as sunny and good-humored as if her moiety of fish had been a feast.

"*Hace mucho calor, señor,*" she said, slowly, with a nervous paining which told that the little platitude had been given anxious thought before she had ventured to launch it forth.

Rupert stared slightly, until, observing that Malcolm and Don Mariano were talking in Spanish, it dawned upon him that her notions of courtesy confined them all to the same tongue. It seemed to him rather strained and far-fetched, but, after an instant's hesitation, he courteously agreed in that language that it *was* warm. She remained smilingly looking up at him as if she had expected him to say something more, but Rupert doggedly devoted himself to the chicken before him, which seemed to have been prepared for the table by the slow process of drying. If the girl would have their conversation in Spanish, he was grimly resolved that he had nothing to say. But clearly Miss Malcolm was in no mood to accept the gold of silence as fair coin of sociability. With an air of determined friendliness, after a little, she made another and more ambitious attempt.

"*Cuanto tiempo ha vivido usted en Panamá?*" she asked.

Her lisping pronunciation, the Castilian accent of the boarding-school, seemed to Rupert, who had

"OH, BRUCE, CAN'T HE REALLY UNDERSTAND ONE WORD OF ENGLISH?"

and he considered the predicament in which he found himself. To have escaped the Doña Carlota with her bewildering Panama *patois*, only to be doused with this school-girl Castilian, struck him as



a large joke, no less to be enjoyed in its way that he was himself the victim.

His lips twitched mutinously while he responded, with a stiff attempt at gravity, that he was simply visiting Panama on business, and would—*plegue á Dios!*—sail the next day; while at the end, comprehending from the utter bewilderment of her face that she had scarce grasped the meaning of a word, he was driven to turn his head to hide the derisive smiles that quivered upon his lips. Well, if she would try to converse in a language she did not understand, in his opinion it was quite right she should “get left.”

But Miss Malcolm was in no frame of mind for laughter. With an air of utter despair she leaned toward her brother, her murmured plaint perfectly audible to the other concerned: “Oh, Bruce, can’t he really understand one word of English?”

“Who?—you don’t mean Rupert?” looking amazed; then, with a roar of his ready boyish laughter, grasping the situation, “Good gracious! Have you been trying to talk to him in Spanish?—and did he let you?—Well, that does take the cake, as the saying is.”

“But certainly you told me that your friends could not speak English,” glancing from one to the other questioningly, her cheeks crimsoning.

“Oh, you mixed those children up, so to speak. My explanation applied only to our friend on the other side, who is one of the kind of birds that can sing, but won’t,—*no es verdad*, Don Mariano? As to Rupert, though—well, that is a good one!” laughing again. Nobody could accuse Bruce Malcolm of ever missing the smallest excuse for laughter.

“It is the most astonishing thing,” exclaimed his sister, rather huffily, addressing her neighbor, “what a difference of taste there is in the matter of jokes.”

“It is, indeed,” very gravely. “Now, this—it is fairly tragic, is it not?—that I should have gotten myself mistaken for a native—to no manners born?”

At the languid mockery of his tone there was a flash of indignation in her glance. “It was simply cruel of you, I think, to let me go on in that idiotic fashion,—not to explain,” with severe reproach. “I could not have thought it of you.”

“But—it was dull in me, no doubt—I supposed that you preferred Spanish,” he urged, apologetically.

“Preferred!” leaning back in her chair and staring up at him as if quite overwhelmed with the abounding absurdity of this idea. “Did you think me utterly cracked?”

“Why should I?” his protest the warmer in tone for the little sense of guilt as he reflected how nearly his thought had been something like that. “I thought you very kind and friendly.”

“Oh, come; I want to shoulder all the responsibility of that break myself,” interrupted Malcolm. “I might have known that poor Betty could not catch on to my Isthmus lingo, when, owing to the peculiar beauties of my pronunciation, even the natives themselves don’t appear to understand half I say to them. You two would better shake hands and be friends, and then turn about and forgive me.”



"Shall we?" murmured Rupert, in a tone that essayed to be politely persuasive, but with a shade of weariness. The little episode, calling attention to the fact that, sitting beside a pretty girl, he had only opened his mouth in favor of his soup, had made him feel rather ridiculous for the moment; and he had a half-resentful feeling that it would have been in better taste if they had changed the subject.

"You'd better make peace with Rupert, even if you hold over a grudge against me," her brother carelessly interpolated; "for I have promised him a fortnight of angelic behavior on your part."

"I cannot imagine what possessed you to do anything so rash."

"Oh, I felt driven to it for the credit of the family, you know. And Rupert has promised, if you will be a very good girl, that he will have an eye on you on this trip to Frisco."

"Oh, if it was upon such terms——"

"But it was quite unconditional," protested Rupert, the sense of weariness growing upon him. "I am to throw you a life-preserver if the ship springs a leak,—that was the only duty you mentioned, Malcolm, was it not?—and the only condition is that you will be good enough to catch it when I throw."

"Oh, if that is all," regarding him with smiling doubt, "I suppose we might manage, perhaps, to agree upon so much as that."

"I thought it quite safe to promise, for my part."

"Trusting in Providence to preserve the ship from springing a leak?"

"Trusting in Providence with entire confidence that it is to be a pleasant voyage," with an attempt at gallantry for which he took to himself great credit. As little as he could really wish to have his journeying hampered by the presence of a woman, he felt that he was taking it very well.

"The chances are that you will go?" put in Malcolm, rather anxiously.

"Why, yes," hesitating, with a sensation as of burning his bridges behind him. "I think now that there is very little question about it."

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### III.

Without calling himself a woman-hater, Dwight Rupert regarded the sex at large with a contemptuous indifference more unflattering than active dislike. His mother was to him but the shameful, unhappy memory of a helpless, silly beauty, whose frivolous dissipations, with her selfishness and peevish temper, had spoiled his father's life and made his own childhood a time of forlorn wretchedness that his heart dully ached now to remember. It had been one of those every-day tragedies so common as scarce to excite remark, if the names happen to be unknown, as one reads the outlines in the daily papers. There had been a foolish—perhaps a wicked—woman, a wrecked home, and finally the scandal of a divorce-case; and Rupert, who had been a mere child when the shameful little drama had been played out before his wondering eyes, had never looked upon his mother's face again.

The father's bitterness had kept them rigidly apart from the world of womankind while he lived; and the son scarce might guess how much of tenderness and beauty he had missed in that subtle education of character that comes of surroundings. The child robbed of a mother by death has lost the richest influence for good his life could ever know; but the other, orphaned while his mother lives, robbed at her hands of his birthright of love, has been given a heritage of evil that must inevitably warp his life in some shape awry. Rupert was emphatically a man for men: he had no use for women, he used bluntly to declare, the father's virulent prejudice dulled in him to cold and distrustful indifference. He tolerated women as a necessary evil, one of nature's amiable blunders, and, for his own part, could quite have found it in his heart to echo Boucicault's unholy wish that Adam had died with all his ribs in his body.

And, now, to find himself booked as escort for a young woman was a state of things as amazing as vexatious. He could not but feel gloomily persuaded that all the craft and subtlety of the devil must have been at work in his affairs to bring him to such a strait,—a view of the case quite sympathetically endorsed by his friend the captain of the *Southern Cross*, a bachelor with a wide seafaring experience.

In the opinion of that doughty officer, woman at sea was at her worst. Aside from her lapses of sense in littering a good ship with parrots and monkeys, she was always a bundle of nervous fears, forever requiring to be coddled and reassured. If she were not sea-sick, she was given to abnormal spasms of energy, impelling her to plank the deck at all hours, pressing into service unhappy men, who must perforce go unsolaced by cigars the while, lest the smoke make her ill. She must go curiously prowling through the steerage, she must climb to the bridge, and go down to examine the engine, with a continuous flow of questions upon every subject betwixt sea and sky, while to the answers she so pertinaciously extorted she never by any chance listened. If she were sea-sick, all well and good. The captain regarded with a large toleration, almost tinged with sardonic approval, that class of weak ones who unobtrusively stayed below and nursed their nausea; but for their obstreperous sisters, as stout of stomach as of limb, who cheerfully haunted the decks of the *Southern Cross* in every sort of weather, he unhesitatingly averred that personally he had no sort of use.

"Oh, she'll feel herself privileged to holy-stone the deck with you if the whim strikes her," he grimly prophesied, after the lugubrious spirit of Job's comforters. "I know their ways! I've had to take a thousand or more in tow in my day; but now I'm through. Nowadays, when any fellow asks me to look after his sister, or his cousin, or his aunt, I don't refuse; but I leave her onto the purser. It comes hard on him,—poor fellow!—now and then, but self-preservation is the first law of nature. You would better try to work up a deal with the purser yourself."

"Heaven knows I would like to," groaned Rupert, with a sincerity not to be questioned.

But that anticipation may be worse than reality Rupert was

agreeably reminded before the first day of the voyage was spent. It was well after noon when they sailed away from the pretty green

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from the busy company of their old and merchantmen lying at anchor there, with the swarm of small craft around them; away from the fair picture of the city nestled at the foot of old Mount Ancon up the bay, its menacing reefs, now hidden under a gay spread of waters, hinting nothing of danger, its yellow-gray walls and red-tiled roofs glowing invitingly in their tangle of greenery crowned with the plummy pompons of tall palms, the fair city beckoning them back like a temptress until the green height of Flamenco was rounded, and they on the decks of the Southern Cross saw themselves swiftly borne away from the haunting charms of fair Panama Bay.

Miss Malcolm carried no pets, either furred or feathered. Comfortably established in a shaded corner of the deck, as the city faded from sight and they were fairly on their way, she appeared at once absorbed in a book she had, quietly suggesting a preference for being left alone that was wondrously reassuring to her apprehensive cavalier. He felt it incumbent upon him to approach her to exchange a word in amiable show of friendliness, now and then; but the placid indifference of her brief replies told courteously but no less plainly that it was not expected that he should at all devote himself to her entertainment. So entirely reassured did he finally become in respect to his charge that, occupied with the fascinations of "four-hand crib" in the smoking-room when the dinner-hour arrived, he actually forgot the duties laid upon him altogether, and was proceeding complacently down to the saloon alone, when the laughter and chatter of the other women brought him up short, with a start of dismay, at the foot of the companion-way. It was honest shame that possessed him as he remorsefully hurried back; and his sunburned face assumed a deeper red as he met her coming down by herself.

"I was just coming to find you," he said, a genuine friendliness, born of contrition, in his voice.

"Ah, why did you bother to come back?" letting him see that she knew his courtesy was an after-thought, but with a friendly little smile that half robbed the words of their hidden sting. "I don't want you to think of me in the light of duty, Mr. Rupert," she laughingly declared: "one always hates one's duties, you know."

"Does one?" rather absently staring up at her. How pretty she looked there on the higher step smiling down at him, with the brown fringe of hair blown all in disorder over her forehead, with the wild-rose tint the tropical sun had burned upon her cheeks, the merry red-lipped mouth, and the limpid brown eyes with the soft glints of amber in their depths, the tints of a mountain-brook coquetting with the sunshine. Her loveliness came upon Rupert as a sort of revelation in the brief glance he cast up at her. It occurred to him that some pretty protest might be expected of him in answer to her last remark, but he could think of nothing that did not sound like fulsome flattery as he vaguely framed the words in his mind; and so, the more stiff and constrained from his embarrassment, he only turned abruptly back down the stair, saying, half over his shoulder, "Shall we go down to dinner?"

He might have been as amazed as disquieted, had he chanced suddenly to glance back, to discover the girl, as she followed in seeming meekness, with a little *moue* half amused half petulant, furtively shaking her small fist at his broad back. But of this, happily, Rupert could know nothing; while he strove to make himself agreeable at dinner with a complacency only occasionally disturbed by the captain's sardonic glances. And afterward, punctiliously resolved to atone for his brief lapse of duty, he offered his arm for a promenade on deck quite as a matter of course.

"But isn't it rather a bore?" protested Betty, with an air of smiling indifference, pausing by her steamer-chair.

"Oh, if you think so——" considerably taken aback.

"Do you like it?"

"I suppose so, though I have never particularly analysed the feeling. At any rate, I have rather a habit of planking the deck after dinner when I am at sea."

"While you smoke?"

"Exactly."

"Then, if I come with you, will you smoke just the same?" with the air of driving a bargain.

"Of course I shall only be too glad," somewhat doubtfully abstracting a cigar from its case, "if you really mean it."

"Certainly; of course," solicitously watching the flickering life of the match bravely holding its own against the buffeting of the fresh salt-scented breeze. "It must be rather nice to smoke," she remarked as they walked along, smiling up at him with that air of good-fellowship that, in a soft idealized way, made her so like her brother.

"Yes," he comfortably assented, feeling for the moment at peace with all the world. The brief tropical twilight was ended, and the cool damp wind, that in some weird quest seemed softly feeling its way to earth through the darkness, was inexpressibly refreshing after the burning glare of the day.

"I can hardly understand it," she went on, confidentially. "I have tried it, you know,—that is, cigarettes."

"No?—have you?" staring down at the innocent upturned face with rather blank astonishment.

"Oh, yes," with a gay little laugh at his surprise. "But I never discovered the fascination there seems to be in it. Except for the little *arrière-pensée* of wickedness, I am sure none of us would have bothered to try it a second time. It was like poker in that respect. We used to play poker—for beans—at boarding-school, you know, when we were supposed to be in bed and asleep. It seemed so delightfully dissipated,—to smoke and play poker,—but I don't think that any of us really enjoyed it."

"No?" considerably amused. She seemed like some irresponsible child, whose naughtinesses were only to be laughed at. "It must have seemed rather flat and unprofitable indeed to have had nothing but a lot of dried beans to show for all your trouble."

"Oh, but I never had even those," she ruefully declared. "I always lost them by the quart."

"That was hard," laughed Rupert. "It must have been conducive to no end of repentance and good resolutions next day. I have observed that people are generally most conscience-stricken when their wickedness has been unprofitable."

With a pleasant sense of surprise it struck him that the child was quite original and amusing; and when she had, as it appeared to him, the remarkably good taste to retire early and leave him free for his evening of whist, Rupert became almost enthusiastic about her.

"But wait a bit," quoth the astute captain, with dark significance. "You can never swear to a smooth voyage till you are safe in port."

But so amiably disposed had Dwight Rupert become regarding his

office that when next morning the ship was tossing in rather a "choppy" sea, and Betty Malcolm was undeniably sea-sick, he discovered a certain pleasure in his friendly zeal for her comfort, helping her up on deck and establishing her chair in a sheltered corner, where he brought iced champagne, and sat beside her, diverting her mind with idle chat while he watched his prescription bringing back the soft rose-bloom to her cheeks and calling out the shadowed brightness of her eyes. And when, with reviving spirits, stimulated by the wine, she began talking, Rupert found himself listening with the same surprised sense of amusement he had so curiously enjoyed the night before. She talked in a careless impersonal fashion, as one good fellow to another: of her brother, of whom she was very fond; of the quaint old city they had left behind, with its queer customs and polyglot society; of Colon, where she had been more, because of her brother's work lying at that side of the Isthmus, and because of their friend Mrs. Corning, who lived there, and who had acted as Betty's chaperon. It was all so interesting, so delightful, the girl brightly declared; but, drawing a long face, one's hair would not crimp there: it was a great drawback.

"Bangs turn straight and curls forget their cunning at just about nineteen degrees north latitude,—I made a note of the fatal spot as we came down on the other side,—the real line of beauty, I call it," she confidentially informed him. "Below that point one's foretop always looks as if one had just emerged from a Turkish bath. You can make some impression with a hot iron, to be sure, but it is only a fleeting show; while as to curl-papers, they are simply a snare and delusion. You can have no idea what a trial is involved for one's temper in such a state of things."

"I suppose so," he returned, laughing with a sort of Peeping Tom sense of enjoyment, as of being initiated into mysteries it scarce were fitting that his sex should penetrate. "Perhaps the cause of the trouble may be that below the point you mention nature has very generally crimped the hair herself, and is jealous of rivalry."

"Very likely. Nature rules the year in the tropics; and it seems pretty nearly useless to try to contend against her in any way." And from this she was reminded to launch into a discussion as to the chances of success for the Canal, on the line of which her brother was engaged in making surveys. The great scheme, then in its dazzling infancy, was, at the time, the main topic of interest in that quarter of the globe; and Rupert discovered that Miss Betty was quite surprisingly well informed as to the natural conditions, the possibilities and impossibilities, of the undertaking; while incidentally she referred to the Monroe doctrine with a familiarity that filled her listener's soul with new surprise. He had scarce imagined her interested in any doctrine not directly bearing on the curling of her hair or the cut of her gowns.

He did not realize how completely his rôle of guardian had taken possession of his fancy, how genuine was the interest the girl had roused in him, until, coming up on the quarter-deck in the late afternoon, he found Miss Betty engaged in gay conversation with Dick Hazelton. Had the girl been bound to him by ties of kinship, could



he have felt himself legitimately responsible for her, Rupert's blood could scarce have boiled more fiercely at the sight. He had been accustomed to regard Dick Hazelton with good-humored indifference, to laugh at his ridiculous escapades with the careless indulgence we are apt to accord our neighbors' sins when they appear in amusing situations and do not happen unduly to interfere with our own pleasures. But Rupert had been trained in certain old-fashioned principles that had left his own life singularly clean,—that made moral cleanliness seem to him now but decent and fitting in association with the innocent child he conceived Betty Malcolm to be.

"Guess you won't have to work up a deal with the purser, after all," dryly observed the captain, by whose side he stopped.

"I would like to work up a deal with somebody to pitch that fellow overboard," he wrathfully retorted. "He is not fit to talk to a child like that."

"Oh, that is a matter of opinion," placidly. "Our young friend seems to have no fault to find with him."

"I thought he had not come,—or, rather, I had not thought about him at all," pursued Rupert, sullenly. "But I have not noticed him on board before."

"No; he has hardly been in shape to show up under full sail until this," with an expressive grin. "He was on beam-ends when they got him on board and packed him someway up in his bunk. The boys had been giving him a good deal of a send-off, and they all had a good deal more on board than they could carry with a steady keel when they brought him out from shore. And he hasn't done much but splice the main braces since. The doctor said this morning that he would have to cut him off from his grog; and I suppose that is the explanation of his appearance now."

"He is about as bad as they make 'em," in a tone of angry conviction.

"Oh, as to that—God knows!" with a shrug of his broad shoulders. Whatever might be his strictures in respect to women, like most men Captain Cornell was never lacking in a large toleration for the frailties of his own sex. "When you come to size him all up, he may have broken no more of the ten commandments than the rest of us, after all. He has perhaps picked out different ones to monkey with; but that is merely a question of taste. I don't suppose it really makes much difference up aloft whether a fellow forgets to remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy, or happens to covet his neighbor's wife: the whole ten of the shalls and shan'ts seem held up pretty much alongside, and not a word in the whole business about taking a drop too much. Poor Hazelton isn't quite so black as he is painted, in my opinion. He isn't half a bad fellow when he is sober."

"'When he is sober'!—mighty Scott! I have no use for intermittent decency," with sharp impatience.

"Well, when you run across any other kind you'd better drop a postal to Barnum; he offers a pretty liberal price for freaks, I'm told."

"But, confound it, Cornell, give the devil his due as much as you please, but you know as well as I that Hazelton is not the sort of fel-



low you would want to see talking to your sister. And that child is travelling in my charge; I feel responsible for her," viciously chewing the end of his cigar, his hands thrust deep in his pockets. "For the time being I stand *loco parentis*, don't I?" with a vexed laugh. "I believe it is my duty to walk over to Hazelton and say to him, 'Hands off!'"

"Oh, I don't think I'd trouble if I were you," advised the other, with grinning nonchalance. "You remember Don Quixote's tilt with the windmill: it did not really pay, you know. Girls nowadays are rigged to sail pretty close to the wind,—they all do,—but they get there just the same. You can't pack the girl in cotton; and you are not responsible if Hazelton happens to make love to her."

"If he does happen to, I'll break his head just the same," with dogged determination, laughing grimly.

"Well, there's a marline-spike, when you get ready to use it; but you would better think twice about it. I should awfully hate to have to put you in irons this trip," with a smiling shrug.

While minded in the main to take the captain's advice and refrain from meddling, Rupert could not help asking, when they were at dinner, vexed that the words sounded in his ears like the blunt insolence of a school-boy, "And how does it happen that you are acquainted with Hazelton, Miss Malcolm?"

"Oh, one knows everybody at the Isthmus," with a slight stare of surprise at the tone. "He tells me that he promised my brother to look after me too," she nonchalantly added. "It ought to be a large relief to you to feel that you may somewhat share your responsibilities."

"Do you think so?" he returned, stiffly, nervously breaking a bit of bread to crumbs. "Your brother remarked to me that Hazelton had rather made a tender of his services," he went on, awkwardly, after a moment,—“but I understood him to say that he had declined the——” hesitating, with a sarcastic smile, “shall I say the honor?”

"Yes; it was so kind of him to offer, was it not?" a dangerous gleam in the limpid depths of her soft eyes as she guilelessly smiled up at him, with feminine *finesse* ignoring the point he had tried to make. "One so appreciates gratuitous kindness, don't you know? It is cruelly rasping upon my self-love, but all the same, you know, I have a melancholy conviction that there are men so lacking in taste that they would about as lief be shot as to have a fortnight of my society thrust upon them. And of course," with a broader smile, "this reflection suggests a comparison in the light of which Mr. Hazelton appears anything but odious. Indeed, to tell the truth," with an air of innocent audacity, "I think him very nice."

"That is what women generally say of him, I believe," feeling his face reddening angrily.

"Yes," placidly smiling still. "One would naturally remark it of him: so many men are not nice, you know. And the few that are—well, they generally have their intermittencies, don't you think?"

"Always excepting the rare and perfect Hazelton, of course," in a hard, sneering voice.

"Oh, as to that, *quien sabe?*" smiling indifferently. "I have yet to discover."

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## IV.

It was nearly high noon when the ship came to anchor in the open roadstead off Punta Arenas. The blue garment of the sea was all afflicker with phantom jewels as it crept on with soft murmurs as of tender suppliance to where, stretching out white appealing arms, it languorously threw itself upon the brawny brown breast of earth. The little place looked uninvitingly torrid, reaching out in a long low line of color beyond the wide yellow beach, its cream-white walls and red and yellow roofs bare and baking under a scanty fringe of tall palms that faintly stirred in the breeze, the distant line of mountains behind but a shimmering shadow of palest violet in the hot hazy light. But it was land, offering relief from the gathering *ennui* of life on shipboard; and quickly the boats were filled that had come out from shore, manned by grinning scantily-clothed natives, vigorously wielding their clumsy paddles spliced out with long poles, not caring a whit, in the rich harvest they might reap from tourist curiosity, that the thermometer registered ninety-three in the shade.

Rupert, looking for Miss Betty to go down to lunch, found her looking dainty as a dew-washed flower, in a fresh white gown, hat and gloves on and parasol in hand.

The long voyage between Panama and San Francisco offers one agreeable change from the usual routine of travel. The continuous differences of climate encountered, making almost imperative a corresponding gamut of clothing, tend to a display of toilet on the part of the ladies on shipboard altogether more attractive than the dull monotony of travelling costume generally affected by womankind. But Rupert's gaze as he took in the details of the pretty toilet before him, and comprehended its meaning, was more dismayed than admiring.

"Are we going to lunch first?" asked the girl, with the pout of a spoiled child, her glance daring him to call her anything but charming.

There can come no more trying condition into the development of character than beauty coupled with that subtle magnetism which we vaguely define as charm of manner. Only the saints translated can bear the strain of continual incense and praise without being spoiled. Betty Malcolm from her babyhood had been queen of her little world. Her fairy-like physique, the exquisite sweetness of her smile, her flower-like prettiness, and the dainty grace that characterized her, made all that she did seem simply charming, and, by her doing it, right. It followed as a matter of course that, with a naturally kind heart, the girl was wilful, thoughtless, and capricious; a spoiled child hesitating on the verge of what might be, lacking the saving grace of a great love to lift her out of herself, a selfish and shallow womanhood. She had learned to expect of the world only petting and indulgence; and in return it was easy to offer a smiling face and that universal sweetness

of manner that was really but the amiable cloak of utter indifference. She scarce could help the little air of flirting that marked her manner with men, which was merely the legitimate outgrowth of unthinking and joyous good humor, filling her with sweet willingness to please and be pleased, with no care for cost or consequences. She had grown accustomed to the incense of admiration from all eyes, to accept as her right the tribute of idle nothings which told that men found her fair. She could not see—she did not want to see—what thorns might lie beneath the roses, how much of real passion and pain might crop out from the careless game of coquetries and compliments that she found so amusing. She only wanted to have a good time, to enjoy the passing hour unfettered. Rupert's indifference, his seeming unconsciousness of all her charms and graces, was a new experience, that piqued and curiously interested the girl. With him she felt ever spurred on to show herself more lovely, more winsome; to interest him in spite of himself; to force into those cool gray eyes a spark of that fire for which she had rarely looked in vain in the eyes of men. Now, coming straight from her mirror, in her pretty gown audaciously aflutter with ribbons of palest blue, full of girlish joy in the consciousness of looking her best, there fell upon her a sensation of disappointment and keen exasperation as Rupert came toward her with his usual blank unconscious gaze.

"Why, did you think of going ashore?" he faltered, with tactless dismay. The girl grew red as a rose in the mortification of the moment.

"It was very stupid of me," she said, shamefacedly, but with a hint of gathering wrath, "but I took it for granted we were going. Everybody else is," glancing dispiritedly over the side, where the passengers in harum-scarum fashion were scrambling from the accommodation-ladder into a lurching flat-bottomed launch. "But of course it is of no consequence," she perfunctorily added.

"But it is of consequence; and I am awfully sorry," earnestly, if somewhat awkwardly. "I never go ashore at these ports myself if I can help it; and it did not once occur to me that you could care to see the place. And the man I want to see is on his way by now to see me here, so that I don't see how I can go. It is very unfortunate; and I am very sorry, as I am sure you must understand."

"Oh, don't speak of it," apathetically watching the receding boats gayly bobbing from one dazzling foam-crested wave to another toward the shore.

"But there is nothing on earth to see there," in eager effort to be at once consolatory and apologetic. "And if there were, there is always a wind blowing to fill your eyes so full of sand that you could not possibly see anything. They do have a little oyster, to be sure, that is rather nice," in a tone of impartial justice; "but, whether in the way it is cooked, or owing to some innate depravity in the creature itself, it generally makes you sick if you eat it."

Betty was not listening. She had turned to Dick Hazelton, who had come up on the other side.

"What, Mr. Hazelton! did you not go ashore?"

"Obviously not," he laughed, surveying her with eyes boldly admiring. "I waited to see if you were going."

"Well, we are not, as it happens," with a rueful face.

"But why not?" his glance including Rupert in the query. "What's the matter with trying a taste of *terra firma*?"

"You will get a pretty large taste of it over there if the usual dust-storm is raging," returned Rupert, gruffly. "I should go all the same," he rather unwillingly added, addressing more particularly Betty's small pink ear as she stood with averted face staring seaward,—"I should go, if only to let Miss Malcolm try the flavor of Costa Rica sand; but, unfortunately, I have an engagement with my agent here, who is coming out to the ship to see me."

"But you are not engaged to meet this man," turning to Betty eagerly. "Why won't you go ashore with me? There is a boat down there that has not yet gone."

"IF MR. RUPERT WILL EXCUSE ME,"

"Why, thank you; I shall be delighted," her face brightening,—  
"if Mr. Rupert will excuse me," as a careless after-thought as she started to go.

"Oh, certainly," he ejaculated shortly, burning with impotent wrath. The spectacle of a pure young girl going away alone with a fellow of the Hazelton stripe seemed to Rupert simply monstrous. He had a sense of participated crime in having permitted it, the more irritating for his conscious helplessness, the more pricking upon his conscience that he began to feel himself primarily to blame. He regarded

it as pure childish perversity, a whim wholly unreasonable, that the girl should have persisted in going where nothing more interesting was to be discovered than heat and dust. But, if she would go, he was testily persuaded now that he might easily have managed to take her himself. As for the man who was coming on board to see him—he fairly blushed now for the weak ingenuity that had devised that flimsy excuse: as if he could not have turned the man back to meet him ashore!

She gave him a flower from the great bunch at her belt, when she came back in the afternoon, a happy brightness in her eyes, her face flushed to rose-bloom loveliness. She had had a perfectly lovely time; she would not have missed it for anything. There was little to see in the place,—he had been right about that,—but the little there was there was charmingly quaint and tropical. And they had had a delicious *comida*,—*chile con carne*, *tortillas*, and *frijoles*, of course, and no end of *dulces*; and, oh,—with the frank greediness of a child,—she was so fond of *dulces*!

“Sweets to the sweet,” murmured Dick Hazelton, who lingered as loath to leave her.

“Oh, don’t!” with a pettish pout. “So many men say that—when they cannot think of anything else to say. It is a regular old stand-by with the great majority. Do try to be original, Mr. Hazelton.”

“Ah, give me time,” he laughingly pleaded, “and I will be anything you like.”

Dwight Rupert sat still for a long time after Betty had left him, reviewing, with ever-gathering impatience, the chain of circumstances that had brought him to this present quandary. Again, in fancy, he was standing in the cathedral plaza of Panama, bitterly smiling now to remember how dully unconscious he had been that other day that fate could have anything worse in store for him than that lot of damaged coffee on the grass. It struck him now as grimly amusing that he had been so eager to escape the Scylla of Don Mariano’s hospitality but to run afoul of the Charybdis that lurked behind Bruce Malcolm’s invitation. From that moment, he felt, ill luck had fallen upon him thick as the leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa. He had made an ill beginning with Miss Betty herself, sitting beside her churlishly tongue-tied until she had been driven to conclude that he *could* not speak English. He had followed up this *gaucherie* by forgetting her very existence that first day on shipboard, when time came to go to dinner; and to-day he had ruthlessly disappointed her when, with the simple confidence of a child, she had thought he would take her ashore. He was overwhelmed with impatience at himself. He felt that it would have been far easier to get on with the girl in the perplexities that now confronted him but for the series of blunders on his part which must have put him hopelessly out of her favor. She would resent his interference, so far as Hazelton was concerned, as officious impertinence. And then she was so young, so innocent, so ill equipped to understand the danger she was courting. He felt his cheeks burn at thought of poisoning her pure mind with hint of evil; and yet well-nigh impossible it appeared to him that he, in whose

hands her brother had trustingly placed her, should stand inertly looking on while, in girlish ignorance, she jeopardized her fair name by association with such a one as Dick Hazelton. He knew so well the sort of gossip-peddling, fraught with envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, that went on out of the empty life on shipboard. It was equally disquieting whether he looked backward or forward; and he could only "swear a prayer or two" at the fates in whose hands he felt so helpless. Another moment he sought to reassure himself by the cold reflection that no doubt he magnified his office. Why should he trouble himself with uncalled-for protests or regrets about the child's choice of friends? It seemed hardly possible that she could have remained at the Isthmus for a month and have come away in ignorance of Dick Hazelton's unsavory reputation. Her woman's instinct should warn her what risk she took; and surely she was old enough to know what mischief evil tongues might make out of such association.

"We have taken on board some two thousand sacks," the captain observed, coming up to where Rupert sat lost in brooding thought. "One hundred and thirty-two tons, to be exact."

"I wonder if there would be any use in trying to hire him to stop off here till the next steamer," returned Rupert, musingly, looking up with knitted brows.

"Who?" blurted the astonished officer, startled at such irrelevancy. "I'm talking about coffee."

"And I'm talking about that ass Hazelton," was the testy retort. "I would give a thousand dollars to be clear of him."

"Great heavens, man!" with a stare and a grin that together conveyed an impression far from complimentary. "If that is the way you feel about it, I should say that it would save you considerable money and trouble to stop off yourself."

"No doubt about that; only"—with a sardonic smile—"I promised Malcolm to look after his sister, you know."

"Yes, I know," dryly, "and it is beginning to dawn upon me, old man, that before you get through with it you may need a little looking after yourself. Tell you what, Rupert, take my advice and go slow! Don't get rattled in looking after the girl. You are like me,—too old to dance, and too young to marry, and don't you forget it! You have not reached years of discretion in such matters; in fact, few men ever do. Take it easy, my boy; or, if you can't be easy, be as easy as you can. Meanwhile, come over to my room and try a cocktail."

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## V.

Another yesterday was added to the tale of dead days, leaving some the poorer for loss of joy, and many the richer for the sorrows mercifully borne away on the shadowy wings; and now to-day, in gentlest mood, was lavishly doing all it might to ease the burdens of men; in caresses of sunshine and soft lulling breezes bidding weary hearts look up and rejoice, to make the most of the fair time which was theirs,



nor take thought what woes might wait in the phantom grasp of the morrow.

Smiling back under the sky's gentle guise, the measureless expanse of waters lay still, a warm hazy glitter of blue and gold. Now and again the tranquil surface was stirred with a languorous swell, soft as the sigh of content that moves the bosom of a drowsy babe sinking to warm slumber beneath the bending heaven of a mother's eyes. Rudely intrusive on the Sabbath stillness sounded the ship's sturdy progress, as it groaned and strained and panted on its toiling way.

Dwight Rupert had begun the day with unflinching determination to do his whole duty by Betty Malcolm, as he understood it. He would stay by her as her shadow, with unwearying pertinacity interposing his broad shoulders against whatever advances Dick Hazelton might venture. And, as they became more friendly, he would find opportunity to drop some small hints into the girl's innocent ear which might cause her to beware of that too fascinating reprobate. But Fate stands ever mocking at the best-planned schemes of men. It was a little widow, with a sociability not to be rebuffed, who, unexpectedly thrusting herself into the play, ruthlessly turned to naught all Rupert's carefully-prepared programme. Mrs. Alton, finding Betty comfortably ensconced on deck, Rupert watchfully assuming to read beside her, had imagined no reason why she should not amiably draw up for herself a chair alongside, thereby giving encouragement to Dick Hazelton, who had been uncertainly loitering near, presently to attach himself to the party also. A person may hesitate, uninvited, to break up a duet by making the proverbial crowd; but a trio only invites accessions.

"The more the merrier," cried Mrs. Alton, with a jolly little air of hospitality which made her accursed in Rupert's mind, as Dick Hazelton paused uncertainly beside her chair. And presently, before Rupert, glowering at the book closed over his forefinger, had fairly had time to realize his defeat, Betty had smilingly accepted a proposition to walk, and was up and away with her hand on Dick Hazelton's arm.

Mrs. Alton, blissfully unconscious how ill she had succeeded in making herself welcome, was by no means ill pleased to be left *tête-à-tête* with the San Francisco coffee-dealer whom the gossip of the ship accounted a millionaire. The lady was at the heavily-jetted and much-beribboned period of her mourning, when, as she confidentially confessed to a favored few, her widowed condition had become a grievous trial in its woful loneliness. Under the inspiration of sympathy, indeed, she might delicately imply that it appeared quite possible that she might even marry another some day, if she met the right one. There were those, with smiles not altogether charitable, to say that the little widow seemed to be engaged in most anxious and determined search to discover that right one; and it even came to be whispered on board the Southern Cross that in the person of Dwight Rupert apparently she imagined she had found him.

"Mr. Hazelton is so odd," remarked the lady now as they were left alone, comfortably settling back in her chair.

"How so?" he brusquely returned, tormented with irrational

longing to bid the woman go wash her face. Mrs. Alton was a victim of that commonest delusion of weak-minded womanhood, that all the world was as amiably willing to be hoodwinked in respect to her charms as she herself, and in blind effort to show herself lily fair but pathetically to her deficiencies by an abuse of that, to the average man, cannot but nullify all other efforts to please.

"Why, he told me that he had been at Panama nearly a year;—I am always looking about for information, you know. I have my acquaintances right and left; I ask questions of everybody with her shrill little laugh grated on Rupert's nerves like a creaking door.

"I don't doubt it," he returned, his glance following Betty as she walked.

"Yes," complacently. "I think that is what people try to do for,—to gain information in a general way: don't you think so, Mr. Rupert?"

"I cannot imagine what on earth the majority have in view when they travel," he impatiently retorted. "A few go because they have to, I suppose; a few more just to say they have travelled; but there is a tremendous number who put me in mind of that party described in the book of Job, who put in his time 'going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it,' simply to make trouble for other folks."

"No doubt about it," the lady amiably agreed, but with an uncertain smile and a vaguely unsettled air. "But what was I saying?—oh, yes,—about Mr. Hazelton. Well, do you know, I asked him what had made the strongest impression upon him at Panama,—what had interested him most; and what do you think he said?"

"I cannot imagine; but I will bet what you like that he did not tell the truth about it," with a grim smile.

"Well, I don't know: he said—*himself*."

"Oh, I take it all back, then. That was unquestionably true." There was no mistaking his tone.

"I am afraid that you do not fancy Mr. Hazelton," her smile

MRS. ALTON.



gently insinuating, while, with swift feminine intuition, she inly questioned if it could be jealousy that ailed him.

"I certainly do not, Mrs. Alton," with a heartiness which told that he was glad of the opportunity thus to free his mind. Strange, he reflected, how much easier he found it to express himself frankly to this woman, for whom he did not care a flip of his finger, than to that child yonder, for whom he was so uncomfortably concerned!

"Why, to be candid, Mr. Rupert, I do not much fancy him myself. I hardly know why," pausing pensively, with an appealing glance at Rupert as if she thought perhaps he might make the reason clear to her. "It is simply a woman's instinct. I feel, somehow, that there is something wrong about him."

At last it had been granted the little woman to play a trump card in the game she had at heart. Rupert, who could never have dreamt that he might find her as sympathetically compliant in whatever opinion it might please him to offer, regarded her with sudden warm approval. He felt a certain compunction that he had not sooner perceived how much good sense was disguised under the foolish painted face, her inane laugh and chattering way.

"It is an instinct that does you good service," he said, with a certain grave cordiality. "I wish that all women were equally keen to perceive that a man of the Hazelton stripe is not deserving of their favor or friendship."

"Is he so bad as that?" in a pleased and exhilarated manner. "I suppose you know no end of tales of dreadful things that he has done," in a tone which implied she would not mind listening to a recital of the offences herself, even though it might involve details to a certain extent embarrassing.

"I know a few things that he has done; but I would rather be excused from telling them," with an acrimony that surprised himself. It was far from his custom to talk to the discredit of any man. "He is rather a good fellow in his way," he hastily added, in something like compunction,— "that is, as a good fellow goes among men; but——" breaking off helplessly.

"He looks as if he had had bread-and-milk for his supper and gone to bed at sundown every night of his life," remarked Mrs. Alton, tentatively.

"I am afraid you would be a victim of misplaced confidence if you thought it," with a grin for the incongruity of the idea.

"There is such an air of cherubic innocence about him. He looks so—harmless," with a deprecatory sigh.

Rupert laughed outright, but with a sardonic note in his mirth. "I begin to think that your instinctive prejudice is not altogether uncompromising," he observed, grimly, craning his neck to see where Betty and Hazelton were loitering.

"And am I more indulgent than you, seeing that you allow Miss Malcolm to go about with him?" with some asperity.

"I allow! do you think that Miss Malcolm has done me the honor to ask my advice in the matter?" with a short, mirthless laugh. "If she did——Why, see here, Mrs. Alton," brightening with a sudden

inspiration, "I am half inclined to ask a favor of you in that connection."

"Yes?" in a tone of pleased acquiescence.

"You are a woman of the world; you have had experience; instinctively you divined something of the kind of fellow that Hazelton is," hesitating, with knitted brows.

"Yes," encouragingly.

"And if you would drop that child a hint," almost pleadingly, "it would be so kind."

"I, Mr. Rupert?" with surprised demurring, rather dubiously regarding Betty as she passed along the other side of the deck. With all

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"AND IF YOU WOULD DROP THAT CHILD A HINT."

her sweet amiability, there was an intangible something about the girl that did not encourage interference in her affairs. "What could I say? I really know nothing about the man; and I am afraid that my personal prejudice would count for little against a young girl's fancy."

"But it is not so serious as that," a sort of smothered vehemence in his protest. "She cannot be seriously interested in the fellow so soon as this."

"No? don't you think so?" with a smile for which he somehow felt he hated her. "You don't believe in love at first sight, then? But he is rather a taking fellow in his way, we must admit that. No wolf in sheep's clothing ever went about in wool better calculated to please a girl's fancy."

"There does seem a wonderful sort of fascination about the fellow

where women are concerned," almost with a groan. "And that is why I thought it might be well to speak to Miss Malcolm about him."

"But why do you not speak to her yourself?" softly insinuated the lady.

"I had meant to," dejectedly; "but it is so hard to know what to say. It would come so much better from a woman, I am sure; and with your tact——" he diplomatically urged.

"Why, thanks, Mr. Rupert," with a pleased explosion of that cackling little laugh which Rupert felt sure was precisely the sound that King Solomon had in mind when he likened it to the crackling of thorns under a pot. "And of course I shall be delighted to say anything I can, since you wish it," with almost an accent of tenderness. "I will go and abuse Mr. Hazelton with all my heart; and you may offer up prayers for the success of my mission, if you like. I think it will need them to make the thing a success; for I am rather persuaded that it will be something like carrying coals to Newcastle."

"How so?"

"Don't you suppose that forty people have been to Miss Malcolm already retailing all Mr. Hazelton's sins of omission and commission? There are generally plenty of volunteers for that sort of work. I have no doubt that Miss Malcolm could tell *me* all about him," somewhat viciously, being, in fact, considerably disappointed that she was denied the tidbits of scandal she was assured might be so interesting.

"I doubt it," very decidedly.

"She has been staying at Panama, where he is well known," significantly.

"Yes; but all the same she cannot know,—or comprehend," almost despairingly.

And, in fact, Betty Malcolm knew considerably less of Dick Hazelton than might have been inferred from the circumstances. She had met him in the most casual way but once or twice at Panama; and Bruce Malcolm was not one to poison his sister's ears with scandalous tales of any man without very good cause. In a general way she knew that Hazelton had been reckoned fast; but this appeared the less shocking as heard in a community where the same charge was alleged against the majority, as it seemed. And she had heard that he was in love with Mrs. Grant of Panama; but of this, which at worst could convey no more to Betty's simple mind than a page of unhappy romance, she was fairly incredulous, for the purely feminine reason that Mrs. Grant was, in her eyes, both ugly and old. It seemed impossible that Dick Hazelton, with his blond viking beauty, "as stout and proud as he were lord of all," should be breaking his heart for such a one as this. And it happened that he fell to explaining that very matter, as they walked the deck that afternoon, in a way that gave Betty a pleased sense of her keenness of penetration, as well as flattered pride in his confidence.

It was one of the secrets of Dick Hazelton's success with women that he had a way of confiding to each in turn, always bemoaning his wasted life, confessing a choice list of shortcomings in most touching repentance, glossing over the others with a fine tact that represented

him as always more sinned against than sinning, and always ending with begging advice, his soft blue eyes entreatingly uplifted with a tender confidence that thrilled each listener's heart in turn with the interesting conviction that into her hands alone was given the work of saving that fascinating soul.

He talked pathetically now to Betty of his life at Panama. It had been a year thrown away, he sadly owned. He had been no worse than the rest, perhaps: it seemed a part of the climatic effect, the subtle demoralizing influence that ruled the place, to pull down a man's moral nature and destroy all his high ideals. There was something in the lack of home influences, perhaps,—the sensation of being in exile,—that made a man reckless. She could scarce comprehend, he fancied, how demoralizing it was to feel one's self in the predicament of that fellow in the nursery rhyme of whom the children are told that "how he lives, and how he fares, nobody knows and nobody cares."

"But nobody is really so unfortunate as that," cried Betty, warmly, her eyes growing misty as she thought of the brother left to wrestle alone with all the intangible temptations of that dreadful place, the more appalling to her fancy because so dimly understood. "Everybody has somebody who cares for him,—whose happiness is concerned in his actions and well-being."

"Everybody else, perhaps," with gentle pathos, looking out over the waste of waters with a wide unseeing gaze that seemed contemplating a life as bare and desolate. "I am the exception to prove the rule in that respect, I think."

"Ah, but you are unjust to yourself and your friends," warmly. "I am sure there are many who care for you."

"It is very sweet of you to say so; but you could not name them," shaking his head sadly. "There may be two or three in the world who might shed a tear for me if I dropped out of it,—my mother, and perhaps my sisters,—and there are a few who are friendly when we happen to meet; but not one of them but thinks me a pretty hard case. I have not the faculty of putting the best foot foremost; and you know the old Spanish proverb: 'He that hath a bad name is half hanged already.' It is my own fault, perhaps, if people misunderstand me,—if they put the worst construction upon everything I do; but it comes hard sometimes."

"But I am certain it is you who misunderstand other people," urged Betty, warmly. "You are morbid, Mr. Hazelton; and, as I said before, it makes you unfair to your friends as well as yourself."

"Do you think so?—how kind it is of you!" with a faint pressure upon the little hand within his arm. "But go and ask the people of Panama about me and see how few will find anything kind to say; and yet there are many there to whom I have been friendly, and some to whom I have had occasion to play the part of a friend in need. But I am rather like that fellow, whom some writer tells about, who was so universally civil that nobody thanked him for it. I am full of the best intentions; but nobody thanks me, and everybody takes occasion to misunderstand me at every opportunity."

"Oh, no!" murmured Betty, her eyes aglow with tender sympathy.

"Ah, yes!" with a smile sad as tears. There could be no question but that Dick Hazelton exquisitely enjoyed the sentimental poses with which he was wont to play upon susceptible heart-strings. It may well have been that the utter incongruity of his attitude tickled his sense of humor as much as the responsive sympathy flattered his vanity. "Take the case of the Grants of Panama, for instance,—did you meet them, by the way?" a flicker of inward laughter just stirring the ends of his golden moustache as Betty's eyes dropped consciously and he guessed the reason. It but added a fresh fillip of interest to the conversation for him. With all the keen interest of a skilled lawyer in a difficult case, he was ever ready to cope with the charges of evil that were forever rising against him; and certainly not the least satisfying element of his lawless pleasures was the measure of success that attended his efforts to clear himself of the consequences. It is to be questioned if, in their hearts, the majority of men have not a livelier joy in esteeming themselves sharp and clever than they could ever discover in all the gift of righteousness.

"I met them only once,—at the Leverichs' party," looking away with studied indifference. "Mrs. Grant has—" hesitating in amiable effort to think of something complimentary to say of the lady whose name had been so intimately linked with his—"that is,—she dresses very well."

"You damn her with faint praise," with an indulgent, almost caressing, note in his laugh; "but you do not know her. She does a great many things very well, with all-round talents of a very charming kind. I thought a great deal of her,—as I do still, for that matter, having that fatal gift of constancy most unfortunately well developed. She disappointed me at the last, as most people do," with his pathetic sigh, his gentle eyes, with their misleading air of frankness, studying her face, questioning how much she had heard,—how far his explanations need go. "But one cannot outgrow the habit of liking people all at once; at least I cannot. And I thought so much of the Grants! Yet even there my attitude was cruelly misconstrued. When I saw him going to the dogs hand over fist, and stuck to him like a brother, trying as best I could to hold him back a little, my *friends*"—with a bitter sneer—"all began remarking to one another that I was leading the poor fellow on to drink harder than ever! And when I tried to be a little kind to Mrs. Grant, they said—well, I don't want to tell you what they said, but it was very cruel." Betty's eyes fell guiltily beneath the righteous indignation of his glance.

"But if you knew you were right," she faintly urged.

"That is all well enough as far as it goes; but one would sometimes like a little justice from other people. I snap my fingers and say I don't care what the world says of me, but of a sudden something fetches me up short with the consciousness that I *do* care horribly. Now, for instance, I cannot help knowing that *you* are prejudiced against me from the talk you have heard; and I don't like it."

"Oh, no," she hurriedly protested.

"Oh, yes," he retorted, with a sort of sad playfulness. "And it comes hard, Miss Malcolm, for I don't mind admitting that I am

awfully anxious to have you think well of me," with that daring glance of tender appeal that had stirred many a gentle heart to quicker beating. "But one thing I ask," bending toward her persuasively: "give me time. Wait until you really know me, and then judge me for yourself. You can know me, if you will, better than any of them:—won't you? and, until you do, will you not take me a little bit on trust? Will you not be as kind to me as you can until you understand me well enough to do me justice?"

"I had not thought of being unkind," murmured Betty, evasively, plaiting her handkerchief in a pretty confusion.

"Not to be unkind: that is a mere negative concession; and I want so much!" he swiftly retorted, with a sort of repressed vehemence. "But everything seems against me! Even if you are disposed to be sweet and kind yourself,—as I almost think you are,—I cannot help knowing that Rupert stands ready to say what he can to turn you against me. And I had supposed that he was rather a friend of mine, too," with a fine show of scorn; "but now, somehow, I know that he has gone over to the majority! Of course I can guess now what has caused the sudden change," he added, after a moment's pause, flashing a glance of bold meaning into the brown eyes inquiringly uplifted: "in a way, I don't blame him," his voice dropping to a softer key as he daringly added, "to tell the truth, I am a bit jealous of *him*!"

"But this is all nonsense!" the girl hastily protested, blushing rosily. "Mr. Rupert has never said a word in disparagement of you."

"Has he not?" showing his even white teeth in his fine frank smile now touched with appealing sadness. There was a sort of seraphic sweetness about that smile of Dick Hazelton's, a look of evangelical purity in his meek blue eyes, when he chose to assume the expression, that might deceive the very elect. "But, if he should, will you promise to believe that I am not quite so black as I am painted?"

"Oh, yes," with a light laugh. "I will believe it is a regular case of painting the lily, if you like."

"Well, I don't exactly pose as a lily," laughing himself, "but I want you to think well of me."

"And it appears to be quite out of the question that I should not think about you at all," with a saucy smile.

"Quite," very decidedly. "I intend to thrust myself upon your attention to such an extent that you will be forced to think of me whether you like or not. I would rather be hated than ignored. But," with a smile of tender confidence, "I shall not let you hate me."

"Are you so sure?" lifting her eyebrows mockingly.

"Sure? no," with a sudden gloom that sat upon his pale blond beauty as becomingly as his moods of sunshine. "I am only sure of one thing; and that is—shall I tell you?" bending his handsome head until his moustache almost grazed her cheek, a blue fire of passion in his eyes.

"And I am only sure of one thing; and that is that I am as hungry as a shark," with a laugh of gay *insouciance* ignoring the question. "Is it not almost time for lunch?"

"Ten minutes of it," reluctantly, looking at his watch. "Must



you go back to Rupert?" dissuasively, as she started up murmuring something to that effect. They had been sitting on the little divan that ran along the stern side of Social Hall, which, for a wonder in that crowded ship, they had had quite to themselves. "Why won't you wait until he comes to look you up?"

"Because," with a laugh, "I have a premonition that he would never come."

"Then, in heaven's name, let him stay away!" with languid contempt. "Why need we bother about him?"

"Why, *you* need not, most certainly," a gleam of wickedness in the laughing depths of her eyes; "but if I happen to like it——"

"Oh, if you like it—of course. *Rien ne va plus!*" rather sulkily, rising and offering his arm. "I said that I was jealous," he added softly in her averted ear, as they passed out of the door; but Betty affected not to hear.

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## VI.

Warned by his experience at Punta Arenas, Rupert had made it a point to speak of their going ashore at the next port as a matter of course; and when Betty smilingly reminded him of his hasty admission that he never set foot in these places where he could possibly help it, protesting that he must not sacrifice himself on her account, he had even the grace to lie valiantly, declaring that at La Libertad he had business to call him ashore.

A strong breeze was driving the clouds, like a flock of clean-washed sheep, across the pale-blue field of the sky, and the ship was rolling on a long, heavy swell, as she came to anchor in the open roadstead off the little port. The accommodation-ladder was not lowered from the ship's side at all. The trio of disconsolate passengers who came out from the shore, a couple of tawny, scantily-clothed women, and a man of the ideal brigand type sweltering under the folds of a striped *serape*, were ignominiously hustled on board along with the freight that came with them in the great lurching lighter; and the few who listlessly loitered about the decks, as they looked across the surging waters at the little huddle of buildings dwarfed to puny insignificance against the grand background of shadowy blues and pinks and grays clothing the rugged heights of old San Vicente and San Miguel, evinced no smallest desire to tread the soil of Salvador. Small craft, fair-weather idlers, cared not to venture forth in such a sea, and the ship was left alone save for that one lighter, whose crew was performing miracles in the transfer of its quota of freight, while another sturdy consort could be seen approaching, laden to the gunwale with plump little sacks of coffee. As if in mad joy to find themselves free of the swarm of small craft that on some days speckled the bright surface like a swarm of gad-flies, the great waves plunged heavily shoreward, climbing one another's shoulders, lashing each other on to crazier effort, as if they would raze the poor little place from off the earth; roaring in sullen rage as they beat their strength upon the shifting sand, but to be drawn helplessly back again by the mighty power that swayed them.

Betty, who had resigned herself to staying on board as a matter of course, was all the more surprised and delighted when Rupert came to tell her that they still might go. She was full of girlish delight in novelty, with an eager curiosity to see all that the hour might be holding out to her ; and moreover the unaccustomed rolling had contributed to a growing discomfort that made the prospect of feeling solid earth beneath her feet seem of all things the most to be desired.

"I am afraid that you will find it a little rough," Rupert observed deprecatingly, as he led the way below. "If it had been smooth we might have had the captain's gig."

"Oh, I don't mind that in the least," Betty stoutly declared. But she was to discover that she did mind it when she had finally come to the open freight port through which they must go, and surveyed the rude waves thrusting their might between the ship and that lighter bobbing alongside. As the two had for an instant bumped greeting, Rupert had quickly jumped, landing ignominiously on all-fours on the uneven footing of bales and boxes in the lighter ; and now he stood holding up his arms to catch her when her opportunity should come. But Betty hung back, limp and helpless, in nervous terror whimpering a protest which wind and waves united to snatch from the ears for which it was meant. But the hands of the sturdy first officer fell upon her with business-like imperturbability. What to him was a pretty girl with her nervous whims save one more passenger sent by an inscrutable Providence to make more trouble for the officers of the Pacific Mail Steam-Ship Company? He caught Betty up and tossed her down to the waiting arms alongside as lightly as if she had been a sack of coffee ; and he would have been glad if he could as easily have disposed of all the womankind on board.

"It is only the first step that costs. All the rest is plain sailing, you see," said Rupert, cheerily, trying to make her comfortable in the stern of the rough craft.

"Oh, yes," with an uncertain, white-lipped smile, casting an apprehensive glance around. "Only, you know——"

"You agree with Emerson, perhaps, that the sea-taste is acquired, like that for tomatoes and olives ; and your taste is not cultivated in that direction up to the point of appreciating life on the ocean wave in a craft like this," he comfortably observed. "Have you noticed this boat, by the way?—that it is carved out of one enormous log, all in one piece? It is like a sort of Brobdingnagian banana-skin."

"Yes," murmured Betty, vaguely, grown very white. She had imagined the sea rough from the decks of the Southern Cross, but now she felt that she had really known nothing about it until this. Everything that was within her small sickened body seemed sinking down, down, a nausea unutterable creeping after, as the great clumsy boat went wriggling down the mountain of waters, as if it would never stop short of the bottom of the sea, but to fetch up short with a jerk that was a fresh grievance, ere it started to climb the next glittering hill, whose sullen height the scantily-clothed boatmen were imperturbably attacking with their preposterous paddles. But one other passenger kept them company, a young Englishman, his beefy and other-



wise good-humored face distorted with a morose scowl due to the effort to keep his glass properly fixed on one eye. Beyond a mumbled drawl to the effect that it was "rawther rough," this young man had nothing to say, appearing absorbed in regarding with a ruminating stare this strange young woman who was composedly facing the world unattended by either chaperon or maid. Betty, sitting with white, compressed lips, felt that if she must be reduced to the last humiliating abandon of sea-sickness under the battery of that round unwinking gaze, she must simply pray for death.

"One gets a new idea of the courage of those Spanish pirates who first explored the coast, with the sea like this,—don't you think?" queried Rupert, with laughing eyes, after a comprehensive glance at Betty, quietly returning his unlighted cigar to its case, and the case to his pocket. His theories as to sea-sickness rather foreshadowed the mind-cure doctrines of a later date; and he was bent on diverting her attention from herself. "One old fellow, Andreas de Nino was his name, I always like to read about," he went on; "he worshipped God and Mammon with such naïve simplicity and high-handed success. He had a little way of landing here and there and sending word to the native chiefs that unless they and all their people at once embraced the faith of Jesus Christ and handed over their idols,—which happened to be made of the purest native gold, you understand,—incidentally, as it were, owing allegiance to the King of Spain, they should be attacked and forthwith wiped from off the face of earth. With that persuasive manner of his, his missionary success was simply prodigious, his baptisms footing up to thousands a day upon occasion. One is rather filled with ungodly wonder as to how he managed it,—if he was compelled to round them up and drive them all into the sea in a bunch. However, he was a man of large resources, and the good work went on somehow; while at the same time, you comprehend, he was laying up for himself treasure upon earth, in a miscellaneous lot of golden bric-à-brac, which must have been eminently gratifying to his righteous soul."

"Yes," without exhibiting the remotest interest in the missionary labors of Andreas de Nino. But Rupert was not to be discouraged.

"One rather wishes, reading the adventures of the pious old frand, that a nice lively earthquake might have been moved to get in its work just when he happened along at some of these places where they make a specialty of earthquakes," he cheerfully observed.

"Are you sure that they are not getting up one for us?" something like whimsical amusement upon her face as her eyes dizzily ranged over the land ahead. "The place looks to me horribly unsteady, don't you know. It reminds me of that verse of the Psalms: 'What aileth thee, O thou sea, that thou fleddest?—ye mountains, that ye skipped like rams, and ye little hills like lambs?'"

Rupert laughed, boyishly pleased at having induced her to talk. "How well you said it!" he exclaimed, with smiling approval. "Did your father promise you a gun if you would read the Bible through?"

"Mercy! no! What a question!" considerably surprised.

"Well, my father did; but," heaving a large sigh, "I never got the gun."

"I might be sure of it," with something like the ghost of her every-day laugh, whereat Rupert beamed, delighted: Betty was forgetting to be sea-sick.

But on and on, climbing, pushing, beating its way ever forward somehow, the sturdy craft had crawled shoreward, until at last it was safely alongside the great iron pier. But here was a fresh shock of surprise for unhappy Betty as her dizzy eyes were raised to see the strange vehicle that came rattling down to receive them, from what seemed an appalling distance above. It seemed to be simply four wooden arm-chairs fastened back to back, in pairs, the smooth seats appearing as if especially calculated to spill unwary passengers into the yawning depths below at the smallest untoward movement. There had been nothing in the landing at Punta Arenas to prepare her for this.

"Oh, what on earth possessed me to come!" she miserably groaned, turning up to Rupert a white appealing face as he lifted her into one of the swaying seats and placed himself beside her.

"Don't be frightened, child," laying his hand over hers with a close reassuring pressure that surprised her into silence. "It is not half so bad as being hung, you see," as they went swaying upward until, with a somewhat startling jerk, they were drawn upon the pier.

"Thank heaven, it is over!" cried the girl, giving her skirts a little shake, and feeling over hat and hair with swift feminine pats, as though to assure herself that she was still clothed and in her right mind.

"And, thank heaven, we are clear of that crowd of people for a while!" with no less fervor, glancing back at the ship with a grin almost vindictive. In his mind's eye he could see Dick Hazelton disconsolately leaning over the ship's side, measuring with baffled glances the stretch of waters that had been put between him and Betty Malcolm; and the thought was unction to Rupert's soul. In the complex mystery of man's nature there is a subtle unreasoning force that instinctively turns him more or less against his fellows in respect to the woman who may have touched his own heart, if but ever so little. Rupert, who had felt impelled to assume the defensive against Dick Hazelton from a sense of duty toward his charge, had come to find a sort of savage joy in the contest for its own sake, as man against man. And, at the same time, his feeling toward Betty herself had been insensibly changing in the jealous sense of possession that, in the heat of the strife, had somehow seized upon him.

"But to think that in a little while we will have to go back!—have that dreadful trip over again! Do you know, I can feel the motion of that horrible boat yet?" with a tremulous smile. "The ground is all rolling under my feet; and if I close my eyes I can feel that awful wabbling,—that horrible sinking,—as if the land were all as unreal as a dream."

"Poor little girl!" with quick concern almost bordering on tenderness. She seemed such a fragile little thing, so fair and so helpless.

"I feel that I was a brute to have brought you," he ruefully declared.

"Oh, don't say that!" her smile full of winning sweetness. "I was dying to come; and it was lovely of you."

"How lovely of you to say so!" he laughingly exclaimed, irrepressible joyousness in his face. He was full of boyish triumph in the success of this stroke against Hazelton. Rarely had he felt in such gay spirits. "And—I have an inspiration!—we won't go back at all if you say so. What do you think of staying on and growing up with the country?"

"But the country has so much the start of us," Betty smilingly objected, enjoying his mood. "It has already grown old."

"WHAT DO YOU THINK OF STAYING ON AND GROWING UP WITH THE COUNTRY?"

"Ah, it is like me," he lightly retorted: "it was never young. But perhaps if we stayed—*quien sabe?*—the usual order of things might be reversed, and I might grow *young* with the country. It seems very possible just now, I assure you."

"Ah, it would always be possible," she oracularly declared, feeling herself wondrously at ease with him; "you would always be young,—if you would only let yourself go."

"How encouraging! and how kind of you to say it! But do you really think that it would be wise, Betty?" laughingly bending down to look under the brim of her wide hat. He hardly knew himself with this spirit of jollity that had taken hold of him. He vaguely felt that he was playing a part; but he enjoyed it. "Because, do you know, in my present mood, if I should really let myself go, as you suggest, I am afraid I should never know where to stop."

An hour of the burning day had mercifully slipped away into the shadows of the past, and now its discomforts were almost forgotten in the fiercer fires of the noontime. It was the hour when, according to a local saying, only dogs, *mozos*, and *Americanos* were to be seen upon the streets. All the market-folk had gathered up their unsold wares and contentedly straggled away to swelter through the long afternoon in luxurious siesta; and the bare, hot streets were all as still as Pompeii after the eruption. Rupert and Betty, somewhat touched with the drowsy languor of the place, were resting in a great, dimly-lighted *sala* belonging to Rupert's agent at the place,—a man's parlor, lacking all the little feminine touches that give to bare rooms the look of home, but pleasant withal after the burning heat outside. They had exhaustively patronized the scantily-equipped market-stands huddled together in the sun-baked plaza; they had loitered in the shade of the bare little church, its altars cluttered with the tawdry ornamentation of a childish and poverty-stricken people, ridiculous but for the simple faith that made it all pathetic; they had furtively stared, with laughing criticism, at the queer costumes of the market-women, decorously assuming not to see the happy youngsters who flitted into the foreground of the scene quite *au naturel*; they had determinedly blinked at all that was to be seen in the little place, unanimously agreed that it only differed from any other tropical town of its size in that it was a little more bare and unbearable in its white hot glare of untempered sunshine than any.

"You were horribly extravagant," Betty remarked, with a smiling assumption of reproof, her pleased eyes running over the acquisitions of the market-place spread out on a table,—a couple of carved calabashes, a queer little basket woven of pale-green grasses, a delightfully hideous brown pottery water—"monkey," and a quantity of fruit and flowers. "I ought not to have let you get so much for me," with faint regret; "but then, don't you know, it was something like patronizing a church fair. Those poor people so needed the money: it gave one such a comfortable sense of benevolence to be buying something of them, aside from the pleasure of having the things."

"A killing of two birds with one stone, as it were," Rupert lazily assented, comfortably swaying back and forth in a large bent-wood rocking-chair by the window.

"The poor things!" her soft eyes full of tender pity, while from tone and glance Rupert was able to apprehend that her thought was with the people of the market-place. "Do you suppose that, in this out-of-the-way place, they are able to realize how much they miss?—how miserable and discontented they ought to be?"

"Bless your heart, no!" with a slight start, rocking far back to peer through the narrow opening in the blinds. He could almost have sworn that it was Mrs. Alton's shrill laugh that had just grated on his ears. "Their ignorance is bliss, I can assure you. Indeed, I never look at them without envy,—these poverty-stricken philosophers; for of all the sons of men I believe they have come the nearest to solving the great problem of human happiness.—H-m!—I believe I will draw this blind just a little closer. The heat is simply intolerable." It was Mrs. Alton's voice he had heard. There she was, rosy and panting,

trotting along at the heels of Dick Hazelton, who nervously strode on, glancing in all directions, in palpable search of somebody, while three or four others of the ship's passengers straggled along after them.

"Juan may not have two reales to rub together," Rupert placidly resumed, "but that never hinders his being as happy as the proverbial sunflower. *Tortillas* and *frijoles* are cheap and plenty; he gets enough to eat, and he does not ask for much to wear; and there is always *mañana* ahead to which he relegates every care. For to-day—*hace mucho calor—esta cansada*—and he can enjoy his siesta untroubled by any nightmare of ambition or discontent. If he worships the almighty dollar, it is in a half-hearted way that calls for neither burnt-offerings nor sacrifices; and if the pursuit of happiness is the main purpose of life, I think we must concede that he comes out ahead of all of us, with our cumbrous civilization and its hampering necessities," wiping the perspiration from his forehead. He felt that he had been fairly roaring, in his effort to drown the sound of Mrs. Alton's piping voice, which seemed to him loud enough to wake the dead; but Betty looked comfortably unconscious.

"Yes," she languidly assented, wiping a little yawn from her lips. It had been a delightful hour. Never had she dreamt that Rupert could so unbend,—could be so companionable and jolly. But the walk in the hot sunshine had been exhausting, and the nausea of the morning had left a slight headache.

"Are you tired, Betty?" bending toward her with kindly anxiety.

"That makes three times that you have called me 'Betty,'" the girl irrelevantly retorted, checking off the number on three small fingers which were pointed at him with a gesture of smiling reproof.

"Why, I beg pardon," considerably discomfited, yet half smiling withal, as, through the chink he had left in the blinds, he watched the party from the ship rambling back in the sweltering sunshine with the purposeless energy of a lot of ants. "But you told me to let myself go," he urged, extenuatingly. "I hope you are not really very much vexed that I took your advice so literally?"

"Oh, of course I don't really mind it at all," with an air of condescending amiability; "but you have such a grandfatherly way of doing it, you know. It makes one feel so pitifully young and small."

"Does it?" with a broad grin. Hazelton and Mrs. Alton had stopped in the middle of the plaza, wagging their heads together in an anxious discussion that tickled Rupert amazingly as he imagined its purport. "Of course I am sorry if you don't like it; but then, you know, you *are* young, and rather small. The truth must prevail."

"If the truth must prevail, you should not try to pose as my grandfather," with a charming pout.

"No?—and what then?" flushing with vague pleasure. "If you will direct the pose yourself, I can assure you that I shall be only too happy to try and please your little royal highness."

"You can hardly expect me to believe that you are sorry while you sit there laughing at me," eying him severely.

"Laughing—at you? Perish the thought! I may have smiled; it is rather a weakness of mine upon occasion, really meaning nothing.

In fact, 'I'm saddest when I sing,' and all that sort of thing, don't you know. But—oh, I say," irrelevantly, starting up,—Mrs. Alton's laugh sounded in his ears as blatantly penetrating as the note of a bagpipe,—“don't you want to look out into the *patio*?—the garden there at the back?"

“Is there anything to see?" with a faint note of ill humor in her voice, indifferently glancing out through the open door, not moving.

“Well, no; I am afraid not," with a vexed laugh at the ridiculous impulse that had come upon him to snatch her up and carry her.

“And it is so comfortable here," leaning back and rocking with lazy enjoyment. “Do you know, while you are gone,—you said you would *have* to go and talk coffee for a while, did you not?—well, if you are gone very long you must not expect to find me awake when you come back."

“Oh," with a vexed start, somewhat piqued at her obvious willingness to be rid of him, and reluctant just then to go; but upon such a hint he felt there could be no help for it: “I had forgotten all about it, but I suppose I would better go and get the thing done with. And do you think that you can really get a nap?" regarding her with some anxiety. “There is not a woman about the place; nobody will disturb you. I wish there was a hammock for you."

“Why, thanks; but it is not of the least consequence," smiling at his solicitude. “Of course I shall not really think of going to sleep."

“But I wish you would: it would do you no end of good," he persisted, going over to the window and relentlessly closing out every last ray of sunshine. He felt he could not in common decency propose to close the window; but the voices had for the moment drifted beyond earshot. If the child only would drop asleep before they came back. “Do—to please me," persuasively.

“Ah, to please you," with a mocking smile. “Of course—anything to please you!"

“And can I go and find a pillow for you?—they have little pillows here, stuffed with wool, but they are not half bad. And won't you have another green cocoanut to drink?—No, really? Well, then, *hasta luego*."

“If I had not sent him away, he would never have gone," murmured Betty, with a demure little smile, promptly filling her mouth with hair-pins from the fluffy brown knot at the back of her head, which, with a wary eye on the open door at the back, she deftly proceeded to twist up afresh. The hair readjusted to her satisfaction, she settled back in her chair, patiently rocking and waiting, still smiling softly to herself. She could not sleep, although she was sleepy; and there was no denying that presently the time began to seem long in the hot, brooding silence. She elaborately rearranged the bunch of flowers at her belt, and daintily feasted on a couple of the fragrant fig bananas, scarce longer than one of her own small fingers; and finally she restlessly wandered out into the *patio*, but it seemed like courting sunstroke to linger in those bare, hot confines, where all the heat of the surrounding walls seemed focussed. Many a time she had yawned in



grievous *ennui* before Rupert at last came back, stepping softly, half hoping to find her asleep.

"Ah, you are awake!" he disappointedly exclaimed. "I hope that nothing—no noises outside—disturbed you."

"Did you expect to find me snoring?" with a light laugh, promptly adjusting her hat and looking for gloves and parasol. "I suppose we are going now," alert and smiling.

"Why, no; I am afraid not quite yet," he deprecatingly returned, considerably concerned at the shadow of disappointment that chased the sudden brightness from her face. "The fact is that a man has just got in from the interior with whom I ought to have a little talk. He is at breakfast now, which, of course, seems a pure waste of time; but I could hardly drag him away from the table by main strength, you know," with a glance that seemed entreating her to make the best of it.

"I suppose not," her smile somewhat strained. The hot, lifeless stillness of the room seemed smothering.

"We shall get away in an hour or so, at any rate," cheerfully, consulting his watch. "The captain gave us until two o'clock, and we can make that without any question,—if you really think that you won't stay to grow up with the country," regarding her playfully. "Poor child! I am afraid that it is an awful bore for you," he added, contritely.

"Oh, not at all," with polite hypocrisy. "I like it; that is——" floundering in amiable confusion.

"You deserve to be canonized," he laughed. "But, by the way,—I had almost forgotten,—I have brought you some curios,—some of the old coins, about the queerest currency passing in Christendom to-day, I fancy," drawing a handful of loose silver from his pocket and dropping it into her lap. "It is made of old Spanish coins which the people have cut up into change to suit themselves, you see."

Betty was studying eagerly the quaint irregular bits, no two alike in size or shape, some worn smooth and thin as wafers, a few restamped with the round seal of San Salvador, others still bearing the time-worn arms of old Spain. "How very interesting!—and how more than kind of you!" she exclaimed, prettily flushed with pleasure. "And is this a *peso*?—and does this count for two *reales*?" holding up the pieces one after the other.

"Exactly," enjoying her delight. "I knew a fellow once who said that all he knew of Spanish was that a quarter of a dollar was called Dora Alice, while Sarah Alice went for seventy-five cents."

"The poor man!" laughing absently as she fingered the coins. "Well, you have found out that I know more Spanish than that, have you not?"

"Indeed I have. And, by the way, have you ever forgiven me for that?"

"For what?" regarding the coins with a sudden perplexity, her finger pressing in her red under-lip.

"For driving you to talk Spanish that first night at dinner,—for all my sins of omission."

"Oh, that! have you repented it?"

"In sackcloth and ashes."

"Well, then, I suppose I must give you absolution," smiling, but with an anxious little frown between her eyes. "But, do you know," a sudden sweet gravity in her face, "I think I must not let you give me such a present as this, Mr. Rupert. It has just occurred to me that it is money, pure and simple, and ever so much of it."

"Nothing but a handful of curios, child," his face darkening.

"But peculiarly expensive curios. Indeed, Mr. Rupert, it is very kind of you, but I am sure I ought not to take them," reluctantly gathering up the glittering pile in her two small hands.

"But this is nonsense!" he impatiently exclaimed. "Why on earth should you not accept those few miserable coins from me?"

"I would like to, but——"

"Do you know that this is the very first time in my life that I ever offered anything like a present to a woman?"

"Yes?" her eyes dropping a little under his glance. "But I do not see what that has to do with it."

"Won't you take them, Betty?" his voice gently persuasive,—“to please me?—as a token that we are friends? You said that you would forgive, you know.”

"There is not much to forgive," with an embarrassed laugh.

"But what little there is," he persisted, "you will forgive and forget, Betty?"

"Ah, women never forget."

"Do they not?" coming a little closer, his face flushed and eager. "How long will you remember this day at La Libertad? It has been rather a pleasant time, has it not, Betty?"

"It has been perfectly lovely," she declared, her eyes sparkling as she shyly raised them to his face. "And I shall remember it," with a slight pause, "as long as I remember you, Mr. Rupert," with an inconsequential little laugh.

"And that will be—until we reach the wharf at San Francisco?" with his old sardonic smile.

"How can I tell until we have reached the wharf at San Francisco?" with a mocking *moue* at him.

"But we are friends now, Betty?" somewhat breathlessly, coming still nearer.

"Shall we shake hands on it?" with smiling *insouciance* holding out a slim white hand. His own trembled a little as, rather awkwardly, he accepted the frank mark of favor, and he held it in loose grasp for an instant as though rather at a loss to know what he should do with it.

"What a pretty little thing it is," he observed, rather embarrassedly, considering the pink-tipped fingers, so delicately fair against his brown and roughened grasp. "I did not know that a woman grown could have so small a hand." And then of a sudden, won by something in those enticing lines, obeying an impulse as overmastering as unreasoning, he bent his head and pressed a kiss upon the soft pink palm. It was but a momentary madness; upon the instant he started



back, utterly overwhelmed at his temerity. This young girl, alone and unprotected, he felt was given him in double trust,—that it was his part to accord to her most punctilious deference and consideration ; and how had he betrayed her girlish confidence !

“Great heavens, child !” with something like horror on his face. “I told you I should not know where to stop !” he exclaimed, hoarsely ; and, as if he feared to meet her accusing eyes, without another word he rushed from the room.

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## VII.

A man of lofty principles, vainglorious in his strength, is always overwhelmed when passion first reveals to him his inconsistencies. A young girl, on the other hand, essentially an egotist, joying in instinctive consciousness of that power before which the brute strength of man has ever bowed in helpless subjection, playing with love as ruthlessly as a humming-bird rifles the sweets of a rose, expects alike the homage of prince and of peasant, and is not to be surprised at any undoing wrought by her witcheries.

There was a curious blending of laughter and compassion in Betty's eyes as she watched Rupert's retreating form. “The plot thickens,” she smilingly murmured, whimsically holding up her hand, as though she would measure the temptation to which he had succumbed. And then the ludicrous side of the situation irresistibly tickled her fancy, and she laid back her head in an ecstasy of silent laughter, kicking up her small heels like a frisky kitten. “The poor thing !” she gasped, with a mocking commiseration that would have driven Rupert mad could he have known of it. “It is the first step that costs, as he said when we were coming ashore ; but then”—after a moment, with a sobering face—“of course there will be no second step in this case. He was too much frightened,” laughing afresh ; “and then—” her eyes fixed on the floor in a deep study. “But I could not have helped it,” she conclusively exclaimed, at length, as though answering an accusation in her mind. Like most young girls, she was much given to a complacent sort of self-analysis, ever ready to arraign herself at the bar of conscience, with subtle feminine logic most happy in proving herself innocent when in her soul she felt most guilty. But, however she might excuse herself, there was still a rankling sense of discomfort in her mind as she began restlessly pacing the room. She wished she had not offered him her hand.

And an hour more of *La Libertad*,—that began to assume now the proportions of a grievance unendurable. It was as bad as waiting at a country railway-station for a belated train ; only no station of Betty's acquaintance had ever been so hot and deadly still as that sepulchral *sala*. Of a sudden a happy thought struck her. She had missed her gloves when she looked for them, and now she remembered that it was in the church that she took them off. No doubt she had dropped them there, and why should she not go and look for them ? It would help kill the time, and Rupert would not know ; although, indeed, she

could imagine no reason why he should object; she would be back in a minute,—stealing out into the hot, silent street. It was as still as a city of the dead: only a mangy, flea-bitten dog met her, with a foolish deprecating wag of the tail, as though he were well used to having his proffers of affection snubbed. It seemed that a Lady Godiva might have ridden the length and breadth of the place with never a fear of a waking eye upon her. But as she entered the church Betty started back, almost in fright. It seemed as if Bedlam were suddenly let loose there.

"Miss Malcolm! is it really you?—and alone? Where is Mr. Rupert?"

"Where have you been hiding?" this in Hazelton's voice, while his soft blue eyes were glowing with gladness.

"We have been searching the place over for you," explained another; while they all crowded around.

"We asked a couple of men: Mr. Hazelton said that he could speak Spanish, but nobody seemed to understand him." This from Mrs. Alton, with a scathing glance at that gentleman, of which he was tranquilly oblivious, having eyes and ears only for Betty.

"At last!" he was murmuring in her ear. "I had begun to think that I should never find you again."

AS SHE ENTERED THE CHURCH BETTY STARTED BACK.

"And how does it happen that you are alone?" interposed Mrs. Alton's sharp treble, while Betty stood stock-still, tongue-tied with surprise. "Where is Mr. Rupert?"

"He is over there," vaguely nodding her head in the direction she had come, her face wearing a troubled look. Too well she could imagine Rupert's feelings if she should go back with all this crowd at her heels: yet how was she to escape them? "I came to look for my gloves," she added, helplessly.

"You look completely done up," Hazelton exclaimed, eagerly studying her face. "Have you been prowling about in the heat all the while?"

"Oh, no; we have been resting," rather guiltily, amiably hoping that her face did not betray all her disquietude at sight of them. "But still I am tired, and the heat has given me a headache," she wearily added, hoping that explanation would suffice to explain the palpable lack of cordiality in her manner.

"Of course you are tired," wrathfully sympathetic. "It is a perfect outrage to bring anybody to a place like this. There is nothing to be seen; and the heat is simply calculated to give hardened sinners a foretaste of the retribution to come. I was——"

"Was that why you came yourself, Mr. Hazelton?" the girl interrupted, rather tartly.

"We came because you did,—to surprise you," chimed in Mrs. Alton, with a gentle cackle of delight.

"Well, you certainly succeeded," dryly.

"And now let us all go and surprise Mr. Rupert!" eagerly starting. "Let us all steal in upon him and see what he will say!" in a tone of anticipatory delight.

"Great heavens! don't think of it!" laying a detaining hand upon her arm. "Mr. Rupert doesn't *want* to be surprised: at least"—hesitating in some embarrassment—"I don't want to have him surprised. The fact of the matter is that he is talking business; a man has just come in from the interior whom he must see, and he told me, a moment ago, that he would probably be detained an hour longer. If you go and interrupt him, you know, he may have to stay all day," with a wan smile, turning to Hazelton as for support; "and surely an hour more is enough."

"Well, I should say so," he cordially agreed: "don't let us lay a straw in his path," being for his own part as little desirous of Rupert's society as could be.

"What nonsense! We should not hinder him for a minute," rather huffily protested Mrs. Alton. "We should brighten the poor man up! Talking business in heat like this!—It would be simple Christian charity to go and make him come with us at once. We are going right back, you know," she added to Betty: "the boat is waiting for us."

"Is that so?" with a smile of relief. "Well, I am sure I wish that we were going with you," feeling that now she could afford to be civil.

"Indeed, Miss Malcolm, you would better come with us," put in a youth who, in his own chosen dialect, had just confided to a companion his opinion that the little Malcolm was "a good-looker from 'way back," and that, if there were "any show" for him, he would not mind "doing the civil" himself. "You will be baked to a cinder in an hour more of this."

"No question about it, Mr. Davis," smiling rather patronizingly upon the boy, who was, as a matter of fact, a year or more her senior. "It is pretty nearly as bad as being burned at the stake. But then I fancy that I have rather a genius for martyrdom: most women have, don't you think?" with a comfortable little laugh. "But I want to find my gloves," turning back into the church. In instinctive reverence for the place, the party had drifted outside with their talk.

"The best thing about a church is that it is generally cool," with languid appreciation Hazelton remarked, as he followed after her, aimlessly glancing about.

"Are you sure that you lost them here?" queried young Davis, engaged in anxious search.

"Well, no; I am beginning to have grave doubts about it: at any rate, I can assure you that I did not hide them under the altar candlesticks," in half-laughing, half-shocked expostulation, as the young fellow, in his zeal, seemed bent on turning the place inside out. "I must have dropped them somewhere else."

"I am afraid that they are not going to materialize here, at all events," Hazelton observed, with a languid show of sympathy, turning back with her to the door. "I hope you don't much mind?"

"If you are afraid of tan and sunburn, we will each agree to hold a hand all the way back," laughed Davis; "that is, if you will come with us."

"The cure would be worse than the disease," the girl gayly declared. "Do you know, I believe I will walk down to the wharf with you and see you off," she artfully added. There seemed to be no help for it. Either she must go with them, or they would all walk back to the house with her; and once there it might prove more than embarrassing to get rid of them.

"Why, I say," exclaimed Hazelton, halting suddenly, "you folks walk on without me. I am just going down there to try and persuade Rupert to give his man from the interior a rest and come with us."

"Well, I wish you joy of the undertaking," laughed Betty. She had no idea that his mission could be a success, and she laughed to think of the snubbing awaiting him.

"The very thing!" cried Mrs. Alton, joyously. "Tell him that we all insist upon it,—that I say he *must* come," screaming after Hazelton, who with long strides was already well on his way. "That is something like," with smiling satisfaction. "It would be perfectly absurd to go and leave you two to come trailing after alone. And indeed, child," in a tone of friendly admonition, as they walked along together, "I cannot think what possessed you to come away alone in the first place. I was perfectly amazed when I saw you starting. Why did you not ask me to come and chaperon you? I would have been delighted."

"You?" with a cool stare, faintly impertinent, much as an entomologist might regard some rather insignificant bug; but Mrs. Alton never thought of measuring the meaning of feminine glances. "It did not occur to me, Mrs. Alton."

"I suppose not," as amiably willing to accept the apology; "but really, you know, it ought. I am sure that your mother could not approve——"

"Oh, but I assure you that she could," tranquilly interposed the girl. "Mamma approves of everything I do. It is her crowning weakness."

"Of course, to a young girl like you," in an amiably reasoning tone, "Mr. Rupert may seem quite old and——"

"Oh, no," smiling sweetly; "not so *very* old, certainly; scarcely older than you, I should say, Mrs. Alton."

"Then you have made a very poor guess at my age, Miss Malcolm," sharply, her cheeks reddening angrily under the dust of pearl-powder. "Mr. Rupert is *years* older than I. But that is not the point. What I want to suggest is that people *will* make remarks, you know."

"But I do not concern myself about the class of people who make remarks, Mrs. Alton," tranquilly gazing seaward. They had walked to the end of the pier, and Betty was comforted to note that the sea appeared somewhat smoother than it had been an hour ago, while the tide had manifestly risen a little, promising a few inches less of a drop in that dreadful chair-vehicle for the return trip.

"Then you will some time have occasion to regret it, Miss Malcolm," retorted Mrs. Alton, severely.

"Yes? do you think so?" with smiling indifference. "Ah, there comes Mr. Hazelton."

"And Mr. Rupert is not with him!" cried the little widow, disappointedly.

"I did not suppose that he would be," Betty placidly rejoined, smilingly watching the approach of the disappointed envoy.

"Oh, I say, that is a shame!" protested young Davis, indignantly. "To keep you here an hour longer! But when it comes to that,—misery loves company, they say,—what is the matter with our all staying and keeping you company?"

"Indeed we will," exclaimed Mrs. Alton, with a comforting air.

"Indeed you shall not," protested the girl, warmly. "I could not think of keeping you."

But as he came nearer it was seen that Hazelton's face was by no means indicative of failure. He was radiant. "Rupert says that you are to come with us," he called out triumphantly as soon as he was within speaking-distance.

"I?—and he is not coming himself?" staring at him in angry incredulity. "It is simply impossible."

"I don't like to contradict a lady," joyously smiling upon her, "but it is the simple unvarnished truth. I am sorry if you don't like it," with something of gentle reproach in his voice.

"Well, I don't like it," wrathfully candid. "And I would like to know if you told him that I said I *wanted* to go with you; because, if you did, I must say that I think it was very officious of you."

"I do not know why you should imagine that I told him anything of the sort," his blond beauty flushing with anger in turn. "I did tell him that we were going back now, and that you—you in the plural, mind—would better come with us. I believe that I added that you were rather done up, or something of that sort, by way of persuasion, but he did not seem to need much urging so far as you were concerned, I can tell you plainly. He said that he had been a good deal concerned at having to detain you so long, and that it was just as well that you should go back to the ship, where you could be comfortable. There was a slant-eyed Celestial opening champagne for them, and——" checking himself, as if he had been on the verge of revelations that

were as well not made, "well, of course Rupert put it altogether on the ground of solicitude for your comfort."

"Oh, of course," sullenly considering the toe of one small boot.

"And good for him, I say," cried Davis, densely unconscious of her wrath. "He is welcome to his booze, since he has given us good company. We shan't envy him the champagne."

"Of course you don't have to come if you don't want to, all the same," put in Hazelton, sulkily, staring at the horizon with a stolid assumption of indifference. "I presume Rupert would not mind if you stayed."

"Why, thanks: do you really think not?" sarcastically, an angry red flaming on either cheek. "But I do not care to stay. All the same, you may as well know that I am not grateful either to Mr. Rupert or to you."

"It is superfluous for you to say it," with a glance as defiant as her own.

"And you know," interposed the widow, soothingly, her eyes betraying something like joy in the situation, "if Mr. Rupert thinks it best for you to go, I do not see how you can get around it."

"I don't want to get around it," in keen exasperation. "I am suffering to go—now. And what on earth are we waiting for? Why do we not start at once?" turning upon Hazelton impatiently.

"Because, since it is hardly practicable to swim, it is necessary to wake up these wretched *peons* first," he rather sullenly retorted, turning to fire a volley of pungent Spanish at the sleepy boatmen unconcernedly lounging about the wharf.

"What a pity that your gloves were lost!" remarked young Davis, with tardy appreciation of her state of mind, pacifically bent on changing the subject. "I'm afraid your hands will get awfully sunburned."

"Yes; it is a pity about the gloves," Betty thoughtfully agreed, her face curiously changing as she held out her bare right hand, considering its lines with something of the whimsical amusement that had been upon her face after Rupert's impulsive caress. "It is really most unfortunate, all things considered. You can hardly imagine how much I regret it,—what a bother it has made. If I had only never taken them off!—ah, if Cleopatra's nose had been shorter!—" breaking off with a vexed laugh.

"Why, look here," exclaimed Hazelton, reassured at the laugh, his own good humor well-nigh restored in view of the fact that he was, after all, getting his own way; "if I should be very, very unselfish, Miss Malcolm, I think that you might bring yourself to forgive me for Rupert's shortcomings, and call the thing square. I hate to—" reluctantly reaching inside his breast-pocket, "but rather than see the poor little hands burned to a crisp before my eyes,—see here!" laughingly holding out a crumpled pair of tan-colored gloves, quite astonishing in their extravagant stretch of buttons.

"You had them all the time!" with vehement reproach, thanklessly pouncing upon her property. "And you never said a word!"

"You did not ask me if I had them," smiling serenely; "and



then—" with an expressive pause, "I think you ought to appreciate my self-sacrificing spirit now, and be very kind to me," he added, in a tone only her ear might hear.

She had been nervously twisting the soft kid together, and now, as he finished, her lip curling in sympathy with the scornful quiver of her nostrils, she lifted the compact little ball and tossed it contemptuously over into the water. Hazelton paled as if he had been struck, his eyes glowing like sapphires. In a flash he had turned to a half-clothed boy lying on the wharf, idly surveying the party through the narrow slits of his sleepy eyes. A few vigorous words, accompanied by the showing of a handful of loose silver, and the lad had darted like a cat down the ladder by the side of the pier, dropping nimbly into the lighter lurching alongside. An instant he stood poised on the gunwale, eagerly glancing about, and then in he plunged, riding the surging waves like a cork. Betty and Mrs. Alton screamed in sympathetic terror; the young fellows were excitedly offering bets as to the success of the boy; only Hazelton stood silent, pale and unmoved, until, in scarce more time than it takes to tell of it, the boy was back, shaking the water from his scanty clothes like a dog, while he grinned in delighted appreciation of the reward poured into his hand in return for that little lump of sodden brown kid.

"There, my lady Caprice," Hazelton exclaimed then, turning to her with a smiling tranquillity belied by the triumphant glitter of his eyes, "you see that two can play at that game. And when you want your gloves again—well, you will ask me for them!"

A couple of hours later the stewardess of the Southern Cross came bringing down to Betty's state-room an armful of curios and withered flowers, "with Mr. Rupert's compliments."

"You can carry them right back to him," cried the girl, explosively, raising a white face from the pillow. "Or, no; go and throw them all overboard."

"That would be a pity, miss," returned the woman, unmoved, beyond feeling surprise at any caprice of sea-sick human nature, while she carefully disposed of the things in the unused upper berth. "When you feel better, you will like them to remember the place by; though it is a pretty poor place, I take it. It hardly paid you to go ashore, now did it?"

"Well, no; on the whole, I do not think that it did," with a queer little smile; "but you may leave the things, and thank you. Perhaps, as you suggest, when I feel better I may find it—instructive—to look at the things and remember the day at *La Libertad*."

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## VIII.

Nowhere on the face of earth lags the lazy foot of time more slowly than upon an ocean voyage, where from the rising of the sun until its setting again there appears nothing new to be seen, nothing to be done that has not over and over again been proved utterly flat, stale, and unprofitable. And nothing can be more destructive of the amenities

and soothing deceptions of polite life than sea-sickness; under no conditions can human nature become more candidly and relentlessly human.

The passengers of the Southern Cross, their patience sorely tried by the coal-economizing system that prevails on board the Pacific Mail steam-ships, with judgment in many instances warped and jaundiced by stomachic disturbances grievous to endure, were growing very tired of their slow progress through the long empty days, and withal, in most cases, resentfully weary of each other's society. As a rule, each was persuaded, and upon the smallest provocation would garrulously declare, that never had such an uninteresting lot of people been gotten together on sea or land before.

"There!" cried Mrs. Alton, in a tone that might have conveyed the feelings of the traditional camel when the fatal last straw was laid upon his back. "Listen! there is that dreadful child practising that 'Fourteenth Amusement' again!—Did you ever?" with a pause expressive of disgust unspeakable. "And have you observed that it is always the people who do not know how to play who are to be heard pounding on the pianos in public places? Real musicians—those whom one might enjoy hearing—must always be begged and entreated; but children and fools!—I always say that it is an outrage on the travelling public to have pianos in hotel parlors and in places like this, where they are simply instruments of torture for inoffensive people who cannot protect themselves."

"We might stuff our ears with cotton," suggested Betty, tranquilly smiling. They were sitting on the upper deck, in the lee of Social Hall, while at a little distance loitered Dick Hazelton, watchfully waiting for Mrs. Alton to take herself elsewhere; for, that astute young man subtly argued, if he were to join Betty then the chances were that the little widow would linger on in disconcerting enjoyment of the conversation; while if he but gave her a little time she was likely to tire of the situation and go. It was one of Dick Hazelton's theories in which he was complacently confident, that, to the average woman, society without a man was as soup without salt. And so, although inwardly fuming with impatience, he held himself aloof and waited, while Betty, perfectly understanding his attitude, was full of smiles as she strove to keep the unconscious Mrs. Alton engrossed in conversation.

"Cotton! we would need to be stone-deaf to escape that!" with a vicious toss of her head toward the cabin skylight whence issued relentlessly the hated sounds. "I wonder what that child's mother can be thinking of! Such cold-blooded selfishness I never before encountered."

"Rather a misnomer, isn't it, to call the thing an Amusement?" her eyes sparkling with laughter in a side-glance at Hazelton's pale, discontented face. "I always used to wonder at Richardson's conceit when I was obliged to practise those compositions myself."

"The man must have been clean daft to call them anything but horrors," with an air of personal injury.

"Well, there was method in his madness,—'Richardson's New Method,'" her laugh quite out of proportion to the small witticism.



"I shall certainly speak to the purser about it," pursued the other, still gloomily brooding over her wrongs. "With that child's five-finger exercises, and the outbursts of those Moody and Sankey people whenever they can get the piano away from her, there is simply no peace for the wicked on board this ship. And no end of people still sea-sick! It is enough to be the death of them! Do ask Mr. Hazelton to go below and sing."

"As a choice of evils?—he would feel flattered."

"He looks anything but flattered now, I should say," calmly regarding his pale, discontented beauty across the deck. "I wonder what that old Spaniard has been saying to him; he has been growing blacker and blacker—I have had my eye on him all the while we have been talking. He looks perfectly thunder-cloudish, does he not?" in a tone of impartial criticism. "I hope that he has not been drinking. They tell me that he drinks like a fish."

"Yes?" with tranquil indifference, although there was a dangerous light in her eyes. "And how does a fish drink? I am not sure that I know."

"Why, no more do I, for that matter," with her rasping little laugh; "but you know what I mean. Everybody says he is a sad case."

"Do they?" absently, gazing out over the ruffled plain of waters sown all over with seeds of sunshine springing up before one's eyes into a dazzling crop of flowers of phantom gold, that danced and played and tossed their bright heads at one another as tirelessly as a wind-blown field of daisies.

"They say that at Panama he was dreadfully fast," her voice impressively hushed. "Indeed, I think that I ought to tell you—but perhaps you don't care for good advice——"

"H-m," pursing up her pretty mouth, and knitting her brows as though deeply considering the subject. "I don't think that I should ever lie on the floor and kick and scream for it."

"What an idea! you funny child! But, all the same, I am older than you,—not so very much, of course, but still somewhat older——"

"Oh, undoubtedly,—somewhat," with a tranquil emphasis that brought an added red to Mrs. Alton's powdered cheeks.

"And I feel bound to tell you, for your own good, that everybody is wondering at your flirtation with him."

"My flirtation with him!" the girl repeated, with a start of indignant surprise.

"Indeed, yes,—that you seem so taken with him, you know," delighted at last to have penetrated the girl's armor of smiling indifference. "They say that he is a regular Don Juan."

"Oh!" in an indescribable voice.

"I hope you do not mind my telling you," quite magnanimously. "I do it for your good."

"I have always observed that when people have anything disagreeable to force upon us it is generally assumed to be for our good," with ungrateful emphasis. "And have you anything else to tell me—for my good?"

"There! now you are angry," with an injured air. "I told Mr. Rupert that you would take it that way,—I felt sure of it."

"Oh, you told Mr. Rupert, did you?" with an unlovely smile. "And it was he who told you all these particulars about Mr. Hazelton, perhaps; and it was he who amiably wondered that I could be 'so taken' with a regular Don Juan!" pinning her with an angry glance.

"Why, how you do jump at conclusions!" cried the widow, discomfited, dimly realizing that she had been guilty of what, in the opinion of the English statesman, was worse than a crime,—a blunder. "Mr. Rupert merely suggested—the subject happened somehow to be mentioned, you know, and he merely suggested that I might drop you a hint, as a sister might do."

"And so Mr. Rupert thought that I needed to be warned, did he? But he was willing enough to turn me over to Mr. Hazelton at La Libertad, I noticed. As an alternate, upon occasion, it appears that Mr. Hazelton is not so objectionable. Would you mind suggesting to your friend—when the subject happens *somehow* to be mentioned again—that his attitude in this matter appears to me rather inconsistent? And would you mind adding"—with a scathing glance—"that if Mr. Rupert has any further hints to offer I should prefer to receive them directly from himself?"

"What was that dreadful woman saying to you?" demanded Dick Hazelton, when at length the coast was clear and he had hurried to possess himself of the chair at Betty's side. "I have been trying to imagine as I watched you. It struck me once or twice that you wanted to say 'damn!'"

"I wanted to say nothing of the sort," with some asperity.

"Oh, well, some pious, proper, feminine equivalent for damn, then," with his easy laugh. "Don't tell me that I cannot read your face a little bit by this time. And, do you know, it struck me that she might be talking about *me*?"

"I believe it was Sydney Smith who said that nobody is conceited before one o'clock, but——" with a smile not altogether amiable.

"I had a fancy that she was talking about me," he went on, as if she had not interrupted, absently twisting, with gentle, caressing touch, the fringe of a corner of Betty's white shawl, "and I thought," hesitating, with a glance of sudden flashing tenderness,—“was it too conceited?—I thought you were taking my part.”

"Goodness! why should I?" a tinge of vexation in her constrained laugh. "Do you think that I am like that Frenchman of whom they said '*qu'il avait passé la vie en venant toujours au secours du plus fort*'? I think that you are amply able to fight your own battles, Mr. Hazelton," as with an unconscious movement twitching the bit of shawl from his grasp. He watched her for a moment in silence.

"*Did* she not speak of me?" he persisted, in a lower voice, ominously calm.

"She mentioned you, if you must know," ungraciously.

"And her remarks were not—complimentary?"

"Why should you harp so upon one string?" she impatiently retorted. "What does it matter what she said?"

"It does not, so far as she is concerned. But it matters a great deal if she said anything that affects you,—that will turn you against me, if ever so little. And you have practically admitted that she has."

"I have admitted nothing," cried the girl, crossly; "and I am sick of the subject."

"I know that she was raking me fore and aft,—confound her!" he pursued, wrathfully; "and I would have come over and stopped her in short order, but that I knew she was bound to have her little say some time, and it might as well be now as later. I wish you would tell me what it was and let me answer for myself," pleadingly. "But no matter," a brilliant flash of triumph in his eyes; "I believe that you stood up for me, though you won't admit it. I don't believe that you like me any less than you did before," with all the happy confidence of his voice, a gentle pleading in his eyes.

"I don't see how I well could," retorted the girl, sharply.

"You mean because you cared so little?" in a low, tense voice, his face grown white and stern.

"I don't mean anything—except that the subject does not interest me in the least," quite pettishly. "Do let us talk of something else."

Hazelton sighed as if with relief, a brilliant smile curving his lips, his glance falling upon her like a caress. "By all means let us talk of something else. Shall I tell you what *I* mean, Betty, by way of changing the subject?"

"You might explain what you mean by calling me Betty when you have scarcely known me a week," she tartly retorted.

"Is it only a week?" dreamily looking at her. "It seems strange that a week ago I might have passed you on the streets of Panama with merely the thought, 'There goes a pretty girl!' It seems impossible, incredible, now when——" stopping short with a catch in his voice, the fingers that had caught up the shawl again obviously trembling, "now when all day long I do nothing, think of nothing, but to follow you about, watching for a chance to get you away from Rupert or Mrs. Alton."

"And why do you?—if that is so," sharply, almost angrily. "I am sure that nobody asks you to."

He grew white, a sullen cold white, at the tone, while his eyes blazed with passion. "Shall I tell you why?" he retorted, hoarsely. "Do I need to tell you? Has it not told itself a hundred times over?"

"Isn't the wind rising a little?" abstractedly gazing seaward. "I almost believe I am catching cold. Is it possible to catch cold in the tropics?"

He regarded her in silence for a moment, his eyes still aflame. "I would almost like to shake you," he exclaimed then, breaking into a vexed laugh.

"Heavens! what an utterly irrational impulse! But of course Satan is proverbially instigating idle hands to mischief. To take you out of temptation, and having an eye to self-preservation, I think I must persuade you to go below and give us some music. Mrs. Alton

was wishing that you would go and sing: that was one of her remarks in reference to you, by the way."

"That was not all she said, though," with unshaken confidence. "But I will go and sing to you, if you wish it. I can sing what you will not let me say to you," a sort of caressing defiance in his voice.

"HAS IT NOT TOLD ITSELF A HUNDRED TIMES OVER?"

And presently Dwight Rupert, walking the deck with Mrs. Alton tightly gripping his arm, as much astonished at the predicament in which he found himself as was the Doge of Genoa to see himself at Versailles, heard floating up through the cabin skylight the old song with its tender refrain,—

I love but thee, and only thee;  
I love but thee alone.

"It is Mr. Hazelton singing to Miss Malcolm," Mrs. Alton superfluously explained. "He has a voice—well, not a bit like a bird's, of course; no man's ever is, so far as my observation goes, whatever the poets may say about it; but his voice is remarkably fine, don't you think?"

"Well, yes," Rupert grimly admitted. "I believe it is Plutarch who says somewhere that the best musical instruments are made from the jaw-bones of asses; and I believe that Plutarch never made a more sensible observation."

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## IX.

The people on board the Southern Cross were the poorer by almost two weeks spent out of their brief allowance of days on earth, yet scarce one among them, however grudgingly conscious of fast-wasting time, could wish those long hours back again. They were all tired of staring into the blue space where sky and water vaguely met; of watching the restless fleets of gulls and pelicans forever sailing the blue above, mocking with their white flash of wings the shifting spray in eternal

unrest on the fretted blue below. There was the same endless stretch of bleak, uninviting coast, the bare cliffs now borrowing enchantment from the violet haze of distance, now hiding their rugged heights under soft wrappings of gray mists until only the birds might find them out, and again so near that one must hear the hoarse booming, like a pæan of triumph, as the old Titans caught the giant waves in their mighty arms and hurled them, writhing and foaming, back again. Even the most enthusiastic of the amateur "old salts" among them were ready to admit that they had for the time had enough of the pitching and rolling of the good ship, of the unceasing creaking and groaning of the wood-work, the wailing of the wind through the rigging, the hot, feverish throb of the engine, and the sickening smells of oil.

The ship's officers went about looking grim and weary. The captain when approached was courteously, but no less unequivocally, cross. There had been a long stretch of dangerous coast, and the long nights of sleepless watchfulness were telling alike on skipper and mates. It had been a remarkably pleasant voyage, they were all agreed; rarely had there been a trip when there was so little need for the racks upon the tables, the steward declared; but none the less, with that curious inconsistency so often to be observed at sea, there had been not a few among the passengers, and notably the ones who at the outset had most boasted themselves good sailors, to succumb to the common malady, from which they had arisen

of such vinegar aspect  
They would not show their teeth in way of smile  
Though Nestor swore the jest were laughable.

Every game known upon the high seas had in turn been weighed in the balance of popular favor and found wanting. The loungers of the smoking-room still might find a languid excitement in betting on the day's run, nor had the interest in draw-poker and "Muggins" altogether failed them; but for the majority there was little left beyond the listless sense of waiting for the end.

Since the day at La Libertad Dwight Rupert had practically washed his hands of Betty Malcolm. At the other ports at which the ship had stopped he had troubled himself with no show of courtesies, merely noticing, with a careless surprise which he felt was akin to utter indifference, that she resolutely resisted the importunities of the others to go ashore. Added to a small personal grievance scarce acknowledged in his own mind, and his disapproval of her attitude toward Hazelton, who was as her shadow, there was his growing dread of Mrs. Alton to keep him aloof from the girl. The vivacious widow had come to seem to him as a very Apollyon in petticoats, to "straddle across the whole breadth of the way." She seemed to be all over the ship at once, the main object of his avoidance by day, his dreams by night haunted with nightmare repetitions of her twittering voice, with its irrepressible laugh, which seemed to him to break out mechanically at regular intervals between her words, like a cracked bell on a type-writer. There were days when Betty herself was determinedly friendly, when she kept him beside her with a wilful sociability not to be rebuffed; and then at her caprice he had walked the deck with her, read aloud, or played casino,

even incidentally enduring the society of Mrs. Alton, with a certain surprised sense of enjoyment, although the instant that the girl ceased to take the initiative he had promptly relapsed to his attitude of cold quiescence. But, however he might seem to ignore her, he knew there was still not an hour of the day when he was not conscious of Betty Malcolm. He knew that he invented pretexts for going here and there, braving the chances of encountering Mrs. Alton by the way, that he might see for himself where the girl was and what she was doing. Whatever his attitude, the sense of his responsibility hung upon him, no more to be shaken off than a veritable Old Man of the Sea.

A latitude of winter had now been reached, and a sharp northern chill was in the wind that relentlessly swept the decks. The long-haired black monkey that had been execrated of everybody on board because of its disquieting habit of appearing in unexpected places, hanging by the tail as if just ready to pounce upon the exposed heads of nervous people, was now rolled up in a pitiful, shivering ball upon its mistress's lap. The shy, dark-faced señoras who had come aboard at the Central American ports were chilled to the bone in their flimsy gowns, despite the *rebosas* and shawls draped mantilla-wise over their heads. The decks were almost deserted, and people felt a revival of sociability in the impulse to crowd together in the warm saloon and Social Hall.

It was then that some sanguine spirits evolved the project of a mock trial, a breach-of-promise case of course. Nobody ever heard of a sea-voyage without a mock trial, it was urged; and why should they omit a custom so well established? A lively little woman, unembarrassed by the circumstance that she had a husband and two strapping boys on board, was delighted to appear as the interesting plaintiff; while a long and lank Englishman, of the subdued and lugubrious cast of countenance generally assumed to properly represent the ministerial type, was induced to pose as the gay deceiver who had trifled with her young affections.

SAYING THAT HE TRAVELLED AS  
A TEMPERANCE LECTURER.

The case proceeded, as such affairs generally do, with much foolishness and some little genuine wit, until, at length, a witness for the defence, a gentleman whose chronic thirst for cocktails was universally understood, brought down the house, so to speak, when asked his occupation, by saying that he travelled as a temperance lecturer, at the expense of the W. C. T. U. But even the grotesque incongruity of this statement was felt to be altogether surpassed when Dick Hazelton, coming after, stated that it was *his* business to travel with the lecturer as "the horrible example." This was felt to be the crowning joke of



the day, and even those who were still sea-sick joined in the laugh that paid tribute to Hazelton's audacious wit.

The trial after this growing verbose and tiresome, the court was presently declared adjourned; and it was then that the devil entered into certain graceless youths, inspiring them to lay their heads together in the devising of a practical joke, which was nothing less than the plying of the vaporous temperance advocate with mischievous mixed drinks until he should become minded to hold forth to them in his vaunted lecture, while at the same time Dick Hazelton should be drawn on as nearly as might be to the condition felt to be essential to the proper impersonation of "the horrible example." They would end the voyage with a roaring farce.

Dick Hazelton was in that sorry condition of mind known as the blues. It was one of the days when Rupert was first in Betty Malcolm's capricious good graces, and all the morning she had been with him up in the captain's room making a hand at whist. Not until after lunch did Hazelton find opportunity for a word with her alone, and then she was hurrying up the companion-way.

"Are you going back there, to stay all the afternoon?" he demanded, halting her, his tone half peremptory, half pleading.

● "I have not considered how long I may stay," smiling teasingly down at him over her shoulder. "Is there any objection to my stopping as long as they make it pleasant for me?"

"Well, yes; I have decided objections; though I know that you won't let that hurry you away," his manner bitterly resentful. "You might as well go up in a balloon, so far as I am concerned: you know that your grouty old captain has never encouraged me to put my nose inside his door."

"No?" arching her eyebrows, airily amused. "How can he be so unappreciative?—so lacking in taste?"

"If you go," with sullen menace, "I believe I shall throw myself overboard,—or do something worse."

"Oh, don't be rash," with smiling indifference, turning to go. "I shall not see you, then, when I come down," she tentatively added, glancing back, a light of laughter in her eyes.

"When will you come back?" eagerly springing up beside her. "May I wait for you in Social Hall? Will you come soon?"

"Ah, *quien sabe?*" with a little oblique glance whose power to stir the hot blood of man she had well learned. "It would hardly pay you to wait, I fancy."

"It would more than pay me if I knew you were coming soon," passionately, imploringly.

"Well," irresolutely halting—"Ah, there is Mr. Rupert!" as the door above opened and that person put in his head, making a quick motion as if he would withdraw when he saw the pair on the stairs. "Ah, no," with a sudden decision, hurriedly turning to leave him, "don't think of waiting, Mr. Hazelton. We are quite likely to go on playing cards all the afternoon."

"Will you promise me all the evening, then?" the dull white of passionate anger upon his face. "It is our last evening together."

But Betty made as if she did not hear. "Were you looking for me, Mr. Rupert?" she gayly called up to him, as she lightly ran up the stairs. "Are we to have that rubber now?"

Dick Hazelton's execrations as he retreated could only be expressed with dashes. Never before had he bestowed his fickle fancy upon woman without receiving tenfold more than he gave; never before had one been found to resist his forceful wishes; and never before, he felt, had he been so stirred to passionate longing as now with this slip of a girl who yielded him nothing. If for a moment, in butterfly caprice, she seemed almost ensnared, inflaming him afresh with her pretty witcheries, it was but the next moment to slip from his grasp, eluding his desires like a will-o'-the-wisp.

Never could he have been in better mood to fall into the trap prepared for him by his friends the enemy. Like most men given to periodical debauches rather than to steady every-day tippling, there was wont to come upon him at those times when endurance seemed to have run down, and the swaying pendulum of good resolutions had come to a stand-still, a longing unutterable for drink, when it appeared as if the smallest grievance must serve as excuse to deaden his senses with drunkenness. For days now he had been fighting against appetite, in his passion for Betty Malcolm and his longing to stand well with her, the strongest motive toward right living he had ever known,—well knowing what must be the result if he once yielded to the tempter and lost control of himself. But now it needed not the pretext that the end in view was the loosening of the lecturer's tongue. He felt that he had all possible reason for imbibing what cheer they had to offer on his own account. Nor did the other guest of the occasion need more urging, he being frankly of the opinion, as he expressed himself, that good wine needed neither bush nor blarney, and being ever ready to empty a bottle with any man.

The better to keep their project to themselves, the conspirators had brought all the party to that large state-room aft, the best the ship afforded, which Dick Hazelton, who never grudged any expense that might contribute to his own comfort, occupied by himself. Roomy as it was, such a number were packed almost as close as sardines in a box; but, like a lot of school-boys on a frolic, they perched themselves on the berths and wash-stand, not even disdaining a seat on the floor, in devil-may-care enjoyment of the situation. It soon became apparent, however, that the scheme, so far as the temperance advocate was concerned, was doomed to flat failure, that gentleman appearing to be blessed with a capacity, coupled with a sort of wooden insensibility, that it seemed might fairly rival the famous tun of Heidelberg. At all suggestions to deliver his vaunted lecture he sniffed in contempt, eloquently drowning the idea in a flow of liquid that, to the few who still might reflect on the price of Veuve Clicquot and remember that it was for them to pay for it, was rather appalling; while ever less and less as he drank did he evince any disposition to talk at all. But, as if bent on making up for the shortcomings of his associate, Dick Hazelton was rapidly reaching a state of maudlin garrulity. Egged on by his delighted audience, he talked incessantly; and the burden



of all his talk—alas!—was little Betty Malcolm. Enthusiastically, if somewhat incoherently, he expatiated on her charms, making lachrymose appeals for sympathy as he bewailed her heartlessness. With verbose particularity he compared his infatuation for her with other cases in his rather wide experience, incidentally making disclosures that might have wrecked the peace of many a household had those who listened been minded to remember and publish the details to a curious world. Happily, there appeared to be nothing to tell in respect to Betty Malcolm, barring his own passion and despair, upon which theme he dwelt with pathos growing ever more tangled, until, as he sat upon the floor in limp dejection, he was finally reduced to copious weeping, altogether overcome by his accumulation of woes, together with the gratuitous discomfort of sundry bits of ice which somebody, with the refinement of wit quite generally developed upon such occasions, had been slipping down his back.

“But I say, old fellow! don’t give up that way. If you want to marry the girl, why, marry her!” pertinently put in one whose ideas were still coherent, pacifically bent on creating a diversion; for Hazelton, in sudden change of mood, was drying his eyes and glaring savagely about while he muttered dire threats against the man who had been taking liberties with his back.

“In fact, why don’t you go in and marry her straight off and be done with it?” struck with a brilliant idea. “The captain has authority to tie the knot on the high seas, you know, and here’s the whole of us ready and willing to do you proud in the line of ushers and best men. And then—a wedding at sea! how unique and *recherché* and all that sort of thing! Why, man, it’s the chance of a lifetime. And then, you know,” wagging his head ominously, “there’s many a slip ’twixt cup and lip,” the force of the adage considerably emphasized by the spilling of a glass of punch inside his own vest at that moment, as the ship inopportunately rolled.

“The very thing!” chimed in a colleague, ecstatically. “What’s the use of hanging back, Hazelton?—you know your own mind. Just you go to her and say, ‘Now or never, old girl!’ and see if she don’t snap at you! You will finish Rupert at one fell swoop; and we’ll wind up the voyage in style, with the Wedding March.”

In truth, Dick Hazelton was considerably sobered by this somewhat startling suggestion; but, like Barkis, he was wholly “willin’,” and it needed but small argument on the part of the addle-pated conspirators to persuade him that here was the one solution of all his troubles. Considerable disjointed argument was stirred up by the query of one sordid soul as to whether, under such circumstances, the captain should have the usual marriage-fee; but all the preliminaries were satisfactorily arranged finally, with much befuddled enthusiasm on the part of poor Dick, who insisted upon shaking each one by the hand over and over again, while he vowed eternal gratitude for their whole-souled interest in his happiness.

## X.

It was fortunate that the ship was rolling rather heavily, else some, whose wives were watching them as they lurched through the saloon on their way to the captain's room, might have had a bad quarter of an hour in store for them; the gentleman who professed to represent the principles of the W. C. T. U. being the only one of the company who could have assumed to walk a bee-line with any hope of success. All of the revellers had enthusiastically trooped along, effusively assuring Hazelton as they went that they were bound to stay by him to the end.

The captain of the Southern Cross, after all the changes and chances of years of service upon the seas, had thought himself prepared for the wildest vagaries possible on the part of those who travelled in his charge, but he was fairly stricken dumb by the demand of this deputation. It took the united efforts of them all to make the matter clear to him.

"And am I to understand that you are come with the consent and authority of the young lady?" he at length demanded, his large weather-beaten hand slowly stroking away the creases of laughter that vaguely quivered in the midst of the bushy hair that heavily clothed the lower part of his face, while his portentous frown was belied by the jolly twinkle in his sharp gray eyes.

A blank dismay fell upon the faces of the befuddled party as it dawned upon them that a somewhat important preliminary had been overlooked; but Dick Hazelton, secure in the boundless possession of boozy confidence, promptly rose to the occasion.

"Thash all right, cap'n; want to s'prise 'er," his explanation put somewhat out of joint by reason of his pitching headforemost into the captain's bed, as the ship rolled, whence he was with some difficulty extricated by his companions and set upon his legs again, his equanimity, however, in no wise ruffled by the circumstance. "Betty'll say 'yesh' fas' 'nough. All the girls say 'yesh' to me. Might have beaten Brigham Young all to pieces 'f I'd had a mind to. Moral scruples, you und'stand. Always been water-logged 'ith moral scruples, you und'stand, cap'n," with considerable effort screwing an eye into a wink, the effect of which upon his countenance was simply diabolical. "Oh, Betty 'sh all right, cap'n, you bet. The girls all cry for me."

A jelly-like quiver passed over the captain's stalwart form, and his hand palpably shook as it went on slowly wiping down his beard. "Well, you can hardly expect me to admire their taste at this juncture," he dryly observed. "And with regard to the lady, you will allow me to suggest, Mr. Hazelton, that she might prefer to speak for herself in a case like this: it is generally admitted a lady's privilege. And—there must always be an exception to prove a rule, you know—it is barely possible, my fine fellow, that you may some time find yourself a victim of misplaced confidence in respect to a lady's 'yes;' such things have happened, thank the Lord! If men only knew when they were well off they would offer up thanksgiving when they are

balked of making fools of themselves for life by a woman's 'no.' However, that is not the point at present," dismounting from his hobby with a jerk, his hand still heavily stroking the creases from his face. "You asked me, gentlemen, if I would perform the marriage service on board this ship this evening. Allow me most emphatically to refuse, both for now and for all time. It is true that I have the necessary authority," as a vague motion of protest seemed to stir the company,—“just as true as that I have the power to order you all put in irons if you should happen to get yourselves drunk and raise any disturbance on board ship,” with a pause of dark significance; “but I have never had part nor parcel in matrimony up to date, and, please God, I shall keep my conscience clear of it until I haul in sails for good. As for you, Mr. Hazelton, if you should presume to speak to the lady in your present condition, I feel bound to tell you that you would not only inevitably ruin your chances with the girl, but I should certainly consider it my duty to make you go down on your marrow-bones and beg her pardon just as soon as you sobered up. And, gentlemen, a joke is a joke, but this thing has gone far enough. I don't want to use any coercion, but I want to advise—and I trust that you are all paying attention, for I mean it!—I want to advise, in a friendly way, that you all go below now, and *sleep it off!*”

The whist-party in the captain's room had been broken up a little time before the advent of the deputation upon their sentimental errand, and if, in the safe confines of her own state-room, Betty's small ears burned that afternoon, she naturally could not have imagined what occasion there was for it; but Rupert, returning a little later, heard the tale.

“Just waltzed in here as cool as a cucumber, half the ship's company at his heels, and all as drunk as lords,” gasped the captain, wiping tears of mirth from his eyes, “and asked me to splice 'em!—damme if he didn't! And he had never troubled himself to ask the girl first!—said he wanted to surprise her! Did you ever listen to anything in your life equal to that? Gad, sir, I thought one while, in my effort to hold in my laughter and maintain discipline, that I should simply burst in their faces and my remains would scatter all over the ship. It was tough,—mighty tough!” laying back his head in a roar of fresh enjoyment. “And that fellow has got sand, now I tell you, Rupert,” reverting to Hazelton's audacity with something almost of admiration in his tone: “he could fairly advertise sand to sell.”

“Well, yes, if you want to call it that,” retorted Rupert, with a sort of ominous calm. “Where is he now?”

“Oh, he's all right; safely packed up in his little bunk and sleeping the sleep of the just,—with his boots and hat on! I sent my boy below to have an eye on the whole outfit in case they were disposed to make any racket.”

Rupert sat uncomfortably on the edge of the narrow divan that ran under the window on the port side of the room, moodily meeting the finger-tips of either hand together. “In heaven's name, what can I do?” he burst out angrily, after a long study.

"Do? why, man alive, laugh at a joke when you hear one!—there is nothing better that you can do.

Laugh at all things,  
Great and small things,  
Sick or well, on sea or shore.  
While we're quaffing,  
Let's have laughing:  
Who the devil cares for more?"

reciting the verse with a rollicking enjoyment. The captain always experienced a buoyant revival of spirits when the end of a voyage was near. "Byron never put up a neater bit of advice than that to my  
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"AND—THAT POOR CHILD!"

sponsibility about the child to a certain extent, you know," he added, rather more temperately.

"To a certain extent—well, I should say so! Atlas with his world could hardly have been more weighted down with a sense of responsibility than you, old man. And, after all, why should you fash yourself? The child is unmarried and altogether unharmed. I said 'No!'—with a capital N, and an exclamation-point after it, now I tell you. It was the first time in my experience that I was ever permitted to bear a hand in refusing an offer of marriage, and I made the most of the opportunity," with a new laugh for his experience.

"Unharmed!—and the talk of the ship at this moment! All the women were giggling and exclaiming and wagging their heads together

as I came through the saloon a moment ago. I wondered then what was up; I know now! And—that poor child!” with a gesture of angry despair.

“Pshaw, man, you’re making a mountain out of a mole-hill,” with brusque good humor, between vigorous puffs at his cigar. “The women are talking, of course; they have to: when they stop talking they die. But what does it all come to? This palm-leaf fan held up in front of my face appears large enough to cover the earth; and it is a good deal so with things on shipboard. It is a small edition of the life of a country village. Things don’t show in good perspective when the view is so contracted. There are so few happenings to vary a fair voyage that small events loom up into vast proportions. It is so always: I have watched the play a hundred times, with merely a change of actors. Every trip the world narrows down to the length of the ship; and a booby perched on the maintop will make more talk than an Indian outbreak would on land. But, bless you, people don’t talk of one thing forever; and you can take my word for it, once these folks are ashore again they will have plenty to distract their minds from any of Dick Hazelton’s eccentricities.”

“Eccentricities!” ejaculated Rupert, explosively. “Eccentricities be damned!”

The captain smoked on, placidly unmoved, having in fact a repertoire of profanity at his own tongue’s end beside which the other’s petulant outburst might well have seemed rather insipid and altogether innocuous. “I hope you will mind and not tread on my toes,” he imperturbably suggested, at which hint Rupert, who had been pacing savagely back and forth in the narrow quarters, had the grace to stop, staring abstractedly up at a text hung above the dressing-mirror, admonishing observers, in blue silk lettering wrought on perforated paper, to “Look Aloft.”

“But don’t you see, Cornell,” he said at length, his eyes discontentedly reverting to his friend’s weather-beaten visage, turned upon him with a sort of sardonic sympathy in his discomfiture; “this fellow would never have had the audacity—it could not have entered his head, drunk or sober, that he might marry the girl, unless she had given him some encouragement?—unless there had been some tender understanding between them? He must have had some reason to know that he might have her whenever he liked, even if, as you say, he did not trouble himself with getting her consent before coming up here. The mere fact that he did not, indeed, proves to my mind how far the thing has gone.”

“H-m. He was pretty drunk,” the captain observed, tentatively.

“But he could not be drunk enough—no man could!—to imagine that he might marry off-hand a girl like Betty Malcolm,—pretty and proud enough to grace a throne,—unless she had given him some ground for the conceit,” with grim certainty. He had crossed over to the table, and was nervously toying with the paper-weights, goodly lumps of lead sewed up with bold sailor stitches in covers of red flannel, bowling the ill-shaped disks in clumsy gyrations across the outspread chart.

"Do you think so?" with comfortable unconcern. "Well, it may be. He seems to have it pretty much his own way where women are concerned. It would be rather a pity, though," thoughtfully knocking an inch or so of ash from his cigar. "The girl is too good for him."

"Too good!" with savage sarcasm, pausing with one of the heavy weights in his hand as if he might almost have hurled it in his wrath. "Well, yes; I think she is too good for him," a grim bitterness in his short laugh.

"But if she is settled upon it, you can't do anything, you know," went on the other, philosophically. "Women sometimes change their minds about doing a sensible thing, but I have never known one of them to be turned back from any foolishness on which she was bent. No doubt the little Betty thinks that it is her mission to reform him. It is astonishing what a fascination there seems to be for women in the idea of marrying good-looking reprobates to reform them. It seems to catch that romantic yearning for martyrdom that most of them have when they're young; and then, I believe, they find a more solid delight in going against the wishes of all their friends and fighting to have their own way. There is that craving for antagonism about the sex that makes the whole of them Amazons at heart."

"I suppose there would be no use in going near Hazelton as he is now," observed Rupert, moving restlessly toward the door.

"Well, I should say not," with a grin for the idea. "You will have to confine your zeal to the young lady for the present. Of course you will feel bound to free your mind to her. I believe that I would myself were I in your place. Of course it will do no good, so far as she is concerned; but it may relieve your feelings."

"Yes, I suppose I might as well put in my time baying at the moon; but I must have my little say just the same," moodily lighting a fresh cigar. "I doubt if I can say enough to salve over my conscience for not having put in my oar to more purpose before this."

"Oh, if it has come to that!" with his whimsical air of sage remonstrance. "Get your conscience under discipline, Rupert, or there is no hope for you. An obstreperous conscience is as bad as a petted puppy. It is forever after you,—a regular nuisance. Train it as you would the puppy, if you want to have any peace of your life. Knock it around; kick it out of the way when it comes bothering. A well-ordered conscience should be no more obtrusive than a healthy stomach."

"I suppose that you practise what you preach," with a listless smile, absently thrumming a tattoo on the table.

"Well," with a comfortable grin, "I have certainly tried to. In fact, I think that I must have made a success of it, it is so long since I have heard from my conscience. I would not wonder if it were dead as a door-nail, in fact. Now I think of it, I don't know but our consciences are like the noble red man in that particular: the only really good conscience is the dead one."

"But mine being alive and kicking," as he restlessly rose again, "I feel that I must stop that poor girl from making a fool of herself; and"—with a rueful laugh—"I wish you had the job, Cornell."



"Thanks," dryly. "I would not for the world deprive you of it. But take it easy, old man. Fall back on the faith that is in you. Some fellows call it Providence, others believe it fate,—all according as a man happens to have inherited more of the blood of saint or sinner; but whatever name you give it, it is a good comfortable philosophy to say, 'Whatever is to be, will be,' and wash your hands of the consequences."

"I am afraid that I am not very amiably disposed toward fate at the present juncture; and I don't feel as if I had much use for philosophy," Rupert dispiritedly retorted, his smile altogether mirthless as he stepped out on deck.

"No?" with a lusty whole-souled laugh, as the captain followed, briskly buttoning himself into the great-coat of natural seal-skin that reached to his heels: "then my advice to you is—try bromide."

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## XI.

"It is so exhilarating to be near the end of a voyage," Betty remarked, glancing comfortably about, as they were finishing dinner. "One might guess how near we are to San Francisco merely to look at the faces. Everybody seems fairly grinning from ear to ear."

"And are you glad to be so near the end of it?" Rupert hastily returned, with a furtive scowl at the assembled company, the meaning of whose smiles he but too clearly guessed.

"Glad!" with an eloquent pause, gazing dreamily into space, a happy smile curving her lips; "glad doesn't begin to express it! I could simply dance for joy."

"Honesty may be the best policy, but it is not always flattering," with an effort at lightness.

"Ah, but you know that the main events of a journey, after all, are the starting and arriving," the girl laughingly protested: "what goes between is merely incidental."

"You are making it worse and worse," his smile rather strained. "But I will forgive the reflection if—incidentally—you will give me this evening," a certain stiff insistence in his voice that seemed combating a possible refusal.

"Why, I should be delighted," hesitatingly, a suggestion of pleased surprise in her face; "but the fact is, I believe that I am half engaged to walk with Mr. Hazelton after dinner," glancing uncertainly down the length of tables to where Hazelton usually sat.

"I rather anticipated as much," returned Rupert, hastily, a frown gathering between his eyes; "but——"

"And was that why you ventured to ask me?" joyous, irrepressible mischief in her eyes. "As you say, honesty is not always flattering."

"It certainly did not stop my asking you," he stoutly retorted, an inflexible determination in the glance of his steely eyes; "but you cannot call the invitation for that reason unflattering, for I had not the remotest idea of letting you say 'no' on that account."



"No? had you not?" smiling up at him, a glow of appreciation in her eyes; for, after all, there is nothing that can more compel a woman's admiration than a masterful spirit in a man. "Well, if Mr. Hazelton appears, I shall leave you to answer to him," her tone conceding the point.

"Thanks," with a grim smile. "I shall be only too happy to settle the point with Mr. Hazelton."

"And to-morrow morning we shall be there!" she exultantly exclaimed when, a little later, they were walking the deck together in the gray of the early evening, overflowing delight in her tone, her glance, her very walk. "The voyage has been pleasant, too, thanks to you all," she pensively, half apologetically continued. "Do you know that it is the first time in my life that I ever went anywhere alone?—that is, without any of my own people? They have always kept me fairly packed in rose-leaves," with a happy little laugh; "but this will be a lesson to them." Rupert almost groaned aloud. A lesson to them indeed!

"But I would not be afraid to go around the world alone now," she complacently went on. "But Corinne—my sister, you know—will nearly swoon away when she knows it. She is so painfully proper; though she is the dearest girl in the world, after all. But she never had an erratic impulse in her life. You will like her," the faintest possible emphasis on the pronoun: "she is just your style of a girl."

"I did not know that I affected any particular style of girl," he absently returned.

"She will have a lecture for Bruce for letting me come,—as if the poor boy could have stopped me! And really, you know, Corinne should not complain. If I had been provided with a dozen chaperons I could scarcely have been watched over more pertinaciously than Mrs. Alton has managed to do by her own unaided efforts; now could I?" her irrepressible gayety rippling up in fresh laughter. "Between you and me, I feel as if I had been almost killed with her gratuitous kindness. She has stuck by me like a shadow."

"I wish that she had been the only shadow," he brusquely retorted.

"Heavens!—speak of angels—there she is!—and looking for us, without any question," gasped the girl, gripping his arm closer, in a sudden panic.

"Then, in heaven's name, let us go forward," impetuously hurrying her toward that quarter.

The lines of caste had been drawn very sharply on the decks of the Southern Cross. The forward deck was inexorably reserved to the steerage passengers. If these might not go aft to mingle at will with those who travelled first-class, neither should those more fortunate individuals go forward to stare honest poverty out of countenance. Such was the edict of the autocrat who ruled that little floating world; and thus, the scantily-clad folk, mostly Chinamen, who might have been there, now huddled below for warmth, the place was bare save of those whom duty held there. Rupert, for his many voyages and the cap-

tain's friendship, had become a privileged person on board, and the officer of the deck but nodded a pleasant greeting as they passed him by, while the lookout, politely touching his hat, accommodately stepped one side, fairly out of ear-shot, to make room for them in the bow.

"How lovely!" cried Betty, enthusiastically, leaning over the side. It had grown dark, and like rivers of silvery flame were the mighty billows all alive with the soft glow of phosphorus, that the great prow was throwing back on either side. There was a hoarse murmur as of protest from the troubled waters, as if perhaps the dead men lying in rotting hulks below cried out to have their sleep disturbed; and wind and wave were moaning together, as if voicing that bondage of eternal unrest in which all nature frets.

The girl was awed into silence for a moment; but her joyous spirit could not be long repressed. "Why don't you say something?" she presently demanded, with smiling sociability, leaning comfortably back against a great bundle of sail.

"Perhaps because I can think of nothing agreeable to say. May I smoke?"

"Of course," solicitously watching the flickering match held between his sheltering hands. "Oh," retrospectively, after a moment, "you said you wished that I had had nothing but Mrs. Alton's society on the trip. Now, don't you think that that is a little ungenerous?" smiling broadly. "What have I ever done to you?"

"I do not put it quite that way; and what I meant was," speaking with some difficulty, "I wish that you had had less to do with that fellow Hazelton, Miss Malcolm."

"Yes?" nonchalantly smiling still, but with a certain dangerous quality in her soft voice. "And what has Mr. Hazelton done to you?"

"To me, nothing. But I have never approved of the man, as I think my manner must have given you plainly to understand. And I have found it very hard, I must say, Miss Malcolm, to understand the interest that you have shown in him."

"Have I shown an interest, do you think?" with innocent *sang-froid*. "Now, do you know, I fancied that I had been letting concealment prey on the damask of my cheek in the most approved fashion?—though perhaps, when you come to think, there may not be much damask about it," passing a slim bare hand experimentally over her face, quite evidently stroking away creases of laughter from the pretty mouth.

"What in the name of Providence you could see in the man is more than I can imagine," pursued Rupert, warmly, stung to sudden anger by her flippant tone. "The reputation that he had at Panama you must have known; the open immorality of his life; the disgraceful circumstances of his leaving there; the——"

"And what were those disgraceful circumstances, may I ask?" the girl coolly interrupted.

"Well, to tell the truth, I do not know," faltered Rupert, feeling decidedly flat.

"Ah! you don't know!" with a stinging laugh. "And yet you assumed to use the word disgraceful!"

"Certainly I did; and for the very ample reason that it was your brother who intimated to me that the circumstances *were* disgraceful."

"Well, that does settle it!" her ready temper evidently well up in arms. "When did Bruce Malcolm ever go hinting or intimating anything in all his life? He is simply incapable of it! We are not given to beating about the bush in our family; we do not go attacking people with hints and innuendoes behind their backs. We would not know how to go about it. When we have anything to say, we say it in good honest English."

"And do you mean to imply that I am lying about it?" in a choked voice.

"Lying?" airily; "oh, no; that is an ugly word. I merely mean to imply that you were mistaken in what my brother said to you, Mr. Rupert."

"Oh! if you only knew!" poor Rupert groaned, despairingly. Now that the time was come for him to speak, seeing how far he had already angered her, it seemed to him that he could as easily have lifted his hand to strike as to reveal to her in all its noisome details the real character of the man with whom her name might thenceforth be inextricably entangled in the gossip of a hundred mischievous tongues, to tell her the humiliating story of that afternoon.

"I know this," the girl burst out, with angry vehemence, "that you have disliked me from the first. Ah, do you suppose that I did not know—that I could have helped knowing—that you would as lief have been hung as to have gotten me upon your hands for this trip? And I liked you so much, too, that first evening at Panama," with desperate, angry candor. "I even flattered myself that, given the opportunity, I could make you like me too,—fool that I was!"

"You thought that you could make me like you?" he mechanically repeated, throwing his cigar overboard and staring to watch its small spark quenched in the shimmering glow of the water.

"It is incredible, is it not?" with a brief laugh of angry bitterness. "But my conceit even went so far that I thought I was succeeding, up to that day at La Libertad. You were kind to me even then," her voice softening somewhat at the memory, but gathering fresh indignation as she proceeded, "but how ready you were to turn me over to Mr. Hazelton the moment opportunity offered!"

"How do you know I was ready?" his breath fanning her cheek hotly. "Hazelton came to me and said that you wanted to go back to the ship,—that you had a headache. What was there for me to do but acquiesce?"

"He said that?" incredulously, drawing a long breath. "Well, and if he did! You might have come and asked me yourself. You should have known that I did not send him," with uncompromising wrath. "I have never forgiven you for it."

"Have you not?" in a stupid, dazed tone, looking down at her strangely.

"I have tried—it has been my one thought—to be pleasant and friendly; but it has lessened my self-respect to receive such grudging civilities. In a thousand ways you have let me see what a bore it was

to you. Yet, when in very self-defence I accept the gratuitous kindnesses of another man, you sulk and frown and treat me as if I were a naughty child; and now our last evening together you must spoil with vituperation and abuse. It is like a very dog in the manger!" She had worked herself up to such a pitch of hysterical anger that now she broke down utterly in a sudden storm of weeping.

Tears are simple things,—merely a little phosphate of lime, some chloride of sodium, and the rest but water. All the heart-pains and bitterness that cry out in them count for absolutely nothing in a scientific analysis; and yet, for that subtle quality beyond the prying reach of science, the tears of women have moved the world. As if in those angry drops had shone a light from heaven to reveal to him the unguessed secret of his heart, Rupert stood dumbly staring at her, so shaken that he could not speak, trembling with sudden consciousness of a love such as he had never dreamed of, the tumultuous outpouring of all the pent-up passion of his loveless life. The wind caught up an end of the lace scarf that was wound about her head, full of faint delicious perfume, and tossed it across his face. It seemed to touch him like a caress, and he put up a trembling hand to hold it a moment longer against his lips; and then, obeying a strange mad impulse, never known in his life before, he reached out and drew her to him in a close, passionate embrace.

"Sweet, sweet, can you ever forgive me?" he whispered, brokenly, between wild, clinging kisses.

"How dare you?" she muttered, furiously, wrenching herself from his grasp. Carried along by the madness of the moment, he had been scarce conscious of his daring, but now he seemed to be sinking down, utterly crushed, beneath a sickening sense of defeat and shame.

"Here! take my arm," he hoarsely exclaimed, hurrying after her. "Oh, you need not be afraid; you are perfectly safe," he bitterly added, as she seemed to hesitate; and she silently, grudgingly, rested the tips of her fingers on the arm he offered.

"I don't know what I can say for myself," he said, in a choked voice, as they walked along the deck, "for this—the second time! There is nothing to be said, indeed, but—I love you." It seemed to him that he could hear the beating of his heart above the surging of the waves, the throbbing of the engine. It seemed to make a ringing in his ears, to be suffocating him.

"Well, really!" the girl reluctantly returned, anger still in her voice; "you surprise me. Certainly you have not worn your heart upon your sleeve, milord." This with a cruel touch of sarcasm.

"And is it not as well that I did not?" savagely. "What possible difference could it have made to you, beyond another scalp to hang at your belt? I should not have told you now,—why should I, indeed?—what could I hope to gain by it?—but I went mad for a moment, and then——" drawing a sharp breath, "then I felt that an explanation was due you. That is all," with an air half sad, half haughty. "I am asking for nothing, you understand. I only want to explain, to apologize, as best I can, for——"

"Oh, here you are!" interposed the voice he most hated, as Mrs. Alton pounced upon them out of the shadows. "Why did you not wait for me? I have been hunting high and low for you. I have the most ridiculous thing to tell you," panting with eagerness. "You will not believe it, Betty Malcolm; now, positively you will not,—unless you have heard it before," her face falling at this possibility.

"I cannot tell until I hear what it is," returned the girl, wearily; while Rupert, his face pale and rigid, stood staring with such unholy wrath as might have glowed in Balaam's eyes when the ass was moved to disconcerting performance on the road to the land of Moab.

"Well, everybody is saying that you were to have been married to Dick Hazelton," in a sharp crescendo, "this very evening,—the captain was to marry you,—if he had not—that is, if Mr. Hazelton had not——" growing altogether incoherent with excitement.

The girl calmly reached up and drew the collar of her ulster a little higher, as if she were cold, absently feeling the buttons as though she would have drawn the garment closer about her. "I was to have been married to Mr. Hazelton!—the captain was to have married me! Well, really!" her contemptuous little laugh sounding in Rupert's alert ears rather strained and overdone; "have you all gone daft, Mrs. Alton?"

"But they say that it came from Hazelton himself," protested the bearer of the tale, considerably disappointed at the mild effect of her news. "It appears that he has been drinking—I told you that he drank, but you would not believe me!" with rather vicious triumph, this; "but now they say that he is—er—well, just awfully—drunk," fetching out the objectionable word with some difficulty. "And, being perfectly maudlin, they say, he has been telling everybody on board that he was going to marry you; and it is absolutely certain that he went to the captain and asked him to perform the ceremony to-night. Everybody is laughing about it."

"Yes?" nonchalantly. Rupert, watching her face with a sort of savage curiosity, could not detect in her any emotion whatever beyond the most cursory amusement. "How very cheerful for everybody! They should extend a vote of thanks to Mr. Hazelton," she said, with a careless smile.

"Of course I knew there was nothing whatever in it so far as you were concerned," rather helplessly, a good deal taken aback at the girl's *sang-froid*. "I told everybody so. But there are some who are insisting that you are really engaged to him,—that you might really have married him to-night if he had not—well, if he had not had to be put to bed, you know."

"Marry him! Well, upon my word!" her clear laugh musically rippling with fun. "There will be a gentleman waiting on the wharf at San Francisco to-morrow morning who might object, rather,—a gentleman who has come across from Boston to meet me,—the gentleman to whom I happen to be engaged."

For an instant the booming and whistling of the wind among sails and rigging, and the heavy beating of the ship's screw, had it all to

themselves ; but Mrs. Alton could not be stunned into silence long. "Engaged!" flying at the girl with a gurgle of fresh excitement. "Engaged!—and did not tell me! You dreadful child!"

"You!" a certain biting emphasis at last betraying the fire within which Rupert had learned to know so well. "And why should I have told you, pray? I am not in the habit of proclaiming my affairs from the house-tops without

"MARRY HIM! WELL, UPON MY WORD!"

"I am afraid that it is," he said, slowly, reluctantly.

"And he is——?" with a shudder of disgust, leaving the word unsaid.

"Yes," he lifelessly answered.

"And has he been really talking that way?" pitifully staring



up at him in gathering excitement. "And did he actually go to the captain, as she said?—and is everybody laughing about it?"

"Yes," impassively.

"Oh!" sharply drawing in her breath, her hands angrily clinched. "How could he?—the brute! the villain!"

"Yes," he said again, dully, uncomprehendingly. "And was that other true?—that you are engaged?"

"Yes," she said in turn, hesitating, gently, pitifully. "I have been engaged for months, and," with a certain proud loyalty, "to one of the dearest and best fellows in the world."

"And you never cared for Hazelton at all?" he went on, stupidly, as if he scarce could understand it.

"Never for an instant,—in that way. How could I?"

"We have all been mistaken," he said, slowly, passing his hand across his eyes in a bewildered way. "I don't know," he added, with a mirthless smile, "but I am almost sorry for the poor devil now."

"For him—ah!" unspeakable contempt in her tones. "He has already consoled himself!"

"And how am I to console myself, Betty?" he said, deliberately, the sadness of tears in his voice.

"Oh, I have been unjust to you!—cruel to you!" burst out the girl, with a sudden keenness of self-reproach. "I don't wonder you hated me."

"But I have told you that I do not—hate you," with a sharp catch in his utterance. "You know now that that was impossible."

"But one of these days you will be glad of this; you will see that it is for the best," she murmured, gently, in eager effort to be kind and consolatory.

"Are you so sure?" with listless scepticism. "I did not expect anything; I did not ask for anything: I have no right to feel disappointed, have I?" with a wan smile. "But you must not expect too much of me."

"But we could not have been happy together," she urged, with gentle conviction. "You regard me simply as a somewhat precocious child; just now, perhaps——"

"A very sweet child, Betty," he interposed, softly, his glance burning upon her face.

"But only a child!" triumphantly. "It could hardly have entered your mind to look up to me in any sense; it might even have seemed to you absurd that only ninety-four pounds of womanhood should presume to ask anything more. But you must know that every woman expects, once in her life, to be regarded as a goddess. She may realize perfectly well the absurdity of it; she may know beyond any delusions of vanity how very human she is; but," her face glowing with enthusiasm, her eyes like stars in the soft light, "once in her life she expects to be seen through a glamour that shall make all her faults seem charms, all her dulness the purest wisdom. And it is this ideal held up before her, the dream of what she might be, the reaching up after it lest she may fall in her lover's eyes, that sweetens a woman's life as nothing else can, that ripens all the good that is in her. I can hardly



express what is in my mind about it; I am afraid that I am not making my meaning very clear," halting rather embarrassedly, conscious that in the inspiration of her a moment almost

nce.  
making it clear to  
am very much out  
he returned, gently,  
orry smile. "But  
yourself about it,  
l. You don't al-  
understand me, I  
ut there is no par-  
reason why you  
; and it does not  
matter."

"But we are  
friends?" in anx-  
ious questioning,  
impulsively tak-  
ing his cold hand  
in the warm ca-  
ressing pressure  
of both her own.

"BUT WE ARE FRIENDS?"

"Always,  
Betty," his grasp  
closing convul-

sively upon hers for a moment before he left her, while to her awed heart was revealed that to her had been given that rarest of all life's good gifts, a friend who would never change.

And so, in gentle sadness, closed another of earth's brief chapters. And on through the darkness, moaning and trembling like a human life grown old under its burdens, the good ship plunged heavily onward, reaching toward the Golden Gate that should mark the end of a tale that was told, and at the same time a preface to many a new volume in the possibilities that lay beyond.



## A SPANISH PAINTER.



withstanding her  
the capital of a  
has always been  
honoring great  
particularly those  
the art of paint-  
it impress the  
as a city with  
any particular art prejudices.

Modern Spanish art in gen-

eral is disappointing: it is crude in color, brutal in technique, and theatric in design, and stands in strong contrast to the genuine character of such of her masters as Coello, Greco, Moro, Murillo, Ribera, and others of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries with which the galleries abound, and to the specimens of the Italian, Flemish, Dutch, and German Renaissance, which are also represented, Peter Paul Rubens covering a large space, as usual. It seems strange, when one remembers that these galleries are acknowledged to be among the most interesting in the world, that so few Spaniards have profited by their advantages; for to the amateur polishing the rough edges of his taste, or to the student absorbing the methods of the masters, the works of Velasquez alone speak with more purpose than those of any other one man in the history of art, and Madrid therefore becomes,—to the latter especially,—as does the holy city of the East to the wandering Arab, the most sacred shrine of all his pilgrimage.

The Museo del Prado was not built for the display of paintings, but for a museum of curios, so that, save in the middle gallery, which is arched with a skylighting, the pictures are not seen to advantage, all of the side galleries or rooms being lit by windows only. The building itself is, however, handsome and imposing. A large double stairway leads to a Doric porch, from which one enters a polygonal rotunda. Here are hung a number of works by Veronese and Ribera. Opening from this rotunda, and from the corresponding "patio" at the other end

of the building, are smaller galleries, containing heterogeneous collections of foreign schools. But it is in the long centre gallery that we find most of the great pictures,—Titian's "Charles V. on horse-

#### MENIPPUS.

back," Murillo's "Immaculate Conception," and the "Menippus," the "Æsopus," the portraits of Philip, and "The Surrender of Breda," by Velasquez.

The Museo fronts on the Salon del Prado, a broad boulevard planted with trees and resembling somewhat the Champs-Élysées at

Paris. Strolling under the shade of these trees, one can easily realize the inspiration which moved the master in the long, dark, handsome faces, spotless complexions, and clear eyes of the men and women one meets; for, though many noble works by contemporaries adorn the walls of this famous gallery, they all stand relative and subordinate in merit to those of one,—Don Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velasquez. Philip the Fourth, save perhaps as included in the list of monarchs droned in unison by school-children, is probably less known than the man whom he appointed his court painter. Yet he should receive due praise for his share in developing this great talent, and the world will always have a great respect for this silent taciturn gentleman who filled his halls with the works of, and gathered about him as companions, the genius of his nation. We owe him much for his share in the refinement of humanity by his intelligent recognition and encouragement of the arts. It does not often fall to the lot of an artist to hold such an office under such a king, nor to have for his models the grace, the beauty, and the dignity of a court and a people proverbial for these qualities; but if Velasquez was to be congratulated in being honored, how much the more Philip in having the opportunity to honor!

A PORTRAIT OF VELASQUEZ.

The critic, in speaking of Velasquez, dwells much on the various methods in which he painted; but to the student he appears only as progressing always toward a greater perfection, never at any time dropping the thread he has taken up at the beginning, but following it step by step, until at last there seems scarcely anything to be desired, so complete are his later works. Velasquez was a painter of portraits, a delineator of souls: his personages are living and human. When he undertakes, as he did after his second visit to Italy, to emulate the religious sentiment of that school, he instantly is at a loss: one feels immediately his lack of sympathy with the subject; and, while his "Crucifixion" and "Coronation" may be not unworthy of his name, it is with such direct presentations as the head of Philip IV. and the Portrait of a Sculptor that we feel his real power: these are sentient beings, to whom, with a brush charged in the elixir of life, he gave a respite which shall last until the inevitable swing of the pendulum fades the colors and rots the canvas away.

Occasionally in his work one fancies there can be detected the influence of contemporaries, but it is seldom to a very pronounced extent, and never observable twice from the same source. His picture "The Topers" ("Los Borrachos") is said to bear a resemblance to the style of Rubens. Speaking of this in his admirable life of Velasquez, M. Paul Lefort, Inspector of the Beaux-Arts at Paris, says, "Nothing, then, is so arbitrary and inexact as that assertion, so easily accepted and frequently reiterated, that the picture of the 'Borrachos' bears imprinted

upon it the styles and methods of Rubens. Neither in style, nor in the construction, nor in the technique, still less in the choice of color and maintenance and arrangement of tones, do we find a possible resemblance. In truth, this picture, so naïvely realistic and formal, is precisely to the art of Rubens what positivism is to metaphysics."

In his earlier work we have a certain dryness of handling which

#### THE TOPERS.

disappears completely later on. The celebrated portrait "*L'Homme au Gant*" technically bears scarcely any resemblance to his Portrait of a Sculptor, so tight and hard is the former in comparison; yet both have that wonderful quality which leads us to think of them rather as men than as the painted semblances. This is so with all of his portraits. These men and women breathe the air about us; they stand, not inside the frames, but in the room with us; they are as distinct of personality as our friends and neighbors. They become so intimately associated with our thoughts, so distinct in their individuality, that we almost fancy Philip must be aware of our homage and will some day graciously recognize us.

There may have been greater artists, men more subtle in their art, who have preached more effectually the sermon of the hour or materialized better the idealities of religion; but no one seems to have been able "to hold the mirror up to nature" as did Velasquez.

As a painter of portraits he does not find his equal either in Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Franz Hals, or any of the Netherlanders,—for it is with their school that he was most in sympathy,—and, since a comparison arises, we can at no time accuse him of any of those affectations of color for which Rembrandt was known: simple, direct, and always dignified,—never, to be sure, attempting difficult feats of light and shade,—but never, either, suggesting in his color the use of stained glass, as does the Hollander.

His aim was to be a faithful interpreter. He was essentially a realist: the ideal to him was in human souls, and humanity looks down at you through the eyes of these wonderful creations. We have every

evidence both in his work and in his life of a sympathetic character, a heart in touch with other hearts. Philip the Fourth was a man of immobile countenance; we have him over and again from Velasquez's

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brush with that same supercilious, smileless expression which we are told never varied. With a versatility unexampled he paints the dwarfs: "El Primo"—evidently learned in literature—seated turning the leaves of a book and bearing a comical expression of wisdom; we feel that

this abbreviated person could make most intelligent speeches, withal cutting and sarcastic; El Niño, the idiot, with twisted neck and open mouth,—disgusting and revolting; El Bobo, the cringing sycophant, crafty and deceitful; and Don Sebastian de Mora, full of ingenuous good humor. These four alone illustrate his mastery of facial expression, his ability as a delineator of character. His children are childish, yet thoroughly aristocratic. The Infantas are very girlish, spite of their plumes and finery. It is not merely the ribbons and feathers and rosettes which give them the bearing of queens. Little Prince Baltasar appears as boyish as any *gamin*, yet always a prince.

"Menippus," the beggar, is cunning, slovenly, and sly, while his "Æsopus" is the direct antithesis,—a fine conception of the dignified old philosopher and satirist.

Nor is Velasquez, notwithstanding the fact that he is pre-eminently a painter of portraits, unequal to great compositions. "The Surrender of Breda" ("Las Lanzas") is not only a magnificently rendered group of portraits, but has also wonderful beauty of arrangement, and, while it may not reach the perfection of *plein air* effect attained by some of our nineteenth-century painters, yet its dignity is a charm which we often look in vain for in the work of to-day. We find this same

#### THE TAPESTRY-WEAVERS.

dignity in those other masterpieces, "The Tapestry-Weavers" ("Las Hilanderas") and "The Maids of Honor" ("Las Meninas"). The former, which is perhaps more familiar to us, is probably the most realistic of any of his pictures, a work which, if we study it in relation to his contemporaries and the contemporaneous schools (and the period was one, too, which was fast breaking away from the bonds of the symbolism characterizing mediæval art and that of the earlier renaissance), must lead us to recognize in Velasquez the true father of realism.

The age, however, had not altogether freed itself from conventionalisms, and it is not remarkable, therefore, that there is in his pictures a formality which delights only when it is understood. For there is a



distinct charm in the conventional note, in the landscape backgrounds, which have the decorative character of a tapestry cartoon, and although the pony of little Prince Baltasar, and the horse of Philip in the equestrian portraits, are not conceived in the spirit of the heterodox movement as introduced to us through the scientific scrutiny of Mr. Muybridge, yet in both instances they are noble animals, bearing with pride their royal burdens and conscious of the blaze of jewelled armor and golden trappings with which they are bedecked.

After all, a picture is but the representation of a thing, not an actuality: as one of our greatest modern painters has put it, "not an imitation of reality, but a parallelism of Nature;" we do not want to see the figure breathe, but to fancy that it might breathe. And the artist is an important factor in our admiration of the work: we must

MAID OF HONOR.

PRINCE CARLOS.

look at Nature through his eyes and learn to appreciate her by his methods. The picture, therefore, which is a transcript or attempts to

be a transcript of Nature loses its character as a work of art, because it becomes mere imitation. Consequently, this formality in the works of Velasquez not only gives distinction, not only shows us the personality of the artist, but it also seems like a frank acknowledgment of the limit of human power, a line consciously or unconsciously drawn that we may be restrained from violating that precept of Moses' tablet which tells us, "Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image, or any likeness of any thing. . . . Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them nor serve them."

*Colin Campbell Cooper.*

THE FOUNTAIN OF NEPTUNE, MADRID.

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### HUMILITY.

**E**NSAINTING all the visible world, the dim  
 And reticent night upon the harvest lands  
 In silent benediction lays its hands;  
 Curved as the chine of a great beast, the grim  
 Hill heaves against the sky its shaggy rim;—  
 One of the nights when Jupiter commands  
 Stars as the sea's incalculable sands,  
 Veiling their fires in fealty to him.  
 Out of the shadow-land my spirit I send  
 Into that giant scheme, if I may know  
 The meaning and the majesty aright.  
 In vain, alas! I cannot comprehend,  
 So turn me to the earth again, and, lo!  
 A glow-worm proffering its friendly light.

*Ina Lillian Peterson.*

CHARLES BIDDLE.

*AN OLD-TIME PHILADELPHIAN.*

CAPTAIN CHARLES BIDDLE wrote out the events, impressions, and judgments of his life as a pastime in his old age, and with a view to the benefit of his immediate posterity only. In those days no Sunday paper or popular magazine took any unusual experience or startling opinions off one's hands at so much a column, and writing a book was as solemn as dancing the minuet. That he was doing this probably never entered the good man's mind. People then were frank, shrewd, and observing, and, being uneducated by popular editorials, usually formed their own opinions. This autobiography, rescued from oblivion and printed privately more than sixty years after the author's death, is a window let in upon the most honest of souls. Raised early to a station of command, it probably never occurred to Captain Biddle in the whole course of his life not to speak his mind: he conceived only of the most straightforward methods, and he wrote with equal frankness.\*

Charles Biddle, born in Philadelphia in 1745, was the grandson of

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\* This memoir had the honor of serving General Grant as model in his great work.

a rich man, one of the Proprietors of New Jersey ; but in those days endorsing and suretyship were little understood, but meant ruin, and William Biddle, his father, was the most unfortunate of men. He ended by leaving his heroic young wife in much the same circumstances as the widowed consort of John Rogers, the Martyr of Smithfield. Somehow the family struggled through. Every one of the sons became eminent.

But Charles was a young scapegrace. This is his deliberate judgment : " I believe the young people are not so bad as when I was a boy." He and his friends would fire pistols close to people's ears. Dark nights they would trip them up with ropes, knock baskets and tubs off their heads, and throw down cellar-doors. Even the college students of a generation ago did not behave worse.

Unspeakable, then, must have been the relief of the older remonstrant brothers, James and Edward, when at fourteen, under fairly favorable auspices, this irrepressible youth was shipped for San Lucar, Spain.

This was the initiation of his active life. The high spirits, the audacity, the activity, somewhat startling at home, now found their proper vent. Being absolutely devoid of fear, Charles did not mind being chased upon the voyage by what they took for a Spanish pirate. At Cadiz he saw a bull-fight, which he did not much enjoy when the novelty wore off, for he was good-hearted after all. He was taken very ill from too free indulgence in stolen grapes ; but Mr. William Seton, a young New York merchant, and Mr. Ferrier, nursed him. The latter thought barley-water good for all disorders. In this case he was certainly right.

As medical science has advanced so much of late, it may not be malicious to observe that in those days some wonderful cures happened after medicines and physicians had given out. This was the gist of one of Dr. Franklin's anecdotes, which comforted the fever-stricken inhabitants of Philadelphia when only the sick, those too poor to get away, and lawyers eager to make wills, remained in town. The Doctor, it may be observed, like President Lincoln, was wont to prelude business meetings by a little story.

The next voyage was to Fayal. Then young Biddle became second mate, and sailed for Honduras and the West Indies, whither he afterwards went repeatedly. Before he was eighteen, he was offered the command of a brig. Stirring adventure, quick decision, ready expedient, made up his life. It is a fascinating story. There were captures, shipwrecks, and many a brawl and difficulty settled in the old hand-to-hand way. The regions of Central America are doomed to perpetual lawlessness ; and the boy captain became used to taking matters into his own hands. Even his failings made him redoubted. He was tremendously quick, both with word and blow, but his ideas of discipline took in himself as well as others. To the end of his life, we have every reason to suppose that he never doubted the efficacy of a timely flogging. When he was quite an old gentleman, his negro boy Virgil, locked up over-night, with dismal intimations as to the morrow, thought it prudent to run away. His master was extremely sorry he had deferred the

punishment. Still, he early resolved to cure himself of striking with anything he could lay his hands on, or "heaving at any of the crew" that did not move briskly. The end of a rope, however, he decided could do no possible injury, and with this he resolved to be content. Cards he would not suffer when his ship was armed. Singing well he thought a snare; it made a young man courted, and a double watch was needed to withstand dissipation. Exercise he considered good for sea-sickness, so on one occasion had the hand-pumps lashed to the main-top-mast, that all who needed water might get the benefit of climbing.

Considering that losses were then borne by the owners, one wonders at the craft, "leaky as baskets," sent to sea. But in those days human life had not attained the value it has to-day. Now and then the story of some poor wretch executed for petty or supposititious offences makes a gruesome interlude.

Captain Biddle had had some fifteen years of this sea-going life when the battle of Lexington became the event of the world. Here our hero flashes a tremendous side-light upon the situation. He knew where duty lay, and it was impossible not to follow it, but he had a very English nature. He was unswerving in friendship, and the luxury of a good hearty honest prejudice he never denied himself. The latter took full effect against the French, though he knew their language. Like hundreds of his countrymen, particularly of the better sort, he had more than a lingering fondness for the British, except one rascally officer who cheated him out of a large sum of money. *En passant*, he does not fail to note that very few respectable people gathered to hear the reading of the Declaration of Independence. Mrs. Deborah Logan, who heard the same from her father's garden, northeast corner of Fifth and Library Streets, perfectly agreed with him.

However, he served his country well. He went to France for powder and arms. On his return he joined Captain Cowperthwaite's company of Quaker infantry. All in his tent were fitted out with Shakespearian names, and he was Prince Hal.

During a great part of the Revolution, Captain Biddle when on land resided at New-Berne, North Carolina, where, in 1778, he married Miss Hannah Shepard, who became the mother of his eight children. She seems to have been a woman of affectionate nature and intrepid soul. Here with heart and hand Captain Biddle again worked with the patriots. He had frequent business relations with Mr. Hodge, so excellent a Philadelphian that he clung to the not altogether antiquated notion that "a man's being born and brought up in Philadelphia was a sufficient recommendation." Some privateering Captain Biddle essayed, but smuggling he always held in absolute abhorrence.

In 1779, in a particularly old-fashioned way, Captain Biddle's services were demanded for the Assembly of North Carolina. This was the beginning of his long term of public service. Sitting still and listening to eager, petty, endless debates, usually between the eastern and western members, was at first well-nigh intolerable. When he left the State, Governor Nash gave him a certificate for bravery and patriotism, which he was not ashamed to say he prized highly.

In 1781, on a return voyage from the West Indies, a fatal fever

broke out on his ship, and eight days after they were taken by a British man-of-war, in spite of the poor sick fellows propped up on deck and dressed in old red-and-blue uniforms with intent to deceive the enemy. Captain Biddle has no special complaint to make of his treatment, though he contrasts the officers rather sharply with those with whom he had been wont to associate.

In due time he was exchanged. He had now something of a family, and was tired of the sea, but urgent and tempting offers abounded, as he was now so high up in his profession. Now and then an odd or remarkable passenger, as Count Benyowsky, and some French ladies, enlivened the monotony of his voyages.

In 1783, however, we find him maintaining his family by keeping a little store at Reading. Here again at the solicitations of his friends, for those were still primitive days, he became a candidate for the Supreme Executive Council, under the old constitution of Pennsylvania.

He served with scrupulous fidelity, deeming it a wrong and mean thing ever to shirk a vote by absence. The odd thing is that it is almost impossible to tell which of the two great political parties had, in the main, his sympathies. In 1785 he was unanimously elected Vice-President: this he mentions with pardonable pride, considering his early hardships, his seafaring life, and that he was only forty. For a brief time he was chief magistrate of the State; then Dr. Franklin, much broken in health, but shrewd, facetious, and genial, came in as President.

In 1787 the Federal Constitution was formed. This Captain Biddle thought, from the character of the members of the Convention, the best instrument possible. No daily press then led people intelligently and wearily through the mazes of debate. The removing of the seat of government from Philadelphia he thought a pity. It came from irrepressible conflict between eastern and western members, the latter being treated by the city men with great contempt.

Captain Biddle had a life-long friendship for Aaron Burr. He takes an unusual view of his conduct, and seems greatly to magnify Hamilton's offence. However, he saw no way out of serious difficulty save duelling; consequently he did not see how Colonel Burr could have acted otherwise than he did. When the result made Burr odious, he still asked him to his house. This excited the anger of several of his friends. A report arising that people had come on from New York to apprehend Burr, Captain Biddle left his family in the country and came in to stay several nights with his friend. A curious petition from eleven United States Senators to Governor Bloomfield, for a stay of prosecution against Aaron Burr, was sent open to Captain Biddle, to be forwarded. All this was the more remarkable, because the captain, although they tried to make him vice-president of a Democratic society, had certainly no ardent political affiliation with Burr.

In 1808, with a few other prominent citizens, he endeavored to form a company for life-insurance, pensions, etc. McKean was then Governor. A German member spoke against the bill: "Mr. Speaker, I am against dis bill, and I will tell you for what. If you bass dis

bill, old McKean will get his life insured, and we shall never get rid of him." Nothing more could be done with it that session.

The War of 1812 made manifest the political development of the people. Now all classes rallied in defence of a beloved and united country. After the burning of the Capitol, young and old were thoroughly roused. Captain Biddle was foremost in the committee of defence formed by the citizens of Philadelphia. Indeed, the latter part of his life was full of public employments. For several years he served as prothonotary of the Court of Common Pleas in Philadelphia, of which his brother James was judge. In 1810 he came out some hundreds ahead on the election for State Senator. Though an ignorant Irish tenant had inadvertently voted against his landlord, Captain Biddle comforted him with the assurance that his vote had not been needed. At this session his son Nicholas served in the lower house. At the anniversary meeting of the Cincinnati in 1811, he offered a resolution providing for the Washington Monument in Philadelphia. This was cast in Germany in 1883, and the site for its erection is at the present moment the subject of warm debate. In 1812 he was appointed a commissioner to sign Treasury notes. As he had three sons in the service, he felt that he could not decline. He became expert enough to write his name eighteen hundred times in one day.

Meantime he throve well materially.

Once in earlier life, being sent to sea in a specially bad vessel, the cargo of flour was so long out that it became full of weevils. This he put down as "a disagreeable circumstance," but adds, "A man when he finds himself in difficulties should never give way to them and make himself miserable by thinking he could have avoided them, but should act with firmness and do everything for the best." In 1809, moving from the Market Street house, in which he had been opposite neighbor to General Washington during all the time when as President the latter had resided in Philadelphia, he bought the house whose site is now occupied by the Philadelphia Company for Insurance on Lives and Granting Annuities. He paid nine thousand one hundred dollars. Had it not been inadvertently run up by a friend, he would have got it for seven thousand five hundred dollars. However, the same cheerful philosophy stood by him. He remarked that it was cheap at the price, and, as he had made up his mind to go much higher, he did not care to get it for less.

The removal from Market Street was associated with the saddest event in his life, the loss of his son Edward. "It is," he says, "an advantage to most people to leave a house after they have lost a relation or friend very dear to them." Edward, in company with the brother, afterwards Commodore James Biddle, had sailed with Commodore Truxton in 1800. Edward never came home. Nothing in any language can exceed the tender account of the parting. Somewhere he had read, "The winds howl with peculiar horror to him whose offspring is on the waves; the beating tempest of a winter's evening is painfully alarming to that parent whose social hearth seems forsaken through the absence of one that is at sea;" and severe gales in the period of anxiety engraved this upon his heart.



Quite early in life the death of his brother Edward, a very eminent lawyer, though only forty, had afflicted him severely, and later in life the untimely death of a lovely and favorite niece, Mrs. Lux ; but never, so we gather from these memoirs, had the "ploughshare of deeper feeling" so torn down to his primitive rock.

Indomitable in friendship, long after necessity for active exertion in his own behalf had ceased, he bestirred himself to get his unfortunate and obscured friend Commodore Truxton appointed deputy sheriff of Philadelphia. He enjoyed his iron constitution and the effect of his good habits to the last. Once only in all his life, this frankest of men tells us, was he overcome by liquor. It was at Fayal, and he was only seventeen. He made up his mind that such a plight "renders a man unfit for anything," and in his long life of seventy-five years it never occurred again. Very few men of his day had seen so much of France, Spain, and Portugal. He died in 1831, at No. 1108 Chestnut Street, whither he had removed in 1813. He was buried in Christ Church graveyard with his sons, William, James, and Charles, and his daughter, Mrs. Ann Hopkinson.

*Elisabeth Ballister Bates.*

## GYPSIES AND THE POET.

CROWS, ye who of the air are the tentless, vociferous gypsies ;  
 Lyrical mocking-wren, poet most sweet of our birds ;  
 I to you am affected more than the rest of our winged ones :  
 Crows, for your free content ; wren, for your true love of song.

Ah, what a gush of song that gladdened the air of October,  
 Thrilling, melodious, clear, poured from the throat of the lyrist,  
 Heard I this morn, rejoiced, as "Sweetheart, sweet, sweet !" he repeated,  
 Music that, ceasing anon, echoed all day in my heart !

Over my head were the crows, their way to some forage-ground wing-  
 ing ;  
 "Caw !" cried the leader, "caw, caw !" "Caw !" was passed down  
 through the line :  
 Them their strong pinions I envied, their keenness of vision,  
 While the small meadow-lark near fluttered and trilled a faint song.

Through the whole year both the crows and the wren are resident  
 with us ;

I, too, a lover of home, like them the better for that :  
 Daily almost I see those gypsies or hear their harsh voices ;  
 Once at least, every month, glads me that singer's sweet lay.

*W. L. Shoemaker.*

## IN WAR-TIME.

**T**HE war brought with it so great a change in all social relations, such a "sudden making of splendid names," that it had almost obliterated what went before.

Theodore Winthrop and Fitz-James O'Brien marched out of New York to give their young lives, so full of promise, to the cause of the stars and stripes. I saw the Seventh Regiment march down Fourth Street, Theodore Winthrop carrying the flag. Only four months later I looked out of my window to see a gun-carriage with wreaths of roses, and a coffin lashed on : in that coffin was his dead body.

He was a blond, gentle-looking man, with a great air of patrician distinction. The few novels he has left show that he had gifts of a high order.

Fitz-James O'Brien, the gifted, gay young Irish gentleman, who had spent all his money in London in two or three brief seasons, and who came over to America a regular Bohemian, had great social attraction. He had made something of an impression in the drawing-rooms before his fine monody on Dr. Kane and his wonderful story of the Diamond Lens attracted attention.

His wonderful genius would have perished in him, had he not been poor. He led a rather precarious and gypsy life until he enlisted. He showed fine qualities as a soldier, and was wounded in a hand-to-hand encounter with a Southerner at the second battle of Bull Run. While he lay suffering in a Southern hospital, he wrote the most enchanting paper on the view from his window. He was a hero to the last, and nothing in life became him like the leaving of it. No one since has ever written like him, exactly ; it was a delicate and fugitive genius, like that of Goldsmith.

I saw all the great captains, but their record has been written by a thousand hands, so I will not dwell on the war-times or their heroes. It would be a threadbare theme.

The Sanitary Commission was a great national educator,—it brought together all sorts of people from all over the country,—and the Metropolitan Fair was a most interesting event.

Mr. Richard Grant White was the secretary of this great organization for the masculine side, and I was chosen secretary by the ladies. One can imagine how close and intense was my interest in it, and how many letters I received and answered. We took an empty house, No. 1, Bond Street, where we worked all winter, Mrs. David Lane being the active president under Mrs. Hamilton Fish, who was honorary President. For years I could never pass that corner without a sense of fatigue.

All this brought me some noble letters from Motley, then minister to Vienna, and from George P. Marsh, minister to Rome,—valuable autographs in themselves, and accompanying more valuable ones, some of which were later on given to me by Dr. Bellows and George T.

Strong, Esq., who was the Secretary and Treasurer of the Sanitary Commission. I have them still, at least a dozen of Napoleon.

We started off, a half-dozen ladies, with Dr. Bellows as our inspirator, in November, 1863, and on the 1st of June, 1864, we sent a check for one million three hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars to George T. Strong, the result of our earnings.

I find in looking over my note-books that I wrote over two thousand letters; and I can never forget the curious presents that were brought us. Ladies would take down from their library shelves choice editions of old books and beg of us to accept them to sell. Everybody gave of his best. It was most touching. I fear that in the great crowd and confusion of the Fair, which went on in two buildings (and there was a quarrel, as well as many heart-burnings), many of these poetic and noble offerings were lost, swallowed up, not appreciated; but the Recording Angel put them in his Golden Book.

I cannot do better than to copy from a well-known chronicler this general account of a patriotic event, all of which I saw and much of which I was:

"Within the last few years there have been many remarkable military processions in Broadway. The march of the Massachusetts Sixth Regiment on the 17th of April, 1861, was perhaps the most truly interesting; that of the Seventh New York on the 19th of the same month was the most exciting; that of the Twentieth Regiment of United States colored troops in the early spring of this year was the most significant."

(I saw Colonel Robert G. Shaw's handsome face at the head of this troop on that exciting day. Firm as a Greek statue, this noble boy went forth to die for his convictions, and I was one of many to read through my tears the insulting announcement, "We have buried him with his niggers," which came back.)

"But among them all the parade of April 4, 1864, was not the least memorable, for the three years since the Massachusetts regiment passed one Wednesday morning, amidst the doubt and wonder and dismay of the spectators, had transformed a parade of our citizen soldiery from a curious and pretty pageant into a spectacle full of reality and meaning. The thousands of men who marched with waving banners and melodious bands to honor the opening Fair, through the long street packed with people, and under the houses and windows and doors and balconies swarming with spectators, looked no longer like holiday militia, but like soldiers in the midst of a tremendous war, who knew that their next march might be to the battle-field."

The distinction between regulars and volunteers had vanished. The soldiers of that day were a corps of the great army of the people.

By five o'clock the parade was over, and at six the doors of the Fair were opened. A prayer, Dr. Holmes's Army Hymn nobly sung, a patriotic speech by General Dix, and an admirable response by Mr. Joseph H. Choate, were all the immediate opening ceremonies. That evening, and for many days following, the Fair was the great event of the day. Every morning its history appeared in the papers, and, enormous as was its success, it was deserved. Every department was

wonderfully complete. There was the finest collection of pictures ever gathered together in the city. There was the most copious and interesting museum of military trophies of the century. There was a curiosity-shop unsurpassed as a museum of things quaint and rare. There was a children's hall,—a vast nursery, of profuse and delightful attraction. There were living reproductions of the ancient days in the Knickerbocker Gallery and the Cockloft Summer House. There were war-dances by Indians from the Rocky Mountains, and, as the chief substance and business of the Fair, there were booths, tables, and counters at which every useful trade was represented and every article of luxury or of necessity could be purchased, while a lofty floral temple blooming with flowers and blithe with birds rose in the centre of the great hall.

The finest orchestra filled the air with music, and a spacious restaurant, occupying two floors, was so filled with excellent appetites that a wit remarked that the walls should have been tapestried with Gobelins. (Our gobblers lost us money; the restaurant was the only thing which did not pay.)

All this seems very small by contrast with what has happened since,—the world grows; but then it seemed enormous, and, for a country torn by the throes of civil war, it was noteworthy.

The episodal attractions were endless. The mind of a certain kind of piety could not but see with satisfaction that the unspeakable crime of raffling was not permitted, while the generous charitable human soul was glad to know that subscriptions were possible for albums and caskets of exquisite sketches by our best artists, which few single purses could afford. The expenditure was noble and profuse. The prices of wares were not exorbitant, and the houries and fairies did not hesitate to give change. There was a dazzling profusion and wild elegance to the scene. It was a Saturnalia of charity and good feeling. How could it be too opulent, too extravagant? This surpassing flower of sympathy sprang from the red battle-field, from the hushed dimness of military hospitals, from the pain of wounded brothers. Drop, little child, your penny in this box; give, kind sir, five dollars to this subscription; pay, dear madam, a hundred, a thousand, for this shawl! It shall soothe the aching brow. It shall prop the drooping head. Listen! through all the music and the murmur and the various splendor there is one refrain that continues its ceaseless song:

“But the greatest of these is charity.”

Such was the Metropolitan Fair; and imagine the feelings of the faithful women who had begun it and who worked to the end!

Two women fell dead on its floors, and I think we all had a long fit of illness and much nervous depression after it.

But it was our message to those noble boys in the field that we did not forget them. It was a demonstration of loyalty worthy of the great city and State from which it emanated.

Mr. Richard Grant White, my fellow-secretary, was one of the figures in our literature and social life, well worthy of a much longer eulogy than I can give him here. His attitude as a Shakespeare

scholar (he fondly called himself Shakespeare's Scholar) has given him a world-wide reputation. As a gentleman, he was of the old-fashioned sort, "sans peur et sans reproche." He had an almost quixotic sense of honor and of his own high place in the work of the day.

He had a sense of humor, and was an agreeable companion in the many duties assigned to us by our Governing Committee, one of which was to form a Dramatic Committee, for the purpose of visiting all the theatres to ask all the managers to give us benefits, and also to arrange for private theatricals and concerts.

The history of this latter organization was most curious. At our first representation, our chief *jeune premier*, Archie Pell, was summoned away to join his regiment in the field, and Mr. White and I drove in different directions for four hours, losing our dinners, to find some one to fill his place.

We had far more exciting episodes than that which forms the basis of "The Lady of Lyons," in our "Ladies' Battle," but we carried it all through, and gave Opera and Drama and Comedy with such success that we paid in twelve thousand dollars to the common fund from our Dramatic Committee alone.

I often think what a tremendous power enthusiasm is, as I remember these days. How impossible it would be now to do any of these things in cold blood!

Mr. White took me to call on old James Wallack, as he was affectionately called, to ask for a benefit at Wallack's Theatre.

I saw for the first time in private this agreeable and accomplished veteran of the stage, who had made our grandmothers sigh over "gentle Zitella." He was a victim to the gout, his hands all pushed out of shape, but his fine manner and handsome head remained. He immediately promised the benefit, and turned to Lester Wallack, who was with him, to ask what play it should be.

"I would suggest *Rosedale*," said the handsome Lester. It was his own play adapted from "Lady Lee's Widowhood."

"Nothing better," said the father; then he began to show me autographs and portraits, of which he had great store. He told me of his wife's father, Johnston, the famous Irish comedian, and the wonderful autographs which he had left.

I longed to get at them, but Mr. Wallack told me that he had never dared show the collection until it should have been catalogued.

"Are you afraid of collectors, because they steal?" I asked.

"No, madam," said he, "but because they blush. This was a Sheridanesque collection, made in George the Fourth's day." I dare say it was as a collection more witty than wise, such as an Irish comedian would gather together, but I advise my friend Mr. Laurence Hutton to look it up.

We made Mr. Lester Wallack the stage manager of our Dramatic Committee. With all that he had to do, this amiable gentleman devoted several hours a week to the ungrateful task of teaching idle men and women to ape his beautiful art. The result was excellent: he brought order out of chaos, made the amateur actors punctual, and really produced the plays, "Circumstances alter Cases," "The Two Buzzards,"

"The Ladies' Battle," etc., very creditably. As amateur work it was not bad. It amused us at the time, and made pass those anxious days when our cause seemed trembling in the balance. Mr. Leonard W. Jerome had just then built the theatre and club-house which still exists at the corner of Twenty-Sixth Street and Madison Avenue, and there gay fashion played for the Sanitary Commission.

Out of the great excitement of the war grew a fantastic gayety, a wild sort of Carmagnole frenzy. Society did strange things. Women would dance the german at a fashionable New York party, with their hair hanging in long streamers down their backs, while the young men would seize those beautiful tresses for reins and drive the fair women with imitation whips. Everybody was half mad. And after the war was over, these women, to whom philanthropy had become a business, found it hard to return to the common every-day work of life. So Mrs. S. M. L. Barlow, one of the best and noblest of human beings, suggested that we should help the South. We went to work again at the Dramatic Committee, and invoked Mr. Wallack. Mr. Jerome lent us the theatre, and we really did some very good work, producing plays which were not stumbled through, but had some resemblance to the real thing.

The money we made was sent to the clergymen of the South, who wrote of individual instances of distress. It was our pleasure to save the lives of sick children who needed more delicate food than their poor mothers could otherwise have procured. We used to receive most touching letters. Thus was the first effort at reconstruction attempted and carried through successfully. We tried to follow Grant at Appomattox, and to be worthy of the last words of the murdered Lincoln.

A great excitement of these days was to go to West Point and see the successful captains received there. I saw Grant led proudly to the library, where he had graduated, by his old professor. All the members of that august board rose to receive him. I never saw a man look so frightened. He told me afterwards that no cadet being "found" ever felt so sheepish. His modesty, like Washington's, was equal to his valor.

It was always a pleasure to meet General Grant at West Point and to see him shake hands with the nation.

General Sherman, the most delightful social hero, was there at his best, and that is saying a great deal. I used to try to hear all his speeches to the graduating classes. It is no hardship to go to West Point in June and to see those boys in gray. It is the thing we have most reason to take pride in.

I have heard a very good anecdote of the readiness of Mr. Hewitt, apropos of West Point. While in Congress, some man made a speech advocating retrenchment, proposing that West Point should be sold. Mr. Hewitt rose in his seat. "Mr. Speaker," said he, "I never heard of but one man who tried to sell West Point, and I think he made a failure of it. His name was Benedict Arnold."

This settled that question.

*M. E. W. Sherwood.*



by shirt and blouse, her hair was hidden under a broad straw hat. The man carried artists' materials, and looked warm.

The sky held a mass of dull-white clouds, through which the sun shone glaringly. The pine-trees stood up tall and sombrely, and the wind brushed their leaves like a woman's hair.

"I am very tired," said the girl suddenly.

She paused. All about and beneath them were the mountains, gravely solemn, holding each the spirit of the infinite. She took off her hat, fanning herself with it. Her hair was curly and of a pale-yellow color. The sun had burned a red spot on either cheek: where it had not touched, the skin was very white.

"We were insane to think of walking," said the man, stopping also. "We could have come on horseback, easily. It has been so many years since I was in this part of the country, I forgot."

"Oh, I will not mind so much after we get to the top. We must be nearly there."

"I do not know why we ever started on this expedition at all," said the man, testily. "I feel in no mood for sketching now."



"I think it was what Mrs. Dawes said: 'your wife would enjoy the view so much, Mr. Grayson; she *adores* nature; she would be *enraptured,—enchanted.*' Then you turned and asked me. I was too much surprised to say anything but yes."

She laughed, a little bitter laugh.

"The people in Carrolton are all fools, I think. I asked you with a view to saving myself from that woman's tongue. Bah! I did not think October could be so warm."

"It was very warm this time last year. I remember I wore all my—thin dresses."

They were wedding dresses: she did not care to remember that.

They went on silently for a little. The path broadened and came out upon a level eminence, where the breeze blew strongly. The man threw himself down upon a bed of thick fern, and drew a deep breath, looking about him at the "living garment of God." He loved beauty with intensity,—though he did not love his wife.

The girl sat down silently, her gray eyes looking unseeingly. Suddenly she rose, her voice sounding with controlled emotion:

"Larry, I do not see the use of this mockery any longer. I, for one, will not stand it. Let this be our last walk. Was it not yesterday you told me I but crippled and held you down? Be free of me after this. I married you because I loved your genius; you married me because you liked to paint my face,—a face you thought beautiful. We are both tired now: why keep up any semblance or pretence of what should be sacred?"

He frowned a little: he was handsome even when he frowned.

"Because I am a gentleman. I do not wish any scandal. You are my wife."

"Sometimes I think you forget that fact," she said, bitterly.

"Catherine, I think a jealous woman a fool."

"And I think an unfaithful husband a coward."

Her eyes flashed. She sat down at a little distance. Two heavy tears came into her eyes. To herself she thought, "I should not mind so much if the child had not died."

Meantime, the man worked steadily, until shadows darkened his papers; then he looked up. The sky was a deepening lead color; the leaves and grass-blades were motionless. A partridge rose from the brush and flew upwards with a shrill cry. The quick mountain storm was upon them.

"Catherine, there is rain coming. We must get into shelter somewhere."

He sprang to his feet as he spoke. A peal of thunder sounded, and a flash of lightning cut across the darkening sky.

"It is useless to go towards Carrolton. We will go on down this way. I think there is a house at the foot of Dug Gap. Come."

She dragged herself up wearily. She felt more like staying behind with the fast-gathering storm. He hurried her along. They almost ran down the steep mountain-path. Multitudes of little stones, shaken from their resting-places, hurried after them. And she stumbled, and would have fallen. He took hold of her arm then. The rain had not

yet begun, but it was almost as dark as night. The bushes and thick growth on either side were like black figures. The path turned sharply and widened, meeting another which twisted through the pines. A covered wagon drawn by oxen came out from it, blocking the way. The driver was a rough mountaineer wearing jeans trousers; he was coatless, and across his dingy shirt his suspenders had broken and were tied in the middle with a bit of string. His hair was a fuzzy gray, under his brimless hat, and his unshaven jaws kept up a steady motion.

"Halloo," said Larry, accosting him. "Can you tell me the nearest shelter? We are trying to escape the storm."

The man looked at him reflectively for a moment.

"I 'low this here wagon's 'bout ther nighest. Ef ye feel like gett'n' in, I'll answer ye don' git er drap on ye. I hain't erbove tak'n' atter er snail, what kerries er kiver'n' alongside uv et."

A crash of thunder broke through the trees, making the girl's face very white.

"Oh, do let us get in!" she said.

"But where are you going?" questioned Grayson, pausing a minute.

"Ter hum. Bin ter Car'lton ter sell cotton; got er slick price, too." He chuckled audibly. "'Tain't no ways ter my place," he went on: "glad ter hev you-uns stop thar er while. Ye better git in."

The rain came as he spoke,—heavy, drenching drops. Catherine took her seat on the rough boards, Turk fashion. The wagon crawled on. The lightning flashed in every now and then, terrifying her. She sat with her face hidden, wondering if a flash of lightning would in mercy send her out of existence and put an end to the misery she called life.

Through the wind-gusts she heard her husband laugh.

They came to the end at last. The storm was still furious: one could scarcely see for the rain. The house stood some distance back, raised upon what looked like stilts, a yellow frame building standing unsteadily, with two or more little out-houses in the rear, and a broken fence whose gate was held by a bit of string.

"I've bin atter Joshua ter mend that thar rail'n' ever sence he wuz born," their charioteer said, apologetically. "Hit tumbled down ther night he come; couldn't stan' no mo' respons'bility."

He led the way up to the house, holding a broken umbrella carefully over Catherine: through the slits in it the rain washed. He had confided his name to be Sam Mitchel, and that he had a wife and children and raised cotton "*some*." They were ushered straight into the kitchen, where Catherine might dry her wet things. Mrs. Mitchel was busy frying thick rashers of bacon, which she carefully removed before coming to meet them. She was tall and bony, but "powerful" glad to see them.

"I dun' know whar Dely is," she remarked, as she drew up a chair for Catherine and bade her put up her boots to the stove: they had suffered in her walk up to the house. "She went ter see atter ther cows, I 'low.—Now, Sam," she shouted to her husband, "don' ye be atter tak'n' no corn liquor; yer coffee's bil'n' hot now, an' ther hain't no use in luk'n' fur nuth'n' else. Men is so sot on liquor. I 'low

sometimes they couldn't be happy in heaven 'thout it; an' mebbly thet's why they mostly goes ter hell, as our preacher said las' meet'n'."

She hung up the girl's hat as she spoke, and gazed admiringly upon the soft fairness of her hair.

"I us'ter think Dely hed pretty hair——" She sighed, and a shadow came and rested upon her face.

It was agreed that they should stay the night over.

"I kin jes' tuck Mr. Grayson out in one uv them houses, an' ye kin stay with Dely. Hit's mos' six o'clock now, an' ther hain't no sense in ye tryin' ter git back ter Car'lton ter-night."

The girl made no demur. She felt tired and faint. She had not opened her lunch-basket, but felt no desire to eat now; less still when they sat down to the table, where the yellow crockery, fat bacon, and saleratus biscuit invited a repelled appetite.

"I dun' know whar Dely kin hev gone," her mother said, anxiously scanning the faces of her numerous offspring as they gathered round, from Joshua, risen to the dignity of a few hairs on his chin, to the tow-headed twins toddling.

Larry was enjoying it. He sparkled with mirth, and laughed and entered into the company as though he had been dining at Delmonico's. As they smoked their pipes after supper, she heard him laughing at Mr. Mitchel's account of how his wife cured warts with "castor ile."

She turned away, creeping out into the dusky twilight by the back entrance. Mrs. Mitchel was busy cleaning away the remains of the supper. The children had disappeared. The rain had ceased: a star had come out, and shone luminously. The katydids were making the grasses alive. The sweet, fresh smell of the rain was everywhere, and mingled with it the fragrance of the wild clematis.

She was in and under the white oaks, which made a very Druid grove, and whose gnarled roots and twisted branches looked gruesome and fantastic in the half-light. She did not know what impulse prompted her,—what guided her,—yet she went on.

Now and then the perfume of violets hidden came up to her. When the wind blew, the trees sent down a little shower of rain-drops.

She paused suddenly, and drew back. The moon showed itself from behind a cloud, and revealed a pond of clear-lighted water, in which the rushes and broad-leaved lilies rested stilly: it made a golden track upon the dark, untroubled surface; it showed the shadows of the trees, dark-hanging. There was not a sound; the katydids, even, were hushed.

Catherine leaned forward like one fascinated. She stooped down, dipping her fingers in the water. It ran over them coldly. She drew out her hand dripping, and rested it upon her forehead. Courage! had she the courage to wade out, in among the low-lying weeds, until the water went over her head and her life went down to the pool's bottom?—her soul—where? Courage! The unknowable God could fashion no hades more full of torture than her life now. Courage! it might be one long rest,—rest from misery and care and endless longings.

Ought she to pray first?—she had not for so long. She somehow

remembered words heard long ago,—almost felt hands upon her head.  
“Defend, O Lord, this thy child——”

She made a step forward. A hand from behind drew her back, with impetuous strength.

“Ye ort’n’ ter do that.” The voice had less drawl and more reso-

“DEFEND, O LORD, THIS THY CHILD——”

lution. Catherine turned sharply. The moon showed a woman’s face, thin and narrow. The large grave eyes, full of unutterable pathos, looked into hers. She was tall, and her hand’s clasp was like a vise.

“Ye ort’n’ ter be out here,” she repeated. “I dun’ know who ye air, or what ye’ve done, but I hain’t one ter do nuth’n’ but help ye, as ther Almighty knows.”

She drew the girl on, as she spoke. Catherine followed, dumbly, unresisting: it seemed to her a will stronger than her own commanded.

"I don't know what I was thinking of," she said, presently. "I felt as though I could not think at all."

"Ye cayn't, sometimes; ye kin jes' feel," said the other, briefly.

They came in sight of the house. A dog ran barking to meet them.

"I reckon ye dun' know I'm Dely,—Dely Mitchel. Come up ter my room; mebby I kin help ye some."

Catherine followed silently. Only yesterday she had said she doubted if these mountain-people had souls or intellect; now she felt one had power stronger than her own. They climbed up a ladder-like staircase that terminated in a low porch. The woman lit a lamp which stood on a projecting shelf, and pushed open a door which led them into a low-pitched, barely-furnished room. She set the lamp on the table, and drew up a low chair, pushing the girl gently into it.

"Lemme git off yer shoes. My! they're soaked through."

She knelt down and began to unfasten them. Her face was strong and resolute as her voice. Her straight black calico gown showed a supple, well-shaped figure. Her hair was thick and abundant: it was almost inky in its blackness.

"Mebby I ort ter tell ye," she said, suddenly, raising her head. "I hain't what wimmin call good: mebby ef ye knowed ye wouldn't hev me tetch ye."

A hot flush of color went over her face, but her eyes did not falter. Catherine looked at her for a minute. Her voice sounded with a little, low, passionate cry:

"Good God! what am I?"

She put out her hand, and the two clasped, the brown, hard fingers covering the fragile white ones.

"Ther Almighty makes wimmin might'ly alike," said Dely. Her voice was full of a divine compassion.

Catherine was sobbing: she made no effort to control it. Presently she looked up.

"I'd be a better woman if my child had lived," she said.

"I wouldn't hev mine back," said the other, fiercely.

"Yours!—you!"

"Yes. Ye think I dun' know what et is ter hev er baby's leetle arms cling'n' ter ye, ter feel ther leetle faces close ter ye, ter hev an' hol' 'em, an' then see 'em die, fur all yer love. Ye think I cayn't love?"

She sat up and pushed back her hair. Her eyes were luminous and burning. They looked at each other silently,—the younger woman half awed, the tears yet wet upon her cheeks.

"I'll tell ye," said Dely. She rose and dimmed the light a little. The moon became visible upon the floor.

"I dun' know why, 'cept'n' bekase I stood luk'n' at that pool jes' as ye did ter-night, an' long'n' ter hev it kiver me up furever. Mebby I wuz er wickedder woman, but I didn' go ter ther devil fur all that.

It wuz ten yearn back, an' I wuzn' bad ter luk at, fur I wuz happy an' didn't know what bein' er woman meant. I hed color like ther wild pinks, an' I wa'n' sech er vine-prap as I am now. So maw she wuz fur hev'n' me go ter Car'lton an' be in ther sto' thar, but pap he

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/ / /

"YE THINK I CAYN'T LOVE?"

wuz sot ag'in' it, an' ther wuz er heap uv talk; but bime-by maw she worrited him inter et, an' I went. I hed lots uv sweethearts, but I didn't keer fur none uv 'em,—nary one,—an' they said I wuz powerful stuck-up. 'Twuz in ther spring thar come er man ter Car'lton, stopp'n' jes' 'cross from ther sto'. He wuz ther handsomest man I ever hev seen: he wa'n' like other men." She paused; her eyes grew misty.

"He sartinly wuz beautiful." She said the words almost under her breath.

"I met him er sight uv times. He us'ter come ter ther sto'. I didn't tell him my rale name, jes' fur ther foolishness uv et: he called me er funny name,—Sibyl. We us'ter meet in ther woods out thar; ther roses an' violets wuz all in bloom: seems like I kin mos' smell 'em now. He said he loved me. I ort not ter hev b'leeved him; but I did. I b'leeved in him more'n I did in Gawd, an' I loved him as I never come near luv'n' Gawd: so I did everything he tol' me. I wuz jes' seventeen, an' when he went away I never thought he wa'n' com'n' back fur me." Catherine put her arms about her.

"I hain't tol' ye all. It got winter, an' ther snow come. It wuz so col' ye jes' couldn't git warm, an' I wuz so sickly I wanted ter die; but I couldn't. Ye dun' know what 'tis ter be weakly an' sick an' nobody ter keer fur ye; fur nobody'd come near me then, an' I used ter jes' dream 'bout thet pool, an' atter I come home I hed ter hol' myself ter keep from jump'n' in. It wuz in March, late, when ther baby come, an' she died 'fore April,—my leetle chile. Thet's all."

She stopped abruptly. Her eyes were dry. Catherine's were wet again.

"I reckon my leetle chile's wait'n' fur me somewhar. Thet's why I hain't gone straight ter ther devil. I cayn't think uv ennybody but me tak'n' keer uv her. I'm try'n' ter keep my hands clean enough fur the Lord ter let me tetch her."

She got up and straightened the pillows a little. "Lie down here: ye're wo' out. I don' ax ye ter tell me nuth'n'; I jes' tol' ye, fur I see ye're onhappy, an' mebbey know'n' 'ill help ye some."

She drew her on to the bed. In spite of everything, Catherine, worn out, fell asleep; but the other lay silent, her eyes staring out at the shining stars.

It was very early the next morning that she rose and crept downstairs to see to getting breakfast.

The sun came out, breaking across the sky with red and golden lights, as she began to set the table. She was standing in the doorway a little later when her father entered.

"Yer'd better call Mis' Grayson, Dely: we're goin' ter make er airly start fur Car'lton."

She turned, and met Larry Grayson face to face. The color went out from her cheeks with a sudden rush, leaving it white like chalk. Her eyes were full of piteous lights. His own face wore a puzzled, wondering look, gradually deepening into one of pained recognition. She put out her hand, staggering a little.

"What's ther matter, Dely? Bin up too long 'thout ennything on yer stomich?"

She shook her head, steadying herself in a minute. Grayson threw open the window, and stood leaning out. The air came in fresh with light and beauty. His soul knew none.

He felt a hand timidly put upon his arm. He turned, facing her.

"Ye needn't be afeard uv my say'n' nuth'n'. I've larnt ter hol' my tongue in ten yearn. I jes' wan' ter luk at ye. I dreamt so many times I wuz."

He did not speak. His face was an agony. Outside a bird began to sing.

"Ye're jes' ther same," she went on, slowly,—"*jes' ther same. I hain't.*"

Then he spoke:

"I couldn't help it. I did not forget. The circumstances were such, I could not do otherwise. I thought you would understand."

His voice sounded strangely to himself. Her own answer came with a sharp scorn:



"I understood. I wouldn't hev come ter ye now, but fur one thing. I afluss 'lowed I'd hate ther woman what tuk ther place I ort ter hev hed, wuss'n hell. I've jes' laid awake nights hat'n' 'er; fur I knowed some other woman tuk ther kisses an' love ye guv me. I us'ter say I hoped Gawd would strike 'er dead 'fore ther altar; but He did wuss'n



"YE KIN MAKE 'ER HAPPY. . . . YE KIN."

that: He let 'er marry ye. I've seen 'er, onknowin', an' I love 'er,—I love 'er jes' as I us'ter love ye; an' I'd die fur 'er ef 'twuz ter be. I kep' 'er from drownin' 'erself las' night, an' mebbey ef I'd know'd who 'twuz I saved 'er fur, I'd 'er bin less hanker'n' atter et."

Her voice broke a little; then, after a minute, she put out her hand again. It touched his.

"Ye kin make 'er happy," she said.

The strength and entreaty of her voice sounded to him passionately. "Ye kin," she repeated.

There was another pause. Then she spoke falteringly: "My baby died."

He dropped his head upon his hands. In all his careless, eager

life he had never felt like this. His soul seemed swallowed up in a great and overwhelming remorse.

"So did hern," went on the low, plaintive voice. "That's one reason I love 'er so."

Still he did not speak. Why ask forgiveness of a wrong like this, whose immensity he could scarcely grasp?

"I'll be think'n' 'bout ye," she said, softly, "an' *her*." She stood still, looking at him a moment. Where the sun touched his bent head, the bronze of his hair was gold. She closed the door very gently behind her.

When Catherine came down, she did not see Dely, though she searched and called for her. She had heavy circles about her eyes, and her face was without color. She followed her husband silently into the cart which was to carry them to Carrolton. Once he leaned over and arranged the cushions for her, with a certain tenderness of manner. She was thinking, "I must live, that I may see my little child."

It was two years later that there came a letter to the Mitchel house. It was to Dely, and Catherine's hand had written: "I am writing to thank you for what you did that night, as I could not then. I have thought of what you said, and tried to be a better woman. And he—my husband—has come to care for and know me better, perhaps because of that. It has been different since that night. God has been good to me. I pray He will be good to you."

And He was good. The letter was not opened. Dely had gone to meet her little child.

Among her husband's pictures there are many of Catherine. With love and gentleness and his own remorse, he has grown to hide nothing from her. Only there is one picture she has never seen,—a woman's face, framed in night-black hair, with roses twisted in it, and eyes like darkened stars. Underneath is written *Sibyl*.

*S. L. Bacon.*

SYDNEY ARMSTRONG.

*AN ACTRESS AND HER ART.*

**T**HERE is a subtle something that belongs to the art of acting which, however you may classify it, can rest on only one foundation,—inherent love for the art itself. It is the quality which distinguishes the real artist from the trickster or the accidental success. One frequently hears an actor or actress spoken of as “conscientious” or “painstaking,” terms which are generally used to express the most favorable criticism. The average play-goer, even if he cannot analyze for the precise cause, is invariably pleased with such an artist. It is the highest compliment the actor can pay his audience, that his work is conscientious; the most flagrant insult if it is not.

Thus there is a wide gulf between actors and actresses who achieve accidental successes—which may be caused by a score of differing reasons, such as personal magnetism, beauty, social notoriety—and that portion of the profession who by their own labor and study have won honor and renown in their art. True, the faculty for fruitful labor and study is a gift in itself. The history of the stage, like that of other professions, furnishes hundreds of examples of men and women who have spent their lives in ceaseless endeavor without avail. Talent there must be for success, genius for immortality.

An actress whose career affords a splendid example of untiring and enthusiastic labor crowned with deserved success is Sydney Armstrong, now leading lady in Mr. Charles Frohman's New York stock company. Miss Armstrong's work in “Men and Women” and in “The Lost

Paradise," Mr. Frohman's two latest productions, has elicited much praise from the critics. In "Men and Women," written by Messrs. Belasco and De Mille, she is called upon to enact a part exceedingly severe in its requirements, affording her such opportunities that her acting in it has been compared by some enthusiastic critics to that of Bernhardt. Certainly it is full of depth and power, and she rises to some of the strongly dramatic situations in which the play abounds, in a manner justifying beyond all denial her claims to a place in the first rank of American actresses. The character of Agnes in the play is a strong one, and Miss Armstrong has not failed in her conception of it to grasp the most vital points as well as the thousand delicate touches so indispensable for the rounding out of a perfect stage figure.

In "The Lost Paradise" her work is somewhat lighter, but here also she is afforded a brilliant opportunity for the display of those fine touches which experience alone can impart. Agnes, in "Men and Women," is a responsible and conscious woman from the beginning of the play. In "The Lost Paradise" Margaret Knowlton is revealed at first as a mere girl who crosses the threshold of womanhood as the action of the play unfolds itself. Brought up in luxury, shielded from care and anxiety, we first know her as the type of a lovable though thoughtless child whose ignorance is so complete that she does not even comprehend the promptings of her own heart. But the influence of a strong man's will in opening her eyes to the miseries existing in the world and to her duty to herself arouses her sympathies and calls forth all the dormant strength of character which is needed to perfect her womanhood.

Looking back upon Miss Armstrong's career, one cannot but admire the indomitable will and tireless energy which have enabled her to disarm all difficulties and brought her to her present enviable position. Trammelled for many years by the fact that others depended upon her, she was unable to embrace many opportunities which would otherwise have been available. It was necessary that she should earn a certain income; she could not, therefore, at first accept desirable places in companies which pay only nominal salaries to unknown actresses, preferring to employ for the minor posts women who have other means of support and whose ambition leads them to accept positions affording mere pittance.

Miss Armstrong made her *début* as an amateur in Denver, playing Flora Eccles in "Caste." Her professional *début* was made in the same play and character with a small travelling organization. After a short period of "barn-storming," she went with her sister to Baltimore, where both became members of an insignificant stock company, Miss Armstrong playing the leading parts in the round of the plays which such organizations usually present. This company brought out a different play each week, thus developing Miss Armstrong's versatility and a capacity for intense application in studying and rehearsing the various parts which was of incalculable service to her in her later work.

Perhaps the best schooling she received was that given by Boucicault when she played with him and his company in "The Shaughraun." After leaving Boucicault she played in "Lynwood" at the Union

Square Theatre, and subsequently for a season with Fred Brighton in "Forgiven." An engagement in "Hoodman Blind" followed, after which she played with Joseph Haworth in "Rosedale." Afterwards she played engagements in "The Still Alarm" and in "The Burglar." Then came her engagement by Mr. Frohman as leading lady for his New York company, and her brilliant success in "Men and Women" and "The Lost Paradise."

It is difficult for those not versed in theatrical affairs to comprehend how great an achievement it is to have thus reached the position of leading lady in one of the best metropolitan stock companies. It is a place which nothing but absolute merit can ever attain, and the possibilities which it affords to a woman who is ambitious and willing to work are practically limitless. Having reached this altitude, Sydney Armstrong may now allow her ambition greater sway. She has conquered the thousand obstructions, great and small, which lay in her path, and henceforth her course is clear: whether she reaches her goal or not depends upon herself.

*Alfred Stoddart.*

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### BRINGING HOME THE COWS.

WHEN potatoes were in blossom,  
When the new hay filled the mows,  
Sweet the paths we trod together,  
Bringing home the cows.

What a purple kissed the pasture,  
Kissed and blessed the alder boughs,  
As we wandered slow at sundown,  
Bringing home the cows!

How the far-off hills were gilded  
With the light that dream allows,  
As we built our hopes beyond them,  
Bringing home the cows!

How our eyes were thronged with visions,  
What a meaning wreathed our brows,  
As we watched the cranes, and lingered,  
Bringing home the cows!

Past the years, and through the distance,  
Throbs the memory of our vows.  
Oh that we again were children,  
Bringing home the cows!

*Charles G. D. Roberts.*

## FOILS AND FENCING.

[ATHLETIC SERIES.]

**F**ENCING may be described, for a general definition, as the art of attack and self-defence by the aid of such weapons as a sword, a rapier, a sabre, a bayonet, or a foil. Technically, fencing is usually limited to the last of these, and works on the art touch only on attack and defence with the foil in pastime and the rapier in actual personal combat.

ON GUARD.—THE CORRECT POSITION.

To begin properly, let us say a few words about the history of fencing.

The art of fencing is one of the oldest known. Quarrels and hatreds have been common from the day that the human race existed. Men had to defend themselves, their property, their parents, their friends; and the thought of being armed with some trustworthy weapon was natural. Hence steel soon took the shape of a lance, a sword, a rapier, and a multitude of other weapons, which varied according to the tastes, the needs, and the skill of the inventors. Soon frequent usage brought dexterity, and experience the desire to find out the best means of dealing or of parrying a blow.

The Athenians, graceful and accomplished in all sports, were the first to establish rules to govern fencing with the sword; for the sword, of all *armes blanches*, was always recognized as the most dangerous, on account of its lightness and its efficiency at close quarters. Soon after, the Romans became extraordinarily skilful in the art of fencing, which they reduced to settled principles and practised with passion: to the short sword of her soldiers, and to their wonderful dexterity, Rome owed many a long century of power and of glory.

After the fall of Rome, fencing, *as an art*, became almost extinct, and, whatever novelists may tell us, during the Middle Ages it was well-nigh unknown. Ponderous two-handed rapiers required strength

and endurance, but not the beautiful skill and almost dainty play of the foil.

It is to Henri St.-Didier that we owe the resurrection of the art. In 1573 he taught fencing in Paris, and he was the first to give names to the different thrusts then used, such as "main-drette," "renverse," "fendante," "estocade," and "imbrocade."

Pater, who wrote after St.-Didier, divided the different parries into five distinct classes, calling them *prime*, *seconde*, *tierce*, *quarte*, and *quinte*: these names have survived the master three hundred years, and are used to this day.

#### READY FOR THE FRAY.

In 1635 Ducoudrai first conceived the idea of extending the reach by lunging when thrusting, and in 1660 Bolognesco, an Italian author of great repute in fencing-matters, advised extending the reach not by lunging, as is uniformly done to-day, but merely by bringing the body well forward without moving the right foot.

Sixteen years later the celebrated Laperche made his pupils assume the "on guard" position in a strange manner: he instructed them to stand on the point of the right foot and to lift up the left heel when dealing an "estocade." He taught no more the *prime* and the *quinte*, which seemed forgotten in his time, but he showed them six different thrusts, which proves that the masters of the seventeenth century studied far more how to attack than how to parry,—an old exploded idea, natural enough to beginners, but derided by fencers of experience.

The art of fencing slowly advanced during the eighteenth century towards the perfection it has reached to-day. Many authors—Italians, Germans, and Austrians, as well as French—devoted long hours of study to this beautiful art. Among these the most celebrated is Danet, who in 1764 published a treatise which still deserves a distinguished place in the literature of the foil. "The art of fencing," he said, "is a noble exercise; it is the support of justice and of bravery; it gives us means of defence when attacked, and of avenging our honor if it be wounded. The skill and experience we acquire enable us to ward off a mortal blow and to *rispost* with advantage."

It was, however, only at the beginning of this century that first appeared on the scene the great masters who originated the fencing



of to-day, such as Jean Louis, known as "Le Bayard de l'Éscrime," Lafaugère, the wondrous blade, Charlemagne, Gomard, de Menessier, Bertrand, the illustrious swordsman, and ever so many others, who all contributed their quota to establish fencing on a solid basis.

Modern fencing owes its perfection to the Military Academy of Joinville-le-Pont, established by the French government in 1872. All the masters-at-arms of the French army must graduate from this academy, and a diploma is only awarded after lengthy examinations not only in the practice but also in the theory of the art. So superior is the instruction there that among French fencers the masters graduated from Joinville-le-Pont are universally recognized as the finest in the world, being held specially preferable to the old masters, all sadly deficient in theory, all erratic in practice, and each with ideas of his own about fencing.

#### THE EXTENSION OF THE BODY, OR LUNGE.

Fencing is the art of attack and of self-defence with the sword. It teaches us the movements that enable us either to hit our adversary with a sword or to ward off his blows. The first are called *thrusts*; the second, *parries*. It shows us also certain movements which will deceive our enemy by false attacks, called *feints*, and instructs us how to protect ourselves from these. All these movements are continually used in a *bout*, or *assault*.

The position taken for the attack or the defence is called "on guard." Without going into details, we will explain the proper position of a man *on guard*.

The body must be placed so as to present a profile to the adversary, the right foot forward, the right arm half bent, with the elbow at the distance of about ten inches from the body, the left foot some twenty inches behind the right and at right angles to it, the knees bent, the body erect and well poised on the hips, but a trifle more on the left than on the right, so as not to interfere with the right leg when "lunging." The general position must be such that the shoulders, the arms, and the right leg will have the same direction towards the adversary, the object being to cover the vital parts and facilitate the lunge: the right arm half bent, the wrist at the height of

the breast, and the point of the foil at that of the eye, the left hand at the height of the head; the fingers well rounded, the thumb free; the head erect, looking in the direction of the right shoulder; the eyes fixed frankly on those of the adversary. The whole posture must be free and easy.

*Advance* takes place when the contestants are too far apart; *retreat*, when too near.

In order to advance, carry the right foot forward without in any way disturbing the position of the body or that of the sword, and bring immediately the left foot within its proper distance of the right (twenty inches).

In order to retreat, carry the left foot backwards without in any way disturbing the position of the body or that of the sword, and bring immediately the right foot within its proper distance of the left.

The foil must be held so that the hand will take the direction of the forearm and the point of the blade will be at the height of the eye. Hold the foil very firmly only when thrusting or parrying: if you grasp

#### THE FOUR QUARTERS.

it tightly during a bout of any length, the muscles of your hand will become cramped, and will prevent your handling the foil with the necessary delicacy.

The hand can assume three different positions when thrusting or parrying:

1. In *quarte*, where the palm is uppermost.
2. In *tierce*, where the knuckles are uppermost.
3. In *six*, where the thumb is uppermost and the fingers are on the left; this last position is also called *middling*.

The extension of the body, or *lunge*, takes place when thrusting; it is meant to give a longer reach. The right arm is straightened its full length; the left arm is quickly lowered until it all but meets the body, and the right foot is rapidly extended forward (though kept quite close to the ground), proceeding in a straight line towards the adversary, never an inch to the right or to the left; this would shorten the reach of the lunge and expose the body. After lunging, whether successfully or not, recover quickly and resume the guard.

To *engage* is to cross swords on the side opposite to the one taken for the guard. For example, having joined swords in *six*, with the hand to the *left*, so as to guard against straight thrusts in the inner line, in order to engage, lower the point of your foil, pass it rapidly under

your opponent's, and join swords, the hand still in six, but to the *right*.

*Change of engagement* is a new engagement taken on the side opposite to the one preceding. For example, after the completion of the first engagement, lower the point of your foil, pass it rapidly under your opponent's, and join swords, the hand still in six, but to the *left*.

The engagement and the change of engagement can be executed either standing still or when advancing or retreating.

The double engagement is the immediate and rapid succession of two engagements. It must be executed without moving the wrist. If

#### PRIME—ATTACK AND PARRY.

made when advancing or retreating, the advance or retreat must terminate at the very moment that the second engagement is complete. A double engagement is extremely useful when advancing, since you achieve your purpose, namely, to get nearer your opponent without exposing your body, by maintaining his sword in its position and thus preventing his disengaging and lunging at you. If you are attacked at too close quarters and wish to retreat, it is useful in that it prevents him from pursuing you with his foil before you are well on guard.

To *attack* in fencing is to endeavor to hit one's opponent either by a simple or by a composite thrust. The thrust is simple when resulting from a single movement; composite, when resulting from several. There are three kinds of simple thrusts,—the straight thrust, the disengagement, and the *coupé*, or cut.

The *straight thrust* hits directly the opponent; it is the result of straightening the arm and lunging. To execute it, the engaging line not being well closed, straighten the arm, lunge, and thrust with the hand well up.

The *disengagement* is a change of lateral lines, followed by a straight thrust. To execute it, lower the point of your foil, pass it under your opponent's, straighten out your arm at the same time, lunge, and thrust. The hand ought always to be high and towards the opponent's sword, so as to have the body well covered.

The *coupé*, or *cut*, is a disengagement *over* (instead of *under*) the

opponent's sword. It is executed in the same manner, but in lifting the point of the sword above the opponent's, straightening the arm and dealing a straight thrust. In making the cut, the fingers alone, and not the whole arm, must act, so as to pass your foil as near as possible to the point of your adversary's blade.

A fencing-bout can be compared to a battle-field, where contending generals exert all their coolness, their skill, and their cunning. A good commander seeks constantly to deceive the enemy by simulating false attacks with the movements of his troops. A good fencer will continually endeavor to delude his opponent by simulating false attacks which will mislead him into parrying into one line when he is being hit in another. These movements are called *feints*.

#### ATTACK AND PARRY IN QUINTE.

A feint must be so well made that it is mistaken for the hit itself; it will thus force your adversary off his guard and make him expose himself in one line in order to parry in another, when you quickly lunge at the unprotected spot.

Feints have but one purpose, to occupy your adversary's mind on one line, by threatening him with danger,—i.e., the point of your foil,—and to lunge at him in another. When, fencing against a man whose play you ignore, never rush in when you see an opening; it may be a skilful trap, in other words, a feint, which may result in a deadly thrust; proceed slowly at first; feel your way and the working of his sword with your blade, and endeavor to guess his thoughts.

To *parry* is to ward off the sword of your adversary which otherwise would have hit you. Parries, when well executed, need but a slight movement of the wrist. Merely change your guard, so as to bring your sword from the line which your adversary has just left, to the one in which he has chosen to attack you. To know how to parry well and quickly is essential to a good fencer. It is useless to know half a dozen mortal thrusts, if you cannot parry a single pass.

To *riposte* is to attack after having parried, either immediately or after a single interval.

To *counter-rispost* is to attack after having parried a *rispost*.

A *time thrust* (*coup de temps*) is an attack surprising the adversary in the preparation of his own; it is, therefore, an attack executed during an absence of foil in case of too large a feint, in that of a direct attack in the lower line, or when a lunge is spoiled by allowing the right foot to start before having straightened out the arm.

It is employed in the case of loose attacks in the outer or in the inner line, or a direct attack in the lower line by lunging quickly in an open space and touching by the straight thrust.

The time thrust is, therefore, a uniform movement comprising at the same time a parry and a *rispost*. It consists really in stopping the adversary from the final execution of his attack, by shutting out the line in which he endeavors to hit and

ON GUARD.—BARRÉ.

preventing his further progress with your sword. It is preferable to make the time thrust in the upper rather than in the lower line, because in the latter case there is too much risk of both hitting at the same time.

The *stop thrust* (*coup d'arrêt*) is a rapid attack executed during the advance of the adversary. It is very much the same as the time thrust, the principal difference being that it is done without lunging.

To *disarm* an adversary is to knock his sword out of his hand. Once this was considered to be a very fine thing. Nowadays it is but little practised, it being held cowardly to hit a defenceless man. But as it is still used in bouts, though never in duels, we will say a few words about it. The simplest way is to give a quick, hard blow on the thinner part of your adversary's sword with the thicker part of your own, when his arm is straightened out preparatory to a lunge. This disarm needs a correct eye and great precision of execution: it is used mostly on a straight thrust after a change of guard.

Another way is to "tie up" your adversary's sword, half twisting your own around his and pressing hard. Even if you do not disarm him, you will force him to expose himself, and have but to take advantage of your chance.

When fencing, caution and prudence should guide your every thrust. Never *rispost* until you have parried. Lunge at your adversary when you see a good chance; do not throw yourself on him at hap-hazard.

Be always fully on guard. Parry well and closely, and protect your retreats by parries. Husband your strength, and you will always keep cool: you will thus have an enormous advantage over an adversary who is carried away by an impetuous desire of continually lunging.

When fencing with a stranger, keep at a good distance, and feel the working of his sword with your blade (*tâter le fer*).

To become a good fencer you must know something about the theory of the art, otherwise your thrusts and parries will be a blind routine. Analyze the work of a man who has fenced much, but without theory. It will be similar to the sparring of a self-taught country bumpkin. He will know about three thrusts and two parries, and never use anything else. Two feints will disconcert him, and three will see him touched.

#### A CUT AT THE STOMACH, AND PARRY.—SABRE.

When fencing, do not let your ardor carry you away; coolness cannot be too much insisted upon. Be wary of your adversary, but, however much your superior he may be, never be afraid. A man afraid is already half beaten. Be prudent, and *retreat* when you do not feel sure of parrying; but even then be always ready to parry a second thrust given in the chase. When you see a man retreat without good cause, be careful not to fall into a trap, and if you pursue him, do so cautiously. The simplest thrusts and the simplest parries are always the best.

When your adversary is about to thrust inside the blade, he leaves his right side unprotected. Take advantage of this. Having lunged, resume your guard as quickly as possible. Conceal your intentions and try and find out your adversary's. This needs long practice, but once attained will make of you a formidable fencer.

When a man is guarded too low, hit him in the upper line; when too high, lunge under his blade.

In order to fence well you must study well. Anecdotes of conscripts killing masters-at-arms in duels are very pretty, but are somewhat similar to those novels wherein a single champion defeats a whole army.

You cannot master anything without applying yourself to it. Fencing, however, when acquired to some degree, will repay a thousand times the few hours of steady work which you must devote to it. It is interesting, exciting, and ever varied. It develops the body, and particularly the chest, strengthens the muscles of the arms and legs, quickens the eyesight, and accustoms one to judge promptly and correctly.

A great physician, Sir Everard Home, known alike for his medical lore and for his fondness of manly sports, said of fencing, "Of all the different modes in which the body can be exercised, there is none, in my judgment, that is capable of giving strength and velocity, as well as precision, to the action of all the voluntary muscles of the body in an equal degree, as the practice of fencing, and none more conducive to bodily health."

#### A CUT AT THE FACE, AND PARRY.—SABRE.

And, truly, should you but once see two good fencers stand face to face, one lunging like lightning, the other parrying like a flash, riposting, feinting, and thrusting, seeking by delicacy of play or by superiority of ripost to make his trusty foil bend semicircularly on his adversary's breast, the other endeavoring to lead his enemy into some cunning trap by some dainty feint, then a lunge, a ripost, a parry, and a counter-ripost following in quick succession, you would acknowledge that fencing is the most beautiful and most noble exercise in the world.

To give an idea of what a brave man can do if he knows fencing thoroughly and but keeps cool and collected in danger, we will relate an historical duel. So extraordinary is this combat that it would be held a romance, had it not been witnessed by a whole army. The hero is Jean Louis, of whom we have already spoken as one of the great masters of the beginning of this century, and the duel happened in Madrid in 1813. He was the master-at-arms of the Thirty-Second Regiment of French Infantry; the First Regiment, composed entirely of Italians, formed part of the same brigade.

Regimental *esprit de corps* and rivalries of nationality caused constant quarrels, when swords were often whipped out or bullets exchanged.



After a small battle had occurred in the streets of Madrid, in which over two hundred French and Italian soldiers had taken part, the officers of the two regiments, in a council of war assembled, decided to give such breaches of order a great blow, and to re-establish discipline: they decreed that the masters-at-arms of the two regiments should take up the quarrel and fight it out.

Imagine a whole army in battle-array on one of the large plains that surround Madrid. In the centre a large ring is left open for the contestants. This spot is raised above the plain, so that not one of the spectators of this tragic scene—gayly-dressed officers, soldiers in line, Spaniards, excited as never a bull-fight excited them—will miss one phase of the contest. It is before ten thousand men that the honor of an army is about to be avenged in the blood of thirty brave men.

The drum is heard. Two men, naked to the waist, step in the ring. The first is tall and strong; his black eyes roll disdainfully upon the gaping crowd: he is Giacomo Ferrari, the celebrated Italian. The second, tall, also handsome, and with muscles like steel, stands modestly awaiting the word of command: his name is Jean Louis. The seconds take their places on either side of their principals. A death-like silence ensues.

“On guard!”

The two masters cross swords. Giacomo Ferrari lunges repeatedly at Jean Louis, but in vain; his every thrust is met by a parry. He makes up his mind to bide his chance, and caresses and teases his opponent's blade. Jean Louis, calm and watchful, lends himself to the play, when, quicker than lightning, the Italian jumps aside with a loud yell and makes a terrible lunge at Jean Louis,—a Florentine trick, often successful. But, with extraordinary rapidity, Jean Louis has parried, and risposts quickly in the shoulder.

“It is nothing,” cries Giacomo, “a mere scratch,” and they again fall on guard. Almost directly he is hit in the breast. This time the sword of Jean Louis, who is now attacking, penetrates deeply. Giacomo's face becomes livid, his sword drops from his hand, and he falls heavily on the turf. He is dead.

Jean Louis is already in position. He wipes his reeking blade, then, with the point of his sword in the ground, he calmly awaits the next man.

The best fencer of the First Regiment has just been carried away a corpse; but the day is not yet over. Fourteen adversaries are there, impatient to measure swords with the conqueror, burning to avenge the master they had deemed invincible.

Jean Louis has hardly had two minutes' rest. He is ready. A new adversary stands before him. A sinister click of swords is heard, a lunge, a parry, a rispost, and then a cry, a sigh, and all is over. A second body is before Jean Louis.

A third adversary advances. They want Jean Louis to rest. “I am not tired,” he answers, with a smile.

The signal is given. The Italian is as tall as the one who lies there a corpse covered by a military cloak. He has closely watched Jean Louis' play, and thinks he has guessed the secret of his victories. He

multiplies his feints and tricks, then, all at once, bounding like a tiger on his prey, he gives his opponent a terrible thrust in the lower line. But Jean Louis' sword has parried, and is now deep within his opponent's breast.

What need to relate any more? Ten new adversaries followed him, and the ten fell before Jean Louis amid the excited yells and roars of an army.

At the request of the Thirty-Second Regiment's colonel, who thought the lesson sufficient, Jean Louis, after much pressing, consented to stop the combat; and he shook hands with the two survivors, applauded by ten thousand men.

From that day fights ceased between French and Italian soldiers.

This wonderful and gigantic combat might be held a fable were not all the facts above stated still found in the archives of the Ministry of War.

*Eugene Van Schaick.*

### SWEETHEART, TO YOU!

SWEETHEART, to you all things are clear,  
The sky a pure perpetual blue,  
And Youth's elixir in the air,  
Sweetheart, to you!

But Joy to me is never true;  
For though her fairy feet draw near,  
They swiftly vanish out of view.

My life is like a garden drear  
Whose rose of hope has lost its dew;  
But morning buds are opening fair,  
Sweetheart, to you!  
*William H. Hayne.*

### IF I MIGHT CHOOSE.

IF I might choose my meeting-time with Death,  
I'd clasp his hand on some sad autumn day,  
And with the year's ripe fruit I'd pass away,  
If I might time my last faint fleeting breath.

But oh, pale king, thou art no creature's slave!  
We may choose much in life, but in the end  
Thou makest every mortal will to bend  
And break above an open, waiting grave!  
*Carrie Blake Morgan.*

A DICTIONARY SESSION AT THE ACADEMY (UNIVERSITY OF FRANCE).

SINCE the day when M. Renan, running to satire, declared that it would take the Academy twelve hundred years yet to complete the Dictionary, I had but one fixed intention, which was to be present at one of the mysterious sessions during which the *Forty*\* elaborated this gigantic work. What happened under the sonorous dome on the afternoon of the Dictionary? It may be likened to a fiery forge, at which forty cyclops, bathed in sweat, ran the bronze of words and hammered the plate of the verb. Thanks to the complicity of Pingard, who never again felt kindly toward a journalist, I have been able to realize my dream. Carefully concealed in the great room, but situated so as to see and hear everything, I saw and heard everything last Wednesday. Here it is:

February 15, Ash Wednesday.

No one yet in the place. The clock strikes two. I have my opera-glass. I level it—nothing. Beastly weather outside. The snow has melted. Paris is gray and hazy. From my place of concealment with a glance I sweep the Pont des Arts to the court of the Louvre. No immortal on that bridge. Could Pingard have supposed me a lexicographical rabbit?

A door opens finally, and some one enters. It is Monsieur the Perpetual Secretary. Is it a spectre, this old man calm and silent? No, he coughs. The cough is human.

He moves toward a book-case containing twenty-five great volumes, like commercial ledgers. He takes one of them, the first to the left, on the back of which I discern a large capital A. He rolls it on a little wheeled carriage to an immense table, on which he establishes it. He opens it at the first page. I level my glass. The first page is blank. It is evidently the Dictionary.

An immortal pushes the door. Bang it goes with a hollow sound. The Perpetual advances to meet and welcome him.

"My dear sir, you are the first. So it is everywhere," he adds, gallantly, "and always."

"Notwithstanding that I come from Croissy," remarks the new arrival, a tall man, the living portrait of Henri IV., and whose hooked nose, broken very high, large and bulbous like an extinguisher, alone prevents his little eyes, scintillating like stars, from joining and mingling their fires.

"What! Augier here already," cries a voice outside, "who lives in the country?"

Ah! I know well the one who enters, and love him with all my heart. Tall also, but holding himself straighter, he carries above a haughty brow his pride of frizzled hair. All about him breathes the

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\* The members of the Academy are forty in number.

air of assurance which gives luck, that supreme virtue of the nineteenth century. The brusqueness of being truly good, ashamed of the human species and the mistake of life, characterizes his gait, manner, and speech. It is Dumas. He comes up to Augier smiling, and both fall to laughing, the Parisian laugh, that laugh the crystal of which is a vitrified tear.

And, at the rear, a third immortal presents himself. A fat old fellow, short on his legs, apparently chilly, his hands thrust in his sleeves, resembling some heretical beadle whose fingers would be burnt by holy water; his nose bulbous and pimply, like that of the Ghirlandajo of the Louvre in the gallery of Primitives. This member of the Forty, like the other two, is a glory to his country, its only great contemporaneous prose-writer perhaps. They call him Renan.

The immortal who follows next under the dome forms a striking contrast. He is as handsome as the Jupiter of Phidias. Long hair still blond falls curling upon his shoulders, disclosing a classical face which no modern worries have lined. He seats himself near Renan, in a corner, and in semitones they confabulate of ancient myths and ages long departed. It is Leconte de Lisle, the poet.

"Gentlemen," says the Perpetual, "we may begin. The French Academy has now assembled."

They protest against this, these modest ones. The Perpetual then explains to them that, as usual for lexicographical sessions, the dukes excuse themselves: "we should only cramp you," they write. As to the younger Academicians, trusting in their leaders, they put the work on them. So at their age they sow their wild oats, when one amuses himself in the world. The professors are giving lessons in town at a dollar apiece, for immortals must live as well as others. Hence their absence. As for the scientists, they have forgotten the day, the hour, their business perhaps, and the surrounding world, "the world where it surrounds them," said he. These explanations furnished, the Perpetual opens the Wednesday session, called the Dictionary session.

From the skies Richelieu lends an ear. I see it with the glass.

*The Perpetual.* "You know we are at the letter A, the first of the alphabet and of the five vowels."

*Emile Augier.* "Naturally; but at what word? I can never remember the word we blessed at the preceding session."

*The Perpetual.* "You blessed none. You talked of other things. Since the death of the late Villemain you have been upon Abracadabra."

*Alexander Dumas.* "Already? How the time passes!"

*Leconte de Lisle.* "Abracadabra is a fine word, fine especially by itself, sonorous, and bestirring the mandibles. Pronounced a few times with increasing swiftness it would exercise the delivery of the *Conser-vatoire*. I do not regard it unfavorably nor see anything against it."

*Ernest Renan.* "Abracadabra is cabalistic and onomatopoetic."

*All.* "Onomatopoetic. Oh!"

*The Perpetual.* "Onomatopoetic words have no adjectives, my dear sir."

*Ernest Renan* (humming). "We shall know that, Camille, in twelve hundred years."

A little disconcerted, the Perpetual prays the Academy at least to vote for or against Abracadabra as it stands. "France attends!" says he. "The centuries fly!" Then Alexander Dumas tosses a poker chip into the air.

"Head or tail!" cries he, laughing.

But the counter falls back into his open fob, for this immortal is a skilful juggler. Surprise and general merriment in the place. The Perpetual proposes to tack to the word Abracadabra the abbreviation "unus.," meaning "unused."

And Richelieu up in the clouds listens with all his ears.

The Perpetual taps a little bell, and in a voice of forced gravity announces,—

"We pass to Abracadabrant."

An energetic protest welcomes this proposition. "You want to kill the immortals in their lifetime even!" "What should we leave for our heirs to do?" "We have twelve hundred years before us!" "Must we be weakened with work at our age?" . . .

*Emile Augier* (to *Renan*, offering his cigarettes). "It is time, I think, to light one."

*Ernest Renan*. "Thanks, but I do not smoke. I will read the *Petit Journal*." He draws that paper from his pocket, opens it, and hastens noticeably to the literary department.

*Leconte de Lisle*. "The *Romayana* for me" (same proceeding).

*The Perpetual*. "Gentlemen, I am compelled to interrupt you; but you are only forty to construct a language, and it must be constructed. Abracadabrant, whence later Abracadabrance, is the proper adjective of the word which you have honored by your observations. By the name of The Cardinal, of Colbert, of Louis IV., and of Mme. Sévigné, I adjure you not to separate without having settled the fate of this word. It drags. Admit into the national vocabulary or reject it, one or the other must be done."

"We admit it,—knocking off the end," cries *Renan*, crumpling his *Petit Journal*.

"Gentlemen," puts in *Leconte de Lisle*, "we revel in cant and disorder. Knocking off the end is not the thing for lexicographical immortality. Abracadabra (unus.) leads necessarily to Abracadabrant. My feet are getting cold, however, and I do not conceal from you that I must take my dose of oil. Only know that Abracadabra rhymes richly with Alhambra."

"And with Mademoiselle Subra," says *Dumas*.

"In twelve hundred years who will know it?" demands *Renan*.

*The Perpetual*. "Gentlemen, the session is closed."

*Emile Augier*. "It is one of our best."

*Translated from Emile Bergerat by H. F. Machuning.*

## MEN OF THE DAY.

**E**MILE ZOLA, the great French novelist, is a short-set, pleasant-looking bourgeois, of portly build, with a flabby parchment-complexioned face framed in a fringe of black beard that is streaked with gray. He wears eye-glasses, and is profoundly imperious in manner. He is now two-and-fifty, and all his life long has been in opposition. His career is of his own making. Five-and-twenty years ago he was a clerk in Hachette's book-store in Paris,—passing rich on eighty francs a month. While writing his first romance he was often reduced to bread and water, and playfully remarks that he was compelled "to play Arab" as to clothes. To-day he is nearly if not quite a millionaire. He has amassed a fabulous fortune out of his books. "L'Assommoir," which is perhaps his most popular work, has gone through fifty editions. His latest novel, "La Débâcle," published quite recently, is generally accounted his masterpiece. He has recently made a pilgrimage to Lourdes, which he intends to embody in his next novel. How he ever manages to turn out a bulky volume yearly is difficult for any one who has seen him use the pen to understand. He holds it between his second and fourth fingers in the clumsiest manner imaginable, and writes as slowly and laboriously as any child at school. Between the conclusion of one novel and the commencement of another he takes a few weeks' rest, during which he boats immoderately. He is also much addicted to gardening. He resides at Medan. His home was originally a peasant's cottage, and contains but three rooms. It is here he pursues his literary labors. Two hundred and thirty trains pass the door daily. He fled to this rural "retreat" in 1878 to escape the annoyance caused by the hordes of tourists who filled Paris at the time of the Exhibition. He was appointed a Knight of the Legion of Honor, and was last year elected President of the Society of Men of Letters; but the Academy is still closed against him, though, like Daudet, he has been knocking at the door for some years. "I am not in the least discouraged," he said after his recent defeat for admission, "and shall present myself again and again. It is only a matter of patience. Balzac was blackballed, and yet everybody said that he would have got in eventually if he had not died before the time came to present himself again. Then there was Victor Hugo, who had to present himself four times. Perhaps I shall have to present myself twice as often; but I shall get there in the end."

Thomas A. Edison, the great inventor, is a spare, stoop-shouldered man, with a pallid, smooth-shaven face, cold, searching eyes, and a wisp of half-gray hair straggling across his forehead. He is deaf of both ears, but his mind cuts through questions like a saw, and he is a glutton for work. In the old days it was no uncommon thing for him to remain at the bench for forty-eight hours at a stretch, not giving up until his assistants had actually fallen asleep. He still works daily in his laboratory, and comes forward to greet you in just such a suit of clothes as he wore two decades ago. As compared with the dingy little shop of that period, in which he used to eat his bread and cheese seated on an old packing-box, the present surroundings are fabulously luxurious. It is said that his laboratory costs something like two hundred thousand dollars yearly to maintain. From this famous laboratory most of his inventions have been issued.



Over four hundred patents have already been issued to him, and the number is constantly increasing. One-fourth of these refer to telegraphy. He is now rated at three millions, and is getting richer every year. He has been decorated by several European sovereigns. The "Wizard of Menlo Park," as he has come to be called, is now forty-four, and is an Ohioan by birth. He is severely self-made. He was at school only two months. At the age of twelve he became a railway newsboy. Later on he published an amateur paper, which he printed and sold on the train, and also improvised a laboratory in a baggage-car for chemical experiments. Having at great peril saved the life of the little son of a station-master, the father out of gratitude helped him to learn telegraphy, and in a short time he became a skilful operator, being successively employed at Port Huron, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, and Memphis. During the years thus employed he was constantly experimenting in every direction. His first patent was for a chemical vote-recording apparatus for use in legislative bodies, and was taken out while he was in Boston. In 1871 he settled in New York, and shortly afterwards became superintendent of the Law Gold Indicator Company, which supplied gold and stock quotations to brokers' offices. From this point his career has been one of uninterrupted success. Yet he is quite a modest man. He eschews publicity; is a confirmed vegetarian: he seldom eats or drinks, but smokes twenty cigars a day. He has been twice married, has four children, and a father of ninety-one who still walks ten miles a day.

George Du Maurier, the well-known artist, is a slim-built, somewhat stoop-shouldered man, with a half-gray moustache and goatee, and wears eyeglasses. He is rising seven-and-fifty, and was born in Paris, his father being one of an old French family who fled to England to escape the guillotine. His parents intended him for a scientist, but Nature intended him for an artist, and Nature prevailed, so that he early jilted chemistry and devoted himself heart and soul to the serious study of art. From Paris he passed to Antwerp, where in the midst of terribly hard work he had the misfortune to lose completely the sight of one eye. Happily the other was spared to him, and all the world knows to what good use he has put his crippled sight. In 1860 he settled in London, and at once began illustrating for a weekly magazine. He also contributed a few pictures to *Punch*, and "precious bad they were, too," he humorously remarks. Twenty-five years ago he stepped into the shoes of John Leech, on the staff of that journal, and he has enriched its pages with the well-known caricature sketches of society life, as typified by "Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns," "Sir Gorgius Midas," and others. He is very enthusiastic about his special walk in art. "Leech," he says, "was the founder of the system I carry out. He was the son of Cruikshank, and Cruikshank was the son of Hogarth. In a different way I try to follow in their footsteps and endeavor faithfully to depict society as it is." He is conscious that upon his shoulders is laid as it were the responsibility of handing down to posterity exact and yet graceful representations of English high life, its customs and sayings, and above all its coats and hats and gowns. He never caricatures; indeed, if anything, he errs in quite another direction. He has almost created a set of humanities that are to the ordinary eye too fine and fair, too graceful and daring, for human nature's daily food. He is responsible more than any one else for the death of the so-called æsthetic school. Who could "live up to a teapot" after those absurd pictures of his, or be "intense" with the thought of the weird, unkempt, silly females



that at one time so pervaded all his pictures? Latterly he has turned his attention to literature. His maiden novel, "Peter Ibbetson," which appeared last year, was a distinct success; and it is said that he is now at work upon another book. Personally he is one of the most agreeable of men. He has known all the celebrities of his day, and probably declines more invitations to dine out than even the Prince of Wales himself, for he is socially in much demand, being a charming conversationalist and altogether a delightful companion. He is a connoisseur of dogs, and is an inveterate first-nighter, being usually accompanied by one of his three accomplished daughters, who serve as models for the graceful girls he draws so daintily. Among his other claims to distinction, he illustrated Thackeray's "Esmond;" and he is still asked to illustrate more books than he could possibly do if he had a dozen set of hands: so that his bank-account is waxing large.

M. Crofton.

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"GOSSIP OF THE CENTURY."

No other word in the English language has such delightful associations as the word "gossip." It is a pity that to the vulgar mind it bears a *nuance* of something undignified and unworthy, if not absolutely discreditable. Surely the purveyor of innocent amusement deserves a high place among the benefactors of mankind. And the true gossip is something more than that. He is a most puissant knight in the service of the great and holy goddess of Truth. It is his mission to reveal the real man behind the conventional toga in which History and Biography strive to drape him. He photographs where the Historian paints a fancy portrait.

A very good book of its kind is "Gossip of the Century," just published by Macmillan. The gossip's name is not given, but a hint is supplied in the fact that it is by the author of "Flemish Interiors."

The faults of the book are manifest. The author is a gentleman of birth and education, and a genial temperament has evidently enabled him to make the most of those accidental advantages. Certainly he has known, met, and conversed with an extraordinary number of interesting personages. But he has not profited by his opportunities as a quick-witted man would have profited. He has small insight into character, he deals only with surface traits, he is shallow and provincial. In short, he realizes Horace Porter's definition of a Mugwump as "a person educated above his intellect." Of the Lake Poets, for example, he talks with the most amusing scorn. Evidently he does not know that the verdicts of the *Edinburgh Review* (whose editor, for some inscrutable reason, he calls Lord Jeffreys) have been reversed by posterity. He mentions that he often met Carlyle; but the only original observation he volunteers concerning him is that he "never saw him without renewed interest of a certain kind, his peculiarities were so peculiar." He quotes approvingly a passage from Greville's "Memoirs" (indeed, he calls it "as good a satire as ever was made on a pseudo-philosopher") which runs as follows: "Dined at the Ashburtons', where met Carlyle, whom I had never seen before. He took the broadest Scotch, and appears to have coarse manners, but might be amusing at times." One would like to feel the bumps of a man who admires such a flunky view of a great man.

Then the gossip proceeds to tell us the old story of how Stuart Mill lost the manuscript of Carlyle's "French Revolution," also how Carlyle hawked his "Sartor Resartus" among the publishers, condescendingly says that "many of the quaint and clever things put forth by Carlyle deserve to be treasured," and so dismisses one of the most picturesque figures in all literature.

This vice of padding out his book with the most familiar and well-worn anecdotes is continually apparent. He hardly introduces a personage without repeating the jests or *ana* which have already reappeared *ad nauseam* in the jest-books and the literary manuals. He tells us that Sydney Smith said of Whewell that "omniloquence was his forte and omniscience was his foible," and of Macaulay that "he had many brilliant flashes of silence;" that when Samuel Rogers remarked of Queen Caroline that she could speak only a single word of English, Lady Charlotte Lindsay said she hoped it was No, "because, though Yes often meant No, a lady's No never meant Yes."

Nevertheless, after making all deductions, there is a large residuum of entertaining matter in the book.

It begins with a *bonne-bouche*. One of the most hateful characters in literary history was John Wilson Croker, the editor of the *London Quarterly Review*, and, in that capacity, the bitter, brutal, and ignorant enemy of genius. We know that he never got his deserts,—that he was never immersed in boiling oil; we regretfully recognize that to the savage of the present the savage punishments of the past (*similia similibus*) cannot be meted out. Except metaphorically, we cannot even spit upon him. It is consequently with a devout feeling of gratitude to Providence that we witness the spectacle of Mr. Croker being spat upon metaphorically.

This was shortly before the death of King George IV., whose funeral the gossip tells us he witnessed. Croker, then Secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty, after a dinner with royalty, got into a war of wits with the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV.

"When I'm king," said the duke, "I'll be my own First Lord, and, depend on it, John Wilson Croker won't be my Secretary."

"Does your Royal Highness remember," replied Croker, "what English king was his own First Lord?"

"No, I can't say I do," answered the duke.

"Well, it was James II.," said Croker, and, not unnaturally, the reply caused a general laugh among those near enough to catch it.

The king, who was pacing up and down the room, hearing this expression of mirth, called out,—

"What's the joke? One of your good things, Croker, no doubt?"

"No, indeed, your Majesty; but your royal brother is telling us what he means to do in the navy when he comes to the throne," replied Croker, forgetting himself in most uncourtier-like manner.

The king withdrew without a word. Next morning he sent Croker a summons to his bedroom. His Majesty was very serious.

"I was annoyed," he said, severely, "at your exposing my brother's nonsense under my roof last night, and, in the next place, your repeating what he said he should do when I am no longer king: let me request there may be no recurrence of similar utterances."

Not a very terrible rebuke, after all, you may say. Well, of course, one would rather it had been some Oriental potentate who with one wave of his

hand might have caused the offender's head to be severed from his body. But, though the rebuke may not seem very terrible to us good Americans, let us take comfort in the reflection that to a Briton, and especially a Tory Briton, a rebuke from his king is far more crushing than a rebuke from his God. Furthermore, let us gleefully remember that, in the highly-organized individual of to-day, a *gaucherie*, a social misstep, a breach of etiquette, may be the cause of the most exquisite torture. Even an observer so calm and philosophic as Mr. Darwin has taken note of this fact, and calls attention to the further fact that years after the thing occurred it will be remembered with a twitch of agony out of all proportion to the offence. There is reason to hope that Mr. John Wilson Croker (who had a good memory) suffered a great deal from this *contre-temps*.

Of Charles Dickens the gossip speaks with outspoken vituperation. "None can respect Dickens as a man," he says, "however much they may admire him as a writer. The members of his family held their own views as to his heartlessness; for, even allowing for the lowliness of his antecedents and origin, his deficient education, and his recognized lack of the instincts of a gentleman, no one can afford to overlook his immoral life, his unchastened vanity and selfishness, and the presumption with which he blazoned forth his indifference to the feelings of those he injured, to the opinions of the world, and to the sacredness of his own vows." He tells us that Dickens was once his fellow-traveller on the Boulogne packet. Travelling with him was a lady not his wife nor his sister-in-law. Yet he strutted about the deck with the air of a man bristling with self-importance; every line of his face and every gesture of his limbs seemed haughtily to say, "Look at me. Make the most of your chance. I am the great, the *only* Charles Dickens; whatever I may choose to do is justified by that fact."

On landing, the luggage (after the clumsy fashion of the day) was tumbled into a long rough shed and placed on a counter to be searched. "I happened to be near the spot where the great man's boxes had been deposited, and as he walked up to surrender his keys,—

"'Owner?' inquired the custom-house officer, briefly and bluffly.

"'I am,' answered the only Dickens, in a consequential tone.

"'Name?' said the official, as bluntly as before.

"'Name!' repeated the indignant proprietor of the same. 'What NAME?—did you say?' reiterated he, in a voice which meant, 'Why don't you look at me, instead of asking such an absurd question?' But the man stood there stolidly, with his lump of chalk in his hand, waiting for the answer which *had* to come *volens volens*: 'Why, CHARLES DICKENS, to be sure!'

"To Master Dickens's mortification, the name and the tone alike failed to produce any impression on the preoccupied official, who continued unmoved the dull routine of his duty: had the *douanier* been one of the other sex, the result might have been different."

With George Eliot and George Henry Lewes the gossip was on terms of familiarity, if not intimacy. He gives a few letters which evidence this, but are not otherwise interesting. Nevertheless he adds little or nothing to our knowledge of this unique couple. Of George Eliot he records that she was by no means sparkling in conversation, her social attributes being rather of the heavier Johnsonian order, "and her remarks were often sententious, though apparently not designedly so, for there was obviously no intentional arrogation of superiority, though perhaps an almost imperceptible evidence of self-consciousness. The

impression she left was that of seriousness and solid sense, untempered by any ray of humor, scarcely of cheerfulness; she spoke in a measured thoughtful tone, her speech was marked rather by reticence than by volubility: now and then she would give out an epigrammatic phrase which seemed almost offered as a theme for discussion, or as a trait of originality to be perhaps recorded by her chroniclers."

Of Robert Browning he merely repeats a story the poet had told him concerning a visit he had paid when at Florence to an old philosopher named Kirkup. This was in the days when John Home and spiritualism were occupying the minds of the public. Kirkup was found engaged with a female medium apparently in a state of trance, on whom he was practising experiments.

"Ah, my dear fellow," said he, "how glad I am you are come! for I can now practically demonstrate to you those supernatural facts which I believe you still doubt. Now see, I will desire this woman to raise her arm,—an order *you* would give her in vain,—and I can make her maintain it rigidly in that position during as many hours as I please."

Suiting the action to the word, after Browning had made the attempt unsuccessfully, he gave the command, which was immediately obeyed. Browning exerted his strength to move or bend the limb, but it continued as stiff as when Kirkup had fixed it.

Then the good old man went out for a book. His back was hardly turned, when Browning, who was examining some manuscripts on the table, felt a touch on his shoulder. Turning round, he saw the woman wink at him and immediately resume her attitude as Kirkup's returning steps were heard.

*W. S. Walsh.*

### RECENT AMERICAN FICTION.

It is one of the fashions of the day to speak of the American novel as a hitherto unknown quantity, a distinct event in the future of our literature, ignoring the fact that, like the poor, the American romance is always with us, and that it is we who are unappreciative of our blessings in the one case as in the other.

What are all the stories of American life that have come to birth in the last decade, from Canada to Mexico and from the Golden Gate to the Atlantic seaboard, if they are not American novels?—whether reaching back into the historic past, picturing the present, or drawing, with fine touches, phases of life and character rapidly vanishing, if not already vanished, from the world of to-day? Will such pictures of old Virginia and Creole life as those of Thomas Nelson Page, Hopkinson Smith, Richard Malcolm Johnson, Ruth McEnery Stuart, George Cable, and Grace King be again drawn, as have been given to us by these men and women living near the traditions of the past and on the border-lines of a new dispensation?

If not American novels, what are most of Mr. Howells's stories, notably "A Modern Instance," which recalls similar instances in so many minds that Bartley Hubbard has been elevated to the dignity of a type of a certain sort of financial corruption? Surely under no other head than that of the American novel is it permissible to classify Miss Murfree's dramatic and picturesque tales of the Tennessee mountains and their distinctive people, Miss McClelland's

romances of reconstructed Virginia, and many another clever tale of North, South, East, or West.

Such fine vignettes of life as those of Bret Harte and Hamlin Garland, racy of the soil, of Miss Wilkins and Miss Pool, which are almost photographic in their accuracy, and of Richard Harding Davis, with their condensed dramatic power, cannot be called novels, on account of their brevity; but may it not be that the short story, with its concrete force and epigrammatic brilliancy, is destined to represent the genius of American fiction in the future? Even now, there be few who clamor for the three-volumed novel of the past.

Those who are still looking for the truly American romance, savoring of the soil, character, and institutions of the country, should discover signs of promise in two recent novels,—“John Gray,” by James Lane Allen, and “The Dooms-woman,” by Gertrude Atherton. Widely different in setting, motive, and treatment, these two stories are alike in some respects. They both portray a phase of American life that has entirely passed away, and both are instinct with a subtle and pervading atmosphere of time and place without which no romance of the past can approach the reader of to-day with the force of reality. Mr. Allen’s tale of old Kentucky comes to us full of the border warfare and the struggle for existence of that pioneer life, with its rude surroundings and vigorous character-making, while in the movement of the story there is the promise and forecast of a brighter future, secured by the endurance and efforts of the early settlers whose individualities stand out upon its pages.

Mrs. Atherton’s romance “The Dooms-woman,” which we feel suffers somewhat from its unattractive title, is full of tropical warmth and color, and of the movement and life of Southern California under Spanish rule, a flower heavy with the rich bloom that precedes decay. Here are scenes, events, and characters described with a certain vitality of impression, as if the writer had drawn breath among the people and amid the surroundings that she portrays. The wedding, the baptism, the festivals and games of the Spanish American are all entered into with the languid intensity and pleasure-loving nature of the children of the South. The long and bitter feud between the rival houses of Estenega and Iturbi y Moncada supplies the tragic element without which the story would have no reason for being. Against this background the characters of the drama stand out in strong relief. Doña Eustaquia, who tells the story, is admirably drawn, with her shrewd insight into character and her sophistical reasoning, as when she excuses Estenega for kissing Valencia, when a fitting opportunity offers, while protesting the deepest love for Chonita. “It is the man of great strength and great weakness,” she contends, who alone understands human nature and is worthy to inspire the passionate love of a woman. In the handsome and shallow Reinaldo we find the man of “great weakness” without the accompanying strength, yet so brave a caballero is he, on his wedding morn, in his white velvet and diamonds, that we, like Doña Eustaquia, are willing, for the moment, to overlook his failings and vote him “a picture to be thankful for.” Don Guillermo, of the old school, presents a strong contrast to the more progressive Alvarado and Estenega, being picturesque, chivalrous, and so “given to hospitality” that he was ready to share the luxuries of Casa Grande with the sworn enemy of his house, even to Doña Trinidad’s most famous dulces. Chonita, entering the lists reluctantly at the bidding of Estenega, and then dancing *El Son* with mind and soul as well as with her lithe and swaying form, until the caballeros threw gold at her feet in their enthu-



siastic admiration of the beautiful wild creature, forms a brilliant and vivid picture.

Full of the traditions of her religion and her race, educated and thoughtful beyond the men as well as the women of her people, yet, like them, delighting in the cruel excitement of a bull-fight, and unable to resist the seductions of the vender of silks, laces, and jewels, such is the heroine who flashes across these pages and before the fascinated gaze of Estenega. To him, who has regarded women simply as types, with no distinct individuality, Chonita seems a new creation. He says to Doña Eustaquia that she typifies California, the intelligence of the New World stirring in the veins of the Old. Her power over the wayward and imperious nature of Estenega is an intellectual and spiritual force, heightened, as all such power of woman over man must ever be, by the beauty and grace in which it is incarnate.

Upon the social life of Monterey, where the gorgeously-apparelled caballeros and the beautiful señoritas while away the rosy hours in the excitements of the bull-fight and the gaming-table or amid the blandishments of the ball-room and the *fête*, Estenega, with his nineteenth-century ideas and costume, and his dreams for the future of California, expressed in the language of to-day, strikes a jarring note,—the jar of the new dispensation trenching on the domain of the old. With his background of sin, most of which is happily left to the imagination of the reader, and his fierce, resolute, almost cruel strength of will, Estenega is a less agreeable character to contemplate than the pure-minded, impulsive Chonita, yet none the less is it true to life and to love that he should have been able to thrill every chord in the complex nature of the California girl and against all the instincts of her race compel her unwilling devotion. The bitter, passionate struggle between Chonita's love for Estenega and her loyalty to the traditions of her religion and people recalls a similar struggle in "The Spanish Gypsy," in which another passionate daughter of the South strives to put aside love and happiness for the sake of her duty to her race and inheritance. In both these instances the woman proves herself superior to the man. Chonita and Fedalma, in their higher spirituality and more earnest devotion to their own ideals of right, are nobler creations than Estenega or Don Silva, and in both cases the man's uncontrolled passion of anger and revenge slays all hope of happy love, even when the woman's instincts and traditions were about to yield to its dominant power. That "The Doomswoman" should end as sadly as its name forebodes may seem a fault to some readers; but from the nature, structure, and tendencies of the story, no other ending would seem to us fitting. This is not a novel, it is a drama in which the blood of old Spain and Mexico, amid the wild and picturesque surroundings of Southern California, works out its own destiny to an inevitable, if tragic, conclusion.

Whatever Mrs. Atherton has done in the past,—and she has published a number of novels, none of which seem to us equal to "The Doomswoman,"—whatever she may write in the future, she has given to the world a powerful dramatic representation of old California life, which in its detail, movement, and characteristics shows that she has not only carefully studied the history and institutions of the country, but has entered into the life and spirit of its people, far more Spanish than American in type, yet inherently tending toward absorption by the dominant Anglo-Saxon race.

*Anne H. Wharton.*

THE  
FIRST FLIGHT:  
A PRELUDE.

BY  
JULIEN GORDON,  
AUTHOR OF "A DIPLOMAT'S DIARY," "VAMPIRES," "A SUCCESSFUL MAN," ETC.

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# LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1893

## THE FIRST FLIGHT.

### CHAPTER I.

#### MR. HIGHTY TIGHTY

rested from her labors.

She thought that they were "very good." She

took a long breath and

at her. Her real name was

Titus, but her husband's

Mr. Hatch, who was humorous,

her the *sobriquet*. She had

iously occupied for eighteen

in bringing up Miss Hyatt

now the rest was to come and

pense. Miss Hyatt Titus,

Miss Highty Tighty, was

up." She was a graceful

girl with soft eyes and a

lexion. She played on the

the zither to such audiences

as fortitude to listen. She

and ears in crayon every

Saturday with a drawing-master. She spoke French—such French as

it was—she even managed a little German—with her governess and a

dictionary. Strangers knew nothing of this crutch; but her cousins

the Hatches, those inconvenient cousins, knew it; and the German

baron who accosted her in his own tongue, having heard she was a

polyglot, when he came up to the Club on the lake, had been forced to

suspect that she had not understood a word he had said to her. It did

not matter, because she was really pretty, and had a knack of putting

up her hair becomingly. But she had herself been profoundly mortified. It had remained one of the stinging memories of her youth.

The Highty Tightys were well off, and had only this one little duckling. They lived on a lake where the duckling had bathed and rowed and swum ever since her babyhood. It was shallow, and when she grew tired or frightened, if the tide was low, she could stand up in the water and wade to the shore. It was a salt-water lake which was fed by a creek from the open sea. It was the same with her boating. There were no breakers, no surprises. It was all very safe and easy. The first steps of life are made easy for the young.

Miss Highty Tightly rode a quiet little cob twenty years old that had the gait of a rocking-chair. Nevertheless her neighbors felt called upon to declare, particularly such as were under obligations to her parents, that she was a bold and accomplished horsewoman; and, in fact, her figure did look well swaying against a sunset sky. Once she mounted a prancing steed to whose crupper one of the club men had swung her. The horse kicked; she fell on her face and scraped her shapely nose. This was another memory which haunted her with unpleasant persistence. The young man only thought it was a pity about her nose. Such discomfitures are of little importance to others, and only weigh on us when we are very young. They appear cheap to the callousness and effrontery of middle age.

Besides the house of Highty Tightly, which was well ventilated, salubrious, large, extremely clean, and wherein hung a few fine pictures purchased abroad by Mr. Titus, and some comfortable though not very artistic furniture purchased by his wife, there were two other habitations on the lake,—the house of Hatch, and the Club.

The Hatches were second-cousins of the Hyatt Tituses, and not well off. It is difficult to be well off when one has nine children. There were eight Misses Hatch, of whom the eldest was twenty-two; the youngest-hatched of all, the son, was seven years old. He was a dirty, freckled-faced little boy, who passed his entire life in the lake and came out of it dirtier at evening than when he went in. He used to be hastily wiped off by a sister or two for a half-hour's dress-parade before supper and his final nightly disappearance. The rest of the day his family kept him at arm's length; he was always too wet to approach feminine front-breadths. Mrs. Hatch had been a beauty and a wit. She was no longer a beauty, except, indeed, in the estimation of her husband, who thought her still much handsomer than any of her daughters; but her wit had remained, and that certain Creole charm of a rich, languid nature which Emerson says everybody loves.

When Miss Hyatt Titus was expected there had been a great upheaval, and Mrs. Hatch had been immensely entertained. No royal infant's advent could have been heralded by a keener anguish of expectant prophecy. There was an early array of physicians on hand, and of anxious exclamatory nurses. There were baskets, blankets, sweet-smelling flannels, muslins, laces, ribbons, and powder-boxes, five cribs at least, and seven rattles. The godparents and a clergyman had been already secured for the christening. If Mr. Hyatt Titus so much as looked in at the nursery door he was dragged out by an array of

unknown females who invaded his house and tramped about it for months beforehand. When the great day came it was met exactly as it should have been. The baby arrived at its appointed hour, and everything was ready and had been ready a thousand times over.

Mrs. Titus had married somewhat late, when marriage comes to be looked upon by a woman as a blessing, not as a mere accident of fortune. She was just beginning to be worried. She had been well brought up; she believed that motherhood and wifedom were a woman's province and sphere. She had not married in her first youth, I say, and therefore, as is the case with spinsters of a certain maturity, looked upon matrimony as a career, not as an estate. We view with peculiar solemnity what has not happened to us.

Mrs. Hatch, on the contrary, had danced up to the altar at seventeen, without much thought or care on the subject; simply pleased to have a handsome fellow by her side and her first train two yards long at her heels. When the first little Hatch came it was entirely unexpected, and nothing was prepared. It was pinned, however, into one of its mother's flannel petticoats, and passed its first night on a book-case, propped up by "The Descent of Man." It rolled off the book-case in the morning, and was then picked up and put away more safely in an arm-chair until a suitable receptacle could be contrived.

The rapidly-sequent little Hatches of course inherited the lately-provided layette of number one, which remained conveniently at hand, and, it must be confessed, was in constant use for the first fifteen years of Mrs. Hatch's married existence. But Mrs. Hatch herself felt about as much the importance and responsibility of motherhood as did the pretty pink-and-white Lady Rabbit which reared its offspring under the garden wall. The family grew and flourished notwithstanding, and though the children were not brought up like their little cousin across the lake, they managed somehow to tumble up and survive. The girls were all good-looking, and some of them were very beautiful. They were all bright, and some of them were clever; and the boy Crummy—his name was Cecil Cuthbert Crumbar Cadwalader—was the idol of the house of Hatch, and declared by each and all of his sisters to be possessed of incipient genius. His mother had fewer illusions about him. She was one of those delightful persons who are inclined to think their swans are geese, and to laugh at them.

Mr. Hatch *père* was considered a brilliant man. He was something of a poet, an artist, and a philosopher. He was, moreover, uncommonly handsome; had large, dreamful eyes, distinguished manners, and an elegant address; a man of parts, a man of thought, an accomplished gentleman, a charming conversationalist. He had ornamented his own mind. In so far he was a success. But . . . he had never been able to earn any money. His talents, such as they were, remained fallow and unproductive in the ducat line, so that everybody shook their heads and said that he was a failure. Fortunately, he and his wife each had a small income to depend upon, else they and the nine little Hatches would undoubtedly have starved. He had been minister abroad, and had once been in Congress, but these things had led to nothing in par-

ticular, and the only book of poems he had published had had a literary but no general success. His cousin, Mr. Hyatt Titus, on the other hand, who had religiously abstained from politics, diplomacy, and literature, and who was short and plain and somewhat taciturn, had amassed a large fortune. He had not been to college, and at school had been called a dunce; but he was in reality very able. As he grew to man's estate he even became well-informed. When he built himself a house he taught himself the sizes and uses of girders, rafters, and supports, the quality of brick, the density of mortar. When he settled in the country he studied farming, and to some available purpose. The varieties of soils were his delight; fertilizers filled his horizons. When he turned his mind to poultry his prowess was extraordinary. His fat pullets took first prizes at all the county fairs. He had a turn for natural history, and studied the legs and horns of caterpillars for recreation, instead of writing roundelays like the dreamy poet across the water who knew everything except the useful. Mr. Hyatt Titus entertained a secret contempt for his cousin Mr. Hatch, although he admitted he was an agreeable fellow to meet. But Mr. Hatch looked upon Mr. Hyatt Titus as upon a bundle of wisdom, secretly deploring what he called his own "limitations."

The Hatches' house was situated on the very edge of the lake, and their tiny sail-boat was moored at the front door. There was another entrance, of course, at the back, where carriages could drive up. On summer afternoons there generally hung a Miss Hatch out of every window, drying her hair after the salt bath. They had hair of every imaginable length and color. When visitors came the little ones and the older ones cried out "Halloo!" and parleyed hospitably with the incoming guests. The middle ones, such as ranged from twelve to sixteen, were shy, and drew in their heads, giggling.

Mrs. Hyatt Titus deprecated this deplorable lack of dignity. She always called Mrs. Hatch "Poor Mary," but why, it would have been difficult to say, for poor Mary was quite contented with her eight harum-scarum girls, her little Crummy, and her poet husband, impracticable as he might be. Mr. Hatch's affairs being always in an unsatisfactory condition, he had plenty of time to devote to his daughters, and he took a deep interest in their education. They studied the classics with him. He taught them the languages, in which he was an adept, and he liked to see them dance and to hear them sing. They were very well educated young women, not having been repressed by the narrow influence of governesses and tutors. Two or three of them were excellent musicians. But it was all a matter of course; there was no to-do about it. Where there are so many there is no time for self-glorification, and all these merits grow indistinct in the general struggle for life. Miss Highty Tightly's feeble accomplishments were *autre chose*.

Mr. Hatch's house was old and rather shabby in the matter of paint and of modern improvements, but picturesque and pleasant enough; it was not in very good repair or order, yet not altogether untidy. The library was cheery and commodious, and filled with clever and serious books, and it was always swept and dusted . . . once a week. The piazza was vine-covered and delightfully cool. Here Master Wace,

the cat, and Layamon, the dog, with his wife Berenice, sunned themselves half the day beneath the cyclamens; here the old pet bird, Genseric, who had the asthma, swung in his cage and sang a husky ditty; and here Mrs. Hatch lay in the hammock with a bit of white lace on her auburn hair, reading. She read very wise books, and she had wise and amusing things to say of them at dinner to her husband. And the children climbed the trees or rested in their shadows, sailed the boat, swam, dived, ate jelly-cake, and devoured unripe fruit; had eight little stomach-aches and nine little colds, as the case might be, and their mother smiled and said, "Dear me!" and was placid and adored. Over in the big house across the water Mrs. Hyatt Titus was out of breath at all moments, and all worn out every day running after and dressing and combing and purring over her one little duck that she thought the most marvellous of snow-white swans.

I have said there was another house on the lake, and this was the Club. It was a hideous white structure with green shutters, hoisted up on high foundations upon a white stretch of sand. It was surrounded by slender pine-trees. It had a flat roof, and no piazzas, and only a wooden *porte-cochère* under which carriages drove. Some young men of fashion had a lien on the creek, where they played at fishing in the autumn, and they imagined that there was good shooting in the woods in the neighborhood. The fishing and shooting were, in fact, indifferent, but it was a nice place for a "day off." There was fine sailing on the Sound, and plenty of good wine in the cellar. All through the summer parties of these gentlemen came up and down and had a nice time of it eating, drinking, and making merry with cards, truffles, and champagne. And they walked, and rode, and pulled their boats, and sometimes managed to catch a glimpse of the Misses Hatch hanging out between their window-shutters. Such as were acquaintances were invited to come in. Tea would be improvised under the maples, and what mattered an earwig or two in the cream where there were such a lot of jolly girls? Even the mother and father were entertaining. *Sans gêne* was the motto, and that is what men like best. It is probably the secret of most *mésalliances*.

There was another abode near the lake, but not upon it. About a quarter of a mile away there lived a young orphan millionaire with his two maiden aunts. He had been a rather weak child, and so had not been sent to college. His mind, which was not over-brilliant, was, therefore, not very well stored with knowledge. But he had good horses and rode them pluckily, and he could sail a boat, and was a pretty youth. He was considered a desirable match by the mammas of the neighborhood. Once Mrs. Hyatt Titus—only once—had whispered to her spouse in the curtained sanctities of the nuptial chamber that if Providence should so arrange it—if the young people should fancy each other, perhaps, nay, who knew? stranger things had happened. Their Violet was very lovely. Willie Truden had probably remarked it.

Mr. Hyatt Titus took little interest in such matters; American fathers rarely do. But if his daughter were to leave him at all I suppose he thought that Willie and his millions might suffice.

That very day Violet Hyatt Titus and Mr. Truden had sat for an hour together on the sea wall, and it had entered into this demure maiden's breast to wonder if he would "do." She had a keen appreciation of the value of money. Her mother would have called it a



HAD SAT FOR AN HOUR TOGETHER ON THE SEA WALL.

love of the beautiful. She also had a keen appreciation of the pleasure of ruling others, and Willie could easily, she decided, be ground to powder and taught to obey. She talked to him all the time about herself and her projects and desires, and he listened with his legs hanging over the crumbling stones, now and then killing a mosquito that lit on his nose.

"Can you not stop to dine?" asked the maiden.

"No," said Mr. Truden: "I promised to pass the evening at the Hatches'."

A look of deep commiseration passed over the girl's sweet face.

"They invited me," she said, "but really mamma never liked me to associate with them much when I was little, and now, as you can imagine, they are very . . . er . . . uncongenial."



"They're fun," said Willie, laconically.

His companion turned and looked at him. "And who would wish to be fun?" said she.

"Well, I don't know," said Willie.

She turned and looked at him, as I say, and wondered for a moment if he might prove testy after all. Would he be uneasy under the crushing and mangling and ordering about to which her papa and mamma submitted? If there was anything she disliked, it was obstacular people. She expected everybody to agree with her.

"Of course I feel for the poor things," she sighed. "I'm sure I don't know what's going to become of them."

She had often heard her mother make this remark with a wagging head.

"They seem to be going along," said Willie.

As he crossed the lawn the lady of the manor darted out at him from a lilac-bush. "Stay and dine," she said, affably.

"Awfully sorry—can't," said Willie.

Mr. Highty Tightly was hunting caterpillars in the trees. When not in town pinned to his desk he devoted himself to this pastime. He looked up and repeated his wife's invitation with more cordiality than usual. He preferred caterpillars to young men, not being of a genial nature.

WILLIE TRUDEN.

But Willie was the son of an old friend, and as such might be tolerated.

Willie, however, trudged off firmly, declining.

"She's got jolly eyes," he said to himself. "It's a pity she's so infernally . . ." But he did not conclude the sentence.

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## CHAPTER II.

THE Hatch sail-boat, which was called the "Lakshmi," and was painted dark blue, being the presupposed color of this goddess of beauty, grace, riches, and pleasure, came bowling across the lake in the penumbra of a gray twilight. She made an odd seething sound as she swung through the high grasses or rocked and wavered with her keel half caught amid the floating water-lichens. The lake was still and smooth as a cloth of gray satin upon which one might have skated; here and there a pale rose shading on a white and green reflection. There was something undecided about the evening. Its sigh seemed to portend a change for the weary, to hold a whisper of impending tumult, possibly of awakening storm, for the restless. Who knew? perhaps after all

the cloud would scatter and pass to welcome the slow rising of a shimmering moon.

The sand beaches, hyaline, crystalline, lay mysterious in the dumb gloaming, with glintings here and there as of emeralds. Now and then a sharp gust brushed a wave which rose and trembled upward in a brisk swelling, its dark back and foaming mouth resembling some feline creature at bay. Across the sands, far, far away, gleamed the pale, phosphorescent stretches of an anxious sea.

It had showered earlier, and the woods had been half drowned in the violent summer flood. The trees were still bent under the weight of their wetting, and sent out fine, keen odors of resin and maple juices, which mingled with the nearer pungent smells of the marine algæ.

And across the sleepy waters breathed suddenly that essence of quivering life, that instinct of vitality, which was sure to agitate anything and everything possessed by a member of the Hatch family. The Lakshmi flew to meet the advancing night, catching each flaw and puff, Muriel at the tiller, Audrey at the mainsheet, and a very big fish in the bottom of the boat.

"Halloo! look out for your heads," cried Audrey.

"Ready about! Port your helm," called out Muriel, and whack! went the low flying boom, grazing the forehead of the frightened fish.

It was indeed a very big fish these young girls had captured that afternoon, as well as a much frightened one. He lay now on his stomach in the bottom of the cockpit, wallowing, with one eye on the horizon and one broad hand on the side of the tiny craft. His name was Victor Arthur Lucan Humphrey George Draco, Earl of Brownlow. He was stopping at the club-house with some American fellows whom he had met the year before while elephant-hunting in India, and he had gone over with them to call and be duly presented to the Hatches that afternoon. The others had walked or ridden home, and the girls had volunteered to sail him back as far as the club-house door.

He was young and big and red. He was also extremely shy. He had immense hands and yet larger feet. His mouth was always open, displaying his front teeth and a part of his gums. His teeth were extremely clean, and his gums were fresh and healthy. He had a heavy jowl, a drooping eye, and a gentle, affectionate disposition.

The Misses Hatch had been caught as usual by their visitors just ascending from their bath. They were arrayed in rather tumbled cotton gowns, while their locks escaped in little damp rings about their foreheads and ears from under their blue Tam o' Shanters.

Muriel was a lovely brown creature with blue eyes. Her hands and throat were tanned. Audrey was less beautiful, fairer, and extremely graceful. She looked "chic" even in her night-gown—or at least this was the family tradition.

"I say," said the earl, "that's a nasty wind."

"Aren't you in the habit of boating?" asked Audrey, letting out the mainsheet.

"Not in anything so little," said the earl. "My father owned the

Vanquisher. She's under repairs now, but I'll have her on the Mediterranean next spring."

"She's like an ocean steamer, isn't she?" said Muriel. "Don't come up, please. We're going to jibe."

The earl, with a moan, prostrated himself again, and lay quite still.

"Aren't we nearly there?" he asked after a while.

"You see," said Audrey, "the wind's skittish. I think it is dying out. If it does we'll just run you in at the light-house, and Jim, the keeper, 'll row you ashore."

"What will *you* do?" asked the young Englishman, turning over suddenly on his back.

"Oh, we'll swim back," said Muriel, a little contemptuously. "We're used to the lake.—Ready about, Audrey, and don't be such a poke."

As they neared the light-house, a solemn stone structure which loomed up on the borders of the sand-spit, a boat darted from under its flight of steps, and in the boat sat Miss Highty Tightly, charmingly attired in pallid gauze with puffed sleeves, and an æsthetic hat poised upon her head, a gold girdle about her hips, the oars in her hands, and an open book upon her lap.

She had timed the whole thing admirably. She had seen the Lakshmi and its occupants from afar. She had seen the big fish in one of his frenzied leaps from side to side, and, recognizing that it was a male fish, had concluded that it was worth angling for. She had not yet entirely decided that Willie Truden would "do," and in the mean while . . .

"What a darling girl!" said the earl, with one eye to leeward. "Introduce me!"

The Hatch ladies looked at each other and smiled significantly.

"Why, certainly," they said.

"She's reading. She doesn't see us," said the simple, *naïf* Briton, much interested.

Muriel and Audrey again exchanged masonic glances, but said nothing. The Lakshmi veered and grazed the reader's light bows.

"Oh! how *do* you do, *mes chères cousines*?" And Miss Highty Tightly looked up duly astonished.

"Thanks. We can just sit up and take a little nourishment," said Muriel.

"Let me introduce the Earl of Brownlow," said Audrey, majestically, settling her Tam o' Shanter with one hand and clutching the rope with the other. She let the wind spill out of the sail, so that the boats lay lazily swinging in the tide-swell side by side.

Miss H. T. pouted with haughty unconcern, but condescendingly kept close to her cousin's prow.

"Look here," said Audrey. "Couldn't *you* row him ashore?" and she indicated their captive with a knot of the mainsheet held in her hand. "It's only a quarter of a mile, and we're stuck. I'm going to get Jim to give us a tow."

Miss Highty Tightly's heart leaped for joy. Her life had been a pretty dull one so far. But she only said,—

"Oh, but is it permissible?"

"All right," said Audrey, shortly. "Jim can take us all, then."

"I say," said the earl, "do row me home, now, won't you?"

"If you insist," said Miss Highty Tightly, "I am defenceless."

So the big male fish was deposited within a few feet of the fair oarswoman.

"What book are you perusing, *ma cousine*?" called Muriel saucily after them, imitating her cousin's accent. But the answer was swallowed on a recurring wave.

"Why do you ask her?" said her sister, laughing. "Shall you read it too?"

"No; I want to avoid it."

"Shan't I pull you?" said the earl.

"Oh, no; I prefer to manage my boat myself," answered his fair captain, whose life-principle was here enunciated.

"You were reading," said the earl, with timidity, very red with the exertion of the transfer.

"I live in my books," said Miss Violet.

"Dear me!" said the earl. He picked up the volume, which proved to be the correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson.

"Which of the two men—writers, I mean—do you prefer?" asked Miss Highty Tightly, taking long but very slow strokes: she had herself not read a line of the letters.

Not knowing exactly what reply to make, the earl screwed up his lips, fanned himself with the fluttering book, and contented himself with—

"He was a queer duffer."

"Duffer?"

"Yes. Isn't that good English?" asked the earl.

"It may be," said Miss H. T., "but the expression is hardly adequate."

"Oh! I say," said the earl, "you're trying to get a rise on me."

Miss Hyatt Titus opened her eyes widely. The earl, like Willie Truden, thought them rather nice.

"But which do you consider to be the . . . er . . . duffer?" she inquired, with an arched eyebrow.

"Oh, Carlyle, of course. I don't know much about the other fellow. Who was he, anyhow?"

"What! You never read any of Emerson's essays and poems?" cried Miss Hyatt Titus. "Why, where *have* you lived?"

"At our place in Devon most of the year," said the earl, humbly, "or in London when I run up, except at deer-stalking, you know, when we go north."

"And you never heard of Emerson?"

"Oh, I may have heard his name," said the earl, who was terribly truthful. "But I'm not going to put on side with you, you know. I'm not literary."

"What *do* you like?" asked Miss Hyatt Titus.

"I . . . I like being rowed by a pretty girl," said his lordship, gallantly, and blushing furiously.

"The Hatches will row you daily, I don't doubt. They're always paddling about."

"I think they're awfully handsome, and clever. They're cousins of yours, aren't they?"

"Yes, . . . distant."

"Oh," said the earl; and then the boat scraped the bottom, the farewells were spoken, and the thanks expressed.

"I shall be very glad to introduce you to my parents," said Miss Hyatt Titus, with much propriety, shoving off.

"Thanks, awfully," said the earl.

As he scrambled up to the Club through the pines he said, half aloud,—

"She's got nice sort of eyes and a pretty mouth; but I think the Hatch girls are nicer. That Muriel's a splendid woman. She's so alive and so unpretending. This little cousin . . ."

But the wind carried away his criticism.

Miss Highty Tightly told her father and mother of her encounter and her row. She spoke with some emphasis.

"I wonder why it is," she said, "that it is always the Hatch girls who introduce everybody to us. It seems to me, with our advantages, it ought to be the other way."

"Hoydens can always pick up young men," said Mrs. Hyatt Titus, "and I don't much like what you tell me. In my day . . ."

"Your day isn't this," replied her daughter, with considerable asperity and a heightened color, "and I'm sick of being cooped up."

Her father and mother looked at each other across their snowy table-linen. Her mother was a well-born, well-bred, well-read woman. She had, to be sure, rather abjured reading. How can a wife and mother read, unless, indeed, she be, like "poor Mary," neglectful of these sacred, these hallowed trusts? She was one of those women who had always been a model; every one had approved of her; yet now her only duckling seemed inclined to question her absolute wisdom. It was preposterous, extraordinary! She could not understand.

"My little girl," she said, "isn't everything done for you?"

"Nothing's done for me," said the little girl. "I have been educated to death. But I am not half as amusing as the Hatch girls, after all."

"Your cousins," said Mr. Hyatt Titus, with assumed severity, "are poor patterns for you, my child. Look at your mother."

Violet looked at her mother. She saw a middle-aged lady in a prim gray silk; Mrs. Hyatt Titus belonged to that type which is always middle-aged. She therefore saw, I say, this middle-aged person, with some lace fastened at her neck by a brooch,—a likeness of her daughter in babyhood, set in pearls,—smooth, brown hair, coiled at the back, a pair of somewhat pursed-up lips, and two faded blue eyes. The contemplation awoke no answering thrill. She shrugged her shoulders impatiently.

"I want to come out next winter, in town," she said, after a pause.

"I dare say your papa will take you out," said her mother.

"Cousin Mary Hatch says nobody can bring a girl out but her mother."

"I am afraid I should feel very strangely in a ball-room," said Mrs. Hyatt Titus. "I have always shrunk from the frivolous atmosphere of society. I should be very sorry to have my daughter a mere woman of fashion."

"Well, there's not much danger," said Miss Hyatt Titus, tossing her head, "if we keep on this way."

"I think, my dear," said Mr. Hyatt Titus, "that our little girl is right. You must exert yourself more for her."

"What am I to do?" Mrs. Hyatt Titus now wrung her hands. The tears were almost in her eyes. Was her husband, too, going to find fault with her?

"You had better go and pay some visits to-morrow, mamma dear. The Club's full of ladies. They've passed a rule to have women there during the months of August and September. Lawrence Larremore brought up his wife last night. She's a very gay lady. You visit all her family in town. You'd better leave a card on her; and why not give a dinner?" After a while he added, tentatively, looking at his daughter with a smile, "We might ask this English gentleman."

"I've been thinking of a dinner," said Mrs. Titus.

### CHAPTER III.

black lace gown Mrs. Hyatt is donned a long gray silk oak, and pinned a gray veil to her bonnet, because the roads were dusty and she was going visiting, and she hated dust. She decided to stop at the Club first and then drop in at the Hatches' before she paid two or three other ceremonial calls. She descended from her victoria, making a modest display of pearl-colored silk hose and of a chaste black shoe. She asked for Mrs. Larremore, and was told by the servant that Mrs. Larremore was at home.

She had begged her daughter to accompany her upon this pilgrimage, but this young lady had been rather out of sorts and had snappishly answered that she had other engagements. She had, in fact, dressed herself that afternoon and the two preceding ones with peculiar care, in the expectation that the Earl of Brownlow would call, and the fact that he had not yet fulfilled this common act of courtesy had awakened in her mind that surprised and vague self-depreciation which now and again came to mar the perfect belief she had always been taught to have in herself. "Was it possible he hadn't really admired her?"

Well, there was always Willie Truden to fall back upon. He could be whistled up at any time. But the defection of the earl was bitter.

Mrs. Hyatt Titus was ushered through the hall into a wide, cool ground-floor room paved with mosaic and furnished in light-yellow chintz. There were two ladies in the room and six gentlemen. The ladies were Muriel Hatch and Mrs. Larremore. The former sat near an open window which overlooked the lake. By her side perched Willie Truden, and crouching at her feet on a low stool the Earl of Brownlow.

"How are you, Muriel?" said Mrs. Hyatt Titus, patronizingly, nodding to Miss Hatch.

"Brownie," said Mrs. Larremore to the earl, "fetch a chair for this lady."

"Brownie," thus admonished, rose, shook himself, and brought a chair. Mrs. Hyatt Titus sat upon its edge, threw back her cloak, and unfastened her veil.

"It's very dusty," she said.

"Is it?" said Mrs. Larremore. "I haven't stirred out from under these pines since I arrived."

Then she introduced the young Englishman.

"I think I know your daughter," he said, awkwardly.

"Yes; she told me how she had rescued you from the perils of our lake," smiling.

Then there was a dreadful pause. Mrs. Larremore came to the rescue. "I am so sorry you didn't bring your daughter to see me. I hear she's so pretty. Is she in society yet?"

"She's eighteen."

"I mean shall you launch her next winter?"

"I dislike the word," said Mrs. Hyatt Titus. "I am rather afraid of society. I think it pernicious."

"Ah, well," said Mrs. Larremore, "how ever are the girls to get husbands, then? How can the men see them if they don't go out?"

"Surely, Mrs. Larremore, you would not have a girl go out looking for a husband?"

"Well, I don't know. Ah! here comes tea. Will you have cream? Yes? And sugar? Here, Brownie, give me the sugar-tongs. I think they might be doing worse things. Quiet girls nowadays don't seem to have any chance. It's the frivolous ones who make the good matches."

"I hope to keep my daughter," said Mrs. Hyatt Titus, with dignity, "as long as possible."

"I am sure she has only to show herself to be a success," said Mrs. Larremore.

"She's a lovely girl," said the mother; "or at least we think so."

"She must come and see me," said Mrs. Larremore.

She leaned over as she spoke and reached towards a rose-colored silk pouch or bag which lay near by, and which she drew towards her. It was filled with tobacco-leaf. By its side lay a lot of transparent leaves of rice-paper. Deftly with her long, jewelled fingers



she began to fill these with the herb, and then twisted them with a charming jerk into little rolls. She blew upon the folded edges, gave them a final pat, and, as she completed each cigarette, with a graceful gesture she threw them at the different men who were present, and who were drawn up about her tea-table. One cigarette fell and splashed into a cup, and there was applause and laughter. Mrs. Hyatt Titus, still sitting on the edge of her chair, looked on.

"Won't you have a light?" asked one of the young men, a handsome fellow with thick, curly brown hair.

"Thanks, yes," said Mrs. Larremore, and she began to smoke. "I suppose you have not this bad habit?" she said to Mrs. Hyatt Titus, smiling.

But Mrs. Hyatt Titus was voiceless, and her tongue felt parched. She could only shake her head.

"Take some cake, do," said her hostess, passing the plate towards her visitor.

"Help yourself first, Mrs. Larremore."

"I'm fat; I can't eat sweets. I'm banting."

"Fat! Why, you look to me unusually slender."

"Oh, that's only the result of force."

"Force?"

"Not my own; my maid's," said Mrs. Larremore, laconically. "She pulls me in."

"Are you not afraid of injuring your health?" asked Mrs. Hyatt Titus.

"There was a post-mortem the other day on some girls, and their . . . er . . . livers . . . and hearts . . . were quite out of place; on the wrong side of 'em, in fact," said the young gentleman with curly brown hair, "all lop-sided."

"Heavens!" said Mrs. Larremore. "I'll take a reef out after dinner. You frighten me, Gussie."

Mrs. Hyatt Titus blushed.

"Talking of post-mortems," continued Mrs. Larremore, leaning back and blowing rings of light smoke from between her pink gums and white teeth, "I see the murdered man there's been such a row about was cut open, and there was a lot of ground glass found in his stomach."

"The question is," said the curly-headed youth, "who put it there."

"It is impossible," said Mrs. Larremore, "to always fathom how these foreign substances get into the organism, but the lawyers say, and they think they know everything, that there is no doubt the wife put it there. Only fancy! A woman one used to visit! Isn't it quite horrid!"

"The *Times* this morning," said the earl, "has it she used to chuck his soup full of it."

"At any rate," said Mrs. Larremore, "it was there: that is the important thing. And to think that woman went to the bachelors' ball! Of course we really must draw the line somewhere; don't you think so, Mrs. Hyatt Titus?" but this lady was still dumb.

She was beginning to think that there was a moral and social dis-

integration in progress, of which she did not hold the secret, the throbbing of whose pulses she had as yet but feebly imagined. She was advancing hap-hazard, without map or charts, into new, untried deserts. Was her innocent child to be hurled into their unknown and arid quicksands?

Yet, strangely enough, these people, this woman, these men, who spoke so lightly of such terrible things, had a certain ease and poise about them that made her feel herself inferior to them, unimportant, out of place. Was this always the effect, she asked herself, of vulgarity over refinement? It was pleasant to reflect that she would by and by pay other visits to other neighbors, as soon as she might effect an escape, where the tone was never lax and her own superiority was recognized.

She was rising to take leave, when, to her amazement, her husband was ushered into the Club drawing-room.

"I saw your carriage, my dear, as I passed returning from the station," he said to his wife, apologetically, "and so I came in to pay my respects to Mrs. Larremore.—I have long known your husband," he added, addressing this lady.

They all sat down once more. Mrs. Larremore threw away her cigarette.

Mr. Titus had a twig in his hand upon which an obese green caterpillar was disporting itself. It had round eyes and a face like a man, —some men.

"This is the Polyphemus. I could not resist stopping to pick it off the tree as I drove into the gate. It's a fine specimen."

"What an odd fellow he is!" said Mrs. Larremore; "and how clever you must be to know all about him!"

"He's a duffer," said the earl.

Carlyle and caterpillars were one to him.

The naturalist launched out into a lecture upon butterflies, moths, and insects in general, to which Mrs. Larremore listened luminously, in an absorbed and rapt attitude.

"You must come again and instruct us. We are very dull about these natural wonders here. Would that I might sit at your feet!" she said, and she looked into Mr. Hyatt Titus's fishy eyes with a tender beam aslant her own half-shut lids. Then she turned and addressed the young men:

"What loafers you are, to be sure," she said, "and how ashamed you should be of your ignorance and your indolence! Why don't you go out and look for . . . er . . . caterpillars?"

"What a beautiful and charming person!" said Mr. Hyatt Titus when he was seated in the carriage next to his spouse. "She is really quite a goddess in appearance." His wife looked at him amazed. She had never heard such a flight of fancy from his lips before.

"I thought her extremely flippant," she answered, dryly.

"She seems serious enough," said Mr. Hyatt Titus, "and evinces an unusual interest in the natural sciences for a female."

"Before you came in she was quite flippant, quite,—and even worse," said his wife, belligerent.

"Oh, my dear, I'm afraid we're old fogies." And that was all the consolation offered.

Mrs. Larremore and her friends were laughing heartily.

"Poor little lady! How she swallowed my story about lacing! I wanted to astonish her, and I think I succeeded. It was very wicked of me. As to that nasty scandal, it completely paralyzed her. Well, it is upsetting. But tell me, Muriel dear, how ever are you and these prigs cousins?"

The victoria rolled around the beach to the Hatches'. Mrs. Hatch was sitting in the corner of a low divan, and Mr. Hatch was lying upon it at full length, with his head in his wife's lap. She was smoothing his hair with her white fingers,—that hair which had once been so golden and was now dulling into grayness. Now and then he looked up at her lovingly, and she rewarded him with one of those radiant smiles in which there still lurked for him an element of fascination.

"Here come the Highty Tightys," she said.

"Oh, bother!" said Mr. Hatch, irreverently.

Then the cousins arrived and the greetings were exchanged.

"We've just seen your Muriel," said Mrs. Hyatt Titus, settling herself.

Mr. and Mrs. Hatch looked at each other and smiled.

"Yes; she went over to the Club to take tea with Mrs. Larremore."

"A lovely woman," said Mr. Hatch.

"She's a great success," said Mrs. Hatch. "If your girl's going out next winter you ought to cultivate her."

"Do you?" asked Mrs. Hyatt Titus, abruptly.

"Why, Martha, how can we cultivate any one? We don't attempt much gayety for the children. There are too many of them. You know we leave them here most of the year. But with your girl it will be different."

"She would only have to show herself," said Mrs. Hyatt Titus, repeating Mrs. Larremore's words.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Hatch. "It is well to have no illusions about these things. The big city is a horrible maelstrom."

Just then Crummy gave a loud war-whoop. After innumerable failures, he had at last succeeded in lassoing the cat. He came up on the piazza leaving a trail of wet mud in his wake, and dragging his victim behind him.

"We're going to play at the French Relovution to-morrow. There's to be an execootion, and this cat's got to die," he explained. "Sister May-Margaret says she'll make me a gibbetine."

The cat spluttered and her eyeballs protruded from their sockets, but when he released her, upon his father's command, she came back for more, whining. Master Wace would have been too wise, but this was a silly feminine thing which had wandered over from the next place.

"How are you, Crummy, my dear?" asked his cousin Martha, suavely. She disliked him thoroughly for an unmannered, unwashed, disagreeable little cub.

But Crummy, who was still practising his blood-curdling lesson, did not deign to answer.

"Mummy, can I go in swimming?"

"Why, you just came out," said his papa.

"How long ago did you eat?" asked his mother.

"I had lemon pie at the servants' supper," said Crummy.

He had read the story of Ananias and Sapphira, and he was a God-fearing if a dirty little boy.

"Then you can't go in," said his mother.

Then Crummy set up a wail, and had to be consoled and cajoled and given a puff-ball which belonged to his sister May-Margaret, and which she had expressly hidden from him under the piazza trellis-work, but which she now volunteered to bestow upon him if he would only stop screaming and be a good boy once more.

During this process of pacification Mr. Hatch, entirely undisturbed, began to discourse on a new criticism of Senancourt which he had just been reading aloud to his wife.

"He breathed," said Mr. Hatch, "the air of high mountains and fragrant forests. He escaped the heat and glare of practical day, and leads one to contemplative repose. So says this critic, and he is right. It is a relief from that *vulgaire des sages* whose commonplaces De Senancourt so abhorred, and from which he was himself so free."

He wandered then to speak of the English poets of the last generation, of Byron, that meteoric creature consumed with the fevers of life, whose lot was cast among spent activities, and he gave his visitors a dissertation upon his merits and demerits.

"Darling," whispered his wife, leaning against his shoulder, "I like to hear you talk."

"Now you must tell the cousins our news," said Mr. Hatch, smiling at his wife, dismissing Senancourt and Byron in a trice, as men of the world alone know how to do.

"Yes, we have a great piece of news," said Mrs. Hatch.

May-Margaret looked up from her occupation, that of pulling Layamon's tail, and said, in her soft drawl,—

"Guess, Cousin Martha. It's very interesting. We're all wildly excited."

But Cousin Martha had no taste for riddles, and could not guess.

Then they were told that Muriel was engaged to be married to Willie Truden.

"Martha is an admirable woman, even a strong woman," said Mrs. Hatch, as the Hyatt Tituses drove away, "but she has not the gift of sympathy. She took our news coldly."

"And her girl's just like her," said Mr. Hatch. "Not *simpatica*,—not to me, at least. They were born hard."

Mrs. Titus thought life in fact rather hard as she crunched off in her low, easy conveyance. Muriel! Was it possible! Well, why not? On their silent homeward drive tacitly she and her husband ignored the subject. But Mrs. Hyatt Titus realized that the strength of a desire is not gauged until it has been frustrated. How rounded, how perfect is the wish which has become hopeless! It is the same with

love. Its frenzy lies in its denials. Fate is cruel; and it is not given to all to cry, "Though he slay me, yet will I praise him."

Mrs. Hyatt Titus was a "wife and mother." Her acquaintances were never left in doubt as to that fact. But of the magnetic currents that sway the destinies of men and women, of the blind forces that control them, of the scars and jars and jangles of human motive, she knew as little as the lively kitten which ran under her rocking-chair to catch her ball of worsted, or as the rows of splendid cabbages that adorned the kitchen-garden behind the terraced walk.

She paid no more visits that afternoon.

#### CHAPTER IV.

**M**ISS HYATT TITUS had on one of her most æsthetic gowns, and was carrying a tinted cream-and-gold edition of *Æschylus* in one hand,—how she loathed it all, except the binding!—as she stepped across the lawn to meet Mrs. Larremore, who, followed by the Earl of Brownlow, walked in at the gate. Mrs. Larremore was flushed and rather tired.

Fighting fat was all very well, if one had the man of one's heart beside one to tell one that it had been fought to some purpose. But this lubberly Englishman, this "Brownie," was not complimentary, not even amusing; appallingly dull, in fact. When he opened his big mouth at all to a woman it was generally to vaunt the charms of some absent one. On this occasion

his enthusiasm had found vent in extolling the loveliness of Muriel Hatch. Mrs. Larremore was becoming a little sick of it. She wondered how it would seem to belong to that large and long-suffering class of women who accept this sort of pabulum as their every-day ration; who are talked to by men about other women's attractions, who climb mountains with other women's lovers, are rowed about lakes by sporadic males in flannel shirts, simply as ballast and nothing more, fasten on other girls' veils and *bouquets de courage* for them, stand about on side-walks while their friends pass on coaches, and, what is worse, are sunk in such an apathy of dreariness that they do not even fathom the horror of their situation.

Miss Hyatt Titus invited them to sit under the trees while she called her mamma, but Mrs. Larremore expressed herself surfeited with heat and glare after this exercise imposed upon herself for the conservation of her figure's lines, and said she would prefer to go into the house. Here in a moment Mrs. Hyatt Titus joined her, and the daughter of the house, looking coyly up at the young Englishman from under her long lashes, suggested to this gentleman a walk in the garden.

Mrs. Larremore, having been given a fan, had soon regained her elegant composure in the dim freshness of a pleasant drawing-room. Some glasses of lemonade were brought in.

"Is there sugar?" asked Mrs. Larremore. "I must take it very sour, on account of my banting." Her heightened color only added to her beauty.

So thought Mr. Hyatt Titus, who, to his wife's surprise, not only did not endeavor to escape, as was his wont when visitors were announced, but came in and established himself in a large arm-chair in close proximity to Mrs. Larremore's skirts.

"This is the Luna moth of which I spoke to you," said he, handing a tiny twig with a worm sitting upon it to the "goddess."

"What an old idiot, with his Luna!" thought Mrs. Larremore. But she smiled sweetly, and, leaning forward, took the thing in her hands.

She was not afraid of worms or of mice or of men. That sort of squeamishness has gone out of date. But she did not care much for natural history, except, indeed, such as the realistic novelists afforded her. She leaned forward and asked questions intently, as if the Luna was the key-note of her aspiration, the long-sought-for problem of a wasted career.

She did not twist cigarettes to-day, nor allude to her tight lacing. Her movements were easy and rhythmical in raiment of lace and mull which lent itself clingingly to her plastic poses. Her converse, indeed, was soft and seemly, and her manners, like her dress, perfect. Yet Mrs. Hyatt Titus was uneasy in her presence. She had that vague sense of disapproval which had haunted her before, and which seemed to rob her of her powers of speech. She found herself—and she took pride in speaking the purest English—awkward in her words, involved in her sentences, and even at times growing ungrammatical. Mrs. Larremore's pervasive, nervous vitality was simply too much for her own, and she finally collapsed into long silences.

Her husband, on the contrary, seemed peculiarly exhilarated. He talked incessantly, and, she noticed, really appeared to very unusual advantage. He took Mrs. Larremore about to show her his pictures and books, his museum of curiosities, the lady swaying after him gracefully, trailing her delicate draperies. "Cleverly done! Exquisite! A fine bit of foreground! Most instructive!"—she murmured, as the occasion might warrant, while the hostess brought up the rear in her short, round frock which the laundress seemed to have stupidly overstarched for the occasion. And by and by they stepped out across the lawn to see the chickens,—wonderful fowls that had



won no end of prizes and honorable mentions,—and Mrs. Larremore actually looked at and extolled them.

In the mean while the earl was being dragged by his fair companion farther away over the Hyatt Titus property, and as she dragged him she managed to bother him a good deal about *Æschylus*.

"He was fifty-three when he took his first prize for the Persians, you know," she said.

"You don't say!" said the earl. "It seems rather old, doesn't it?"

"It proves," said Miss Hyatt Titus, encouragingly, "that it is never too late to improve one's self. One may learn . . . one may succeed . . . late."

"I should say that was rather slow, though, eh?" said the earl, with an attempt at jocularity, and falling over at the same moment a concealed stump. He picked up a large foot and began to nurse it.

"Take care you don't fall," said Miss Hyatt Titus. "There are lots of these stumps in this pine copse."

"They're damned . . . er . . . I beg your pardon . . . unpleasant," said the earl, again stubbing his toes. "Why don't you have them . . . er . . . removed?"

"There's so much to be done on such a large domain," said Violet.

The place of sixty acres did not, however, seem to greatly dazzle the Earl of Brownlow, who drove twenty miles from his gate at Draco Towers to the portals of his home, and who had several other estates of almost similar proportions; nor did the tiny glass houses through which his young hostess propelled his bulkiness startle a young gentleman accustomed to miles of graperies and palm-houses. He made no allusion, however, to any of his possessions. But everything that the girl had and knew, had not and did not know, was made to dance in his honor.

When they returned to the house, Mr. Hyatt Titus, who seemed in high good humor, again, to the amazement of his women, was cordial to the stranger, and even invited him to come and pass a few days.

"Thanks awfully. I'm off for the Rockies," said the earl.

"When you come back, then," said the man of affairs to the man of pleasure.

"I'd like it immensely," said the earl.

Then Mrs. Hyatt Titus chimed in, and the time was fixed for six weeks later.

"What in the world," said Mrs. Larremore to him later on their way home, "possessed you to accept that invitation? Those people would put me under the sod in three days, with their 'culture' and their chickens. Why will superficial undigested culture always howl and roar when the real assimilated article slips about silently and unobtrusively? Did the child drag you about to see the chickens, too? My brother-in-law raises chickens at his place. To me chickens all look exactly alike. They're very tiresome. But one can never tell about these things. He insists there are enormous differences. It may be so. The girl's picturesque," continued Mrs. Larremore, "but she's disappointing."



"She worries one awfully," said the earl.

"I can well imagine, Brownie, that the æsthetic literary is not your type."

She did not ask him what his type was, nor look up at him coquetishly. It was quite useless. There was no use in wasting one's shot. Well, no matter. Consolation was coming up in the 4.10 boat that night.

"I think the Hatch girls are jolly."

"There are a great many of them."

"I like Muriel," said the earl.

"Ah! Of course. You like Muriel, man-like, because she's mortgaged."

"Do you think she cares for the fellow, Mrs. Larremore?" Brownlow's face gloomed.

"Who can tell anything about girls?" said Mrs. Larremore, sighing. And then she added, with

that distinct taste  
which possessed  
don't you stay and  
yourself, Brownie?"

The earl's heavy  
ened as he turned to

"Now you chaff

The Hyatt Tit  
dinner-party. It  
of Muriel Hatch  
Truden. Miss Hyatt  
ered her cousin with  
lations, affection,  
Willie Truden was  
its. But Muriel's  
dark blue eyes had  
a sombre, strange  
expression in their  
depths, and her  
laughing mouth  
was almost stern.  
Arriving a little  
late, she explained,  
somewhat flustered,  
that the Earl of Brownlow had

MURIEL.

come to say good-by to them all, and that she had not noticed the hour.

"He's coming to stop with us when he returns," said her cousin, in a disengaged manner, but with a secret toss of triumph.

"That will be just in time for the wedding," said Willie Truden.

"Is it to be so soon?" asked Mrs. Titus, suavely.

"Just as soon as ever Muriel's willing," said Willie Truden, ardently. "I'll be on hand, you may be certain."

But Muriel still said nothing.

It was just two weeks before the wedding-day that the earl returned. He was landed with his traps, his tub, his valise, his boxes, his bag, his shawls and his umbrellas, his hat-boxes, his rifle, his fishing-tackle, on the Hyatt Titus piazza steps. One or two girls and a couple of young men had been found and pressed into service as a nucleus to the house-party invited to welcome him. But I may as well say at once that on this visit, which lasted ten long days, the Brownlow escutcheon did not cover itself with glory,—this visit, for which Miss Titus had provided herself with three new frocks, four new hats, and, oh, with what dreamings!

Very early every morning Draco carried himself, or had himself carried, across the lake, and remained until twilight fell at the house of Hatch. In vain Miss Hyatt Titus asked him to join this or that picnic or party, organized before his arrival for his especial benefit, ramped in fury up and down the length and breadth and silence of her own bed-chamber, bullied her mother when she caught her alone on the back stairs, or came down smiling sweetly into the arena where women must meet friend and foe alike with unruffled calm and accept mortification with a serene front.

Once only did the earl consent to join one of these excursions, and this was upon an occasion when Muriel Hatch was of the party. Her *fiancé* had gone up to town that day to look to some final arrangements for the wedding which was drawing nigh. The excursion led them across the sand-spit. They were to drive in half a dozen vehicles, then to embark in various sailing-craft, and after an hour's sail the pleasure-seekers would be landed upon a wild, lonely shore. Here would be found lots of surf, sand, and rock, and a wooden structure with a pavilion which pushed itself seaward, and under whose green-and-white awnings soft-shell crabs and roasted clams were served up in specially toothsome fashion to such persons as needed refection.

It was too soon for luncheon when they landed, so the party scattered in twos and threes, mostly twos, and wandered off to the rocks. Miss Hyatt Titus made a dab for Brownlow as a matter of vanity, for she was beginning to hate him. But, heavy as he was, he managed to elude her rather cleverly, and was soon walking off under the fluttering guidance of Muriel Hatch's pink petticoat. She wore a jaunty sailor-hat with a rose-colored ribbon about it. The wind was in her wavy brown hair. She seemed very lovely and very desirable to the young Englishman. He lounged by her side through the damp sand which the receding tides had left encrusted with shiny pebbles and gaudy shells; her narrow foot and his broad one left prints behind them into which the water rose darkling.

"I say," said the earl, "aren't you tired? Let me swing you up here."

So saying, he seized the girl's hands and drew her up by his side on the ledge of rocks which they had reached, and behind which they found the waves lashing themselves into fervor.

"It's splendid here," said Muriel, drawing in her breath quickly. "I like this spray cutting my face. It gives one courage."

"Is that what you want, courage?" said the earl, looking at her very hard. "You're plucky enough, I fancy."

"I shall need it all, all the courage I have. But not for what you believe," said Muriel.

"I don't know what to believe."

"Promise me you'll not think ill of me, whatever happens."



THE PROPOSAL.

"How can I think ill of you, when . . ."

Muriel put a finger on her lip. "Take care," she said.

"I'm perfectly miserable," said the earl.

"I have a secret to tell you, my friend," said Muriel, solemnly.

"May I intrust it to your honor?"

"That's all right," said the earl, shaking his head.

"I shall never marry Willie Truden," said Muriel, solemnly.

"I say!" said the earl.

"Never, never! It's been a horrible mistake. Horrible! You may as well know it,—I'm going to run away."

"Where shall you go?" eagerly, edging a little nearer.

But Muriel drew away from him, keeping him at some distance.

"I know not; probably to San Francisco, or perhaps to Greece. I

may try to get a place as a governess or a type-writer, or something like that," said Muriel, "or else I shall go on the stage. My family will hear of me no more forever. I shall be lost to them."

"Oh, Muriel! take me with you," said the earl, growing crimson, "for I love you."

"Oh!" said Muriel.

"I adore you! You're the darlinest girl I ever saw."

"That's what you said of my cousin that first night in the boat."

"I said that of your cousin? I never said it: I never thought it. What! That silly little girl?"

"Yes, you did; and she's never silly. That's what's the matter with her."

"I must have been thinking about you. I was crazy then already, wretched. I didn't know what I was about."

If this was one of those perjuries at which the gods laugh, Muriel, being a mortal maiden, swallowed it.

"Will you really help to save me from my revolting fate?" she asked, tragically.

The revolting fate was indulging in shrimps and a glass of port at Delmonico's at that very moment; considered as an epitome of an unhappy destiny, he certainly looked mild enough.

"I'll carry you off this very minute to the city and we'll be married to-night by the first parson we meet, if you'll only say you love me, Muriel."

"I worship you!" said Muriel.

"Then Willie Truden can go to the devil," said the earl.

"As fast as ever he chooses. There are so many of us; I thought it would be a good thing for the others. But . . . I can't," said Muriel, a little wildly, inebriated, no doubt, by the sharp air and her new lord's bold methods.

"I found," she continued, raising her head and looking at him, "that I liked you best."

"Oh, my beauty! Give me your lips," said Draco, with Homeric simplicity and fire.

"No," said Muriel. "Never. Here is my hand."

He took and wrung her thin brown fingers in his pink ones. She had shaken off Truden's large diamond—she would have called it the insignia of her slavery—into her top drawer that morning, and wore for all adornment on her littlest finger a jagged silver circle cut out of a ten-cent piece by Master Crummy.

But, like Canute, the lover cannot stop the waves of life, and a moment later their young lips had met and clung. It was a salt caress, for the sea had kissed them first, leaving behind its taste of ardent brine.

The first physical touch is the abyss in which many an ideal has foundered. There are kisses that seal a man's freedom, as there are those which rivet his bondage. Mary Hatch and her poet-husband had distilled in the veins of their offspring some drop of flame, fused of their own loving. It seemed all concentrated to-day in Muriel's breath of roses.

"I'm the happiest man on earth," said the earl, drinking of its sweetness with rapt fervor. "You're just too perfectly lovely, you know."

"What will our . . . families say?" said Muriel, settling her hat.

How horrid Truden had seemed to her! She never would sit and talk to him through their brief betrothal unless her mother were in the room and the library table between them, and here . . . !

"Oh, hang the families! I've only my sister, and she's got nothing to say on the subject; and as to yours—well, if they cut up rough we'll arrange it all when . . . when we get back."

"Yes, . . . let us forget everybody," said Muriel, still a little intoxicated by the winds and waves of this new sea,—“it's so . . . so delicious here.”

"Yes," said the earl, "perfectly delicious."

"And I don't know why," said Muriel, "but it's being wrong seems to make it nicer, sweeter, dearer, doesn't it?"

Ah, Muriel! daughter of Eden! The hot sun flooded their young hearts.

"It isn't wrong," said the young man, his brow irradiated by his adoration. "It's the other thing that was criminal, don't you see?"

"I don't know," said Muriel, who had inherited analytical tendencies from her papa. "Can a thing be wrong if the motive is a high one?"

"That's rot, you know," said the more practical Briton, decidedly.

"But," said Muriel, dreamily, "it's such a strange experience of mine, when I do wrong I am not always conscious of God's displeasure. I still feel as if he loved me and would have a care for me in spite of all."

"Of course he loves you."

"I sometimes think," said Muriel, earnestly, "it is quite impossible there should only be room in his sight and his heaven for the narrow, tiresome, disagreeable, dull people who are called 'good,'—people like Cousin Martha, for instance. Don't you suppose he likes the others too,—they that are wider and wilder, though sometimes erring? Think what heaven will be like if the great and the brilliant, who are so often wayward, are to be shut out of it forever and forever! What do *you* think?"

"'Pon my honor, I've never thought about it at all, you know," said the earl. "There's a dear girl—I wouldn't bother."

A shadow fell over Muriel's beautiful face: it came of the first perceived lack of sympathy. Muriel's was not a nature to be filled easily. Her deep and restless heart marked her *d'avance* as one of those women who are to have a career in love and who are to be tossed on many breakers. But Muriel was a fine and healthy young creature who loved the sunshine with its glory and warmth, and the moment now sufficed.

The earl blinked his eyes like a young owl, blinded by the light in his own soul. On Muriel's horizon arose fugitive palaces and shadowy gardens where every dream and desire should be reached.

## CHAPTER V.

HAVING failed to capture the earl, Miss Highty Tightly had turned her mind towards smaller game. There was the new young clergyman. He had arrived to pay a parochial call, just as the battalion was wheeling off, and had weakly yielded to the entreaties of two somewhat neglected maidens, who brought up the rear of the procession in a species of go-cart, to climb in with them and join the procession. Miss Highty Tightly had smiled and called out from the head of the line, where she was marshalling her forces, that she would be "charmed" if he would do so.

It may be said here that this earnest young priest was much torn between a distinct desire to do his duty, to be ascetic, to be self-sacrificing,—he advocated the celibacy of the priesthood,—and strong natural proclivities to pleasure. He had a high appreciation of all the joys nature proffers, and, above all, that of *le haut parfum féminin*. This perfume was too much for him on this lovely summer's morning, and he swung himself up behind the go-cart with more alacrity than he would have cared to admit in the confessional.

It must be conceded, however, that persons who incessantly sacrifice their tastes and desires to others, and appear devoid of every form of egoism, have generally a low vitality, a certain lack of temperament, an indifference to the interests of their own destinies, which do not always spring from positively generous purposes. A healthy love of life is naturally selfish; if all selfish effort were criminal, the ponderous wheels of the earth's machinery would soon grow clogged. Fortunately, we need have no fear in this matter. The Father Damiens will remain forever exceptional creatures, before whom a world may well stand uncovered.

The new country parish of the Rev. Clement Parachute was made up largely, nay, almost exclusively, of city people, who had themselves driven up of a Sunday morning, in a variety of stylish equipages, dressed in smart summer bravery,—they usually arrived late,—and left an empty treasury and vacant pews behind them in the autumn. For this dispiriting atmosphere he hoped that the Hyatt Tituses would be found a tonic and a support. They were, he was told, the oldest inhabitants, and the stanchest church people. They were also the richest, which was more to the point. The young lady was, therefore, doubly interesting to him, not only as his hostess of to-day, but as a possible ally in his work of to-morrow. He strongly believed in attracting the younger and more ardent element. He was himself both young and ardent.

He was a thin, deep-eyed, narrow-chested fellow, burning with energy and ambition, a trifle reckless of consecrated opinion, intelligent, even possessing some talent, and of a romantic, warm disposition. Having failed to impress the earl, Miss Hyatt Titus decided to impress this ingenuous divine. Not being a young person of much imagination or resource, nothing better suggested itself to her than to "talk shop" to him,—in other words, to show the profoundest interest in the church,

in the parochial work, and the poor of the neighborhood. A pretty girl with a mauve parasol, who hangs on your words, and seems to consider "slumming" the end of existence, is not often too strictly analyzed by such a critic as the Reverend Clement Parachute. How could he fathom the vexation of his fair companion at the defection of that ill-bred lout the Briton, and the poignant resentment which Muriel Hatch's indiscreet behavior was, for some occult reason, stirring in her cousin's breast? "She is a bad girl," she was saying to herself; the thought was pleasant to her, and pregnant. Undoubtedly the house-fly, that commonplace member of every household, mistakes every spot on the table-cloth for an eclipse of the sun.

When she leaned to him smiling, he saw only a gleam of pretty teeth, and heard with pleasure her assurances that she would slum with him any day he might select or see fit; that, in fact, literary pursuits and "slumming" were the only occupations which pleased and gratified her. If she made these assurances in a somewhat *distracte* manner, it eluded the clergyman's spiritual perceptions.

Mrs. Larremore, in the mean while, was making the most of the "Consolation," who, in a pair of white duck trousers and a blue flannel jacket, was lying on the sands at her feet. This lady had vouchsafed to chaperon the party. She was passing a couple of days at the Club again, and had provided her own entertainment, with a proper degree of forethought. Mrs. Larremore was one of those women who pass to have a worse bark than bite; in other words, her laxity in conversation was her protection. There are simple souls who believe that still waters run deep. She therefore, notwithstanding one or two rather hazy moments in her career, always managed to emerge into the light of day with an untarnished escutcheon and flying colors. Her pulses were always cool; the sphygmograph would have been found superfluous to count their throbbings. She was now engaged in persuading the young gentleman at her feet, who was several years her junior, that it was advisable to marry a woman much older than one's self. She could not marry him now, because she was married already; but then one never knew what misfortune the future might present! "It is only the monstrous selfishness of the male," she was saying, "that requires a young creature to serve his brain-softening processes. All women of genius have treated themselves, late in life, to nice young husbands, and I think it was a proof of their wit. Even the dignity and certainty of talent requires companionship. All superiority creates a vacuum about it. Genius is isolation. Madame de Staël, the Duchess of Albany, Miss Mulock, Miss Thackeray, George Eliot, etc.,—clever women these."

"But how great a difference do you think there ought to be?" asked the "Consolation," anxiously.

"What are years where there is . . . er . . . love?" said the lady, with her eyes in the azure.

"Yes, yes, of course."

"To awaken the imagination, to touch the heart, that is everything."

"Yes, of course," sighed the "Consolation," with an elevated lyric eyebrow.



"Time robs us of all illusions, but establishes the decisions of nature, its impulses, its magnetic currents" . . . "hang it if I know what I'm talking about," thought Mrs. Larremore, who was not devoid of humor; but her adorer seemed impressed.

"What a clever woman you are!" he sighed, looking up at her.

"Depend upon it, the highest forms of admiration and of love are those gained in spite of something, under protest:" . . . "that is better; there is some wit in that," she reflected.

"I feel such a lout near you," said the "Consolation." "I am like a stupid, sluggish, straight canal, and you like a beautiful, sunlit, meandering river."

"Rather meandering, that is a fact," thought Mrs. Larremore.

"I find you an attractive fellow, you know," she said, brushing his hair with the lace of her sunshade. His silly heart turned over in his breast with a leap and a thump, and he leaned back and took a long look at her eyes, which were probably delightful to men because they were always free from blame or counsel. They could be pitiful, or flash with fun, but were rarely reproving, which was comforting.

So in idle babblings the day wore on, and by and by the party, a trifle sunbrowned and dishevelled, a little surfeited with winds and waves and each other, met again, and mounted into their respective equipages, and were driven homeward across the twilight.

But that evening there was a great cry in two households, for two of the party were among the missing: one was the stranger within the gates, and the other the pet lamb of a neighboring fold.

With her hair secured on a single hair-pin, and a fresh, crisp peignoir over her modest night-gown, Mrs. Titus sat on the edge of her daughter's bed, between whose fragrant sheets this coy damsel had just introduced herself.

"To-morrow," she said, sententiously, "to-morrow, after luncheon, your father and myself will have ourselves driven over to the Hatcheries. I must condole with your unfortunate cousin Mary upon her daughter's misconduct. I did not wish to intrude too soon."

"She will be a countess, and they say his country-houses are legion."

"Such horrible publicity!" gasped the mother; "the marriage in all the papers already, to-night, with frightful details! Well, Willie Truden has had a narrow escape."

"He will marry Audrey now; they are exactly suited. Oh, they will keep him!"

"I should think he would dread that family."

"They are not the kind that men dread," said the girl, raising her head from her pillow, upon her white arm; "and the sooner that is understood, the better."

Six months later Audrey did, in fact, lead her sister's jilted millionaire to the altar; and she has made him pay for the fact of not having been his first choice by the rapidity with which she assists him to scatter his ducats, her equipages and toilets having become, I am told, the talk of two continents.

Audrey is a thick-haired, strong-footed, muscular, ambitious young

person, with a fine figure. She sits in a carriage regally. She is far better suited to Willie Truden, who is not overburdened with brains, than the pleasure-loving, easy-going Muriel could ever have been.

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## CHAPTER VI.

THE Reverend Parachute and Miss Hyatt Titus started forth together on their errand of charity at eleven o'clock the following morn-

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ing. She mentioned to the young clergyman a certain Mrs. Deams who was supposed to be sufficiently poor and rheumatic to become an object of sympathy. Poverty in this neighborhood was a comparative term ; pauperism was unknown—everybody had jam and doughnuts for supper.

Mrs. Deams lived in a copse on the outskirts of the town. They

concluded to call upon her first. The new young rector had Mrs. Deams down on his books, but had not yet made her acquaintance. He found that his fair comrade had dressed herself expressly for the excursion. She had replaced the usual æsthetic fine fabrics of her choice by a gown cut from a material of dark and serious aspect and rather antiquated as to its mode. Her head was tied up in a bag of thick black veiling, and a sombre sunshade was held down low over her eyes.

They walked across the fields together, chatting a little stiffly, and less than twenty minutes brought them to the back of Mrs. Deams's property. A hole in the whitewashed fence could readily admit them into a small poultry-yard which adjoined the pig-sty, whose odors suggested that it had languished uncared for through a hot season. Across this unsavory morass a narrow footpath led to the well and up to the low front door with its honeysuckled porch. Just as they cleared the rail fence a man in the road spied Mr. Parachute and begged him to step out and speak with him for a moment. Miss Hyatt Titus was, therefore, left for a few minutes alone. She was standing undecided as to her next move, when a shrill voice accosted her from an upper window :

"Oh, Mary Jane, did you bring the letter?"

To this she naturally gave no response.

"Oh, Mary Jane," persisted the voice, querulously, "are ye going to answer me or no? Did ye bring the letter?"

"I am not . . . Mary Jane," ventured Miss Hyatt Titus.

"Lord ha' mercy on us, miss!" said Mrs. Deams. "You was dressed so plain. Who ever would ha' thought you was a real lady?" And with this ejaculation she drew her head into the house.

Our young lady's regret at the severity of her costume was balanced by the pleasure she felt that Mr. Parachute had not overheard the remark. He now joined her, and Mrs. Deams issued from the house. She was a jagged person, very tall, and dressed in a nondescript calico garment, somewhat soiled, which fell away straight from her sharp shoulders, innocent of shapeliness or of belting. On her scant hair she wore a sun-bonnet, from which protruded her gray, gaunt visage. Its most salient trait was a walrus tooth protruding from under her long upper lip. She hurried forward hospitably, passing the back of her hand and arm across her mouth; then, darting at her visitor, she cast a sinewy arm about her shrinking figure and imprinted a tusky embrace upon her recoiling cheek. She then shook hands for fully five minutes with a certain degree of violence with the young priest, while the girl was trying to reconcile herself to what was over, a philosophic wisdom only acquired through long and severe experience.

Mrs. Deams, having thus emphasized her welcome, ushered her guests into her best parlor, with a "I hope I see you both well." This apartment was not in very excellent order, but Mrs. Deams had one attribute of good breeding: she never cast discredit upon herself by apology. She therefore made no excuses either for her disordered rooms or for her negligent apparel. She was evidently bent upon entertaining her guests, and only wasted a few inevitable

moments in remarks upon health and weather. Almost immediately after they had settled themselves she rose and went to the mantel-piece, from whose encumberment she disengaged two photographs.

"Them's my two men," she said.

One was the portrait of a rough-hewn farmer dressed in his Sunday clothes, with a chin-beard and a shock of heavy gray hair; a man of about sixty. The other was that of a much younger person, with a dare-devil expression in his eyes, and broad shoulders. He looked like a clerk in some small city store out for his holiday; such a young gentleman as the village girls call "interesting," with a pathetic inflection upon the "rest."

"That is my old man," said Mrs. Deams. "He ain't pretty to look at, but he was a decent body for all that. His forehead was kind o' wrinkled, and he had bronkity, so as his voice sounded queer sometimes, as if it come out of a tunnel. And that's my second, and Lord ha' mercy on me for all the trouble he give me!"

"We heard you had to . . . er . . ."

Here Mr. Parachute felt called upon to exhale a sigh.

"I hadn't been with him six month," said Mrs. Deams, crisply, "when up comes another woman——"

"Dear me!" said Mr. Parachute.

"Yes, sir, that's so; and I a decent woman who'd always borne a good character and ain't a-going to damn her soul to please him or another. 'No,' says I, 'no other woman for me, . . . or him. I'm first an' last an' th' only one, or I'll know it.' So I jest turned him out and had him up for bigam' before you could turn your hand. Yes, sir! my papers is square, and he locked up for a twelvemonth. But laws ha' mercy! for all that he was a clean fellow, and nice-spoken, and I ain't a-going to say a word ag'in' him behind his back. Ain't he a pretty man?"

It was very evident which of her two ventures Mrs. Deams had found the most to her taste. She looked lovingly at the face of her betrayer, and with a sigh placed the two pictures side by side in front of the clock. It was only her wholesome fear of hell-fire which had driven her to the extreme measure of a separation.

And who shall deny the wholesomeness of fear? Mrs. Deams is not the only one it sways. The cultured, the strong, the powerful, also tremble. Fear moves the world, and it is well. In delicate souls it is that vague premonition of loss, of being shut out, away from all that made life sweet and good, that presage of a loneliness that is in itself the doom of deterioration, that sense of being cut off that wrings tears from the child whose mother refuses to smile. We all grope in these *tenebræ*. Our welfare is the result of this one motor which quickens more than it kills. Even a woman's beauty is the result of her sacrifices. Watch her at ball and supper. This draught of air will ruin her complexion: she avoids it. This pâté will increase her weight: "No, thank you!" The fear of consequences arrests the cup at the man's lips, protects faltering innocence. He who hesitates is generally . . . saved. He who prates of virtue for virtue's sake prates—and that is all. Why does a man work? Is it not in fear of poverty and pain?

or at best to ease the restlessness of a superfluous energy? Why does he rest? Is it not in dread of those lapses of the brain, that thought of its overwrought tension which whispers to him of impending catastrophe? Fear does more for us than hope. To the unimaginative joy is pale. Few have the temperament to have tasted of it deeply; of the poignancies of happiness or of pleasure they know naught. But some measure of suffering has been accorded to all. We all know that—God be praised: All hail, Our Lady of Suffering! the Angel of a Saint Teresa!

Violet sitting on a hard-backed chair began to think slumming a very poor sort of pastime. She asked about Mrs. Deams's rheumatism, which drew forth a realistic account of this lady's diseases, treated with that vigor and force which must always tend to diminish the refinement and the grace of life; and pervading all was the odor of the pig-sty! But Mrs. Deams, being American born, did not view her visitors' call as a work of philanthropy. She insisted on opening a jar of her best preserves; she brought out some jelly-cake for them, and thrust a bunch of honeysuckles into the girl's hand.

Soon the slummers found themselves in the road again. It was a dirty day, spitting rain; the road was muddy, and they concluded to put off their further evolutions until another morning, for slum on her petticoat did not suit this daughter of a New England mother. They were just turning in at the gate when Tim, the paralytic, came boldly along. He had been up to the big house to get his weekly pension. He was blatant as usual, and as noisy as a bull-calf at the sight of new victims. He stepped directly in front of them.

"Good-mornin', miss! Just seen your ma."

"Good-morning, Tim," blandly. "How are you?"

"Father's crosser'n cross," said Tim.

"I'm sorry to hear this, my good fellow," said Mr. Parachute, deprecatingly.

"Well, you see," said Tim, with a one-sided smile, "he ain't my father at all."

"Let us walk on," said Miss Hyatt Titus, hurriedly, who had heard Tim's history before. "You know he's quite silly."

But Mr. Parachute was on parochial duty bent, and felt that this matter should be investigated. "Have you an unhappy home, my good fellow?" he asked.

Now, it was very rarely that any one stopped long enough by the wayside to hearken to poor Tim's wrongs. He was a man of about thirty, with wild hair and a useless hand which had swung at his side for fifteen years. He could just manage to drag his limbs along; he spent most of his time upon the country roads, covering during the week a number of miles, back and forth, back and forth, from village to lake and lake to village. People threw him a kind word and gave him money now and then, but of listeners he had few, and Tim loved to talk and talk of himself. Most of his countrymen do, even when not infesters of the highways or paralyzed in their lower limbs. Americans strike the balance of their unselfish actions by the arrant egotism of their conversation.

"No," he now went on, overjoyed to have an audience; "he ain't my father."

"He isn't your father?" asked the candid rector, with a surprised intonation. "Why . . ."

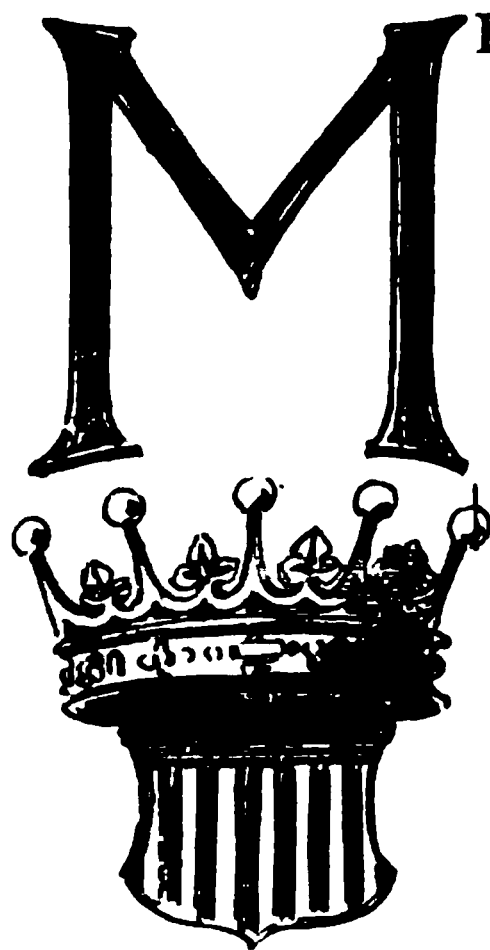
"Well, he ain't." Tim neared Mr. Parachute and winked one of his bleared eyes with a painful contraction. "I'm a come-by-chance: that's what they calls me."

He delivered himself of this cheerful announcement as if it had been a light pleasantry. Mr. Parachute flushed crimson under his wide-brimmed black hat, while his companion took the mud-puddle at one leap and hurried away under the dripping boughs.

"Good-by, good-by, my good fellow," said the clergyman, splashing after her. "Good-by. I'll see you another day. I cannot stop now."

Slumming with a very young girl was distinctly impracticable. Mr. Parachute added this one to his life's experiences. It is a pity that so many of our most useful lessons have to be learned in company!

## CHAPTER VII.



**M**R. HATCH had followed his flying couple, and had finally found them installed in what is called an up-town hotel. They were sitting together on the marble centre-table of their private drawing-room, eating buttered toast and drinking lemonade; upon their knees was extended a map of the universe, and they were planning their wedding journey. Muriel made one leap to the floor and in a moment had fallen upon her father's breast. She buried her pretty face in his blond beard and splashed a large tear there. Mr. Hatch had already assured himself that the Rev. Dr. Prendergast had tied the knot irrevocably, the night before, in the presence of two serious and competent witnesses.

"How could you so treat us, my daughter?" he said, disengaging himself from her clinging fingers. "Have you ever had reason to think your mamma or I would force you into a hateful marriage?"

To his son-in-law he was very cold, only nodding to him distantly. The earl himself was extremely red and sheepish.

Muriel hung her head. "No, papa," she said.

"Yet you have behaved as if you did. And you, sir, how dare you so basely repay our hospitality? It was abominable!"

"I'm awfully sorry, I'm sure," said the earl. "But you see . . ."

"Dear papa," said Muriel, "forgive us! I did think it was so romantic."



Then her father tried to look very savage, but his girl, who knew him well, fancied she detected a gleam of amusement in his eyes, and the little imp was not slow to take advantage. An hour later the three were breakfasting together,—and Mr. Hatch's appetite was better than that of the lovers.

It was upon his return, and just after a long communion between himself and his wife, when all had been explained, discussed, adjusted, accepted, that Cousin Martha whirled up to the door upon her visit of condolence.

It was Saturday, and Crummy had been tortured into a clean shirt which he had visibly outgrown, and was standing at his mother's knees in the drawing-room, committing his Sunday-school lesson to memory.

"And the Lord opened the mouth of the ass, and she said unto Balaam, What have I done unto thee?"

"And the Lord opened the ear of the ass," repeated Crummy, with a wandering window-ward eye.

"My son, will you pay attention?" said his mamma. "If you do not you will have to be severely punished."

"And the Lord said—there's a carriage and pair," said Crummy.

In a moment Mrs. Hyatt Titus had crossed the threshold. "How are you, Mary? How do you do, Crumbar?"

"Thank you, I am pretty well," said Crumbar, delighted with the interruption. Then he took the opportunity of delivering himself of what was uppermost in his mind.

"Sister Muriel's skipped off with the Englishman," he said.

Cousin Martha closed her eyes and opened them again very slowly. She looked significantly at Mrs. Hatch, as much as to say, "Shall you not send this child away, or at least reprove him?"

But Mrs. Hatch was one of those women who rarely respond to expectation. She aggravatingly did neither.

She did release him, however, from his lesson, and he found his way to the window, where he amused himself killing mosquitoes, enlivening this ferocious occupation with frequent war-whoops of triumph.

"Your daughter's misconduct . . ." began Mrs. Hyatt Titus—

"We will not talk of it, please," said Mrs. Hatch, rather sharply.

"I am glad, dear Mary, that you can dismiss it. There are people who rally more quickly than others from such blows."

"I don't think I understand you," said Mrs. Hatch.

"A marriage begun under such auspices seems to have so little promise of solidity,—is such a poor preparation to the wife and mother. Where principle does not enter into a tie which is the most sacred . . ."

"Oh, fol de rol!" said Mrs. Hatch.

"Why! why! Mary!"

"I say 'fol de rol!'" said Mrs. Hatch. "To be a wife and mother is all very well; but one must be one's self first."

"Oh, of course, if you can joke about it I have nothing further



to say. We have felt the deepest sympathy, but I imagine it is misplaced."

"Who is joking? Any one would suppose, from the way you talk, that our Muriel was a lost girl. She has some individuality."

Cousin Martha again closed her eyes. It seemed this time as if her lids would never rise again.

"I heard that Dr. Prendergast,—of course I had heard that—Dear me, Mary! how shocking!"

"What is so shocking?"

"Why, why, the things you accuse me of, and your ideas of marriage too. I must say, Mary, you and I don't agree on these matters."

"It is not necessary that we should."

"These Englishmen are so fond of sport, of pleasures in which a truly feminine woman cannot join."

"Fond of pleasure? Well, if he wants pleasure I hope my son-in-law will get it. There's nothing so good for the digestion."

"You laugh at everything. To me there is nothing more beautiful than a union entered into with proper seriousness: two persons going down the hill of life together, with *mutual* interests, hand in hand . . ."

"Really! To me married middle life always looks a little bit bleak. I tell Hatch it is almost time we were not seen so much together. He is always for hanging to my skirts. When one begins to roll down a hill, don't you think, Martha, it's better to take opposite sides? It gives one more breathing-space."

The lady addressed pursed her lip. "Oh, of course, if you refuse to be in earnest."

"Never was more so in my life. I am thinking of dividing the children into parts and making Hatch a present of the half of them. I'll take the little ones. They're less trouble for an old woman. What does a man want an ugly old woman about for?"

"What's this you are discussing?" inquired Mr. Hatch, looming in.

He came over and kissed his wife's fingers. "Take her away," she managed to whisper to him.

Mr. Hatch contrived to patch up some kind of a truce. He suggested that they should adjourn under the trees. The tea was there already getting cold. May-Margaret perched upon the wall, and by her side sat Mr. Parachute. The blue evening was in her hair, paling its gold; her features had taken on tints milky as alabaster. Under her feet was the lapping water. The wavelets shimmered limpidly through their mosses' fringe of tangled verdure, like gentle eyes beneath trembling lashes. They made a delicious symphony, soft as a refrain of the *langue d'Oyl*:

Ceste est la belle Aliz;  
Ceste est la flur, ceste est le lis.

May-Margaret was devouring a piece of cake, eating as prettily as the celebrated Madame Eglantine. A bird overhead was executing a foolish trill in the flame of a dying day. A last sun-ray fell on the

girl's forehead; the night lay beneath her eyelids. Her breath was as sweet as the spring woods. She was a beautiful pagan image of health and youth, one of those maidens who, one felt, might develop into a woman of exquisite caresses and redoubtable angers.

The Hatch girls were not "plain sailing." This was positive. It was borne in upon the young priest thirsting for sacrifice, for ascetic renunciation, for great and transcendent aims, upon his fervent soul whose only bride should have been the altar. Yet this mystery of feminine loveliness at whose feet he sat,—was it forever to remain a mystery to him? Should he never quaff it, make it his?—never? never? There stirred within him that vague longing to taste of that double existence, of that new thing, so full of doubts, of dangers, of suspicions, yet also of ineffable sweetnesses and pardons. Yet he would not for the world have touched her hand.

And that other maiden, pretty but prim, who had "slummed" with him, had awakened not one of these dreams and these fantasies. When she had left him he had been cold: why? May-Margaret sitting on her stone wall, eating her cake, and declaring that she hated slumming and never went into the poor man's cot, seemed to him far more alluring.

Having finished her cake, she fell again to pulling Layamon's tail, which seemed her favorite pastime of a summer's afternoon, but she did it with so much vivacity and elegance that the young clergyman was convinced that even a dog's tail might be pulled to some purpose.

Mr. Hatch, under the influence of his tea, was discoursing genially: "Of course high virtues are the most natural sources of our admiration. Yet all grandeur arrests us. The splendid conqueror, even the daring conspirator, of whom we do not approve, charms and holds our imagination. What one reveres is force, that contempt of public opinion, of selfish interest, of danger, of death."

Here Crummy and a large boulder became detached from the top of the wall and fell twelve feet into the water. There was a cataclysm. Crummy yelled, struggled, righted himself, and was extricated by Mr. Parachute, with the aid of an opportune fish-pole. He came up riding the pole with a hurrah, covered with black mud-slime, and had to be immediately banished, not before, however, he had enthusiastically kissed his mother's cheek and left his mark upon its edge. He left his mark, indeed, all the way up the stairs.

"What appeals to the imagination," said Mr. Parachute, "is, of course, not only beauty and grandeur in action, but all novelty."

"I care not for feature, I'm sure to discover  
Some exquisite trait in each new one you send;  
But the fondness wears off as the novelty's over:  
I want a new face for an intimate friend,"

hummed May-Margaret.

"Ah! strength! strength! That's what one craves now in art, in literature," continued Mr. Hatch, following his train of thought,—  
"another cup of tea, dearest,—that is what the world asks to-day!

And the public is, after all, the supreme judge to which our last plea must be taken."

"Surely the public itself is often very perverted," ventured Mrs. Titus.

"The public has a lot of common sense," said Mrs. Hatch, "and that must always be applied to a judgment even of the arts. When I say the public I mean the intelligent people: I don't mean the mob which howls and pelts what it cannot understand."

"But surely their taste must be elevated, educated?"

"I don't know. Yes, perhaps, but not too highly. The hypercritical are so tiresome. You talk of strength, dear," said Mrs. Hatch, turning to her husband, "but strength of fist, which used to make a reputation for chivalry, methinks nowadays would only lead a man to the gallows."

"What do you call taste, Mr. Hatch?" asked Mr. Parachute.

"Why, of course, the power of judgment. Genius alone executes. How few have either! To touch the heart; that is alone the secret of the applause of a large public. There is nothing like the crude but vivifying efflux of the multitude. I call it the essence of humanity. I like that large heartiness whose savor we breathe only in the crowd."

"Yes," murmured Mrs. Hatch, "that is the secret which pleases all ages: kinship of the heart."

The clergyman's confused revery kept up its undercurrent through the superficial converse. It struck a diapason whose tones and semitones were full of puzzling thoughts, arresting problems,—and May-Margaret so sweetly near!

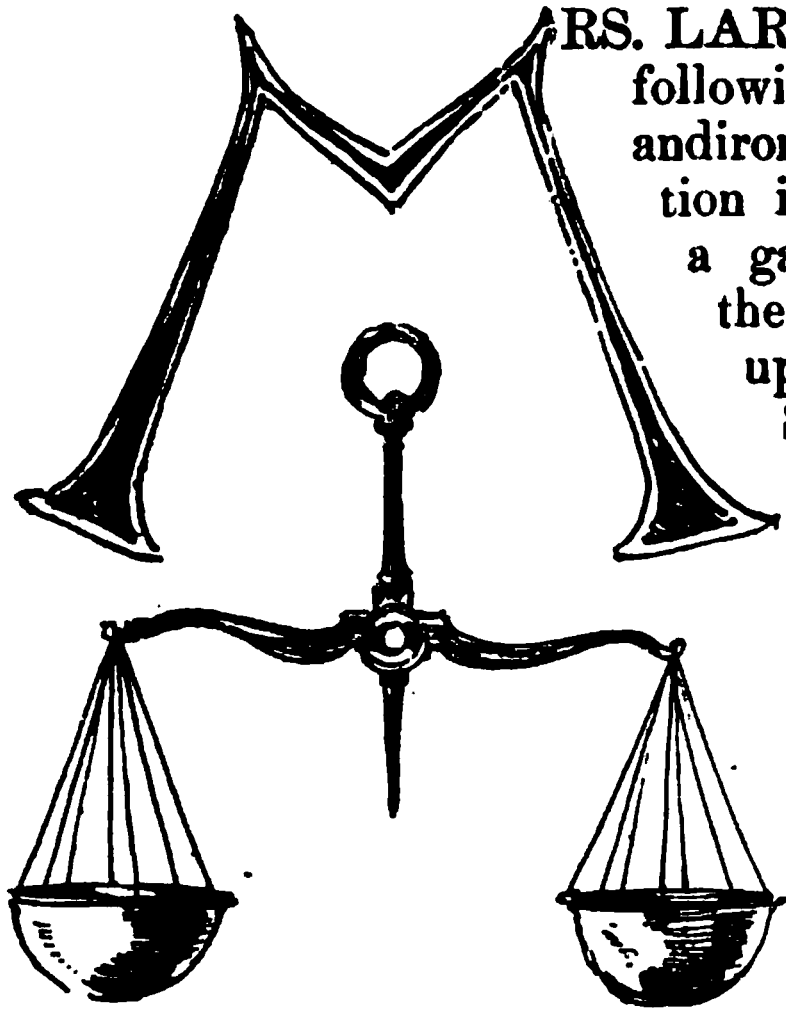
"And to think," mused Cousin Martha, "that I came here to condole with these people?"

She got herself up at last, humiliated . . . for them. Frivolous they were, disgustingly so. As to Mr. Parachute, she would not have believed him capable of such reprehensible waste of time, had she not seen it with her own eyes. Driving away, she felt half inclined to go back and warn him. Of what? And here her horses shied, and so she did not formulate her counsel.

He watched the retreating wheels and the flying leaves behind them, and almost wished that he might follow them into their exile of safety.

There was something pathetic about his black figure against the twilight. May-Margaret knew that he was a lonely fellow. He had lately lost his mother. He had no one to care for him, no one. He had been telling her about it before the others came, and she had fallen somehow to pitying him. Pity! Divine sister of Love, which no soul knoweth that cannot also love and console!

## CHAPTER VIII.



**M**RS. LARREMORE sat in her boudoir the following winter with her feet towards the andirons, her eyes on her own fair reflection in a low mirror opposite. She wore a garment of pale satin, bound about the hips like a touloupe, and opening upon floods of light palpitant laces. She held in her hand a sheet of paper and a pencil. Near her, in voiceless and contemplative ecstasy, sat a young woman to whom she had lately accorded her friendship and patronage, and whose present extreme happiness may have sprung from the insecurity of Mrs. Larremore's affections. So insecure did she feel, indeed, that her very laughter had as it were the humidity of a tear in

it. For who knew at what turn of Fortune's wheel this lady's fickle fancy might play her new friend a trick and hurl her back into oblivion? Mrs. Larremore had called in young Mrs. Cunliffe to assist her in making a list for an impending "function." It is needless to explain that Mrs. Cunliffe was a social aspirant.

Mrs. Larremore was herself five—nay, let us be generous and say eight years old. Eight years ago she had herself been very "new," but she was a precocious child and made strides with phenomenal rapidity. Her one day had been, as it were, the Biblical thousand years. She was very handsome, well dressed, extremely amusing, fairly good-natured, and had cart-loads of money. She was not distinguished, but, as she herself would have asked, who is? The number to which this descriptive adjective may be applied does not, in fact, multiply and cover the earth. Mrs. Larremore, nevertheless, had a keen appreciation of distinguished people and their desirability, and managed to gather such as were feasible and possible at her house. Unlike the generality of persons who have risen, she was genial rather than snobbish, and had no especial desire to push and kick down those who were making their very painful and breathless ascent,—that ascent upon the upper rung where she sat so proudly secure. That she had "arrived," not even her most malignant detractors could deny.

To-day she had sent for little Mrs. Cunliffe, first because she lived near her and was easily get-at-able, and secondly because she liked her. It was possibly one of the secrets of her success that she had dared to have preferences; and now that she could impose upon and impress others it insured a certain solidity to her own position. There is a degree of suppleness which must be deprecated in vertebrated animals. With all Mrs. Larremore's faults,—and she had a colossal

share,—she had a streak of stubborn honesty. She had been too honest to discard all of her old friends, and had actually pulled one or two up after her. Of course these had been such as would and did help themselves. “Lumps” and “frumps” who would not lend themselves to being assisted had of course to be left to their fate. If people prefer to wallow they must be left to their wallowing. Mrs. Larremore’s shoulders were strong, but she could not carry the whole world on them. On the whole, she had been amiable.

Mrs. Larremore generally had a mild love-affair—it were better to call it a robust flirtation—in progress, and during the process of this personal enchantment, which absorbed a certain amount of her superabundant vitality, she was apt to be peculiarly kindly. She even drove out an ugly girl or two in her victoria or her sleigh, and had once been known to ask a country clergyman’s widow to dinner. These heart-affairs, as she grew older, were more violent at the commencement, but less sustained. After thirty the emotions are far stronger than in youth, but less patient. There is not the time. In fact, when her new admirer, whoever he might be, had seen her in her charming house at its best, found her reclining in an attitude of studied discomfort under a rose-bush by a shaded lamp in her dim drawing-room, after she had dazzled him in most of her gowns, after he had leaned over her white shoulder at the opera or held her hand a moment in the cold, unmagnetic contact of the dance, she generally grew very tired of him, and liked him only when others were present. Nothing is so distressing as a *tête-à-tête* in which there lingers the vague promise of a tenderness whose claims shall remain forever unfulfilled.

At such times, as I have said, she was good-natured. Probably on the whole she was not much worse than her neighbors, and there was no great harm in her. When she was disengaged, however, from all heart-entanglements she was apt to be rather cross. Fortunately for her husband and her children, the occasions had been rare. Her husband, who was never cross, adored her, in his way,—an adoration without jealousy and without reproach, mild, possible, and lenient. He was a clever man of business, and was very fond of sport, to which he was addicted—within limits. He was reputed to be indifferent to all women except his wife, his two passions being his business career and fishing. He angled for trout, and she for men. The difference, after all, is insignificant. Both fish are easy to kill when one has time.

Of Mrs. Cunliffe it may be said that she was one of those young married women whom other women call “sweet.” This means a person devoid of all dazzling allurements either of mind or of person,—an immense advantage in the social struggle. To rouse no rivalries is to be acceptable. She had a splendid ball-room, just re-decorated for the fourth time. Mr. Cunliffe, a little thin man with a head the size of a fall pippin and with a chronic cold in it,—owing perhaps to the fact that the painters were always in his house, and the windows wide open,—had a great desire to assist her in piping, if only dancers could be forthcoming; nay, they were both delirious pipers; and yet so far there had been but scant waltzing to their music. Mr. and Mrs. Cunliffe lacked a certain amount of push and social talent to meet the

exigencies of their situation. Mrs. Larremore had decided that she must herself give out from her overflowing cruse into her neighbors' empty cup. Their advantages made it worth while. Now the two ladies were engaged in making a list for a ball.

"They are of an excellent family," said Mrs. Cunliffe, whose leisure moments for the last two years had been passed in studying genealogies.

"Bosh! Fiddle-faddle! Who cares for family?"

"I thought . . ."

"My dear, you are not called upon to think. I *know*. Trust me."

"Mrs. Lawrence told me Mrs. Hyatt Titus was very well born . . ."

"She's a horrid bore: that's what she is; and so is the old man. But the girl's nice-looking; therefore, here goes! Besides, she's a cousin to Lady Brownlow, and Muriel's the rage."

"Ah! Lady Brownlow,—is she here?"

"Yes, just on the wing. They sail the next day. Have you met her?"

"No. I passed her in driving."

"My dear, you must do more than that. That won't suffice. She would help you immensely in London next spring; and then 'Brownie' is such a dear!"

Mrs. Cunliffe's eyes sparkled with excitement. Her gloved fingers closed convulsively over her little thumbs.

"What can I do? Could I leave a card?"

"We'll go there, if you like, this afternoon. She's stopping at the Lawrences'. She's very nice," said Mrs. Larremore, nonchalantly.

"How lovely you are, and kind to me! Why is it?"

"I like you."

"I wonder why!"

"You are not aggressive."

"I've sometimes thought that was my misfortune."

"It is, in a way."

"I can't fight."

"Yes, I know. It's slower, but I've sometimes thought in the end it was safer. It's so easy to come down, to get a cropper."

"I wouldn't like to come down."

"Well, my dear, I'll attend to that. But the fact is you must go up first. I like you because you never interfere with my methods. A cleverer woman must always have her say, her opinions, her ideas, and spoils everything by insisting on having her finger in her own pie. In a handsomer one vanity is always on the alert; takes umbrage and offence at nothing; has to be fussed over and coddled at every turn. It is complicating, exasperating, and tiresome. You're sweet, and that's just what we want."

Mrs. Cunliffe accepted Mrs. Larremore's frankness without wincing. In these stormy crises of fate trifles are put aside; there is no use in grimacing.

"Of course you'll wear white," said Cousin Martha to her *débu-*



*tante*,—they were now settled in their city home for the winter,—“white, with clover-blossoms; that has always been my idea for a first party. I hope, my child, you will not allow the atmosphere of worldly pleasure and emulation to turn your head or enervate your intellect.”

“I hope not, mamma.”

“I did not much fancy that Mrs. Larremore. Her influence might be, I think, a pernicious one upon very young people. Your papa considers her intelligent . . .”

“She does not take the trouble to be pernicious. She’s thinking of herself.”

“Of her husband and her children, I hope, and of making their home happy.”

Her daughter laughed, but said nothing. She had given up explaining things to her mamma; she was dimly beginning to unravel them for herself. It is a curious experience when a child first perceives the feebleness of perception or judgment in a parent.

The drive to the ball was somewhat constrained. Mr. Hyatt Titus’s lavender gloves and white choker seemed too much for his content. Mrs. Hyatt Titus had discovered at the last moment, to her great dismay, that the body of her gown was . . . immodest. Five layers torn hurriedly from a white lace flounce had been carefully pushed in and pinned across a bust upon which no evil eye should peer with wicked intent. Her heels were higher than she usually wore, and she had stood about upon them so long during this readjustment, this tribute laid upon the altar of long-proved and spotless conduct, that she had a cramp in her left foot which caused her now and then to emit a muffled cry of agony.

The younger aspirant to social preferment was so agitated that a nervous irritability possessed her. She was thinking of her coming triumphs, which seemed to render peculiarly tame the progress of the carriage through the slippery streets. A frantic unrest filled her.

“Promise me,” said her mother, “that you will not dance every dance. Your cousin Mary, who was very foolish when she was young, once contracted a bad congestion from overheating herself in this way and then standing near a window.”

“Oh, let her dance,” said the father. “Why, bless me, didn’t you go to dancing-school, my dear?”

“Perhaps no one will ask me,” said Miss Highty Tightly, coyly, trying to catch a glimpse of herself in the square of the window-pane. “Cousin Mary said I ought to have been presented at home first.”

“Mrs. Larremore will, of course, attend to the young girls getting partners,” said this unsophisticated mother, “and your dress is *most* becoming.”

The dressing-room presented to our ladies a sea of faces which were principally strange ones. Such must ever be the first effect to persons who are only beginners in the world. Miss Hyatt Titus’s gown seemed somehow suddenly to shrink upon her, to become a little too scant in the back, and her mother noticed in sudden alarm that there was a sad crease in the sash-ribbon. It was, nevertheless, fresh and pretty, and she looked charming. So said Lady Brownlow to her an hour later as



she swept past the trio, whose fear of being overheated seemed to have been effectually chilled.

They were huddled together in one of the door-ways when Lady Brownlow passed, herself a radiant vision, with a rose at her girdle and

WHEN LADY BROWNLOW PASSED.

a diamond star in her hair. She was gentleness itself to her cousins, bending for a moment from out the rich prestige of her own effulgent glory, without one shade of superiority in either her manner or her speech. She was full of life's new wine, bubbling over in graciousness.

She found her little cousin laughing a great deal in a sort of forced way, looking about her tremblingly as she detained a youth very young,

very slender, and with a muddy complexion, by a hand slipped through his crooked arm-sleeve. His mere presence seemed to have galvanized the girl into a febrile gayety. He was, in fact, her first partner. She was beginning to fear that he would be the last. At the moment Lady Brownlow addressed her she was trying to induce him to offer his services for supper. There was a distant murmur that this terrible ordeal was at hand. The cotillon was to follow, and our little *débutante* was not engaged for either. She did at last persuade her youth to take her down. They joined her father and mother and a literary couple, a certain Mr. Pickabone and his wife, a man and woman distinguished from the enviroing crowd by a strange unfitness in the matter of costume. The gentleman's hair was long and the lady's short. Mrs. Pickabone wore a scant sky-blue brocade cut high over the shoulders, but whose V-shaped aperture was zigzagged by ten yards of ascending cotton laces. A safety-pin held these across a defiant collar-bone as if to defend a siege; while a large bunch of natural smilax served as an abatis. Around her thin, dark throat, which had the look of a moulting parrot's, was fastened a necklace of cockle-shells set in silver.

In the general *mêlée* poor Mr. Titus carried in this gaunt lady, while his wife brought up the rear with the author, her husband. They found a table behind a door, and here were served to them the same delicate viands and wines which the more fortunate were consuming.

"John Salisbury's chief work, my dear," said the *littérateur*, helping his wife to a glass of claret, "is a treatise, in eight books, on the frivolities of courtiers and the footsteps of philosophers. This scene and its heterogeneous assemblage remind me of the interesting medley I was perusing this morning. Here we meet all,—all in one."

"Who are those guys?" whispered Mrs. Larremore as she passed in, upon a distinguished foreigner's arm, among her guests.

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Mr. Larremore. "How on earth can I tell? I didn't see your list. I don't know half the people here."

"Oh, I remember now. It must be the man the Gallaways asked for; that man who lived in Samoa, and writes about it. I had to send them a card to please Aunt Kate. Who would imagine the wife would come too? She's quite dreadful. That's all one gets for being unselfish."

The advent of a fair divorcée, whom she knew by sight, at an adjoining table caused the Samoan lady to break forth in lamentations at the present looseness of the marriage tie.

"Marriage is the force, the order, of life,—its health and dignity. What, will you tell me, are we coming to, if men are to be so easily released from their obligations?" she said, shaking her head until the smilax and cockle-shells trembled.

"I," said the Samoan, "I, for one, am of Ingersoll's way of thinking. I would make our divorce laws even easier than they are. Old prejudices must not paralyze progress—Terrapin, my love?—Now, in Samoa, Mr. Hyatt Titus, you have no idea what strange views they hold about marriage." And he went on with great prolixity giving these views, which were certainly astounding.

Miss Hyatt Titus passed the hour of the cotillon in the dressing-room. When her mother came later to her bedchamber to assist her

in disrobing, she found the little girl lying sobbing on the floor, whose hardness was not more cruel than that of the world which had ignored her. She rolled over and looked up at her mother's frightened face.

"Why didn't you know," she said, angrily, "what I had to expect, mamma? Older people ought to know about these things. I never danced once; and then to sup with those queer, horrid-looking people! It was too humiliating! As to Mrs. Larremore, she never noticed my existence."

Poor Mrs. H. T. wrung her hands, feeling for the first time that the duties of a wife and mother were greater than she could perform.

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MRS. LARREMORE AFTER THE BALL.

"That pretty girl from the lake seemed to have rather a heavy time, my dear," said Mr. Larremore to his wife.

Their splendid rooms presented the curious appearance of a wind-swept desert which follows the last steps of departing guests. The candles hugged their sockets, now and then giving forth a snapping sound when a lump of falling wax dropped to the parquet floor. This was strewn here and there with straggling débris of tulle, the wrenched-off bit of a lace *balayeuse*, a scrap of ganze from the blue or rosy cloud which had enveloped some dancing nymph. The flowers drooped from mantels and chandeliers, giving forth an almost sickly odor from their hot, crushed petals. The potted plants, stronger to resist the demands of an exhausted atmosphere, stood out dank and dark against the light green of damask panellings. Through the loopings of a dozen portières could be seen now and then the aproned form of one of the under-men hurrying to uncharge the rich banqueting-table in the distant dining-room of its salads, wines, and fruits.

The click of the rattling glasses or the crack of a dropped plate,

accompanied by the rather thickly uttered anathema of the head butler,—whom copious draughts of champagne had rendered peculiarly unrelenting,—came muffled back through the heavy curtains. In the overhanging gallery the sleepy musicians were putting their instruments to bed in pantalettes and shirts of chamois leather, and the occasional squeak of a recalcitrant fiddle struck back sharply on the silence of the empty halls. Their dark bearded faces peered down through the white and gold balustrade at the master and mistress of the mansion, who were flitting about in broadcloth and satin, with that restless sleeplessness of the host and hostess after a crowded and successful entertainment.

Mrs. Arthur Cunliffe stopped at the door, muffled in her voluminous fawn-colored plush coat, from whose fox-furs emerged her fair head and white throat, like a Dresden-china umbrella-handle. She lingered for a moment to say good-bye on the stairs to a long-necked, faded dude who was flitting before her, in a vain search for his fur-lined coat and silk neck-scarf, which some other gentleman had carried off, leaving in their stead a pair of soiled galoshes and a torn handkerchief.

"What girl, from what lake?" Mrs. Larremore was asking her husband, standing before a Louis XVI. mirror, and arranging her pearl coronet, which had fallen a little awry.

"Why, that girl from the lake—pshaw! you know. I think you should have done something for her."

"Oh, her mother ought to have introduced her properly," said little Mrs. Cunliffe at the door-way, "before she ventured into the big world. I know from my own experience how cruel and cold it can be." She could afford to be frank now, her own evening having been a wild success.

"What do you think I ought to have done, Larrie?"

"Introduced some men to her."

"My dear, you can bring horses to the trough, but you cannot make them water. That girl is doomed socially. I knew it from the first. I knew it would be futile, so I just gave it up."

"She is mighty good-looking," said Mr. Larremore.

"Yes, at home, in the morning, in the country. Not in a ball-room. She makes no effect; and then she has no magnetism."

"How can you tell?"

"I can see it in a woman two blocks off, when she is going along the street. I take a man's view."

"Her mother should have given a tea," ventured Mrs. Cunliffe, tentatively. "I did feel for them."

"A tea! Eleanor, are you insane! Why, don't you know that a tea will swamp any girl now, unless she is a tearing beauty, or has at least been jilted once by a foreign nobleman? Twenty-two teas wouldn't put that little girl on her legs. I doubt if even a small dance, which is her only hope now, would help her much. I saw her supping with those creatures from Samoa. She had better take to literature. There is a wide field, which requires no teas, no dances, no men, no gowns: such things are superfluous there. In that life there must be peace."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Larremore. "There is nothing of the

kind. The jealousies of artists are proverbially more bitter and more acrimonious than those of rival belles."

"I wonder why it is," said Mrs. Larremore, "that those literary people make such guys of themselves." She spoke of the genus as if it had been a species of ape.

"The only literary people I ever met," said Mrs. Cunliffe, "instead of talking to me of their work, or of their higher aspirations, were trying to impress me with the fact, all the time, that they were in the 'smart set,' or could be if they chose,—that they once had dined with you, dear Mrs. Larremore, or had been entertained at your step-mother's sister's cousin's aunt's. I confess I was surprised, because, with it all, they affected immense contempt for mundane matters, which they said were most frivolous and belittling."

Mrs. Larremore yawned. "The race of fools is not yet extinct, and it is not confined, I find, to any particular orbit. But when those Pickabones get invited here again they'll know it. They had better do all their bragging before my next affair."

## CHAPTER IX.

Miss Highty Tightly rose from her reclining attitude she went to her desk, sat down before it, and began to compose a sonnet. It was called "A World's Blindness."

She wrapped it carefully in tissue-paper, the next morning, tied it between two pieces of cardboard torn from old ribbon-box, fastened it together with a scrap of pink string, and directed it to the office of a well-known magazine. When it was put up she said to herself, "Genius!" Her fingers trembled with excitement, and two crimson spots burned on her soft cheeks. She wrote a line, giving her own name and address, begging for a speedy acknowledgment

of her contribution to contemporary literature be sent to her. She also requested to be furnished with a detailed analysis of its merits and its chances of speedy publication, and inquired, in a postscript, whether she ought to write on ruled paper. She said to herself that she was conferring a favor.

She would stoop to no chicanery: all she desired was to soar. A special messenger boy was charged with this precious package; and Violet entered, a few hours after his departure, into a condition of anxiety that every footfall and every ring of the bell increased almost to agony. The blind and cruel world which had failed to recognize her power would now, she told herself, be forced to pause at the fulminations of her contempt. She saw herself a gifted authoress raised to a pinnacle of fame, in a province where even her successful cousins would be forced to own themselves beaten. She decided, however,—as it were, in parenthesis,—to avoid smilax and cockle-shells in the



A WORLD'S BLINDNESS.

matter of personal adornment, and already began to plan a fitting costume in which she should arise to dazzle the universe.

It was not until the fourth day that she received by mail an official envelope, bearing on the outside the name, in large red letters on a dark disk, of the magazine she had addressed. She was entertaining a girl friend at the time that this missive was placed in her hands, and, finding her visitor inclined to a lingering loquacity, dismissed her with a mysterious shake of her pretty head.

"My dear Jane," she said, "I must ask you to leave me. Some

day I will tell you all,—all. To-day I may not speak to you, I may not explain."

Jane was greatly impressed. She scented a love-affair, which must be allowed to take its course if its future was to be piquant, and, hurrying into her black fur cape, got down into the street. The authoress, released, flew two steps at a time up to her rose-colored bedroom, closed the door, pulled the bolt, and sank panting into her chair. She felt disappointed to find the letter extremely brief, written in type, and signed by some illegible, unreadable person, evidently not the editor. It simply stated that her note and package had reached their destination and would receive respectful attention.

Eight days of extravagant hopes and fears, of poignant, merciless expectancy, had to be lived through. Our bright little friend grew pallid and languid, dragged her limbs wearily, and lost her appetite. She hung from the window or flew into the antechamber every time the postman's whistle broke the monotony of the well-ordered household. She refused two girls'-luncheon-parties, and positively declined to take the slightest interest in an entertainment her mother timidly suggested giving for her,—receiving the proposition with the silent shrug of one who has long since done with such small things.

On the eighth day she called her maid Josephine, donned a becoming hat and coat, and despatched Buttons furtively for a cab,—her mother was out shopping in the brougham,—gave the cabman, in a voice of suppressed agitation, the address of the tardy editor, and was soon on the way to his lair.

She told her maid her errand ; she was dying for a confidante.

"You're so rich, miss," Josephine said to her, "I don't see why you should be bothered with writing. Them as is poor ought to write the books."

"Rich !" Miss Highty Tightly's eyes rolled to the cab's horizon. "Rich ! I write for fame, Josephine."

"Well, I guess it ain't wuth it," said Josephine.

"Oh, of course *you* cannot comprehend," leaning back with a sigh.

"Well, miss, if I was rich I guess I'd take it easy."

"I am afraid yours is a sordid soul, Josephine. What would you do if you had money, pray ?"

"I've got no friends except my mother, miss, and God Almighty," said Josephine, quite cheerfully, evidently thinking "sordid" meant something flattering, "and I guess if I was rich I'd have a plenty of them. I'd buy the little cottage down by the East Lake, miss, for my mother, so she could have a place of her own, and I'd put my sister Maggie with her ; she's kind of sickly to work hard as she's doin'." Thus Josephine's sordidness declared itself. At this moment they arrived. Violet entered the large book-shop which faced the street with that same mysterious, swift, almost guilty movement with which she had impressed her friend Jane on a previous occasion. Josephine, in a gray ulster and brown bonnet, brought up the rear. The young mistress attracted that mild form of attention which is accorded to feminine charm by the weary and harassed clerk of a fashionable shop.



Pretty girls were not rare, and their entrance aroused little curiosity or excitement. Nevertheless a red-headed youth left abruptly a wearisome old gentleman who was fumbling querulously over some volumes, and accosted her with a certain degree of alacrity.

"Can I show you anything, miss? New novels, eh? Here is 'The Acrobat's Inquiry,' the great success of the season, by a society woman, Mrs. Plum, of Louisville, Kentucky."

"Thank you," said Miss Hyatt Titus, loftily, "I desire to see Mr. Carper, the editor, in person, on special business. Is he here, and at liberty?"

The clerk stared, surprised. "Certainly, miss. Step this way."

"Josephine," with a wave of her hand, "follow me."

Josephine followed with round eyes. They were ushered between the book-laden counters, through a gloomy passage, into a long, narrow room fitted with a table and two sofas. Upon its walls were hung a variety of sketches and photographs, apparently portraits of authors, signed in bold autographs. Some of them were large and conspicuous, and represented well-known women writers. One or two of these ladies wore low-necked gowns, had assumed poses of more or less picturesqueness, and looked out with intellectual challenge from under masses of shaggy or frizzled hair.

Josephine sank resigned into a chair near the door, and it was during this mute contemplation that a panel was pushed away with a jerk, and a man's head emerged from a neighboring room. After peering in cautiously for a few seconds, he stepped across the threshold. He seemed to be about thirty, and was distinctly handsome. He wore a suit of gray rough morning cloth, was a six-footer, broad in the chest, robust, and carried himself more like an English sportsman than like a *littérateur*.

"How do you do?" he said, a trifle awkwardly.

"I came to see you on . . . on . . . business," said Miss Highty Tightly. "Are you the . . . er . . . editor?"

"I am Mr. Carper. Won't you sit down?"

She sat down. Her throat felt a little dry. "I sent a poem—a sonnet—here, some days since," she said, "but they don't write me about it. I don't seem to hear anything."

"Ah! What was its name?" he asked, looking with evident admiration at the fair girl before him. He seated himself near the table, crossing his legs, and toying carelessly with a paper-knife which lay under his hand.

She gave her name and that of her performance.

"I think you are mistaken," he replied, still staring at her admiringly. "There hasn't been any such poem sent here. It hasn't come under my notice. To be sure, I only landed from Europe last night, so that I don't know very much about it."

"Who does know, then?" asked the girl, her eyes filling with angry tears, and not without a slight asperity of voice. "Some one wrote me it had been received. Would they have thrown it away?" she asked, with quivering lips.

"Oh, dear, no! of course not! You understand we can't always

send back rejected pieces. We couldn't undertake it, don't you know?" His smile jarred upon her irritated nerves. "Here, French, come in here. Here's a lady has sent a sonnet—— Ah! you are looking up at Mrs. Plum's portrait, I see! Wonderful, that woman! Two hundred thousand copies of her 'Acrobat,' and the sale still booming. Whew! There's a book for you! I don't know as we'll ever get another like it. She's a jewel, Mrs. Plum, but she's a little devil, too, I tell you! Why don't you write a novel, instead of wasting your time on sonnets? They don't pay, anyway. Ha! ha!" And he laughed.

She didn't say to him, as she had to the chambermaid, that she wrote for fame. Fame seemed just then a fickle goddess, and this man's hopeless commonplace was not the lost key to her inconstant favor.

Mr. French now came in. He was a short, spare person, with a shock of yellow hair, which stood up in waves from a high, pale forehead. He threw the lapels of his coat back, as he entered, with the back of his thumbs, jauntily, and stuck his tongue into his left cheek.

"I am the author of 'A World's Blindness.' I have come to learn if it will suit you for the magazine," said Miss Hyatt Titus, rising proudly, with head erect and quivering nostril, but with a heart of lead and cold, shaking fingers.

With a spasmodic, nervous movement the short man looked helplessly at Mr. Carper and remained speechless.

"Did you read it, French, eh?" asked the latter, smothering an evidently continued inclination to hilarity under a stern frown and severe voice.

French scratched his head. "Ye-e-e-s," he said, "I read it. I remember it."

"Well?" said the girl, eagerly.

"Well," said Mr. French, "you see, miss, our magazine's made up for a couple of years or more ahead. By the time your poem came round, the public demand for sonnets—never very pronounced—might be . . . er . . . as it were in abeyance. So that . . . so that . . . we wouldn't like to pledge ourselves to anything." He looked helplessly at Mr. Carper; but this gentleman refused to come to his rescue, and continued to glare and frown. He kept his left eye fixed meanwhile upon the profile of Mrs. Plum, which swung upon its nail above him, as upon an ægis of safety and of refuge. His attention seemed to be wavering.

He took up a volume. "Do you know Larkins? eh? and his work? No, I presume *not*. That man's pluck!—Well! publishes a novel yearly; pays for the plates himself; falls dead as a door-nail; goes straight on. We're about sick of it; but you can't stop him; he's wound up as tight as a kite. Seems as if he had no sense, ha! ha!"

"Of course," said Mr. French, now a trifle impatient, "if Mr. Carper says so, your . . . er . . . poetry can go into the magazine tomorrow. Something else can be thrown overboard. It all rests with our editor. It's all one to me." But Miss Hyatt Titus had risen and was making for the door. "You can return it to me," she fulminated, sweeping by Josephine with a glance whose warning caused this young

woman to start to her feet like a Chinese mandarin from its spring toy-box.

A rustle of garments made her look up as she tripped across the corridor, followed by her maid. A tall person, with a crushed-strawberry scarf wound about her serpentine figure, came quickly forward from some dark embrasure, and, throwing her attenuated arms about Miss Hyatt Titus, saluted her fervently. "Dearest Cynthia!" she cried.

"But I am not Cynthia."

"Ah, you cannot deceive me," said the tall lady, shaking her mane. "The author of 'A Woman's Wail' has found repose, nay, shelter, on this breast!" and our would-be poetess was again pressed with violence against a wish-bone of peculiar sharpness. "Such talent, such fire, pathos, passion . . . oh!" cried the female editress in a fine rhapsody.

"But you are mistaken."

A ray of light pierced the gloom as Mr. French's retreating figure was absorbed into a back office. "Bless me!" said the lady, winking a pair of small, deep-set eyes, and waking from her frenzy. "I was expecting Cynthia. I'm sure I beg your pardon, miss."

## CHAPTER X.

As there was another wedding in the household. This time it was no run-Muriel's, no mending of a lacerated Willie Truden's compromise with but two bright and ardent young with the parental blessing and the approval, stepped forth together, fresh to their new existence. For some occult reason best known to herself, the fair May-Margaret, who was nothing if not wayward, developed a pronounced desire for a share of the world's frivolity, as well as sanction, at her nuptials. She made an extensive list of the people she wished to invite, and laid it on the floor at her mother's feet, and foremost upon this list were the Larremores, of the Arthur Cun-

liffes, and of a lot of people whom she knew at best but very little, and her reverend adorer not at all.

"If he thinks I am going to mope because I marry a clergyman," she said to her mother, "I had better get him out of that idea at once. I intend to make him a bishop, and these people may be important. This is the first step. We'll have to give dinner-parties when he is a bishop, and he's got to learn now."

To all of this the Rev. Parachute, when he was admitted to the

conclave, listened in frightened ecstasy. It was evident that May-Margaret was ambitious. He told himself that there were flowers, like the giroflée, meant to climb, and whose calyx only reached perfection when leaning over the abyss. The sons of God were ever prone to see the daughters of men, that they were fair.

A delicious ravishment robbed him of speech. Sometimes at night, kneeling before his crucifix, he implored forgiveness for this deadly sin of loving one of God's creatures overmuch. He prayed that it might not be imputed as sin for him to have chosen as his cherished companion one who so full of earthly fascination. He felt—oh, so sure!—that she was also good and gentle.

Mrs. Larremore, whose winter had on whole bored her,—she almost wished there were fresh ladders to mount: what joyous days those of the breathless ascent!—Mrs. Arthur Cunliffe, who was in excellent spirits because of her own attainment, volunteered to chaperon a party of young people up from town. They thought it would be amusing.

Lady Brownlow, who had crossed the seas expressly, had arrived at the lake the day before, accompanied by her husband, a couple of handsome Englishmen, two maids, a valet, and twenty-seven boxes. These gallant Britishers, with a neighbor or two, and a dude from the city, were impressed into the service as ushers, preceded by Crummy in a starched ruff and a little Henri III. blue vel-

MAY-MARGARET.

vet jacket, made out of his mother's first married ball-gown. Crummy was omnipresent, under everybody's feet, still freckled, still troublesome, still noisy, but clean for once, and bursting with importance.

Lucile and Lillian Hatch, the twins, pretty, flower-like creatures of sixteen summers, were to be bridesmaids, with two other girls, one of whom was imported from a distant town, to represent the Parachute clan. And then, besides these, there was our poetess. She had never been invited to be a bridesmaid before, and even æsthetic and literary young women are human. She was pleased. She expressed herself, however, condescendingly, alluding to the fact that, having entered the field of literature,—how Mrs. Hatch laughed!—her time was not now fully at her own command.

The fact was, Miss Hyatt Titus, after nursing for two months her baffled ambition with thoughts of revenge, had once more taken up the pen. This time she had been practical. She had taken Mr. Carper's advice. She had done with sonnets. She was writing a novel. Its name was "Novensides." She didn't know what it meant, but she

decided to find out when the book was finished. As she had only written a chapter and a half, there seemed to be no immediate haste. She now spoke openly of her literary labors. It sounded well, or at least she thought so; and the smiles and nods of her acquaintances were taken for the expression of astonished admiration. One girl had indeed been somewhat offensively inquisitive as to what she had already published, and had given vent to a slightly mocking titter when told that the publication of a thing was of little moment, if only there was the talent. This lack of sympathy Miss Hyatt Titus attributed to the jealousy always awakened in small and mediocre breasts by impending success.

She had decided upon at least two characters in her story. One was to be a thinly-veiled Mrs. Larremore, represented as a malignant, malevolent, mischief-brewing being, given over to all manner of wickedness, slyness, and deceit; attractive—within limits—but doomed to ultimate perdition in this planet and the next. The other was a polished villain. She had first intended to portray him as an English duke, who should inveigle into his toils and decoy to her destruction a village maiden. Unfortunately, having imparted this portion of the plot to her friend the mocking girl, this young lady had giggled again, and this time more provokingly. "Why, yes," she had said, "*do!* That would be so new!" And somehow Miss Highty Tightly had suspected the girl's words to convey hidden satire. Could it be possible?

Then when she had essayed to portray the Earl of Brownlow—the nearest approach she knew to an English duke—she found herself embarrassed, Draco, or "Brownie," as Mrs. Larremore called him, was so far from her preconception of the polished villain,—such polished villains as she had seen upon the stage,—gentlemen invariably dressed, whatever the season, in light summer overcoats, high gray silk hats, and diamond scarf-pins. "Why do polished villains always wear a gray silk hat?" she asked herself, pondering, doubting, depressed.

The heroine of "*Novensides*" was an ethereal, exquisitely dressed, misunderstood by friends and family . . . genius. Her face and figure were described with close minutiae, described so conclusively to represent—herself, that she grew frightened at the last minute, and threw in a mole under the left ear. She decided she could change the hair later, if the publisher thought it wise. She remembered that Homer only tells us that Achilles was blond, and that somehow we see him, and wondered why this girl, so elaborately detailed, remained elusive, intangible, and unreal. She even had shed a few tears over this. She had grown tired and fretful. She had inked her best frock. Could it be possible that Homer or Achilles or somebody was cleverer than she? But this was only a momentary weakness, such as she had experienced after her first visit to Mr. Carper, when she had felt humbled in spite of herself, and had sighed for wisdom.

Yes, it would be a rest and respite from this arduous career to dance at her cousin May-Margaret's wedding.



What a lovely day it was, to be sure! and how handsome Papa and Mamma Hatch looked, she in her lilac silk and he with his *boutonnière!*

The Rev. Parachute was very pale, as if he had passed a night of vigil, but May-Margaret, who had slept soundly for twelve hours, and had eaten a capital breakfast, was gay and rosy, and seemed to view the whole affair as an immense frolic. She gave her hand a moment shyly to her lover, on the stairs, and blushed under her orange-blossoms at some word he whispered to her of her beauty.

The Countess of Brownlow caused a profound sensation as she swayed up the aisle of the country church, upon the arm of one of the English ushers, in a wonderfully fitting gown of satin and lace. There was almost as much tremor when Mrs. Larremore, in a cloud of Nile-green chiffon, was whirled half-way to the altar, at the Earl of Brownlow's elbow. Having ensconced his charge in a prominent pew, he left her, lumbering up, with his awkward gait, to join his beautiful wife.

Then afterwards, at the Hatcheries, there was a festive gathering indeed. All were here except the Trudens, who were travelling far away in the Greek Islands and cabled their message of affection across seas, oceans, and archipelagoes.

Even Cousin Martha unbent for the occasion, and was most affable to Mr. Hatch, who buried the hatchet and took her in to breakfast. Mr. Hyatt Titus, who sidled up to Mrs. Larremore with a broiled bird on the end of a fork, and a glass of champagne between his thumb and index, was rewarded by a melting smile. And his daughter drew the ring out of the bridesmaids' cake which was given her by her groomsman. This groomsman was a timid, callow young man, the son of a gentleman reported to own the greater portion of a Western Territory, and a fabulously productive gold-mine. He also had been imported by Mr. Parachute from his far-away province, as being a distant relative. This gilded youth trembled when Miss Hyatt Titus looked at him. He thought her the very embodiment of fashion, elegance, and distinction. The author of "Novensides" wondered if to be understood and deified one must indeed revert to distant and imported worshippers. She wondered if gold-digging in remote regions might not afford solace to a wounded spirit. She dazzled him so completely, before the day had drifted into the twilight and the rice and slippers had been hurled at the departing Parachutes,—May-Margaret's hat being generously trimmed by a beading of the Mascote grain,—that her own foolish heart fluttered with a longing half assuaged. Her vanity had found aliment at last. She had made her first conquest.

 THE-END 

## MEN WHO REIGNED:

BENNETT, GREELEY, RAYMOND, PRENTICE, FORNEY.

[JOURNALIST SERIES.]

I HAVE been requested to contribute something to these memorable papers on journalism. Of personal experiences I recall little that would be useful, remembering what has been written by the gifted gentlemen who have prepared this series. My own career in the press has been that of a humdrum laborer in a calling full of trial, opportunity, and fascination. I fell into it in early boyhood, and kept with it many years, following various roads in its service, at home and in lands beyond the sea. In later days circumstances have made me a truant in my devotions to the press; but I have no feeling towards it other than gratitude and pride as a noble calling with every incentive towards charity, patriotism, and achievement. And as I look back, I see as it were a long procession of journalists I have known, so many of them no longer with time, but in step with the music of eternity.

Some of those who were memorable to their fellows, and still with us in spirit and tradition, I knew in their day and when they reigned. When the war came, journalism in the East was governed by Horace Greeley, James Gordon Bennett, and Henry J. Raymond. I knew Greeley and Raymond upon terms of intimacy. I saw a great deal of the elder Bennett in his old age, when, no longer in the stress of the battle, he could look on with a philosophy beautiful to the young men who were permitted within his circle. In the West journalism was then governed by George D. Prentice. Halstead and Medill were winning their spurs. McCullagh was in the ranks. Whitelaw Reid was speering about for army news, while Horace White was diligent in Washington employments. George Alfred Townsend gave promise of his wonderful career by dainty writings in verse and prose for the city columns of *The Press*. Henry Watterson as "Asa Trenchard" was writing jingling letters from Washington to *The Press*, which I used to read in manuscript before they were snipped into copy-takes and given out to the printer.

James Gordon Bennett is a name which for sixty years has had a dynastic place in the kingdom of journalism. The founder of the Bennett dynasty lived for more than a half-century in the United States, suitor to varying fortunes, until he saw that there was more inherent value in a penny than in a sixpence and founded *The Herald*. My earliest impression of Bennett was that of a vast, sinister shape which had come out of the infinite, like some genii of the Arabian Nights, to overspread and darken the heavens. There

JAMES GORDON BENNETT.



was an aspect of terror in what young eyes saw of this, a lawless, eccentric influence sweeping a wayward orbit, and above human conditions and limitations, breathing wrath upon all who would not bow down and worship.

I first saw the elder Bennett one bleak snowy night towards the close of Lincoln's Presidency. A guest with my ever hospitable and gentle friend Mr. Haskin at his Fordham residence, nothing remained after dinner but that we should speed over the snow with tinkling sleigh-bells to the Bennett home on the Hudson. If my imagination had gone into darkened fancies over the ideal Bennett, the man as I saw him drove them away. Hair white and clustering, a smooth face, soon to have the comfort of a beard, rather above the middle size, prominent aquiline nose, a long, narrow head with abundant development in perceptive faculties, a keen boring eye which threw arrowy glances, bantering rather than hearty laughter, a firm, masterful jaw, talk in a broad Scottish accent, which he seemed to nurse with a relish. His speech had the piquant, saucy colloquialisms which stamped his individuality on the *Herald*. His manner stately, courteous, that of a high-bred gentleman of unique intelligence giving opinions as though they were aphorisms, like one given to have his own way. Whatever he may have seemed in the columns of his journal, the man as he welcomed us was wreathed in courtesy and good will.

I was to see Bennett on many occasions between this winter's night encounter in 1864 until our last meeting in May, 1872, a month before he died. You felt in his company the impression of a man of genius; humor, apt to run into mockery,—until it seemed almost as if it were the spirit of Voltaire breathing through him. His mind teemed with ideas, which streamed into his talk,—saucy phrases, invectives, nicknames, keen bits of narrative, surcharged with a cynical pessimism, which remained, one might fancy, as a legacy of early days of disappointment and trial. For this man had fought the world,—had fought it down! The world would not come in his need, and now he reigned apart, looking down upon it with scorn.

Bennett admired Andrew Jackson, and next to Jackson his admiration was Grant. He was the first of the great editors to recognize Grant. He felt the affinity of the general's Scottish blood or the attraction of his Scottish tenacity of character. The editor had an eye for results, and the campaigns of Grant were ripe in results. Bennett did not have a cheerful view of the war: he could see no outlook but irretrievable bankruptcy, against which, as he said with a smile, he had provided by keeping a special deposit of gold in the Chemical Bank. When the bottom fell out, he would have swimming-gear of his own, and substance likewise, and not go down in a sea of paper currency and inflation.

There were reasons in those days why even a more cheerful man than Bennett should be deep in gloom. The concern of Lincoln was lest the Union would be destroyed in a self-imposed bankruptcy before the army overcame secession. The military problem was solved when I saw Bennett in later days, and no one could have a more cheerful view of the national future. I remember some *Herald* articles pub-

lished in the weeks succeeding the surrender of Lee which I used to dig out of the files and read for the splendor and breadth of their foresight. And in many conversations in his closing years I recall the enthusiasm with which the venerable man would dwell upon the assured and growing glory of the Republic.

This was shown especially on one of my latest visits. He had surrendered to his son the practical control of the *Herald*, and received his friends in a small, richly-garnished corner-room of his New York house, in the second story, looking out upon Thirty-Eighth Street and Fifth Avenue. He was very old and feeble,—old in everything but genius. The face was heavily bearded, and, as he sat folded in the ample chair, with heavy quilted gown, his head bent with years, his keen eyes gleaming through heavily-rimmed gold spectacles, surrounded with a pile of papers, there was a sense of majesty, even as that of the king on his throne. On this occasion I found him reading a report, several columns long, from a military officer detailing a reconnoissance in the Yellowstone Park. And had I read it? I presume not. Some immediate story of the foolish fleeting hour had intervened, and military reports were not exhilarating. But I must read it. What a wonder-world that Yellowstone, and what a land, and what a country, with those awakening wonders day by day!—geysers spouting at times and ceasing to spout, radiant clays with their pinks and blues, their crimson and saffron and pearl, and the rainbow phenomena, the hot steaming springs with healing in their waters. Such fertility, such beauty! and not the half was known.

What this wise man saw in the officer's story was an object-lesson. He craved no romance better than fact, living in his serene atmosphere of hope and contemplation. The things we called men, and the grasshopper brawls we called events, how small and mean to one who revelled in this revelation of Nature in sumptuous, gaudy mood!

Bennett, as I used to read him, was the intellectual child of Walpole and Cobbett. He was an accomplished man. Although for the first generation of its existence he made the New York *Herald* a journal which the humblest could comprehend,—although he understood the value of the journalistic axiom never to shoot above the heads of the people,—I question if any of his peers were better educated. He had lectured on political economy, taught the languages and the higher mathematics, had written Byronian verses, and stories of the Maria Edgeworth school. He had studied the world from the moors of Scotland, the wharves of Boston, the academies of Charleston, the composing-rooms of Philadelphia, the lecturer's pulpit in New York, and the Congress galleries of Washington. The lesson he had learned,—the stern lesson that the world was a masked battery which must be carried at the point of the bayonet,—the fierce lesson that his one appointed duty in this existence was in the fortunes of James Gordon Bennett,—this he preached in the *Herald*. He preached amid derision and contempt, amid misrepresentation and personal violence: he preached and won. The world knelt to his sceptre, and when I saw him he reigned as no man has reigned since, or, to my fancy, ever will, in the kingdom of journalism.

A pupil of Walpole and Cobbett in literature, the political ideas of Bennett were influenced by the tremendous upheaval of Napoleonism. He was a contemporary of Napoleon, and his plastic mind grew and hardened under the bewildering influence of the French Emperor. Napoleon—what he did or would be apt to do—was among Bennett's familiar forms of illustration. He told me that one of the first articles he had ever written was an editorial on the battle of Waterloo and the fall of Bonaparte for a newspaper in Aberdeen. After Napoleon, Bennett, like most scholars who had studied under the supra-classical traditions of the earlier century, was immersed in Roman history. His parallels and illustrations, his moral and historical reflections, were apt to come from Plutarch and the classic fathers. He would cite them in defence of a paradox, for his genius was quite capable of believing one thing in June and the contrary in July. "I print my paper every day," he was wont to say when charged with inconsistency. And when some strange unexpected sensation in the *Herald* would burst upon the town to its wonderment, Bennett would quote the story of the dog of Alcibiades, whose tail was docked to the end that Athens might be set to talking about its master.

Horace Greeley was a leader. To him journalism was not merely a vocation, an honorable means of earning daily bread, but a profession. He gave his newspaper in calling it *The Tribune* a self-conscious name. Bennett was content with the busy, noisy office of a herald; Greeley had something to say, and must say it. The selling of news and narratives and literary criticisms, the imparting of precious truths upon deep ploughing and ensilage,—these, indeed, were grateful offices, but disputation was the higher duty of man. So during the years of his busy life, from the late thirties when he was in the *New*

HORACE GREELEY.

*Yorker* and the *Log Cabin*, until the sad unnecessary end in 1872, Greeley was ever in argument. His moral aims were high. This was an atrocious world,—that he knew very well. It was permeated with Democrats and free-traders and idle folks given to drink. There were evil men and evil women; but that was no reason for giving it over to fire. It should be converted. There should be regeneration through the spirit of daily reproof and objugation. Greeley labored with the world to better it, to give men moderate wages and honest food, and to teach women to earn their own living, and that it was better that they should learn how to make shoes than to play on the piano.

Greeley inherited from his Scotch-Irish ancestors plainness of speech. "I can," he used to say, "write better slang than any editor in America." He knew the value of words. The traditions call him profane, and nowadays one rarely hears a story of Greeley which does not turn upon some quaint archaic use of a profane phrase. Yet he was far from

being profane,—was pure-minded, and of proper speech, as a daily intercourse of years enables me to testify. He was impatient of ignorance or frivolity. He had a complaining way, generally amusing from its quaintness, apt to become petulance if anything teased. He had the capacity of spontaneous aversion,—formed opinions of people by a kind of second-sight. I knew one noted man whom he disliked, as well as I could make out, for no other reason than the color of the hair. He never forgave another for being a college graduate. Life and its employments were an earnest purpose: there should be no trifling by the wayside, no lolling over vanities, no giving way to meretricious appetites; and therefore the greatest of crimes was drink. A man's troth was sacred; it was the human expression of a divine attribute; and therefore, next to drink, there was no crime so great as marriage infidelity. His dislike to tobacco, as to wine, was an indication of personal discomfort. There was no virtue quite as desirable as thrift, and thrift was best served by small salaries. The material happiness of mankind was a constant care. The Jersey marshes that stretch from Hoboken to Newark distressed him. "Is there no way—are there no lessons in the economic conditions of Holland to teach us how to reclaim these wasted square miles of marsh and overflow and make them into wholesome, enduring homes?" This was a frequent inquiry. His dislike of slavery, when you sifted it down, was rather an earnest of sympathy with the white man who was undersold in his labor than sentiment for the negro.

The anti-slavery atmosphere surrounding the *Tribune* was not inspired by Greeley. It really came from the gifted young men who were attracted to the *Tribune* because of its independence and high literary standard. Greeley was generous to honest, well-meaning thought, whether he accepted it or not, and he was a purist as to form. So in time, beginning with the advent of Ripley escaped from the ruins of his Brook Farm—or, as Carlyle, if I remember, called it, Potato Gospel—experiment, until the coming of Sydney Howard Gay, who had been Garrison's colaborer in anti-slavery, the *Tribune* in spite of Greeley—rather by reluctant grumbling acquiescence than his judgment—was governed by men who had a fanatical aversion to slavery. They were resolute, brilliant, capable, irresponsible, intolerant,—not above setting things on fire for the fun of seeing them burn. They attracted Greeley by their sincerity, and charmed his keen literary sense with their gifts. They won the *Tribune* and carried its editor with them. I fancy the attitude of Greeley towards the *Tribune* in the early days was a blending of wondering admiration and despair,—something of the feeling with which, as we read in children's story-books, the affectionate mother hen sees that her chickens are, after all her brooding cares, ducks and will go quacking into the streams. I can conceive no wider divergence in intellectual opinion as to the means of attaining moral and political results than between Mr. Greeley as a leader and thinker and the wayward forces which surrounded him in the making of the *Tribune*. "I never," he once said to the writer, "opened the *Tribune* in those days without a terror as to what they might make me say after eleven o'clock at night."

Greeley was loyal to his journal. He valued consistency as the corner-stone of its credit. He ruled it as the wise ruler governs a state,—not according to his predilections, but by precept. Once a policy was laid down and the course marked, he stood by it. He never fettered those who took his place with contingent instructions. They must act according to their light. He might therefore walk the deck, his heart heavy and wrathful, but as the vessel headed so she must go, until there could be some reason to be justified towards men for the course being changed. I remember his narrative of the Somers mutiny, the hanging of Midshipman Spencer, son of a Cabinet official, and with a boy's craze to be a pirate on the Spanish main, and the excitement when Commander Mackenzie returned. Greeley was away, and young Raymond in command. Raymond, swift, instant, bold, swung out the *Tribune* irretrievably upon the side which happened to be the reverse of Greeley's views. Intensely as Greeley felt about it,—for he was intense in everything,—he would not change the *Tribune* nor explain. Raymond might be a headstrong, impetuous youngster and the *Tribune* wrong, but, right or wrong, it must be consistent. In this apparent inconsistency was profound journalistic wisdom. It was the courage of genius. The *Tribune* must have character and authority. It could afford to make a mistake: it could not afford to be a trimmer or time-server.

The Somers incident is remembered as a tradition told me by Greeley himself. I recall another instance even more remarkable.

When President Johnson's administration gradually became, as stern Republicans viewed it, that of a Christopher Sly in the White House, Greeley, not without impatience, came to see him in the same light. He believed, however, that it was good politics to let Johnson alone. "All that Andy wants," he would say, "is rope enough and time enough, and he will save us any trouble." The *Tribune* was rather in this temper when Greeley went off to lecture in some out-of-the-way region,—no telegraph, no communication. Suddenly Stanton was removed, and the issue with Congress came as if a dynamite bomb had been thrown from the White House into the arena before the Speaker's chair. The party arose in passion, and the answer was Impeachment. The *Tribune* led the way. "Impeachment is Peace," it cried; and there was a season of turbulent public opinion which recalled the seething days of the French Revolution.

The *Tribune* leaped and bounded. The circulation swept onwards. There was joy in the exchequer. Greeley returned in grief from the Minnesota woods. He did not believe in impeachment. "Why hang a man who was bent on hanging himself? Hadn't Andy the requisite rope, and was he not making the best use of that rope towards a welcome ignominious end? And why should Elihu Washburne, and Ashley of Ohio, and Thad Stevens insist upon transforming a case of desirable suicide into one of undesirable martyrdom? And, moreover, was it not perilous—was it not even flying in the face of God and defying the teachings of history—to introduce these crazy, reprehensible French methods into a composed American legislature?"

As I have since read in the narrative of Mr. Blaine and the me-



moirs of Grant, they came in time to this same opinion. Blaine and Grant favored impeachment when in vogue, but were grateful, upon reflection, that it had failed. Their maturer thought was that of Greeley at the moment. Grave and earnest were his lamentations as he returned to the deck of the *Tribune* to find his ship surging ahead in the mad Impeachment seas.

As in the Somers mutiny, however, Greeley was loyal to the *Tribune*. He never changed its course. Only those in his confidence knew how he grieved over that precipitate venture towards impeachment. Under similar circumstances the elder Bennett would have dismissed the staff, dictated three or four historical leaders fraught with allusions to Julius Cæsar, a dozen cynical mirth-provoking squibs, and steered the paper into line with his own thought. Mr. Raymond would have written a series of misty philosophical articles and persuaded his readers to go about with him. But with Greeley the *Tribune* had spoken. Moreover, it had spoken the voice of the party,—the deep, angry, perhaps rash voice; but it had spoken. He saw the material gain, the bounding circulation, the smiles of his chancellor of the exchequer, but, as in the case of the bailing of Jefferson Davis, the material gain had he been at home and in command would not have weighed as a feather against the higher voice of his conscience.

That signing of the bail-bond of Jefferson Davis was an act of moral courage characteristic of this extraordinary man. When it became known to a few of those near him that Mr. Greeley meant to visit Richmond and enter into recognizances for the appearance of Mr. Davis to answer the charge of treason, there was sore dismay. The night before leaving he came into my room, and, other matters out of the way, talked about it. He was impatient over the dissonance of friends to whom he had spoken, for it was not in his nature to endure dissent, or to be reasoned with when he had made up his mind. He recited their arguments. The *Tribune* was never more prosperous, and that would be injured. There were the soldiers who subscribed for the *Weekly Tribune*, keeping it up in the hundred thousands, and who had not tired of singing about "hanging Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree." They would desert his standard. There was "The American Conflict," his two-volume war book, with its enormous sale, from which for the first time in his life he had the assurance of a great deal of money. There was his canvass for the United States Senate, the consummation of that assuredly in sight. Here were three distinct reasons any one of which would have disturbed the judgment of an ordinary man, and each crying in trumpet-tongue against the proposed sacrifice. Greeley, however, had thought it over. Mr. Davis would be bailed whether he signed the bond or not. That he knew. They might assign whatever motive they pleased. There was a duty,—that of stilling the after-storms of this horrible war, of giving the Southern people an earnest of one Republican's desire for fraternity. The seas might rise, or the mountains fall, or the incumbent heavens compass him about, but he was going to Richmond. And he went.

It came to pass as was feared. The *Weekly Tribune* received a staggering blow. Thousands abandoned it in anger. The sale of

"The American Conflict" ceased, and never recovered. The canvass for the Senate—a canvass, as it seemed, with every assurance of success—went down into darkness; and even the Union League of New York was summoned to protest against a fellow-member bailing the Confederate chief. The losses to Mr. Greeley in money, newspaper hopes and revenues, and the consummation of a proud ambition dear as the ruddiest impulse of his heart, were immeasurable. He had counted them. He knew the temper he braved, the resentments he awakened, the force of Republican anger. But he went his way as Luther of old, smiling and brave. Those of us behind the scenes saw the sublimity of this self-renunciation. We might question its necessity, its timeliness, but it was the act of a patriotic spirit, who felt that the dearest interests and hopes of his life were as nothing when the country could be served.

There was no name in those days more familiar to the younger journalists, more frequently mentioned with affection and respect, than "Raymond of the *Times*." I first saw Raymond on the battlefield of Bull Run, in company with Russell of the *London Times* and the late George Wilkes. I last saw him standing on the steps of the *Times* office, in the joy of ripe, triumphant manhood. That night he was to be found stricken and dead on the threshold of his home: no loss in my day so untimely, nor meaning so much to the profession and the political welfare of the country.

HENRY J. RAYMOND.

Raymond was a young man,—not fifty, as I recall his years,—and Grant was about entering upon his Presidency. Raymond had been "Lieutenant-General in politics" to Lincoln, as Lincoln called him, and he would probably have held the same office to Grant, with what results in the shaping of the Grant administration and the avoidance by the new President of the mistakes incident to a want of political knowledge we can readily conceive.

For several years I was on terms of friendship with Raymond,—as a young journalist in a minor sphere, lived like the rest of us under his fascination. He was the kindest of men. He had an open, ox-like eye, a neat, dapper person, which seemed made for an overcoat, a low, placid, decisive voice, argued with you in a Socratic method by asking questions and summing up your answers against you as evidence that at last you had found the blessing of conviction. He was never in a hurry, and yet there was no busier person in journalism.

Raymond had the Rochefoucauld sense of observation, and in conversation you found yourself in presence of a thinker in a constant state of inquiry and doubt. He was a journalist in everything but his ambitions, and these tended to public life. I once asked him why he took the trouble to go to Congress and endure that atmosphere of idleness and irritation, when he might have his beloved books around him and hear the inspiring clangor of the presses under his feet.



"Well," was the answer, "it was a privilege to feel when you answered the call of your name that your voice was a determining factor in the government of the Republic." Raymond's constant attitude of doubt was against his success in legislation. He was conservative. He could not endure a caucus. There was nothing in this world entirely right or entirely wrong,—no peach that did not have a sunny side. Therefore to an impatient party—to a party, for instance, mad with an impeachment fever—Raymond was an impossible leader. In France he would have been a Girondist, and, riding in the tumbrils with Vergniaud, would have met his fate with a smile.

And yet Raymond had shown in political conventions, in legislation, and in the press, the utmost intrepidity. He was a brave man, and liked the joy of a fight. But when it was over he had no skill in discussing its moral consequences. The fighting quality was in his blood,—in his clean-cut, condensed, incisive face, the clinched lips, the pallor that came with heat in controversy. But, after all, what good? There was always that other side, and in this wearisome world was anything worth an expense of temper and time? Yes, there was always the sunny side to the peach, and better spend our days in looking it out than in brawls.

This ever-deepening criticism, this spirit of doubt and inquiry, made Raymond challenge the theory that the press was a profession. He had no grand ideas about the Archimedes lever which moved the world. What was the press, the fourth estate,—whatever we called it, with our rhetorical frills and fribbles,—but a business, to be so treated, a means of livelihood and thrift and earning money? "There is nothing," he once said to me, "of less consequence to a public man than what the papers printed about him yesterday,—nothing of more consequence than what they may print about him to-morrow." I have thought that it was this conception of journalism which deprived Raymond of the moral force as a teacher which belonged to such a man as Greeley. If the press had a business aspect to Greeley,—and he was not insensible to the duty of earning one's daily bread,—it never appeared in his editorial admonitions. Greeley was the advocate,—strident, implacable, vehement in season and out of season, resolved that mankind should not go to perdition,—not if it could be prevented by a generous circulation of the *Tribune*, and especially the weekly and semi-weekly editions, with their admirable treatises on agriculture. Raymond was the quiet, critical, somewhat impassive man of affairs, who looked at the whole panorama like the loungee at the club-window, thinking only of its movement and color.

In its entirety, I take it, we have had no more brilliant career than that of Raymond. He was successful as a very young man, and I note no failure but what came from the misconception which threw him for a season into Congress. He had the undivided love of his fellows. From the tone of his conversations after he left Congress, I think that he had resolved to return to journalism, never to leave it, but to love it with connubial fidelity. If this had been permitted, his genius would have achieved much, for the period was that of change. He might have anticipated the recent revolutions in the press, to the extent at

least of foreseeing and grasping those stupendous commercial advantages which are among the trophies of the century. I can well believe that this was in his heart,—the ultimate reach of his ambition. He had named his journal *The Times*, having its English namesake as his ideal. Improved by many trials, with the wisdom of experience and success, with an intrepid chivalrous sentiment in what he proposed and did, with the universal respect of his generation, with an amazing celerity of action and clearness of judgment, Raymond in his prime seemed better fitted than any man I have known to take up the standard and lead the journalism of America to its still unattained destiny. But Raymond in his prime was to die,—a generous, noble-minded, aspiring soul, whom those who loved sorely grudged to see lapsing into silence and night.

I cannot say that I knew George D. Prentice, although I have had conversations with him. It would be hard under present press conditions to make intelligible his exact position in journalism. We looked at him as an erratic, ever-shining star,—a wonder in the Southwestern skies. There seemed no end to his genius,—that daily stream of wit, comment, verse, the saying of the oddest things in ten lines, a style with the freshness of spring, gayety, courtesy, snapping fire when provoked, but always marked with humanity and patriotism. Prentice was an American whose Americanism spread from sea to sea. He was neither insular, parochial, nor mountain-hemmed. There was as much in the granite of Massachusetts or the Louisiana loam as in the blue grass of Kentucky. The soil to be sacred had simply to be

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

American. That Kentucky remained true to the Union was due to George D. Prentice. I thought of this with reverent gratitude to his memory as I stood by his grave, now so many years ago.

I saw enough of Prentice to have my own private photographic summary of him, as it were, when he came to Washington in 1861 and became the guest of Mr. Forney, with whom I was living as private secretary. Loyal Washington went into a triumphant mood over this visit. It meant so much. Prentice was from the South. He was intolerant for the Union. To our fancy he had been writing in defence of our cause with a pistol for paper-weight and a bowie-knife for a pen-handle. And when he came, what with the fame of his doings and our fancy aflame over his coming, we were prepared for some Plantagenet knight who might have stepped from the pages of "*Ivanhoe*." What we saw was the silent man, old before his time,—fires latent, if not dead,—slowly moving, dormant, a seamed face, the remnant of the soul in his eyes, which gleamed at you and told something of the genius which for a generation had governed the Southwest.

One evening especially I recall, when we had Prentice for a period of worship in Forney's rooms on the brow of Capitol Hill,—Wash-

ington below, the lights of Arlington in the distance, an occasional warning note of cannon from the batteries beyond to remind that war was afoot, and such a company! Lincoln, arriving late, with that tired, sad, inscrutable face, which seemed in communion with destiny; Seward, in loud angry declamation over French and English sympathy with secession; Cameron, his Cabinet footing growing unsteady, and throwing dismay by his arguments in favor of freeing and arming the slaves; Russell, of the *London Times*, rather under suspicion in select Union circles,—who sang Thackeray's "Little Billee" ballad with a rollicking Irish humor,—and "Underhill of the *Times*," as we knew him then, to sing "John Brown" for the first time to a thrilled company. A crowded Washington party—every nerve strung with the excitement of war,—soldiers, statesmen, camp-followers, politicians,—loud talk bursting into oratory, misunderstandings and explanations, the atmosphere of doubt which hung heavily over Washington gatherings in those days,—“who was true and who wasn't?”—whiskey and champagne, and such a gobbling of salads and creams,—one of those famous but now impossible war parties, extravagant in its hospitality, surging around Prentice, who sat in a state of being worshipped, alive to nothing but champagne.

Cameron, however, must insist upon making a speech on his favorite theme,—emancipation. Cameron was an awkward speaker, looked at the table, as a rule, when he spoke, and when making a point pounded the table. He had a clean, concise style, said what he meant to say, and left no doubt as to his meaning. To Prentice, to many Union men from the Middle States, this idea of emancipation was as repellent as that of secession. Cameron was a year ahead of his time, and even among Republicans very much alone. His speech chilled the company. Caleb B. Smith, a member of Lincoln's Cabinet, repudiated him as in any way speaking for the administration, amid cheers and wineglasses in tingle. Cameron listened defiant, looking as stern as one of the crags of his ancestral Lochiel.

After Smith, Prentice woke up, the fire aflame, and came with passionate retort. He at least could speak with a claim to be heard. He had come from the picket-lines of the Union. He had not been living in snug Pennsylvania or sympathetic New Hampshire, but out on the line. Rebellion had broken into his State and thrown distraction over his fireside. He had suffered, he had labored, he had endured. But it was for the Union. Was he to come to Washington and be told that all this was for the negro,—for a mere slave? Because the cause of the Union was just, were all other rights to be sacrificed? Was the sacredness of the Union incompatible with rights sacred before the Union was even a dream?

The speech showed Prentice in a glow,—what was in the man. The speech over, he lapsed into abstraction,—heard with apparent apathy the congratulations of those who came to disavow the Secretary of War. And when Cameron, in his hearty, sensible, prompt way, advanced with outstretched glass and intimated that there was an eloquence in champagne more subtle than even the voice of a Cabinet minister, Prentice awakened to the summons, and hearkened with an

almost vanished smile to some story from the Susquehanna that had its genesis when Jackson was President and George the Fourth was king.

John W. Forney was my first master, and I served him for some years, in the early days of *The Press*. There is much to be said of Forney that must serve for another occasion, when some estimate of the man and his work may be submitted to his countrymen. I should be loath to dismiss him in the few paragraphs vouchsafed to me in the columns of a magazine.

JOHN W. FORNEY.

Forney had a distinct personality, unlike any of those eminent contemporaries. He was a Pennsylvanian, with the strength and limitations of his nativity. To him, with true Pennsylvania instinct, the Lord left little worth creating when He finished with the Lancaster valley. This was his horizon, with broadening outlooks towards Washington and New York. He had the fire of Gallic genius, an impulsive flashing nature, typified in his concentrated eye-glance. The governing element in his character was intrepidity. He could see but one thing at a time, and what concerned him must concern the universe. While this gave him singular power and force, it was the force of the rifle-ball.

There was a Napoleonic genius in Forney, but he was Napoleon on the island of Elba. What he would have done had he attained his empire, who can say? Forney had the loftiest ambitions; and there were in him capacities for leadership, for destruction as well as construction, for war as well as peace, surpassed by those of no man of his time. But fate doomed him into some petty Buchanan brawl, some barren carrying the water and refreshments business of "supporting Douglas," some earnest, unavailing efforts to win from Lincoln and the Republicans the recognition due to the incomparable energy and patriotism with which he supported the Union. He never came to his own.

Forney never learned—or at least never applied—the lesson which Bennett seared into the hearts of the generation,—that the world must fear before it follows, that there is a good deal of the dog in what people call public opinion, and that it must be well flogged before you have the comfort of its affection. But to have done this he must have been as Swift or Voltaire, and not the kind, appreciative, sympathetic gentleman as we knew him. His greatest contribution to the press was the lesson of candor and courtesy. He was the first of the then reigning journalists to teach good will and good fellowship in the press. He was insensible to abuse, indifferent to misrepresentation. He never replied in anger to the angriest taunt. I recall his reading a savage diatribe, which would have justified a message under the code, and answering it by nominating his assailant for the Vice-Presidency. It was his way of speaking the soft answer which turneth away wrath.

From 1858—when Forney declared war upon the Buchanan administration—to the end of the rebellion, he dominated the journalism of

Pennsylvania, was among the reigning powers in the land. History has no better bit of political fighting than the Anti-Lecompton controversy. It was fought to the end and won. More than any political influence of the day it secured the election of Lincoln. It came in its entirety from Forney's brain, and was won by his merciless energy and courage.

This and so much more remain to be said of Forney, when occasion serves. There were giants in his day, and he was of them. None was more to be honored than the brilliant young Pennsylvanian who came from his Lancaster home to found and direct a policy which was to sway the nation, to be one of the leading instruments under the providence of God in fighting the civic side of the war which assured the perpetuity of the Union.

Yes, there were giants in those days. Of some of them I have written in a vague, wandering way. The press is no longer the expression of personal power as when these illustrious men were reigning. It has grown with a pace startling even to those who dwell upon the pace of the century. Then the newspaper was a teacher,—the voice of one thinker, one leader. Now it is a university. As much intellect is needed to disseminate a journal as to govern Harvard or Yale. The fly-sheets of the earlier day, with their thin, flimsy happenings of news, have given place to the daily volume which embodies the genius of the artist, the writer, the artificer, and the statesman. Then there was no journal great enough for Greeley or Forney; now there could be no Forney or Greeley great enough for the journal. In their day Plato walked in the groves of the Academy and Abelard lectured on the banks of the Seine. In time their influence was to develop into the schools which have nourished the genius of civilization. So with journalism. The men who reigned have gone; but behind them remains an empire, which would have taxed if not exhausted the resources of their sovereignty.

*John Russell Young.*

### PALINODE.

“**L**OVE is to die,” he said;  
 “Sweet ’twere to die for love!”  
 (Yellow the curls above  
 Cheeks soft and red.  
 In a rapture of dreaming the stripling lay,  
 And the birds were singing the revel of May.)

“Love is to live,” he cried;  
 “Brave ’tis for love to bear!  
 Though time no hope may spare,  
 Love doth abide.”  
 (The snow-flakes fell on an old man’s head;  
 To the south and the summer the birds had fled.)

*Charles Washington Coleman.*

## JOSIAH'S ALARM.

WHEN we had the furnace put into our new house, the man who built the house, and the agent who sold it, acted awful skairt.

The agent talked dretful skairful. He said we would be too hot. He said, "In every other respect it wuz a perfect furnace, only it would be liable to heat us up too much."

By the contract Josiah wuz to give a big hefty price for the furnace, and this wuz the one they brung.

Wall, finally the agent talked so much about the awful amount of heat it would throw out that Josiah got skairt, and he says,—

"I guess we had better get a smaller one, Samantha. How it would look to have a sunstroke in the winter!" sez he. "It would mortify me to have one myself, or have you."

This wuz before they got it sot up. But I sez,—

"Be calm, Josiah Allen. Don't let's be too hasty in our movements. I dare persume to say we may suffer from the heat ofttimes. But you know it is three or four sizes smaller than the one we laid out to have."

"Yes," sez Josiah. "But this is such a heater, Samantha, I s'poze there hain't nothin' like it in the country for pourin' out the heat in torrents. And it takes next to nothin' in coal to run it. I am sorry I got so much coal," sez he, dreamily, a-lookin' at the big heaped-up ben. "It is all onnecessary; it hain't a-goin' to take more'n a ton, if it duz that, to run it all winter."

"Oh, shaw!" sez I.

"Wall, it won't take but a few pounds more, anyway. I know it won't from what the agent says. I am sorry," sez he, "that I didn't get it by the pound as we needed it. It hain't likely we shall ever empty that ben, not if we don't live beyond the nateral age of mortals."

And Josiah looked sad.

But I merely says ag'in, "Oh, shaw!" For I didn't fall in with his idees at all. And the idee looked silly to me of his goin' to Jonesville and bringin' coal home a few pounds at a time, like tea, or suger; and so I says "Oh, shaw!" to it.

And then he started off on a new tact, and sez he, "I am afraid it is resky, anyway, to have it round. I am afraid it will burn up the house."

But I kep' on a-counselin' him to keep calm, and try it, and then he begin on a new idee, about heatin' the door-yard with it from the furnace-room door, and raisin' vegetables and flowers for market.

But I says, "With snow eight or ten feet deep, and old zero a-goin' down to forty, I guess we can't raise many vegetables and flowers in the door-yard."

"Of course we couldn't without the furnace," sez he. "But that furnace, from what that agent says, would jest melt the snow right



down and keep it warm as summer clear to the orchard fence. And the meltin' snow would make the ground moist and rich. Why," sez he, "Samantha, I believe we could make our everlastin' fortune by it."

And he sot down and crossed his legs, and begin to calculate, on the back of the Almanac, how much string-beans would fetch in January, and how our lettuce would be sought for in December, and how much he ort to have a head for it.

But I looked on this like one of the many bubbles I had seen him throw up rosy and gold-tinted, to break anon over his devoted but bald head, and drizzle down into damp mist and nothin'ness.

And I kep' on a-tellin' him to be mejum, and to go slow. Sez I,—

"Don't you go to breakin' up ground and puttin' in garden-seeds in November on the strength of that furnace."

But sez he, "The heat of it ort to be utilized. It is not only resky to have so much heat a-layin' loose round, but it seems wicked to waste it."

And I ketched Josiah Allen that day a-figgerin' on a blank page in Fox's Book of Martyrs how he could carry the waste heat to the barn and heat up the cattle.

But I kep' calm through it all. Of course I knew from the agent's talk that we wuz takin' a great resk onto us, almost like goin' to a torrid zone in the fall of the year. And though I did in my secret thoughts apprehend sunstrokes and prostrations, and perused the medical portion of the Almanac in my hours of leisure, for directions to fetch folks to when they wuz prostrated by heat, still I kep' a calm demeanor on the outside of me, and never let on to Josiah that I had a apprehension.

That is my way, to keep still, and calm, and do everything I can to avert danger.

In the same quiet way, I got out three old palm-leaf fans, and put new bindin's round the edges, and hemmed over the bottom of my old lawn dress, and I bought eleven yards of cheese bandage cloth at a outlay of five cents a yard, and colored it a soft gray with plum boughs. If I couldn't wear calico in the winter, as I mistrusted I couldn't from the agent's talk, why, I laid out to be prepared. And if my apprehensions wuz futile, why, I laid out to make it into a comforter for my bed. Ten yards would make the comforter, and the odd yard I needed for a wipin'-cloth.

They wuz quite a long time a-settin' up the furnace. It seemed to me to take a good while, but I wuzn't used to the common behavior of furnaces, and didn't know but it wuz one of their habits to be a good while a-bein' sot up.

Of course, Josiah bein' a man, and bein' round with the workmen more, and hearin' more of the skairful talk of that agent, about the heat that wuz soon a-goin' to pour onto us, it wuz nateral that he should get skairter than I wuz, and it wuz on the very afternoon that they finished settin' it up, and I s'poze the agent had acted very skairful, and also the men that wuz a-helpin' set it up (for of course it wuz nateral that they should all be linked together in their talk about it).



It wuz that very afternoon, along towards night, that I overheard Josiah, out by the gate, a-tryin' to sell his clothes, all his thick ones. And I walked right out bareheaded, and interfered.

But Josiah says, "What will I ever want of 'em ag'in?"

And I says, "You act like a luny. Hain't you got to go out any more to mill or to meetin'?"

But sez he, "I am only sellin' them that I wear round the house winters."

But I sez, "Do you desist imegiatly," sez I. "If the clothes hain't wanted, I need 'em for carpet-rags."

"Carpets!" sez he. "Do you s'poze we can stand carpets in such a heat? I am goin' to buy mattin', mattin' of the very coolest kind."

Sez I, sternly, "Do you stop sellin' or buyin', and wait."

"Yes," sez he, bitterly, "wait! till we all have sunstrokes, and are dead and buried."

I see he wuz fearfully worked up, and all the rest of the afternoon I made errents for him to keep him away from that agent and the workmen. I see he wuz gettin' completely onstrung. And I, with my own inward apprehensions, wuz in no state to string him up ag'in.

So I kep' him away from them by borrowin' things I didn't want of Mrs. Gowdey, and sendin' home tea I never had to Miss Bobbitses, and etc. etc.

Yes, to such depths of deceit will a woman's devoted love lead her.

Wall, about night they got it sot up, and Josiah and I proceeded down-stairs to see it. They had all gone then, for Miss Bobbet had detained Josiah with a long story. She mistrusted sunthin'.

Wall, when we went down to see it, it looked queer enough. The furnace wuz so very small, and the big pipes a-leadin' from it in every direction looked so very big.

I don't know as I can describe it any better than to say it looked like a small teacup sot out in a door-yard, with very big eave-spouts a-runnin' from it all over the yard. Or as a very small infant of a few weeks of age would look, a-settin' up with a man's high hat on, and a pair of number eleven boots.

It looked curious, and strange, so strange that I sithed, as I looked at it, and Josiah looked stunted, and he took out his bandanna handkerchief and wiped his forehead, without words.

Finally he sez, sort o' dreamily,—

"'Most all great inventions and discoveries look strange at first."

And I sez, almost mechanically, "Yes, that is so, Josiah."

And he spoke out ag'in, "Napoleon Bonaparte wuz a small man, but what a generel he wuz! What a leader! How fiery he wuz!"

And I sez, "Yes," ag'in.

And he sez, a-brightenin' up in his thoughts, and in delicate defference to me,—

"The pen is mightier than the sword."

Wall, the next mornin' the fire wuz built in the furnace, and, it bein' hot weather, it heat the house beautifully. It wuz about ninety in the shade, so the furnace heat the house warm, and the agent and men looked triumphant, and ag'in Josiah's apprehensions rose, and he won-

dered how we wuz goin' to get through the winter with it without meltin' right down in our tracts.

But I kep' cool, or as cool as I could in dog-days, and didn't say much.

Wall, it run along, and run along, the furnace always a-goin', to dry the plasterin', and Josiah's stock of winter coal kep' a-dwindlin' down.

Whatever else the furnace could do, or couldn't do, it could devour coal with the best of 'em. Like some folks I have seen, it wuz small in size, but had a immense appetite.

Ton after ton vanished like tales that wuz told, into its insatiable mouth (door of furnace).

But as the weather wuz still hot, it heat the house beautifully, so Josiah didn't complain. But he lay awake nights a-worryin' about the effects of heat.

But finally there come on a cold snap, jest as I wuz a-gettin' the new house cleaned, and carpets put down, and I found there wuzn't a room I could set down in, it wuz so cold.

It wuz a very cold day when I had the dinin'-room carpet put down, and I had hired a stout healthy woman, two hundred pounds wuz her weight, and her temperature wuz above normal, it wuz so good.

I went over to the house that mornin', and I shivered imperceptibly as I walked through the rooms,—I didn't venter to set,—and I met Josiah a-comin' up from the sullen with his mittens on, and a comforter round his neck, and his teeth a-chatterin'.

And I sez to him, "Hain't you glad you didn't sell your mittens and comforter, Josiah?"

And he sez, real snappish, "I wouldn't be a fool!"

And I sez, "I didn't mean no hurt, Josiah," and I added further, as I clapped my hands together to warm 'em, "We are both sufferers, Josiah Allen."

"Wall," sez he, "when we get into the house it will be different. Then we can give it a fair test."

And I sez, a-glancin' at the empty coal-ben,—

"If four tons of coal hain't a test, I don't know a test when I see it."

We had got down in front of the furnace by this time, and I looked down on it pityin'ly, it looked so fearful small, and the cold all round it seemed so intense.

And I sez, "The poor little thing hain't to blame: it duz the best it can, but it has took too hefty a job on it for its size and constitution."

He wuz a-leanin' over the top of the furnace, a-brushin' off the icicles from his whiskers; and he says, almost mechanically,—

"You know the man said it wuz such a heater; you know he said it wuz fairly dangerous."

"Yes," sez I, "but I learned long ago to put not your trust in princes, or agents," sez I. "That is Bible, Josiah, part on't."

Wall, he shivered so that I got him out of the furnace-room as

quick as I could, and then I went up-stairs, a-wroppin' my thick woollen shawl more closely round my frame, and I looked round to see what had become of my hired woman, for I feared the worst; I feared she had perished.

But no, I found she wuz resusitated. I found her a-settin' on the regester in the dinin'-room floor, the heat turned on to its utmost capacity, and she wuz a-sewin' on the carpet.

But she looked blue, and her frame shook. And she said she wuz cold, bitter cold.

And she sez to me, in gloomy axents, —

“How are you a-goin' to stand it through the winter?”

My soul wuz racked with the same agonizin' apprehensions. But I tried to be calm; I wuz cool, I know,—freezin' cool.

Wall, that afternoon I made a voyalent effort to have that furnace took out, and a bigger one put in, and one that had a warmer circulation and a more healthy constitution inside of it.

“For,” sez I, “if we enter this house with that furnace in it, we shall all likewise perish.”

I thought mebbly if I used a skriptural term the man would hear to me, seein' he wuz a perfesser.

But no, he stood firm. He said “we hadn't tested it sufficient.” And the rest of the men a-standin' round with blue noses, all jined in with him:

“No, we hadn't tested it.”

Wall, I gin my shawl a closter wrop round my chilly frame, and pinte my frigid forefinger towards the empty coal-ben, and sez,—

“If four tons of coal hain't a test, what do you call one?”

And sez I, “If that hain't a test, there is a woman a-perishin' out there now, a-settin' on the regester: bring her in for a test if you want another.”

But no; one of 'em recommended givin' her whiskey to keep her temperature up till she got the carpet down.

But Josiah roused up at that, and said “he wuzn't goin' to stand the expense of keepin' folkses heat up with brandy.” (That man is close.) And I repudiated the idee, and said, “I put more faith in soapstuns and woollen shawls.”

And I sez ag'in, in eloquent axents, “Take out that furnace, and put in a bigger one, and I will move in and test it.”

And then they said “they wouldn't.”

And we said “we wouldn't.”

And then the man threw some hints at us about the law.

And then Tirzah Ann throwed some back at him, about its not bein' a new furnace.

Such news had come to us, and come very straight and direct. Miss Deacon Elikum Peck told she that wuz Hetty Avery, and she that wuz Hetty told old Miss Blodgett, and she told the editor of the Augurses wife, and she told Miss Preservéd Green, and she told Tirzah Ann. It come straight.

And then the man said that it hadn't never been sot up before, and also that it had all been fixed over sense it wuz sot up.

This wuz very satisfactory to Josiah, but not to me, and I told him ag'in, impressively,—

“Take out that furnace. My life I feel is at the stake.”

But they stood firm. And when one party stands firm and won't move, the other party has got to ; that is, if there is any movement.

So finally, with a forebodin' mind and a frosty frame, I took the venter.

I had a large coal stove in the kitchen, so I knew that part of the house wuz habitable. So I moved in, accompanied by a good wood stove, which wuz sot up in my room.

Wall, the first thing that happened to me wuz a cold that set my teeth to achin' so hard it seemed as if they must shatter the goons, and my face swelled up almost enormous. I lay in the most excruciating agony for a week. The pain I suffered every hour wuz costly enough to me to buy the furnace, pipe and all, if pain could profit a man or woman.

At last I got easier through the constant application of hot poultices, mustard, catnip, etcetera. And a hot fire in my wood stove made me comfortable in frame. I couldn't sleep, so I could 'tend to havin' the wood put in.

One night, the coldest of the season, worn out with long watchin' and pain, I slept sound. So did the one who took care on me : we slept so sound that my wood fire languished and went out, and we wuz left in our weakness, in the silence and darkness, to the mercy of that poor little furnace.

Curious little thing, it wuzn't to blame : it did the best it could with its circulation and size.

But in the mornin' I waked up so cold that it seemed as if I would have loved to go to Greenland to have warmed up some, or Iceland would have been a grateful change.

Waked up with a cold ketched there in my peaceful bed, that brung me down to the very verge of the grave. Yes, I went down so close to the dark river that I could almost hear the mysterious swashin' of its waves against the shores of the Present.

For eight long weeks did I lay there and suffer, and doctors and nurses a-sufferin' too ; for it wuzn't only me they had to take care on, they had to take constant and broodin' care of that poor feeble little furnace : that had to be sot up with jest as regular as I did. Sometimes they hired a man to set up with it regular till two in the mornin', thinkin' then it would survive till mornin'. Sometimes they tried waitin' on it three or four times a night, and keepin' it alive that way.

Wall, after eight or nine weeks of sufferin' almost onexampled, I got better ; but the poor little furnace kep' on a-growin' weaker and more weak, its circulation more and more clogged up, and its inward fires a-expirin' gradual.

And finally consent wuz giv that we should put in a new furnace. And we imegiatly and to once bought a big noble-sized one, with a good healthy circulation, that makes our house like summer all the time, day and night.

Why, it fairly fools the house-plants, makes the silly things think

it is summer. And up stairs and down, in almost every livin'-room their big green leaves and dewy blossoms shine out, not mistrustin' that it hain't June.

And the red and green parrot sets and talks and looks wise, and is a-s'pozin' all the time that he is in New Mexico.

Wall, the day that the little furnace wuz took out of the sullen (poor little weak broken-down creeter, I can't help bein' sorry for it), that very day I paid my doctor's bill,—a good hefty one. The nurse's bill, and the bills of them that had sot up with me, and sot up with the furnace, hadn't come in yet; but I knew they would be big, and ort to be, a-takin' care on us both.

The doctor had just gone, and I wuz a-settin' in my room relapsted into meditation and a big rockin'-chair,—for I wuz far from bein' strong yet,—when all of a sudden my pardner burst into the room, all roused up and agitated to a extreme degree, and says he,—

“What do you s'poze we have discovered now, Samantha? How old do you think that furnace is, Samantha Allen?”

And I sez, “I don't feel like guessin' on deep subjects, feelin' as I do, weak as a cat.”

“Wall,” sez he, “the body part of it is the very same old potash-kettle that George Washington made potash in before the war of 1812.”

Sez I, “I don't believe any such thing,” and sez I, a-leanin' back in my copperplate chair,—

“You tire me, Josiah, with your wild and impassioned skemes and idees. Only a little while ago you wuz a-tryin' to sell your clothes to escape the burnin' qualities of that furnace, and now you are a-tryin' to make it out older'n the hills.”

“But this is a fact,” sez he. “I recognized it the minute it wuz oncovered. I see a picture of it once in a Life of Washington. It is a peculiar shape, and I can't be mistook.”

Sez I, “I don't believe a word of it.”

“Wall,” sez he, firmly, “I can prove it.”

“How?” sez I.

“Wall, there is a big hole in the side of it where his hired man got mad and kicked at it. It has been all cemented up and mended, but you can see the marks plain.”

“How did you get holt of that idee?” sez I, sternly.

“History,” sez he. “I read a good deal that I never told you about.”

“I should think as much,” sez I. And I sez further,—

“Get that idee out of your head to once, Josiah Allen. George Washington never see this furnace: it wuz made sense his time.”

But Josiah contended it wuz so, and left the room mad as a hen to think I wouldn't give in with him.

And in less than ten minutes up he hurried with another idee in his head. And sez he the first thing,—

“More proof, Samantha! in takin' the furnace apart we have found the old rim that Washington's folks used with his potash-kettle, all broke to pieces and wired together.”

Sez I, "I don't believe it. I don't believe a word of it."

"Wall," sez he, triumphantly, "come down sullen, and I will prove it."

So I tottered down sullen (for what will not a wife do to please her pardner?), and there, sure enough, wuz a iron rim which had been broke long ago to all appearance, and mended with old wire. And the big part did indeed look in shape like a old potash-kettle with some places in the side that had been patched up with cement.

I looked down on it pensively and sez,—

"And that is what we wuz to pay that big hefty price for. That is what wuz a-goin' to give us sunstrokes in the winter, and prostrations from too fervid heat."

A by-stander a-standin' by remarked tersely,—

"All it is good for is old iron."

But Josiah sez, "Wall, I'll bet George Washington made durned good potash in it. I'll bet it wuz a good kettle in its day."

Sez I, "Josiah Allen, cease such talk. I should think we had suffered enough with the little thing, without lyin' about it."

But sez he, firmly, "I believe every word I say, and I don't say a thing I can't prove. That is George Washington's potash-kettle."

I sithed, and turned silently away, for I knew words wuz vain.

And though I don't believe a word on it, and though I know it wuz made sense that time, and hain't nigh so old, I can't turn my companion's mind round the wedth of a horse-hair.

He will go down to the grave a-thinkin' that that wuz George Washington's potash-kettle, and them mended-up places he found in it wuz made by the hired man a-kickin' at it when he was mad at George.

*Josiah Allen's Wife.*

## A REMORSE.

UPON my couch one summer morn I lay  
 Lazily reading, and with Hamlet might  
 Have cried, "Words! words!" and flung the book away,  
 But my boy came, and to my face pressed tight  
 His own sweet cheek, pretending with delight  
 He would read too. And I, too cross for play,  
 Pushed him aside,—said he was in my way,—  
 And dared, alas! to send him from my sight.  
 Poor child! A fate I cannot understand  
 Has snatched thee from me. I am since unmanned  
 When memory recalls the scene and place,  
 Thy tear and thy grieved look. Ah! I would give  
 My books, my knowledge,—all,—couldst thou but live,  
 And could I feel thy sweet breath on my face.

*E. W. Latimer, from the French of Hippolyte Lucas.*

HERMAN F. WOLFF.

## WRESTLING.

[ATHLETIC SERIES.]

**T**HE frame of every individual has its ultimate size, shape, and capacity determined from the commencement of its organization,—bears within itself the germ of its perfectibility; but to this it will only attain when the laws and agents which regulate and support its growth and development are faithfully observed and duly administered.

The ways in which these two processes are attained may be classed under two heads. The first is regarded as a mere increase of height, usually completed about the eighteenth or nineteenth year; the second includes the bringing to their proper size, perfect conformation, and highest capacity, the several parts which together make up the body as a whole, seldom completed before the twenty-third or twenty-fourth year. To attain the latter, wrestling is probably the best method extant.

Wrestling, as a means of developing the muscles and perfecting the human frame, takes precedence over boxing, running, jumping, swimming, bicycling, or rowing, as it gives abundance of work to those participating in its pleasures, and, unlike the other sports, brings into



play all the muscles of the body simultaneously. Boxing develops the shoulder-muscles; rowing, the forearm and back; running and bicycling strengthen the limbs, and also have a tendency to increase the lung-power; swimming gives healthful exercise without any superfluous physical exertion; but wrestling combines the whole of the foregoing athletic qualities. There is scarcely a muscle in the body which is not called into action. Therefore, as a means of all-round development, wrestling stands pre-eminent in the category of sports and pastimes.

Unlike many other sports, wrestling is indulged in by different nations, who have their own individual style. Those most in vogue are Catch-as-catch-can, Græco-Roman, Cumberland and Westmoreland,

#### THE FIRST HOLD.

Collar-and-Elbow, Lancashire, Cornish and Devonshire, and German. Of these the first mentioned is the most popular, as it enables the wrestler to carry the cultivation of the body to its highest attainable capacity, and then teaches the manner in which the physical force can be applied with most beneficial results.

Wrestling itself is the art of forcing an antagonist to the ground without resorting to blows or kicks. It is a trial of strength and skill between two opponents standing face to face, who strive to throw one another. As a gymnastic exercise it found great favor among the ancients. History mentions its popularity during the days of Cæsar and the great Roman Empire, whose rough, brutal, and savage tastes contrasted strongly with the art as cultivated by the Greeks. The two styles, however, are supposed to be the origin of the Græco-Roman.

The Egyptians did not consider it beneath them to indulge in the sport, and specimens of sculpture from the land of the Pharaohs, now in the British Museum, show the ancients in different holds, many of which are not unlike those practised by the modern wrestler.

Probably the first authentic record of a wrestling-match is in A.D. 1222, when chivalry on the European Continent was undergoing a change for the better. During the reign of Henry III. of England a match took place in St. Giles's Field, London, between citizens of Westminster and the City of London proper. Wrestling was, however, popular as a pastime in England at a much earlier period, and from that country many of the different styles originated.

Every one knows how much friendly rivalry exists between school-boys, and how they will tug and pull at a fellow-scholar, after school-hours, in their attempts to gain the mastery. These early lessons are not lost, as they only serve to whet the appetite for the legitimate style which they indulge in when they reach a mature age. What finer sight can be imagined than two powerful athletes, with no ill feeling towards each other, twisting, wriggling, and squirming to get out of certain positions, when a spectator thinks a fall inevitable? How eagerly the throng watch them in their almost superhuman efforts, as they apply holds and then break them, seize each other with irresistible force, then spring quickly upon their feet, till as a desperate resort one of the contestants will turn a complete somersault, lighting nimbly on his feet in a frantic endeavor to gain the supremacy!

As a recognized sport or pastime, wrestling is of comparatively recent origin in this country. It is, however, now making rapid strides forward. In England it is no uncommon event for twelve or fifteen thousand people to witness a contest between two prominent athletes, Cumberland and Westmoreland, Catch-as-catch-can, and Cornish and Devonshire being the most prevalent styles in the tight little island.

The Anglo-Saxon race stands pre-eminently above all others as the exponent of wrestling, and on more than one occasion the advantages of the art over boxing in a scrimmage have been demonstrated. In no other branch of athletics does science act as a foil to heavy opponents when opposed by much lighter men to such a degree as it does when exercised by a thorough master of the art of wrestling in all its fine and delicate points: hence wrestling takes a prominent place in the athletic exercises of the leading gymnasiums and clubs all over the country, and there are hundreds of wrestlers, both amateur and professional, who are a credit to the profession, while the school-boys who imitate the professionals early show evidence of skill.

Perhaps the most exciting style of any is that practised in Japan; for in that country, strange and outrageous though it may seem, it has been the barbarous custom, after the contest, to put the man who has been unfortunate enough to lose to a cruel death (a practice fast falling into disuse). Butting an opponent through the limits of the ring is considered a mark of superiority by the Japanese.

The Swiss in large measure copy their rules for contests from the Catch-as-catch-can style. France favors the Græco-Roman style, and many athletes from this quarter of the globe have attained a remarkable

proficiency in the art. Cumberland and Westmoreland style prevails in Scotland, while Ireland gives unstinted support to Collar-and-Elbow, the brawny sons of Erin furnishing some of the very best examples in this line.

Like other sports, wrestling has not reached the same stage of perfection in the amateur ranks as among the professionals. In the latter class William Muldoon, Evan Lewis, Joe Acton, Hugh Leonard, Ernest Roeber, William Coupe, George Steadman, Jack Carkeek, Tom Connors, and Carl Abbs are head and shoulders above all other competitors, each being a master in his own class. This degree of perfection on the part of the professionals may be accounted for by the fact that they practise constantly to perfect themselves, as their means of existence depend on their proficiency. The amateurs usually follow

#### HALF-NELSON AND LEG HOLD.

the sport as a source of amusement, looking upon the professional chiefly as an instructor. There are some who stand out eminently in this branch, among whom may be mentioned Dana L. Chesterman, P. V. von Boeckman, J. B. Riley, Emil Beck, J. Y. Cooper, Baird and Holzhauer, and, previous to their entry into the ranks of professors, J. K. Shell and George W. Hoskins, who were peerless at their weights. Those amateurs whose names are above mentioned are men of national reputation, and are entitled to wear championship emblems.

It is not, however, the amateur who claims the honor of popularizing the sport in this country, but the professional, who has devoted the best of his days to its encouragement, while the amateur has proved a worthy emulator of the art.

In this country the Cumberland and Westmoreland style is practically unknown, Catch-as-catch-can, Collar-and-Elbow, and Græco-Roman being the three distinctive styles most engaged in and encouraged. In the opinion of competent authorities, the Catch-as-catch-can style is immeasurably superior to all others as a means both of exercise

and of defence. It is without doubt the most natural way of testing the strength, and, unlike the Græco-Roman style, all holds are recognized, with the exception of the "full Nelson;" for since the disastrous results of Evan Lewis's famous "strangle" hold, this has been barred in amateur contests, on account of its being an exhibition of brutal strength and unfairness, to the exclusion of scientific exhibitions. In the "strangle" hold, an opponent's head is caught under the arm, and the unfortunate man is compelled to acknowledge defeat or be choked into insensibility. The brutality of this hold has caused its condemnation by true lovers of the sport, and very properly the "strangle" is now a thing of the past.

Græco-Roman is practised mainly by professionals, as it gives more scope to a long contest between two evenly-matched men than Catch-as-catch-can. In this style no catching or holding below the waist is allowed, and both shoulders must touch the floor simultaneously to constitute a fall; no tripping is allowed, back-heeling is prohibited, and neither the buttock nor the cross-buttock can be used. Here, as in other styles, strength plays an important part, it being necessary to



DOUBLE BRIDGE.

bring into use all one's resources when an opponent is trying to break a bridge.

There is very little difference between the Cornish and Devonshire and Collar-and-Elbow styles, the former being prevalent in the southwestern counties of England. Three points constitute a fall,—two shoulders and a hip, or two hips and a shoulder. The Collar-and-Elbow is the outcome of the Cornish and Devonshire style, with the brutal parts eliminated,—a process consequent on the natural refining influences of civilization on humanity. The English style, however, is still much practised in the mining districts of Southern England, where education plays a small part and where the humanitarian's efforts, with their benign influences, have failed.

Of the other styles the Lancashire and Cumberland and Westmoreland are the recognized ones in the really wrestling centres, which embrace the northern counties of Northumberland, Westmoreland,

Cumberland, Durham, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Cheshire. The contestants are dressed in tights, with trunks and stockings, and the holds, though limited in number and variety, form the basis and fundamental principles of wrestling. The men face each other, each placing the chin on the other's shoulder, grasping him round the body with both arms locked. When the men secure their holds and are fairly on guard the play begins, and, with the exception of kicking, every device may be employed to throw the other. A fall is called when any portion of the body of either of the contestants touches the floor, or when one of them loses his hold, though he is not thrown. If both fall, the first down or under is the loser.

As a tissue-maker, a blood-stirring sport or exercise, there is no in-door sport equal to wrestling. It stretches every muscle, builds up flat chests, strengthens unsteady arms and legs, and gives the wrestler coolness, determination, and judgment,—requisites which are an absolute necessity to the well-formed and successful athlete. It is also a desirable training for foot-ball, combining patience, quickness, and strength, tempered by cool correction, which are essential to both the wrestler and the foot-ball player.

The pride of the American sport-loving public is in the fact that it is fast becoming an amateur one, and the rules which are promulgated by the Amateur Athletic Union of America are found to answer every requisite. There is a constant progress in the art, as in every other branch of sport, and a man who was considered a wonder ten years ago would make a very poor showing to-day. To use a very modern expression in a very ancient connection, Spartacus and his fellow-gladiators, who were wont to make pin-cushions of one another, and do the Samson act with lions, for the entertainment of maids and matrons and the vestals of Rome, would make a very sorry show with the wrestler of to-day. The modern gladiator is a much more powerful man, and is equipped with tricks and artifices and scientific knowledge that would prove so many disastrous surprise-parties to those old amphitheatre sharks, if the Present and the Past could face each other in the arena of to-day.

Among the many holds the Nelson is the most popular one with wrestlers, while the half-Nelson and half-walch-lock are next in order. The double-Nelson was once a dangerous hold, but in 1870 several matches terminated fatally from this grip, and the authorities decided to bar it from all contests.

To become an expert, one should begin young. The sport is by no means an easy game, and much harm may be done to a lad whose work is not properly supervised by a competent teacher, who combines his technical lessons with an intelligent comprehension of the pupil's physique. On the other hand, no exercise is better calculated to fill out and build up a frail physical structure.

It is one thing to have a theoretical knowledge of the different grips, but an entirely different thing to apply them at the proper time. A careful investigation of the Cumberland and Westmoreland and Cornish and Devonshire styles in completing an all-round knowledge will with due practice make one a very formidable opponent. To

those indulging in the sport an admonition may be in place. Try to learn all you can while on your feet. The advantages are twofold. It is a wonderful developer of strength, gives great steadiness to the body and increased power to the limbs, and will prove of great practical benefit. A man must be more or less expert to do his wrestling on his feet; but when he is, he should try for the head-hold and make an effort to back-heel his man, which is done by jerking him forward, and, as he steps in with his right leg, put the left behind on the outside and bend him over backwards, and, if he is strong

#### HALF-NELSON AND HAMMER LOCK.

enough, his opponent must go to the floor. Back-heeling, however, is not easy, and unless the one practising it is wide awake, his opponent may turn the tables on him and throw him with a leg lock, which may readily be turned into a buttock or cross-buttock.

Of the other holds, those most practised are the leg and arm, half-Nelson and crotch, quarter-Nelson, back-hammer, lock- and half-Nelson, double bridge, back-body, neck and arm, hip-lock, head-lock, side-roll, and elevated arm and leg hold,—all of which would require separate illustrations to make them intelligible to the general public.

Wrestling as a means of self-defence has a number of advantages. Most admirers of the sport do not look upon it in this light, viewing it not exactly as a weapon, but rather as an exercise. There are a number of holds, such as the buttock, cross-buttock, back-heel, and strangle (the latter, though barred in contests, might come in handy as a means of self-defence in case of necessity), which might be used as greatly advantageous in emergencies, when attacked by ruffians. If to the knowledge of wrestling something of boxing is added, the combination makes an opponent for whom a considerable degree of respect is highly appropriate. Those who go in for the athletic arts as a means of protection in cases of need should remember that when set on in the street or any other place no recognized code of rules governs the *mêlée*. While an opponent may be kept off by several well-directed blows, a clinch is apt to follow sooner or later, when a knowledge of wrestling tactics will be of inestimable value.

To a careful observer of the sport there can be little doubt as to its ultimate success. Where beauty applauds and encourages brawn and muscle, the incentive to the athlete is doubly great. Therefore, while ladies can witness and enjoy a wrestling exhibition, they would shrink from the idea of viewing a boxing contest. As a genuine trial of true strength and endurance it has found a place among the foremost of American sports, and while fostered and encouraged by the Manhattan Athletic Club, New York Athletic Club, Boston Athletic Association, New Jersey Athletic Club, Athletic Club of the Schuylkill Navy, Chicago, Warren, and Columbia Athletic Clubs, and the Philadelphia Amateur Swimming Club, the question of its ultimate success leaves little room for doubt.

The district and national championships have done more to develop good wrestlers than anything else in the amateur world, and from the number of crack boxers who are entering the ranks of wrestlers it would appear as though the game of "hold and throw" will eventually be the leading in-door sport in this country.

*Herman F. Wolff.*

## TRUST.

I SHALL see,  
 When I am dead,  
 And all my life, a finished scroll, is read,  
 That all the poor, rude fragments written now  
     With faltering hand  
 Gather together in that scroll, and make  
     An epic grand.

I shall hear  
     The noise and strife,  
 The clash and discord filling all of life,  
 Gather in one deep burst of harmony,  
     Whose sound shall rise  
 Grand, wonderful, with a triumphant swell,  
     And fill the skies.

So, though the days may seem  
     Useless and pitiful and incomplete,  
 I still can trust my dream:  
     I know at last will come a triumph sweet,  
     When Death and I shall meet.

*Floy Campbell.*



*THE RUSSIAN APPROACH TO INDIA.*

**I**T is only a few years since Russia, laughing at the threats of Mr. Gladstone's government, wrested a portion of territory from the Ameer of Afghanistan. Abdur Rahman Khan is England's ally, subventioned by her with money and arms. His country, with its strong mountainous configuration, forms the most important bulwark of India. In a seeming fit of energy, the English Premier, at the height of the crisis, had asked Parliament for the grant of eleven million pounds, so as to be prepared for the emergency of war. But when General Lumsden and his suite—who had been sent as a diplomatic mission for the purpose of discussing with Russian and Afghan delegates the demarcation of the northwestern boundary—were, in violation of the law of nations, disgracefully put to flight by a Cossack picket, Mr. Gladstone's courage evaporated after all. So the Afghan kingdom had to submit to a curtailment.

The event did certainly not contribute to the exaltation of England's fame in the Far East. Ruling an empire of two hundred and eighty-five millions with a European army of barely seventy thousand men, she has to be careful of her reputation,—remembering the Sepoy rebellion which in 1857 brought her dominion to the brink of the precipice. At the side of her own soldiers, England keeps one hundred and fifty thousand native troops in her Indian army establishment, and, moreover, one hundred and sixty-three thousand native armed police. A source of strength in ordinary times, these well-equipped bodies might, under critical circumstances, become a cause of grave apprehension. The Feudatory States within the English dominion in India maintain armies of their own. According to the turn of affairs, they may act as serviceable allies or go a different way.

Yet it is the possession of India which mainly gives England her standing as a great World-Power, and which furnishes her with the largest market for the export of her merchandise. An English statesman, one might therefore expect, must have a watchful eye upon the approach of Russia by way of Afghanistan, through which country, from the earliest times, all those great historical invasions have come that have repeatedly, and fundamentally, changed the fate of Hindostan.

Some years ago I several times met in London an Afghan prince, Iskander Khan, a near relation of the present Ameer. I found him to be a man of considerable intelligence and culture of mind, who knew Russia and Germany. One day, when we were dining together in the house of a former English officer who had been in the Indian service, and who acted in London as the agent of dissatisfied Indian princes, Iskander Khan said to me,—

“Our rocky country serves as a protecting bastion to English rule in India. We are well placed by nature in our stronghold; and we are warlike in a high degree. But we are much divided among

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his power to do, first, to save Constantinople from falling into the hands of the Czar, and afterwards to clip the pretensions of the Court of St. Petersburg, as put forth in the treaty-draught of San Stefano. If Lord Beaconsfield did not achieve more during the war itself, it ought to be remembered that there was divided counsel in his own Cabinet. Lord Derby, who afterwards seceded from his party, was the Foreign Secretary in Lord Beaconsfield's government. And Lord Derby—as every one can now see who reads up the proceedings of those days—did his utmost, in a very crafty way, to prevent England from taking real action against Russia. He now and then professed to “lay diplomatic torpedoes,” as it was called, in the path of the Czar's policy, which the Czar, no doubt, knew well were only meant as a bogus threat.

I have sometimes asked myself whether the then Premier of England did not see through the hollowness of the performances of the Foreign Secretary. Possibly the recollection of his own political career having been smoothed by the father of Lord Derby in the face of what appeared to be the almost ineradicable prejudices of the Old Tory party against the “Jewish adventurer,” prevented Lord Beaconsfield from opposing the son in proper time.

In the mean while, public opinion in England, though alarmed at the Muscovite advance, was tranquillized off and on, being always kept under the impression of a finally forthcoming action of government. When Lord Derby's game, however, had served its object, and Russia had carried her main point, the unfaithful Foreign Secretary of England suddenly resigned and went over to the camp of Mr. Gladstone, who had himself gradually sidled up to Russia ever since the latter part of the Crimean war.

It was some years after the tremendous struggle between France and Germany, and shortly before the then Mr. Disraeli assumed the Premiership, that I had a long and very full conversation with him on Eastern, Central Asian, and Indian affairs. Until then, I had only seen the celebrated leader of the Conservative party in his seat in Parliament. Looking at the absolute want of community in principles and the unpleasant reputation for political cynicism which attached to Mr. Disraeli, I confess that nothing could have been further from my mind than the idea of making his personal acquaintance. One day, however, being in the House of Commons as the guest of a Liberal Scotch member, I was suddenly asked by the latter, after he had been away for a little while in consequence of the division bell having rung,—

“Would you not like to make the acquaintance of Mr. Disraeli?”

At first I felt little inclination to say “Yes,” though I had lived long enough in England to know that men of the most opposite views were accustomed to meet in social intercourse. Nor was I aware, when the question was put to me, that the Liberal Scotch nobleman, the scion of one of the oldest families, whose pedigree dates back to the mythical Scandinavian Odin, and the Tory leader, the descendant of a Venetian Jew of the persecuted tribe of the Spanish Sephardim, were personal friends.

“But you know,” said my parliamentary friend, encouragingly,

when he saw my hesitation, "that Mr. Disraeli, in the beginning of the French war, at once took the right side, at least from the point of view of the Treaties of 1815." This was certainly an inducement. Yet, suddenly remembering, as I did, that Mr. Disraeli had during the first Schleswig-Holstein war appealed to those very Treaties in a sense unfavorable to Germany, I still declined the proposal with thanks, much honored as I felt by the kind insistence of the Liberal member.

After a while, the division bell again rang. Once more our dinner was interrupted by the temporary absence of my host. When he came back he astonished me by the fresh remark,—

"Mr. Disraeli, I must tell you now, has himself expressed a wish to make your acquaintance. He is waiting in the library. Would you not come?"

It was impossible to resist this downright invitation. Not wishing to offend against the rules of good breeding, I went, in company of the Scotch Liberal member, to meet the distinguished Conservative leader. Receiving us with a graceful frankness that formed a strong contrast to what was usually held to be his sarcastic and forbiddingly-reserved bearing, Mr. Disraeli, by his whole manner, plainly invited to uncere- monious openness in conversation. When he had sat down after the first greeting, there came upon him, it is true, that mask-like look of the face and that immobility of attitude which were well-known bodily characteristics of his. Otherwise he, throughout, spoke in a tone of both quiet dignity and obliging warmth which made the conversation, that lasted nearly an hour, a very agreeable one.

It will be remembered that Mr. Disraeli began his public career as a Radical. He had even written, in 1834, a "Revolutionary Epic." It contains a passage, in the style of Shelley, in favor of the disinherited "Many that labor for the Few;" also an often-quoted verse in praise of "the regicidal steel that shall redeem a nation's sorrow with a tyrant's blood." It is not true, as has often been alleged, that the latter passage was suppressed in the new edition which the author dedicated, in 1864, to the then Lord Stanley. I have compared the various editions, and I find that in 1864 the verse in question was only changed—from a corrected text dating back as far as 1837—into the words

and hallowed be  
The regicidal steel that shall redeem  
A nation's woe.

At heart—such was the general impression during his lifetime—Mr. Disraeli felt rather above that Old Tory party (very different in constitution and spirit from the present Conservative party) which he had used as a ladder for his own ambition, and which, according to his confession, he had some difficulty in "educating." Very frequently he looked right across the ordinary party-lines in his action as a leader, even to the extent of endeavoring to establish a "Social Alliance" with representatives of the working-class,—a somewhat insidious scheme, which, fortunately, came to naught. At all events, he never quite forgot his earlier political tendencies and experiences. Perhaps

it was this which made him desirous of listening to a voice from the Democratic camp on questions which deeply agitated the public mind between the time of the French war of 1870-71 and the Russo-Turkish war of 1876.

I may say that in the course of the interview a notable agreement of opinion soon showed itself on matters concerning Turkey and Eastern Europe in general. Yet, if I may judge from the way in which the Conservative statesman put some questions, it seemed to me that he was by no means fully aware of the close relations between the Panslavistic movement and Russian government agencies. On this subject I gave, from personal experience and from knowledge obtained through close study during a great many years, a number of facts to which Mr. Disraeli listened with an eager attention in which I thought I sometimes detected considerable surprise. As a rule, I have found English statesmen—and more especially those of the Liberal party—to be rather neglectful of the details of Continental politics, particularly when intricate matters of polyglot countries, like Hungary, are at issue, where politics are so much intermixed with the strife of numerous races contending against each other.

As I came to speak of the war-clouds which I felt sure were gathering in Russia against Turkey, Mr. Disraeli let fall a remark I was scarcely prepared to hear him utter in those days. He did not believe that danger to be near at all! "The Russians," he said, "have now enough on their hands in Central Asia. And, after all, *I do not think there is any cause for complaint or alarm in that direction.*"

My answer was, "You will pardon me when I say that I have never been able to understand how quietly England, upon the whole, nay, with what surprising assent not a few men here have regarded this pushing forward of Russia through Independent 'Tatary. *After all, her final aim is India.*"

I knew that Mr. Disraeli, like many other English statesmen of both the Conservative and the Liberal party, had formerly held the advance of Russia into Central Asia to be of no import for the security of India. But I avow I had not expected him to continue in this confident mood in the face of more recent events. Hence I purposely so framed my reply as to compel him to enter more fully into the subject. Moving about a little with evident uneasiness, he still, however, seemed to think that it was yet a long way from the Russian to the Indian frontier.

I then told him what I had heard from a trustworthy source, which could not possibly be suspected, and which was even free from all political bias or intention, as to the activity of Russian emissaries in India during the Crimean war. They had endeavored to promote a rebellion in England's Asiatic Empire, as a means of diversion; but, fortunately, it took a long time before their efforts made any imprint; and when the Sepoy rising at last came, the hands of England were not fettered by the complication of a foreign war. Mr. Disraeli was certainly startled when I gave him the details a friend had gathered from German officers who were intimately acquainted with the Russian emissaries in question.



Yet even as late as 1876, when he exerted himself to stop Russia from seizing Constantinople, Mr. Disraeli once more repeated his easy-going talk as to the absence of all danger from the Central Asian conquering policy of the Czar. It was as if he wished to draw away the Court of St. Petersburg from further aggression in the direction of the Mediterranean by giving it free leave to do its best, or its worst, in the Asiatic Khanates. A short-sighted policy, indeed.

If we look at the immense territory Russia has overrun and conquered within the last twenty years, from the Caspian Sea to the Afghan frontier, advancing even into Afghanistan itself, it must become patent to the least observant what she is really aiming at. To-day Lord Salisbury would not give any longer the same counsel he formerly gave laughingly to the so-called alarmists,—namely, that they should “buy some very large maps, in order to see how far the Czar’s Empire is still from the confines of India.” Nor would Lord Beaconsfield look to-day with equanimity upon the situation which has been created since he thought that it was “still a long way from the Russian to the Indian frontier.”

Almost immediately after the last war against Turkey it came out that a secret envoy of the Czar had plied the late Ameer of Afghanistan with a proposal of an alliance, in view of a war to be waged some day by Russia against English rule in India. The documentary evidence is printed in a blue-book. Nevertheless, the English government has allowed itself, year by year, to be deceived, or appeased in outward semblance, by the diplomatic assurances of the Czar’s government. “Khiva was not to be annexed. Sarakhs was not to be touched. Merv was not to be incorporated. Afghanistan was completely outside the sphere in which Russia intended exercising any influence.” All those promises are recorded in so many words. All were successively broken without compunction.

I have often discussed these matters, and the question of the future of India, with prominent and intelligent Indians in London,—Hindoos, Mohammedans, Parsees, Buddhists; some of them holding high office in native governments of their country, others pursuing various studies in England, or exercising their calling as lawyers. Most of them—the Hindoos especially—were free-minded men in religious matters, having fallen away from the creed they had been brought up in. All of them acknowledged that English rule, whatever may have been its origin or the errors of its statesmen in the past, has latterly effected a great deal of good. It has done away, by legislation, with some of the worst abuses which were the outgrowth of native superstition. It has conferred upon multitudes the boon of better instruction. It has recently made even some notable concessions in the direction of gradually admitting natives to a share in administrative affairs and in a kind of representative government, however restricted. The difficulties lying in that way through the existence of so many different races with different languages, creeds, and historical traditions, and of castes, some of which will not allow their path to be crossed by the shadow of a member of another caste, are too well known to need here a special description.

Much of the strength of English rule reposes on these very contrasts among the populations of her vast polyglot empire in Asia. But with a powerful rival or enemy before its doors, these internal divisions among Indians may some day become a great weakness for defence against an aggressive and unrelenting despotic power which, if victorious, would step in with an oppressive military organization, having a host of half-civilized Cossack, Calmuck, Kirgise, and Tatar hordes as its retinue, and an administration more corrupt than that of any Oriental tyrant.

There is, at least, freedom of speech and freedom of the press in India under English dominion. The "National Congresses" held every year, without hinderance, at Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, for the sake of claiming parliamentary rights, are certainly proof of a degree of liberty which could not be dreamt of under the government of the Czar for his own subjects. In Russia, exile to Siberia would be the quick reply to bold spirits aiming at such reform.

Considering this aspect of affairs, the question of Russia's further advance towards India becomes a very serious one. A hope can only be expressed that English statesmen, many of whom have so long misjudged the policy of the Muscovite autocrats, will, at the eleventh hour, awake to a full consciousness of the danger and not allow the worst foe of all freedom to take possession of the very bastions of India.

*Karl Blind.*

### CHANGE.

TO love—ah, God! to love! and feel the touch  
 Of hands that once imprisoned ours so fast  
 It seemed they'd grow to one, and that way last!  
 Throbbing the faster, because set to catch  
 The happy rhythm of hearts attuned to such  
 Tumultuous beating. Not fair skies o'ercast  
 By sudden tempest darken in the blast  
 So quickly as fond hearts blench in the clutch  
 Of this dread fate. To clasp such hand, and find  
 It changed, hard, dull to the touch, cold to warm  
 Pleading,—seek the averted eye, once blind  
 To other glance, and try the old love-charm  
 In vain!—Dear Heaven! when this becomes my part,  
 Let swift oblivion wrap my anguished heart.

*C. L. Whitney.*



## NEW PHILADELPHIA.

## CITY HALL.

Is there no flavor of jealousy in the reiterated charge that Philadelphia is only an "overgrown village," a fenced-in wilderness of houses, a dead and laid-out corpse by the Delaware, and the various other examples of fossilized fun which her rivals, New York and Boston, are so industrious in repeating that they seem actually beginning to revive them? Certainly a city which has grown to be the ninth in the world in population, and which is not far removed from the first in industrial importance, cannot have been quite asleep, and may fairly claim its share of vital activity.

The heads of the case against the Quaker City are three, all of them belonging to a past state of affairs: it is architecturally the most monotonous city in the Union; it is commercially the slowest; it is

climatically the most unbearable. The last charge need not be dwelt upon; it may be disposed of in a word. It is an outgrowth of the Centennial year, when all the United States flocked to Philadelphia to see what that sleepy city could do in the way of a World's Fair, and found it, for once at least, decidedly wide awake, but went home reporting that they had passed through a fiery furnace, and that Philadelphia in summer was a city for salamanders. As it happened, the whole country was in a solar broil that summer; but as all the live people were in Philadelphia, public opinion made that city a scapegoat for the whole land, and the ill-founded libel still persists.

As regards the charge of commercial slowness, it is based on a false conception. Philadelphia is essentially a manufacturing, not a commercial city, and cannot fairly be weighed in the same balance with its satirical neighbor. It is not, indeed, insignificant commercially, with its \$100,000,000 of ocean commerce; but to be classed properly it must be classed productively, its record in this direction placing it in the front rank of manufacturing cities. A partial report of the 1890 census gives Philadelphia an annual product approaching \$600,000,000; but this is acknowledged to be incomplete, and the real product is undoubtedly much greater. There is a sort of civic brain-fever, manifesting itself in endless stir and bustle, which belongs to the busy mart of commerce, but is alien to the centre of productive activity.

The third plea of the indictment, that of architectural monotony, an endless stretching out of red and white, no longer applies. Each city has its favorite building-material. Brick clay is abundant in Philadelphia, and red brick long continued its sign manual. But it has changed all that. The new streets—whose name is legion—and the active business thoroughfares have become so diversified in architecture that the danger now seems to be of running to the opposite extreme.

All this is preliminary. The "New Philadelphia" is our theme. What are the claims of the Quaker City to this title? This much may be said: the term Quaker City no longer applies; the drab and broad-brim element of the population has been diluted almost out of existence; what remains of it is beginning to float with the stream. As regards the second title, the City of Brotherly Love, it is a very appropriate one. Few if any other cities in the Union show as warm a spirit of human sympathy as is manifested in the very numerous and active charitable institutions of Philadelphia and the benevolent open-heartedness of its wealthier citizens.

To trace the outgrowth of the New from the Old Philadelphia we must go back a decade or two,—say to a date of twenty years ago, when the first spade-thrust was made towards the erection of the new City Hall, which to-day rears itself as the largest public building in the United States,—not excepting the Capitol at Washington,—and the loftiest edifice in the world, its great tower, with its crowning statue being superior in height even to the lofty Washington Monument.

It may be well to begin our review by considering more fully the architecture of Philadelphia. Twenty years ago the city was not without its fine buildings. It had its stately Grecian edifices,—its Girard College and its Custom-House,—buildings rivalling the finest which

Athens could show in her prime. It had its priceless historical monuments,—Independence and Carpenters' Halls,—edifices sacred to American liberty. It had its great buildings of more modern date,—its Academy of Fine Arts, then unequalled in the country, its Masonic Temple, still without an equal in the world, and others worthy of mention. Within the past two decades these have been greatly added to. Philadelphia has gained two great public buildings, its imposing City Hall and its massive Post-Office,—the latter the largest and best-appointed in the country outside of Washington. It is about to obtain another great edifice in its new United States Mint, a building propor-

#### POST-OFFICE.

tioned on the most generous scale, and which cannot fail to be a handsome and striking architectural addition to the city. The Centennial Exhibition left it two splendid edifices,—Memorial Hall, which is likely to develop into a great gallery of the fine and the useful arts, and Horticultural Hall, much the largest and best-filled conservatory in this country, and with few equals in the world. In the line of educational institutions it has gained its magnificent Drexel Institute, said to be the finest in architectural design, and in educational and laboratory appointments, of any of its class either in this country or abroad. As regards its time-honored University, this institution has been thoroughly

shaken out of its mediæval slumber within the period named, and is manifesting a vitality and spirit of progress which are rapidly lifting it towards the topmost level of American universities. Various other evidences of the educational renaissance of Philadelphia might be given,

DREXEL INSTITUTE.

but we shall content ourselves with speaking of its two magnificent Girls' Normal Schools, each with accommodation for over two thousand pupils. Of architectural schemes in other directions among the most important is the Bourse, which when completed will be the largest,

handsomest, and best adapted exchange building within the United States, and cannot fail greatly to stimulate the business of the city. In dimensions this great edifice will cover an area of three hundred and sixty-two by one hundred and thirty feet, and be ten stories in height,

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these will give Philadelphia railroad facilities without an equal in any other American city, all roads centring and all passengers being landed in the very heart of the city, *via* elevated road-ways. The Reading Terminal station will possess an imposing edifice, two hundred and

ROAD STREET STATION, PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

sixty-seven by one hundred and fifty-two feet in area and eight stories high, with a train-shed two hundred and sixty-seven feet wide and with capacity for thirteen tracks. Under the train-shed is located the Farmers' Market, which is perhaps unequalled in dimensions and

appointments in any other part of the world. Its cold-storage vaults and its arrangements for the receipt and shipment of produce are marvels of convenience and utility. The new Broad Street Station of the Pennsylvania Railroad will be still grander in dimensions, the station edifice covering an area of three hundred and six by two hundred and twelve feet, and reaching a height of ten stories, crowned on the Market Street corner by a magnificent tower. The train-shed will be seven hundred and seven feet long, and roofed by great iron arches of two hundred and ninety-four feet span, the widest ever yet made. This great shed, one hundred and four and one-half feet high in centre, will be roofed with glass, making it as light as day within. It is claimed that the station as a whole will surpass any similar edifice in the world; and the location of these two grand termini, in the business centre of the city, cannot but prove a great stimulus to travel. In this direction, at least, Philadelphia has outgrown its village clothes.

Of the remaining large architectural projects of the New Philadelphia may be named the nine-storied Odd-Fellows' Hall, about to be built at Broad and Cherry Streets, which it is claimed will be the largest and handsomest home of this order in the world; the extensive nine-storied edifice of the Women's Christian Association, now rising at Eighteenth and Arch Streets, and promising to be a noble example of architecture; and the ample additions to the building of the Academy of Natural Sciences, an institution possessed of the most extensive museum and the most complete biological library in this country, while its activity in scientific research is indicated by the recent Peary Greenland Expedition, sent out by it, and looked on by many as the most important polar expedition of the century. In this direction also Philadelphia has thrown off its larval skin, and is beginning to spread its wings.

To the above examples of architectural activity may be added the recent removal of the House of Refuge to a country locality admirably adapted for the trial of the home discipline plan; the similar removal of the Deaf and Dumb Institution to a charming rural situation at Mount Airy; the establishment of the richly-endowed Williamson Free School of Mechanical Trades, at Elwyn, Delaware County; the approaching removal of the well-known Jefferson Medical College to ample new buildings at Broad and Christian Streets; and the recent erection of a number of very handsome club-houses. As regards mercantile and business establishments may be named the magnificent marble Drexel Building; the imposing Bullitt Building; the thirteen-storied Betz Building; the broad and lofty Colonial apartment house; and the various other new edifices and new façades which have rejuvenated several of the leading streets, Chestnut Street in particular, until scarcely a trace of the Old Philadelphia remains in these avenues. To these evidences of progress should be added the famous Wanamaker Grand Dépôt, the most extensive retail store in this country, or, as travellers say, in the world, and a centre of pilgrimage for good Americans.

In private residences there has been as great a renaissance within the period named. Philadelphia retains its comfortable eminence as a



"city of homes," a municipality with the unit rule of "a family to a house," but can show to-day as great a number of handsome and artistic dwellings as any other city in the country. The old monotony of architectural effect has disappeared from the new and many of the old streets of the city, the greatest diversity of material and style being employed. West Philadelphia has grown to be a city of handsome houses and verdant surroundings; several of the suburban settlements are made up of strikingly beautiful and attractive residences; while North Broad Street, with its many grand edifices and its charming glimpses of greenery, is one of the most strikingly effective streets in the country.

So much for architectural progress in the New Philadelphia. Let us now consider some other aspects of the situation. The old Philadelphia was deeply laden with debt, handicapped by the work of generations of easy borrowers and lavish spenders, who grew rich as the city grew poor, and left little to show for the money which had flowed much more freely into their hands than out of them. The New Philadelphia has reformed all that,—so far as public rascality can be reformed. It has not got all its thieves in jail, but has shown laudable activity in the task of putting them there. In its finances it has adopted new principles, which have had a most wholesome influence. "Pay as you go," "Make haste slowly," "Don't overcrowd tax-payers," are some of the maxims which have been applied, and with encouraging effects, perhaps largely due to the economy and honesty which they have necessitated. Public improvements have not gone on as rapidly as some have desired; but they have been paid for without borrowing the money, and the debt of the city has been reduced year by year until to-day it is little more than half that of ten years ago, so that large sums which formerly went for interest may, when the sinking-fund demands are adjusted, be devoted to public improvements. Our financiers are beginning to breathe more freely, from the lifting of this load of debt, and to entertain projects for the rejuvenation of the city which they hardly dared broach in the era of enforced economy.

Let us look at some of the improvements which may fairly be claimed as constituents of the New Philadelphia. Twenty years ago this city was one of the worst-paved in the world. The cobble-stone reigned supreme, and as an eyesore, a dirt-collector, and a foot-tormentor could not be surpassed. Ten years ago a determined effort was begun to get rid of this antiquated pavement. To-day it begins to look as if it was doomed. The streets of Philadelphia are laid out on a grand scale. As marked on the city plan there are in all about two thousand miles of them, of which more than one thousand miles are opened, and seven hundred and twenty-five miles had been paved by 1890. On those repaving has been active. One hundred and twenty-seven miles of improved pavements were laid in 1890 and the three years preceding,—to a considerable extent on old streets. Since then, the laying of new pavements—*asphalt*, *granite blocks*, and *vitri-fied bricks*—has gone on with accelerated rapidity, and Philadelphia is in active process of change from one of the worst to one of the best paved cities in the land. If the present rate of progress continues,

the cobble-stone pavement will have become something of a rarity by 1900, and hoofs and eyes alike be relieved.

Now a word as to water-supply. Not many years ago the reservoir capacity of Philadelphia was less than two hundred million gallons,—scarcely enough for its daily needs of the summer of 1892, in which an average of one hundred and eighty million gallons were used every day. To-day New Philadelphia has a storage capacity of over one billion gallons, which will be increased to one billion four hundred million gallons on the completion of the Schützen Park Reservoir. The pumping power at present is something over two hundred million gallons daily, which will soon be considerably increased. The average use of water throughout the year is about one hundred and forty gallons daily for each inhabitant. This is a showing which few cities can rival. The average New-Yorker uses little more than half as much. The Philadelphian may therefore claim to be one of the cleanest persons in the world, as he is one of the healthiest, the annual death-rate being a very low one. His healthfulness is undoubtedly due in great part to the conditions of home life, the city showing the very low average of 5.6 persons per house,—less than a third of the New York average.

Another problem of prime importance, that of sewerage, is in a fair way of solution. The sewerage conditions of the old Philadelphia were decidedly the reverse of good. Those of the New Philadelphia are much improved, and promise to become satisfactory in the future. A comprehensive system of sewer-improvement has just been devised, and will very likely be carried out within the next few years, greatly to the advantage of the city's health.

As regards the lighting of the New Philadelphia, the gas-lamp is being rapidly replaced by the electric light, which now sheds its rays on most of the principal streets and along many miles of Park drive. In this direction a highly useful reform was initiated in Philadelphia, that of the putting of the electric wires under ground. This was first successfully accomplished on Spring Garden Street, and has been extended to Arch, Green, and other streets. Involuntary electrocution has never been favored in this city, as in some others.

More might be said about municipal improvements in the New Philadelphia, but the above must suffice. A word here about the new municipal government is, however, in place. In the old Philadelphia the government was a composite one, made up of numerous officials with overlapping duties and essential independence—"confusion worse confounded" being often the result. The mayor enjoyed the dignity of his office in lieu of civic power. Under the new charter of the city, now some five years old, the mayor is the actual head of the municipality, with power of appointment of most of the officials, and affairs move with a smoothness and in a unison which would have thrown into convulsions an official of the old city.

Philadelphia is, as we have said, essentially a manufacturing city. It possesses some of the largest workshops of the world. The Baldwin Locomotive Works, the Disston Saw Works, the Manayunk Paper Mills, and others which might be named, are said to have no equals

in production on the face of the earth ; while various others of our workshops are without peers in this country. But, while retaining and rapidly increasing its manufacturing importance (its product having nearly doubled from 1880 to 1890), the New Philadelphia is not blind to the importance of commercial relations, and is taking earnest steps to increase its ocean traffic. Its situation at one hundred miles from the ocean gives its seaboard rivals a great advantage over it ; yet the Delaware Bay and River form a magnificent water-way, whose width and depth of water excellently adapt it to commerce. For years the river has been obstructed by islands opposite the city, but these are now being dredged away, their material being used in the improvement of the Navy-Yard station at League Island. This movement will be followed by a lengthening of the wharves on both sides of the river, with the double advantage of narrowing the channel and thus preventing the formation of new bars, and of providing docks deep enough for the great ships of recent commerce. To this may be added the extension of freight railroad lines to and along the river front, affording excellent facilities for the direct discharge of freight to and from ships.

Among other movements tending in the same direction may be named the "Freight and Information Bureau," recently organized by the Manufacturers' Club, and endorsed by the various exchanges and the Board of Trade, its purpose being to act against the unjust discrimination from which this city has severely suffered. In the same line is the project for a ship-canal from the Delaware to the vicinity of New York, a promising scheme, of Philadelphia origin. The existing state of affairs is epitomized in a recent statement, to the effect that "We are drawing near to the era of equal railroad competition and unhampered freight facilities. The harbor is being fitted for the largest ships, and measures are in preparation to stimulate ocean commerce. Our foreign weekly steamship service has doubled in a year, and our shipment of cereals more than doubled. The largest modern wharves are under contract. The Bourse will greatly facilitate dealings of merchants with customers," etc.

In brief, the term "New Philadelphia" is not ill applied, as may be seen from the various evidences of municipal, architectural, industrial, and commercial enterprise we have given. All has not been said. Philadelphia to-day manifests more activity than for many years in the past. It may be repeated that its true function is that of a manufacturing city, and that the slowness of which it has long been accused is an essential condition of a centre of productive industry, as bustling activity belongs to the mart of commerce. Philadelphia was once the leading commercial city on this continent, and, though it can never hope, with its disadvantages of situation, to attain this position again, it is regaining some of its old spirit, and energetic commercial enterprise promises to be one of the prominent features of the New Philadelphia.

*Charles Morris.*

## THE BOBOLINK.

**T**HE snow came down in the woods of Maine,  
And white and bare were the forests bleak ;  
The north wind howled o'er a barren plain,  
And said, " How far for a home to seek !"

The bobolink hid in its chilly nest,  
And looked, and heard, and feared, and said,  
" I will sail to the south on the south wind's breast  
When the season of winter is over and dead,

" And sing—I will sing a fuller song,  
And they that hear me will say, How well,  
How well he sings who hid so long  
In the bitter fields where the north winds dwell !"

The sun looked down and kissed the snow,  
And it floated away through shaw and dell,  
And the bobolink rose in the golden glow,  
And flew away over field and fell.

He heard the sound of the falling blade  
As it cut through the side of the moaning pine,  
But nothing now his course delayed,  
As he flew to the south through dark and shine.

He bent his ear to the harsh, cold ground,  
And he heard the grass as it clomb to air,  
And through the clay came the virgin sound  
Of the white pale rose in its lowly lair.

And he saw the bee as it waited lone  
In waste, wide fields for its love to be,  
And he said, " They will love when I am gone  
Distant afar with my minstrelsy."

He sang, as he went, a fuller song  
Over the cities of plain and hill ;  
Nothing he thought of sin or wrong  
As he flew through the twilight calm and still.

The sad-eyed mother looked and heard,  
And said, " Bear a song to my son afar,  
And sing it sweet, O wandering bird,  
As he looks and prays to the Northern Star."

The eye of want looked up and wept  
In the midst of the moans of sin and woe,  
But never for this the tired wings slept,  
Flying southward from cold and snow.

And he said, "I will sing, yea, I shall sing,  
Where the roses bloom the seasons through,  
In the twilight land of endless spring,  
Loved by the bee and wed by the dew."

But the days drew on, and he said, "How far,  
How far!" he said, "and my worn wings tire.  
In the northern sky shines the Northern Star,  
Yet far away is my heart's desire."

Then the nights drew on, and he said, "How long!"  
And morning he saw with weary eyes.  
"Oh, where? oh, where?" rose the fainter song,  
Pleading and wailing, to peaceful skies.

The Hudson gleamed in the setting sun,  
And he thought, "It is surely near at last."  
O'er the Delaware, when day was done,  
He sang, "The day of toil is past."

So southward ever his weary way  
He bent through wanton and wayless skies,  
And fainter across the ebbing day  
The voice of a hopeless singer dies.

Southward he sailed, and his song was dead,  
And he sank in the rice-fields faint and worn,  
And he said, "How far from my home I fled  
To die in the southern lands forlorn!"

And the morning rose, and the sun looked on,  
And the breeze blew cool on the sunny plain,  
And the gray sky shone through a glimmering dawn  
On the death of a singer who sought in vain.

And the snow came down in the woods of Maine,  
And white and wild were the forests bleak,  
And the north wind howled o'er a barren plain,  
And said, "It is far for a home to seek."

*Daniel L. Dawson.*

## THE FIRST-BORN OF THE ORCHARD.

THE world runs very much to specialties these days; and a mighty good thing it is, too, for the world.

Most things, as medicine, law, and so forth, are best studied in parts; that is, the subjects being too vast to be absorbed as an entirety by any one ordinary mind, better results are had by lopping off a limb here, a branch or even a twig there, and devoting a lifetime to the mastery of a single part. In surgery alone this gives us the skilful trepanner and the dexterous chiropodist. So it has come to pass that a man no more goes to a "general practitioner" when he wants his throat treated or his eyes reset than he goes to a criminal lawyer for advice in real estate legalities. So, too, in the dramatic profession: a manager in search of a juvenile actor, so called, doesn't *generally* select a "comedy merchant."

As one grows older he is apt to be astounded at the enormous extent to which this specializing practice may be applied.

It struck the writer in a forcible way recently when he came into possession of a few feet of ground situate on the western shore of Long Island Sound, which few feet had upon them some trees which he knew to be *apple*, because they bore that fruit when he first introduced himself to them. The fruit absent, except for the gnarled and twisted branches it is doubtful whether he could have told the name of the tree. He then began to wonder how many trees he could properly name. The number was so humiliatingly small that he bought some books on the subject, and as his aforesaid few feet of ground were thickly planted with apple-trees, and his eyes had been opened to the vastness of the subject,—yea; to the vastness of any particular *branch* of the subject,—he resolved to confine what attention he could give to it to apples; and he took hope when he came to appreciate the fact that "fine fruit is the most perfect union of the useful and beautiful known to the world."

His orchard, from long neglect, was not very sightly; neither was it thriving; but what with pruning, scraping, and mulching, the yield grew to respectability, and, ultimately, to something more. From very age some of the most happily situated trees—in their relation to the house—gave unmistakable evidences of complete exhaustion, and the experience, the pleasure, the responsibility, of planting his first tree came about.

After much consideration, much anxious reflection, as to the kind of apple desired, the age of the tree, and the time of planting, fall or spring, a Gravenstein (which so high an authority as Downing places among the first of its kind, and which Strong names in even higher terms) was selected, and fall was the time of the doing of the deed of planting.

A tree some five or six years old was—unwisely, perhaps, and with some misgiving—chosen.



A beginner in anything is always to be known by the idiotic alacrity with which he rushes in where angels fear to exhibit themselves, and by the "why, of course!" way he grabs at the one chance in ten of success and complacently snubs the other nine which are at his beck. And it must be recorded of him, too, that a special providence does seem to hedge him about, as the adage "A fool for luck" attests. Aside from the greatly-increased chances of failure with a tree of that age, the additional unnecessary worry, the cumulative anxiety that would be sure to follow, would have been enough to deter anything or anybody but the veriest neophyte. But that's what he was, "and there you are!"

That year the winter seemed a longer one than ever before! Not even business projects of a most serious character could for an instant exceed in interest the thoughts about that newly-planted apple-tree!

Would it root? Would it sprout? Would the exceptional chance that had been taken be dealt out by Fate, or would the plagued thing die, and with it all worry and all interest in a subject that had already consumed much time?

One bright winter day the planter, like Dundreary's birds of a feather, might have been seen flocking by himself about an apple-tree and joining hands with several imaginary pomological enthusiasts, chanting the following incantation, which is said to be still in vogue among the farmers of Herefordshire and Devonshire:

Here's to thee, *young* apple-tree,  
Whence thou mayst bud, and whence thou mayst blow,  
And whence thou mayst bear apples enow!  
Hats full! caps full!  
Bushels and sacks full!  
Huzza!

Somehow the whole proceeding seemed to lack *verve*, and as the "huzza!" was uttered the leafless, skeleton-like branches of the tree rattled back the most dismal sort of recognition.

But then with the first awakening of the spring almost, while the hyacinths and daffodils were beginning to peep, the fool's luck was a manifest fact, for that Gravenstein swelled out its buds, and later took on the most graceful garniture.

The early morning inspections that followed were one continuous march of pomp and pride, accompanied by those full-chested musicians the robin-redbreasts, while the sparrows and peewees played harmonious piccolo-like *florituras*.

The martial enthusiasm the small boy feels as he trudges to the melody of the street band is insipid compared to that which brightened the eye of the amateur as he stood by the side of *his* first-born of the orchard! And,

Warmed by the sun,  
And wet by the dew,  
It grew! it grew!

and bigger with pride and happiness grew the heart of the neophyte.



Then a good-natured rivalry sprang up between the tree and the man. With each visit he found his *protégée* more gayly bedecked than before, and his salutations lacking not a whit of cordiality because more pronounced. It was so easy to direct the footsteps of visiting companions in the direction of his charge, and once there, by some easily-invented jest, cause the lot to bow to his leafy inamorata. His attention reached the climax when in his dress-suit one moonlight night he took a pewter mug of cider from the table, sprinkled the ground about the roots of the tree, and hung a bit of cider-soaked toast in one of the branches.

This amused the Gravenstein greatly, for with a sudden gust she seemed to take on such a fit of laughing that but for her being stayed by protecting-strings she must have fallen.

But, notwithstanding this bit of frolicsome coquetry, the man went straight on falling head-over-heels in love with his new companion. Then came a change.

One morning the pulse of the tree seemed to beat slowly. She had lost color, and appeared lackadaisical. The greeting between the friends was not so cordial,—his because of anxiety for his companion, hers from some unknown cause. Could it be possible that his attentions to her were no longer agreeable? Had she indeed learned to love another, or was that other wooing her against her will and so causing them both untold anxiety? He thought over all he had said and done to her, and he could find nothing any man of honor might not have said and done with perfect propriety to the object of his affection.

The insidious creature that was sapping the very life out of the affection of the neophyte, and still more so, if possible, out of the affection of his sweetheart, Grace Gravenstein, was found, after a few days of torturous, ignorant delay, to be none other than a Mr. Round-head Borer, a person of very common and unscrupulous origin, who, taking advantage of the tender age of his victim and of the inexperience of her protector, had gained an almost deadly hold before either she or he who loved her was well aware of his presence.

Once the actual state of affairs was known, the scoundrel was tracked to his lair, and there was meted out to him, with scant show of ceremony, the punishment that should come as swiftly to all wilful disturbers and destroyers of happiness: he was annihilated!

It was not easy to stay the tears and fortify the lacerated heart of Grace, but all that affectionate attention and loving energy could do was tenderly accomplished. Time did the rest. It was not so very long before she began to smile again with all her old-time gayety.

One bright morning, when the man thought Grace more beautiful than he had ever seen her, when the smile she returned to his morning salutation seemed so seductive that he was about to fold his arms around her, there came, at his bidding, to put in a Japan quince hedge, a man, a gardening, gray-haired man, whom he knew to be a great authority on trees, and who rudely interrupted the love-passages between Grace and himself with,—

“Seem to be very fond of that tree.”

"Why should I not? It is my first-born of the orchard."

"Why weren't you consistent in your planting, then? Why didn't you plant an *apple-tree*?"

"Why," weakly, "isn't this an apple-tree?"

"No!"

Still more weakly:

"What is it?"

"That?—why, that's a quince!"

Francis Wilson.

### LOVE'S SEASON.

IN sad sweet days when hectic flushes  
 Burn red on maple and sumach leaf,  
 When sorrowful winds wail through the rushes,  
 And all things whisper of loss and grief,  
 When close and closer bold Frost approaches  
 To snatch the blossoms from Nature's breast,  
 When night forever on day encroaches,—  
 Oh, then I *think* that I love you best.

And yet when Winter, that tyrant master,  
 Has buried Autumn in walls of snow,  
 And bound and fettered where bold Frost cast her  
 Lies outraged Nature in helpless woe,  
 When all earth's pleasures in four walls centre,  
 And side by side in the snug home nest  
 We list the tempests which cannot enter,—  
 Oh, then I *say* that I love you best.

But later on, when the Siren Season  
 Betrays the trust of the senile King,  
 And glad Earth laughs at the act of treason,  
 And Winter dies in the arms of Spring,  
 When buds and birds all push and flutter  
 To free fair Nature so long oppressed,  
 I thrill with feelings I cannot utter,  
 And then I am *certain* I love you best.

But when in splendor the queenly Summer  
 Reigns over the earth and the skies above,  
 When Nature kneels to the royal comer,  
 And even the Sun flames hot with Love,  
 When Pleasure basks in the luscious weather,  
 And Care lies out on the sward to rest,—  
 Oh, whether apart or whether together,  
 It is then I *know* that I love you best.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF SEWARD AND LINCOLN.

W. H. SEWARD.

IT was Seward's own famous saying, "Politics is the sum of all the sciences;" and in his entire career, eight years a Cabinet minister during the dark days of the second revolution, under two Presidents, Mr. Seward, as the second in command, proved himself a national pilot of commanding genius and a consummate political philosopher as well. Recognized as the leader of his party, and joyfully accepting the odium heaped upon the advocates of the "higher law" at a period in our national history when human bondage "clasped the Bible with handcuffs and festooned the cross of Christ in chains," he found himself discarded in a Presidential period for the comparatively unknown statesman from Illinois, Abraham Lincoln, in the hour of his party's triumph. But he lived to admit that this man of humble origin was just what Wendell Phillips called him, "the bright consummate flower of the civilization of the nineteenth century," and—to use Secretary Seward's own words—"a man of destiny, with character made and moulded by Divine Power to save a nation from perdition."

Never were men more unlike than these two; but the love of David and Jonathan or of Damon and Pythias was not more close and tender and constant than the personal and political affection of the President and his minister. Seward represented the culture of the East, Lincoln the backwoods logic of the yet undeveloped West.

The many-sided mind of the Western lawyer, his breadth of vision, and his far-reaching wisdom, were shown in the selection of his Cabinet. Cameron, Bates of Missouri, Chase of Ohio, and Seward of New York, had all been more or less prominent as Presidential candidates before

the same convention which had the good sense to select Abraham Lincoln as the Republican standard-bearer.

The Presidential bee once developed in a politician's bonnet suffers change into a chrysalis that soon becomes a butterfly big with ambition. There was dissension in the Cabinet when the war began. Chase, a conscious and cultivated intellect, who had been in the field as an anti-slavery leader long before Seward took an aggressive position on the questions that divided the sections, never concealed his jealousy of both Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward. He became a red-hot candidate for President. But when dissension was rife, the wily and diplomatic Seward, in one of his remarkable and oracular speeches delivered at Auburn and flashed by the midnight wires from St. Albans, Vermont, to where "the Oregon hears no sound save its own dashing," poured oil on the troubled political waters. This sweet-tempered optimist spoke of the grim-visaged Danton of the War Department as the "divine Stanton," and complimented, in graceful phrase, the great but jealous Chase upon his marvellous financial banking system, which gave unlimited wealth to a nation struggling for its life. But while wearing a velvet glove, the gentle-mannered head of the State Department wore beneath that glove an iron hand.

That the Secretary of State who had foiled the reactionary powers of Europe was justly proud of his achievements no one can deny. But he never claimed as his own the honor which the historian of the future will accord jointly to Lincoln and Seward,—the honor of the delicate and difficult task which gave back to liberty the rebel emissaries Mason and Slidell, captured by one of our own steamers in mid-ocean.

In an elaborate address over the grave of Mr. Seward, Charles Francis Adams gave infinitely more credit to Seward than to Lincoln, as the master-mind which "sat pensive and alone above the hundred-handed play of its own imagination" while the great work progressed.

Mr. Adams, whose appointment abroad was due more to the influence of Seward than to the personal wish of Lincoln, did not hesitate to regard Seward as the master and Lincoln as the man. But Adams was in London, far away from the horrid front of war, and he never understood the rough, uncouth, and (to the cold and cultured mind of the Massachusetts statesman) seemingly unstatesmanlike habits of thought and expression in which Mr. Lincoln delighted to indulge. Mr. Adams grew up under influences, moral and social, such as those under which Seward's mind was moulded. While the minister to the Court of St. James was watching blockade-runners, the plain, many-sided President was corresponding with the Queen of Great Britain and trampling out the little side-bar rebellion of Napoleon and Maximilian in Mexico.

To see these two men together was enough to decide who possessed the master-mind. It was the habit of the Secretary of State, during the progress of the Rebellion, to spend the morning hours, after a nine-o'clock breakfast, with Mr. Lincoln at the White House. The President's favorite apartment was the large East Room. Here he was wont to receive the general public and indulge in what, in his quaint

phraseology, he called his "baths of public opinion." No matter what the claimant's cause was, he generally got a hearing, though he might be laughingly bowed out of the room at the end of the séance, with a story that "pointed a moral" if it did not "adorn a tale;" but the casual visitor always went away in good humor with both the President and himself.

But Sunday morning from ten to twelve o'clock was usually accorded to the Secretary of State and the Presidential barber. Mr. Lincoln knew whom to trust, and many a solemn conclave has been held in this historical room between two men who held in their hands the fate of a nation.

It was as good as a liberal education to hear two of the most important men in the world, with the simplicity of children, discuss the events of the day, when half a million men stood fronting each other on the battle-field.

Richard Vaux, of Philadelphia, met Seward in 1845 at the residence of Josiah Randall, a leader of the old Whigs. Mr. Seward was asked to meet half a dozen then famous Philadelphians, all now dead save Vaux, who says that Mr. Seward "charmed everybody, at a dinner which lasted five hours, with his gracious diction, his good humor, and his copious and varied information on all questions of public interest."

He showed to best advantage at his own dinner-table, where his sweetness and light charmed all comers, even Lincoln, who often became a good listener when any question of state-craft occupied the mind of the Sage of Auburn. And when not talking himself, the quiet twinkle in the Secretary's eye gave ample evidence that he thoroughly enjoyed the abounding humor of the President.

This trend of Lincoln's mind was amusing to Seward, but it always angered Stanton, who did not often try to suppress his wrath. Lincoln once tried to read to Stanton and Seward a chapter from Artemus Ward's book. Stanton left the room in a pet, after declining to listen to the "chaff," as he called it, but giving the President a parting shot by asking him, "How do you like the chapter about yourself?" Lincoln only laughed and answered, "Do you know, it may be queer, but I never could see the fun in that chapter."

Seward in conversation was slow and methodical till warmed up, when he was one of the most voluminous and eloquent of talkers. No statesman in the country had a vaster range of reading, or wider experience in the management of public affairs. He had been almost continuously in public life since he was thirty, and was educated in a State where adroitness and audacity are needed to make a successful politician, who must sometimes pretend "to see the things he sees not."

The impression inevitably following an hour with Seward and Lincoln was surprise that two men seemingly so unlike in habit of thought and manner of speech could act in such absolute and perfect accord. I doubt much if they ever seriously disagreed, while the imperious Stanton often went out with his feathers ruffled considerably.

When the cabal of Chase, Henry Winter Davis, Vice-President Hamlin, Ben Wade, and a bare majority of the United States Senate, threatened to defeat Mr. Lincoln's renomination, then Seward's hand

was seen in certain changes in the Cabinet. Both Chase and Montgomery Blair of Maryland, who had developed an eager ambition to be President, were told that their time had come, and the wisdom of Seward's advice was seen in the sudden collapse of the respective Chase and Blair booms for the Presidency. The latter was snuffed out instantly, and the Secretary of the Treasury under Lincoln, though made Chief Justice, fed and fattened his Presidential bee till even his decisions during the impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson were colored by the desire he still cherished to wear the Presidential purple.

I had gone through the State of Pennsylvania from Indiana County to Delaware, preaching the gospel according to Abraham Lincoln, while the fate of the government trembled in the balance. The night before the day of the election which was to decide whether Andrew G. Curtin was to be elected Governor, and whether Pennsylvania was still for the war, I walked up to the White House. The door opened, and I was ushered into the President's East Room, where he grasped me by both hands.

"Boy," said he, eagerly, "what news from your pilgrimage beyond the Alleghanies?"

Never had I seen that face light up with such a burst of gladness as when I answered, "Have no fear of Pennsylvania. The Methodist preachers are all on the stump for Lincoln and Curtin, and the young women are wearing rosettes with the names entwined. The old Keystone is good for twenty thousand majority, and that means your re-nomination as President." This was answered with a wild Western laugh which could have been heard over at the War Department. Lincoln for the moment was a boy again. He said, "Now we will go over and see Secretary Seward."

As was his wont, he entered the Seward mansion unannounced. The Secretary, with slow, stately step, advanced to greet the President. Their greeting was warm, even affectionate, and the courtly Seward, smoking a strong Havana, soon had his guests seated before a blazing hickory fire in his open parlor grate.

I spent here the happiest hour of my life. Both men were keen and eager to know the prospects of the next day's election, big with their own fate. They enjoyed my running account of the scenes and incidents of the hottest administration campaign ever waged in the Keystone State. "We've won the fight," said Lincoln, joy beaming in every lineament of his face.

The wily and now well-pleased Secretary of State had a habit, when things ran his way, of softly rubbing the palms of his hands together. This he did, smiling blandly, as he touched his little bell, the counterpart (a small silver bell) of the one he had in the State Department, whose light touch had, as Seward boasted, sent many a man to Fort Lafayette. His servant brought in brandy and cigars. Lincoln smiled, but touched nothing. He neither smoked nor drank.

Soon after this I went abroad as bearer of despatches to Minister William L. Dayton at Paris and to Charles Francis Adams in London, carrying also letters of introduction from Mr. Lincoln to Richard Cobden and John Bright. I spent ten days at Rochdale at John



Bright's home, and three days at the country house of Richard Cobden at Hazelmere, one hour's ride from London.\* Both men heartily sympathized with the Union cause and sent words of good cheer to President Lincoln. Cobden spoke in warm words of praise of the great patience, courage, and wisdom of Lincoln, and compared him with William the Silent of Holland. Of Secretary Seward he did not entertain the same lofty opinion, regarding his prophecy that the war would last but ninety days as belittling the great revolution. Cobden told me that he owned much valuable property in America in the State of Illinois, and at one time expected to move there and take an interest in the management of the Illinois Central Railway. But Cobden died before the war ended, and did not live to see his fellow-soldier in the fight for the liberation of humanity, John Bright, take his place in the Cabinet.

I went to Europe in November, 1863, and returned in February, 1864. Again I met the President and his Secretary in the East Room of the White House, and gave an account of my experiences in Paris and London. Both were in deep perplexity at the efforts of the Senatorial cabal to defeat the President's renomination.

During the conversation which ensued, the President rallied Mr. Seward on the particularly bitter attack made by a segment of the New York city press against the Secretary, presumably inspired by the Senatorial cabal, who believed that if they could "bounce" Seward they could control Lincoln or defeat his re-election.

"Ah," Seward replied to this badinage, his face passionless, "I am sure if it pleases the newspapers it does not hurt me. These assaults on you and on me remind me of what the Prince de Condé said to the Cardinal de Retz in Paris when the latter expressed his surprise at a pile of abusive pamphlets lying on the French statesman's table. 'Don't these bitter and unjust assaults on your fair fame disturb your slumbers, Condé?' 'Not in the least, cardinal,' said the prince. 'The wretches who write these diatribes know that if they were in our places they would be doing themselves just the base things they falsely endeavor to fasten on us.'"

Lincoln paused a moment, smiling, and said, in his lawyer-like fashion, "Yes, Mr. Secretary, the prince's point was well taken."

The séance ended, and the good President followed me to the head of the stairs, grasping both my hands with a parting "God bless you, my boy!" which lingers in my memory like a benison even to this day.

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Twice afterwards I saw Secretary Seward,—once at his own house when Andrew Johnson was President. I recall to-day how his birds of bright plumage were chattering in the dining-room, whither the charming optimist led us, while the same Scipio Africanus of another administration brought out the brandy and water in the old Lincoln decanter. Andrew Johnson's Secretary of State had his crest "full high advanced." He introduced me to Prevost Paradol, who represented the "Man of December," Napoleon III.,—the same minister who the next summer shot himself to death at his Washington residence. After the French minister had taken his departure he said,



"This is the happiest day of my life, for I have this morning received official intelligence from the French Ambassador that France and Austria have finally abandoned the Tripartite Alliance, which boasted that it would place Maximilian on a Mexican throne and menace the United States with a foreign protectorate over Mexico."

Later I saw Mr. Seward for the last time. He had perceptibly aged with the cares and anxieties of office, but he was the same bright, happy, chirpy optimist and delightful talker. It was in his beautiful home in Auburn. Andrew Johnson had ceased to be President, but had been returned to Congress as one of the Senators from Tennessee. Horace Greeley, his ancient enemy, who later adopted Seward's policy of peace and reconciliation in 1872, still lived, and still hated the man from whom he had snatched the nomination at Chicago. Mr. Seward had just returned from his journey around the world. His Presidential aspirations, with all other worldly ambition, were laid aside. Kings and princes had done him honor abroad. When I sent him my card I received a summons to dine with him that day. He was in a remiscient mood, and some things he told me cannot here and now be repeated. In defence of his own policy under Johnson he recalled to me the story of Condé and the Cardinal de Retz. He read me a letter from Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, in which this memorable phrase occurred: "When lenity and cruelty play for power, the gentler gamester is soonest winner."

We sat with post-prandial cigars beneath a shade-tree, near the present mausoleum of the great patriot, and the gentle philosopher said, "I have never had occasion to regret the policy of reconciliation I sought to make acceptable to the country. I was pledged to it before Mr. Lincoln died. I said in my last public utterance, 'Some pilots may be washed off the decks of the ship of state during the violence of the storm, but the ship will sail on to a safe harbor at last.'

"No one man is needed to carry on this government of ours. Others will be raised up to do our work when we have laid it down. Here under my own vine and fig-tree I live, waiting the end, serene and happy in the consciousness that I can wait the coming on of time for my vindication. I hope I can say, with Cicero in his old age, 'Sweet are the recollections of a well-spent life.' The measure of my ambition has been full, and when my time has come—it cannot be long—I can recall with mild enthusiasm the last sentence of the last letter Cavour sent me. It was this: 'You have helped to make America again what she was but now, the admiration of man and the wonder of the world.'"

*James Matlack Scovel.*

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### WITH A MATCH-BOX.

**A** GAINST rough circumstance, where souls aspire,  
Aims must, like matches, strike a frequent fire,  
And, if the wind of chance success should smother,  
Strike, just as here, another and another.

*Charlotte Fiske Bates.*

## SEVENTH-COMMANDMENT NOVELS.

**W**HETHER one holds the Decalogue as a code of laws binding upon mankind or not, it is safe to say it is a pretty good epitome of the temptations that assail mankind. Whatever divergent views are taken of the Bible, there is one that is generally agreed upon, and that is, that there is a great knowledge of human nature displayed in it, and that for sound ethics its maxims are unequalled. Therefore we are not likely to go amiss in accepting its estimate of the capital sins. There are ten things that we must not do. The Church in its turn has condensed matters further and made out for us a list of Seven Deadly Sins. There, again, one may doubt the authority of the Church, but none can deny the accuracy of the catalogue. Pride, Covetousness, Lust, Envy, Gluttony, Anger, Sloth, are the moral rocks on which poor humanity splits. The Church has anchored a bell-buoy over each one of them, which sounds out its dismal warning in the ears of all.

Now, straining the ecclesiastical diction a little further, one might say, in Athanasian language, "There are ten things we may not do, not one thing." "There are seven deadly sins we may not commit, not one sin."

But what says the school of novelists with which we are threatened? "There is one thing we shall be tempted to do, not ten things. There is one sin with which we must inevitably wrestle, not seven sins."

An undue dwelling upon one phase of life besets some minds. Women, unoccupied men, adolescent dreamers of both sexes, undoubtedly are in some cases prone to exaggerate the importance of that train of emotional experience which they are pleased to call love. But the novelist, if he is an artist worthy of the name, does not write for such as these. A following of unidealized girls and uneducated women, of immature youths and idle society-men, would scarcely satisfy an author of even the second or third class. To hold the mirror up to nature with a fairly steady hand is what every writer of fiction sets before himself to do. Till his hand gets strong enough to keep off the polished surface distorted views and false distances, he will be wise not to call in the public to the show, both for his own sake and for the public's. False sentiment, whatever is untrue to nature, dies; the ephemeral notoriety of a fashionable fad perishes almost before the maker of it has become accustomed to the thought of his own greatness.

I have lived long,  
And seen the death of much immortal song.

It is not true that love, in the sense of the attraction of men and women to each other, is the whole or the half or more than the tenth part of human experience. It is true that such love is one of the most touching, most exquisite breaths of melody that ever pass over our souls, dreamily remembered, tenderly idealized, secretly mourned. It

is true that it is the flower of our earthly state, but it is not its root, it is not its fruit. It connects itself closely with the poetry of human existence, and it is natural, it is not blameworthy, that it should occupy a significant place in the fictitious delineation of men's and women's lives. But what can one say to the writers who strike no other chord? what fiction has ever lived that had no other theme?

Among the poets, if Dante had harped on his love for Beatrice alone, he would not have been immortal; if he had seen no sights in the Inferno but the apparitions of illicit lovers, the healthy minds of men would have left him on a high and musty shelf beside Boccaccio. If the chief thought of Milton had been his Adam and Eve

Imparadised in one another's arms,

the great drama would never have been written. And even the many-minded Shakespeare would have lost his hold on the ages if he had not given us love in its due proportion, one Othello to be balanced by a Macbeth, a Hamlet, a Shylock, a Falstaff, a Richard III., a Wolsey, a Julius Cæsar, a Brutus, a Lear.

His pretty pastoral dreams are but dreams; they are not life, and were not meant to be, and he would not have been upon his pedestal if he had drawn nothing else. "Maud" on the one hand and "In Memoriam" on the other show Tennyson at his lowest in love and his highest in friendship.

Wordsworth, greatest and purest poet of his age, knew no mistress but Nature, and lives and will live in the hearts of men. Byron is neglected now because men feel instinctively the false, unwholesome use to which he put his divine gift; they do not moralize about it, but they feel "this is not life, this is not the truth about it."

And in fiction, how true the proportions in Sir Walter Scott, in Fielding, in Miss Austen! coming down to our own time, in Thackeray, in George Eliot, among the great writers; among the lesser, Trollope in his inimitable sketches of cathedral life, and Mrs. Oliphant in a few of her earlier books.

Whenever and by whomsoever the balance has tipped in favor of this one passion beyond the others, there and by that hand the chance of a permanent place in literature has been lost. If ephemeral popularity is satisfying to a writer, nothing can be said against it. But even ephemeral popularity can be gained without invoking Venus: "Little Lord Fauntleroy" on the stage and "Robert Elsmere" in fiction have been eminent successes, and love plays no part in either. But "he shoots higher that aims at the moon than he that only threatens a tree," and it is wise for those who aspire to write, to find out the canons of true art, which means the true following of Nature.

Nature never did betray  
The heart that loved her.

Wordsworth wrote of *his* Nature, his mountains and his streams. And the writer who takes men and women in their honest reality for his study will not find himself betrayed into false sentiment and bad

morals by the study. Men and women love, but they also hate; they steal and lie and covet, with filthy lucre for an end, as well as for the end of possessing the wives and husbands of other men and women. They can make noble sacrifices for friendship, for country, for humanity, for religion. The sacred ties of parent and child, of brother and sister, count for something. It is true all the world loves a lover, but it would get mortally tired of him if it had nothing else. It is as untrue to paint life as under the sole dominion of that one emotion as it is to paint it after the manner of Mayne Reid and the penny dreadfuls.

It is quite as bad form, and it is worse morals. The boy, after reading the one, filches from his father's desk wherewith to buy a pistol and to start on his adventures, is overtaken by hunger or a policeman, and comes home repentant to laugh later at his folly. The girl, after study of the other, has her life spoiled for aye by false aims, unsatisfied expectations, distorted perspectives.

But it is not the morality of it, it is the art of it we are at present discussing. So far, whatever has been said has been said solely with reference to that phase of the relation of the sexes which can be presented without apology to Anglo-Saxon ears not educated up to Continental modes of speech and thought. Love, innocent legitimate love, is not all there is in life; it is only a small part, comparatively, of its experiences. There is a great deal of happiness outside it; there are rewards, there are pleasures, there is satisfaction, with which it is entirely unassociated. There are sorrows which cause its keenest pangs to seem but pin-pricks, there are desolations which make its sentimental griefs appear contemptible. Compare a broken engagement with—a cancer; a faithless lover with the on-coming of blindness. Fancy from which a man would suffer most, the coldness of his mistress or the loss of his good name. Poverty grim and real is worse than the worst disappointment in love that ever was felt or penned. Family disgrace, spiritual doubts, the awful tears that parents shed, the loneliness after bereavement, the dreariness of old age, madness, august and inevitable death,—how trivial beside such facts as these look the misunderstandings of lovers, “the partings such as press the life from out young hearts,” the manifold sentimental sorrows, so called, of the heart!

This, no doubt, is slaying the slain. We all know these truths, but the people who propose to write our stories for us seem not to remember them, and young and immature readers suffer by their lapse of memory.

But if we are in evil case in regard to this faulty art, what must we say of the vicious school that brings forward the claims of the married woman in fiction as heroine in matters of the heart? By all means let us have the married woman in fiction; she has never been on the Index. We cannot have too many *Romolas* on the one hand, nor too many *Becky Sharps* on the other. An *Anna Karénina*, even, once in a century, might clear the air of mysteries and show the deep damnation of illicit love. People are tempted to break the seventh commandment, there is no doubt of that sorrowful fact, but all people are not so tempted, nor can it be shown that it is a paramount governing motive in most lives. It is not untrue that many marriages are

mistakes ; in the dimness of a past age St. Francis de Sales said, " If marriage were an order in which a year's novitiate were required, few would be professed," and human nature does not look very different now, even in the fierce light that beats upon our nineteenth-century life. Men and women do make mistakes, and very often think they have made them when they really have not. But in actual life how does the thing work ?

A man finds or thinks he finds himself ill mated ; he is disappointed, chagrined, a little ashamed of himself for his illusions, rather sore about his so-recent softness of heart. But his rash act has brought upon him a heavy burden of responsibility ; he has taken upon himself a new position in the world ; he has assumed to found a family, to take his place among the men of his generation. Necessity, ambition, honor, family feeling, keep him straight, to say nothing of the tenderness he still feels for the woman whom he chose, however she may have fallen below his estimate of her, and the little children who are dependent on him. If he has average principle, he fits his shoulder to the load and goes doggedly on under it, and holds his peace about it. He does not, like the man in the nursery rhyme, jump into another bramble-bush to restore his injured vision : he is rather more apt to keep clear of women than to seek them ; he has not much time or inclination for the quest. He makes the best of his bargain, accepts the inevitable, and is in a way content.

And the woman *incomprise, désillusionnée*, how does she take it ? Very often her disillusion is as baseless as her illusions and she has to get rid of both before she is contented or useful. Many a woman married to the mate Heaven made for her weeps briny tears in the first trying year that is evolving a husband out of a lover ; even in a happy marriage the throes are keen but inevitable in the process of being turned from a goddess into a helpmate. But if she *has* made a mistake, if she finds herself bound to a man who is not sympathetic, whom she cannot wholly respect, whom she is gradually ceasing to love, with whom it is distinctly difficult to live, how does she take it ? If she is a woman of fairly good principles, tolerably well brought up, and has not read too many *risqué* novels, she sheds her tears in private, accepts the inevitable, devotes herself to her children if she has any, to her house, to charities, to literature, if she hasn't any, and gets a good deal out of life, with all its disappointments. If she has not been cursed with too great wealth, she will find that she has not much time on her hands ; there are bargain-counters to be pulled over, there are jackets and shoes and leggings to be bought at the best advantage, and there are little gowns and shirts and slips and bibs to be made from the best patterns. " The ox when he is weary treads surest." Nursery interests, household duties, family ties, leave her little time to pine over her mistake. If she is a clever woman, she has her theories about the education of her children, her aspirations for their future advancement. But, whether she is clever or commonplace, rich or poor, childless or a mother, she has no lack of occupation for all her powers in this teeming American life ; she will not be likely to sit down on her little handful of thorns and bemoan herself, as Jeremy Taylor would



say, but she will take up her work in a healthy-minded way and go on and make the best of what she has left. It is not what she hoped for, but it is not so bad after all; her life is full, and she does not stop to analyze its composition. There is not one chance in a hundred that she will turn for sympathy to another man, or that she would accept it if it were offered to her.

Unless, indeed, she be rich and idle. Idleness and riches are sore temptations in themselves, and they open the door to sorer temptations still. It becomes a question whether the dissections of the souls of the very rich and the very idle are legitimate studies to be put before the myriads of souls who are placed in circumstances entirely dissimilar. In America we have but a small class who are able to treat their sentimental sorrows so respectfully. This privileged class, consisting largely of the suddenly rich and the necessarily uneducated, are in a transition-state. Things dance before their eyes. With the fatal adaptability of the race, they catch the salient surface-points of older civilizations and miss the basis upon which they are built. They fasten themselves upon the superficial vices which are patent to all eyes, and omit the study of the myriad experiences which have gone to form that which is of value underneath. Society is a geological formation which cannot be made "while you wait:" it is a Rome which takes many slow-pacing days to build. The crude and underbred people who rule in our "smart set" have made for themselves a distinguished place abroad and at home; the "American Circus" is famous in two hemispheres. The members of the company do not realize the quality of their fame, but feel themselves in a position to instruct.

We are told by a recent critic that in America the novel of the future "will deal with society in a strictly conventional meaning of the term. There alone are to be found romantic, poetic, enchanting human beings. There alone is there sufficient leisure for the evolution of exquisite tastes, of evanescent and aerial yet captivating impulses, of feelings not the less profound and overmastering because they have been clarified and thrice distilled."

This may be true of older societies, but there will always be those who, even in them, feel that the great masters are not inevitably at their best in so-called social studies. For one instance, contrasting Maggie Tulliver, Hetty Sorrel, Dinah Morris, with Gwendolen Grandcourt, they are inclined to feel the field of genius is not so circumscribed. That our own and only great national successes in fiction have been hitherto in *genre* pictures is indisputable. Irving, Hawthorne, Bret Harte, Mrs. Stowe, and the new hand that has just painted for us "A Humble Romance" and kindred stories, are nearer to the standard of sincere art than any of the host of "society" novelists who have raised such hopes in their fellow-countrymen's hearts at various epochs during the past twenty-five years. The fact is, we must first catch our hare. We must have a society before we can paint it. The crude aniline imitation of other social fabrics which we call "society" is not adapted to artistic treatment. It is adapted to screaming farce, but not to high comedy, certainly not to deep and thoughtful

analysis of any kind. It is not picturesque ; it does not lend itself to good effects. A train of cars or a puffing steamboat would be as much out of place in a landscape of Nicholas Poussin's or Claude Lorraine's as a chapter of New York "high" life in a story that was destined to live as long as Nicholas Poussin's and Claude Lorraine's art has lived. A truthful study of life taken at random from any sphere must always be of present value, but a novel that deals solely with the aspirations and achievements of an ephemeral class must be content with ephemeral applause and short-lived success. Our society as a society is unformed, chaotic, almost grotesque. Its leaders have, like the aborigines of our country, assimilated the fire-water of the foreign pale-faces, but have, like them, omitted to receive the weightier matters of the law. Is an idle class like this to set the pace for our young men and women? Among these are our children to be taught to look for those "romantic, poetic, enchanting human beings" of whom the critic speaks?

Till within a few years it has been our good fortune to fall into line with English modes of thought and to take the cue in fiction from that honest home-breeding island. Now we are told that the national palate rejects coarse English beef and pudding, and that the subtly-flavored complications of French *chefs* are demanded by this high-bred society where only "the romantic, poetic, enchanting human being" is grown, and where the social career of a woman begins with her marriage. The rank and file of American manhood and womanhood may protest against this ; but "it takes strong arms to swim against the current," and it is well perhaps to take into account this Gallic tidal wave.

The French novel is pre-eminently the seventh-commandment novel. It is almost impossible to find one based on any other theme, or at least to find one uncomplicated with it. The French novelist does not always approve marital infidelity ; on the contrary, he generally points morals with misdemeanors and adorns tales with adulteries, avowing his sole aim to be showing the tragic end of evil. But flight and not argument is the law that masters of holy living lay down for souls in that sort of peril : "turn away mine eyes, lest they behold vanity," is Holy Writ and hard good sense. What you think about unceasingly, you end by doing ; what you look at continually, ring-streaked and speckled or pure and clean, gets inwrought into your most intimate being. Jeremy Taylor reminds us that "those creatures that live amongst the snows of the mountains turn white with their food and conversation with such perpetual whitenesses." We are a mass of inheritances ; there is, as Goethe says, nothing original about us but our will, our intention. We are reproductions, chameleons, echoes ; human nature has not much to be proud of. But if it is not born clean, it can at least have an intention not to be unclean. It can have a will to save its young from pollution. It can think a little about the methods of such salvation. It can remember that "a child's home is its doom," that the fireside is where we learn not only our grammar, but our religion, our morals, and that the library-table in the house in which we are brought up is our true *alma mater*.

*Miriam Coles Harris.*



## AN ORGAN AND A REFORM.

"THE Pagan Review" is the alarming title of a new British magazine, which entered on its career of devastation in September. It is not very much to look at, and offers for the customary shilling but sixty-four smallish pages, with no cover to speak of: what engine of reform has not been hampered by mundane limitations at the start? Its title is the fiercest part of it: the contents are rather suggestive than directly polemic, and the "Foreword" admits that "the religion of our forefathers . . . is still fruitful of vast good"—though these their children have got beyond it. The contributors (it is noticeable that there is as yet no lady among them) are united by a strongly romantic and dramatic tendency; the renascence whereof they are apostles is poetical and untheological. The tone is that of lusty and restless youth, which would fain kick over the traces and disport itself in unhampered freedom. As one of them says, "We ought to have been born gypsies." They remind one a little of newly admitted collegians just released from their mammas, anxious to be men at once and to see Life. Their present object is chivalric; they aim at the emancipation of Woman, at her elevation. Let her henceforth be as tall, as athletic, as ratiocinative as the male human animal. Let noxious restraints of tradition and convention be swept away. Give her her rights and an equal chance; let all years be leap-years. Let it be no longer true that

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;  
'Tis woman's whole existence.

Since the dominant note of Nature is the sexual, let girls and boys be free to rush into each other's arms, and let us who are older give the most of our time and minds to noting how they do it. The proper study of mankind is womankind; or, as the able Pagan editor puts it, "The supreme interest of Man is—Woman," and *vice versa*.

But here two questions obtrude themselves—impolitely, it may be, but irresistibly. Was it worth while to devote a whole new magazine, with much blowing of horns and waving of banners, especially to the illustration of these doctrines? And why "pagan"? Are love-stories, not to say Seventh-Commandment novels, necessarily and distinctively anti-Christian? The eminent Mr. Blank, and the thrilling Miss Whatsername, and the delightful Lady T'Other, have been at this business for years. We have all read their improving romances with more or less sympathy and profit. Are we pagans for doing so? Are they pagans for having written them? They would repel the vile impeachment with indignant scorn; and so say we all of us—or, at least, the great majority. We claim to be merely human in our writing and our reading. Again, why "Pagan"? Why not rather "The Human Review," or "The Human Magazine,"—since it is no more of a review than we are, or our esteemed and highly popular cotemporaries in New York?

Again, is there anything very new in this? Scarcely, except an exaggerated youthfulness, a going on tiptoe as it were, with looks of proud defiance, and accompaniment of horns and banners as aforesaid. It is as if, to an assembly where low-necked dresses were not unknown, should enter one loudly

announcing, "See how very *décolletée* I am! And in spite of you prudes and prigs, I mean to maintain this startling innovation, however you may cry Shame!"

#### AN ANTI-ETHICAL CRUSADE.

It may be that the lines of assault on Faith are shifting. The neo-pagan movement in England (whatever it amounts to) is no more theological than the neo-Christian movement in France. The "Pagan Review" cares no more for the arguments of Colonel Ingersoll than for those of Paine or Voltaire. Now theology has so long been a house divided against itself that interest in its controversies has greatly dwindled: this generation, rightly or wrongly, cares far less for abstract theories than for practical results. But the moral teachings of the Gospel are more revered, more firmly intrenched, than ever. In this sense the civilized world has an Established Religion. Whether they accept them with the heart or not, decent people are generally agreed to regard these ideas as essential to human welfare. Hypocrisy is the prudent homage which Vice pays to Virtue, and those who secretly break the law still profess that the law is good. Even those of superior pretensions—the "emancipated," the agnostics—would subscribe to Paley's doctrine, that Religion is an excellent auxiliary to the police. Take away its restraints, and what is ahead? So far as we can judge, anarchy and chaos, the Parisian commune and the dynamiters.

Transcendental matters aside, that effect of Christianity which has most impressed the general imagination is its power of restraining human passions and indulgences—lust, cruelty, rapine, and the like. It led the Roman emperors to give up their harems, and made comparatively chaste men of Valens and Theodosius—which Gibbon thought was a mistake: he was one of your pagans, and frank in expressing his opinion. It moved a multitude of hermits to turn their backs on a society which seemed to them hopelessly bad. In later days it mastered the love of revenge, the thirst for blood, and drove in its obvious lesson of humanity—slowly, but effectually. It has taught some to keep their hands out of their neighbors' pockets. At least in individual cases, it has checked jealousy, envy, backbiting; the Sewing Society may still talk scandal, but less malignantly than did the ladies of Alexandria and Antioch two thousand years ago. Christian ethics, by common consent, have had the chief hand in making life and property safe, and society decorous and comparatively pure.

Paganism, old or new, attacks this principle at the root. It says, "Be a healthy animal. Don't resist a natural appetite. If you want a thing, reach out and take it. Let yourself go."

We have seen what comes of that. We may see it any day still; and the result is not usually happy. But why confine the application to a single passion? Why not say, "Don't check any impulse, be it greed or hate or whatever. If you want your neighbor's property, or his life, reach out and take it. Be the free, natural man."

They have not come to that yet—unless the anarchists. But it would be logical.

Gentlemen Pagans, it will not do. Without self-control, self-restraint, self-repression, there is no character for yourselves nor safety for the community. Constitutional liberty is not unlimited license. In conduct and in art there had best be restraints, moral limitations.

## ARE WOMEN FREE AND EQUAL?

And yet one is inclined, if not in duty bound, to sympathize more or less with any movement or argument that looks toward improved conditions or larger opportunities for the sex. The position of Woman, the estimation in which she is held, the degree of equality with Man to which she is admitted, are vital notes of difference between Christendom and Islam, between civilization and barbarism, between the modern and the ancient world. It may be claimed that the battle has already been fought and won; but this is true only in part. It is true that many restrictions have been removed, that most occupations have been already opened to women, and that the barriers which remain are mainly kept up by themselves—*e.g.*, when most of them wish to vote, they will doubtless be allowed to. It is also entirely true that among intelligent Anglo-Saxons, and especially with the well-to-do, women are better off than they ever were before, or are anywhere else on earth. They have more freedom, more honor, more power—sometimes more than they are fit for, or know how to make good use of. Of course this goes further with us than in England. In circles pretending to, or approximating, wealth, fashion, and culture, the American woman is a queen—if she cares to be and has it in her; the American girl is petted, flattered, coddled, and indulged to the top of her bent. It is they that have the good times, that get the cream of life. Husbands and fathers toil for returns of cash, that daughters and wives may spend freely and beautify themselves at ease. Their feminine charm is a unique distinction; in society, sometimes even in open-minded literature, they receive a deference, a homage, which are not extended to senators and sages.

If this be so, what more can they want? What more can the philanthropist ask on their behalf? Why, say the serious sisters, to be taken seriously; to be something more than ornaments, elegant playthings, or at best mere house-keepers and mothers. The surface is not the whole of life, nor Epicureanism its only philosophy. We want our identity respected; and that is just what you have not done yet. We claim to be ourselves, and not merely your hangers-on and decorated servitors. Beneath all your courtesies and pamperings lingers the notion that we exist not for ourselves, but for you; that we are really your inferiors, your thralls, your puppets, and your creatures.

The serious sisters are quite right in their complaint; and so, at bottom, are the young Pagan gentlemen who take up their case—though these latter do not put the case very clearly, nor contemplate it from the most desirable point of view. Mr. Haggard, in one of his thrilling African romances, makes a native remark, "We worship our wives, but we have to *hot-pot* them now and then"—which meant (if the reader has forgotten his "She") to "remove" them by violent means. A belief in this right still lurks, with other remnants of feudalism, in many masculine minds. The nobleman of a few centuries ago, on occasion of domestic mistrust, would calmly wall up his suspected spouse in the masonry; his successor, who resorts to the simpler method of pistol, knife, or axe, is commonly found a little lower in the social scale. In these Russian judgments it is not necessary for the victim to have done anything amiss, but only for jealousy or wrath to be roused in the ruling and punishing mind. The offence may be purely subjective, and is handled much as on Mr. Legree's plantation forty or fifty years ago. Such cases come to light daily: in one of the latest, milord prepared his serf for cremation, and had applied the match before

the neighbors came to the rescue. Frequently the oppressed takes refuge at her father's, and rashly declines to return to her lord when he gets out of jail or over his debauch; then his vengeance is as summary, and his conscience as undoubting in its exercise, as if he were an Assyrian monarch and she a revolted town. The case was put in a nutshell by that intending citizen who complained indignantly that this was no free country if a man was restricted in the lawful enjoyment of beating his own wife.

This theory of marital rights has been curiously extended by the young men who shoot girls for refusing to marry them. The idea evidently is that the weaker vessel has no right to a mind or will of her own: what is she, to say No to any chance comer of the superior sex who honors her by wishing to be her "master"? Such presumption is treason, sacrilege, and blasphemy, justly open to condign and even to capital punishment on the spot.

It will not do to claim that these illustrations of mediæval tenets are all furnished by recent immigrants. That class indeed supplies more than its share to the work of our criminal courts; but a census of nationalities might leave a humiliating proportion to the native account. It is more plausible to assign the wife-beatings, the woman-shootings, the crude domestic tyrannies and tragedies, to the ranks of "labor" and illiteracy *in toto*; yet even this may be too sweeping. True, "gentlemen" usually adjust their difficulties with ladies in milder fashion; but the polish which education and society afford does not always go deep, and your millionaire may be no less an antique conservative than your mill-hand. A modern rationalist, scratched by the sharp point of some sudden exigency, may appear inwardly hide-bound by antique conventions. His theology—or lack of it—is brand-new, but his social and conjugal ethics are those of the sixteenth century. His wife is better than his horse or dog, and as his wife is entitled to high respect; but, after all, she is only his moon, shining with reflected light. Let orbits get out of order, and she is liable to be bent or broken on the hard angles of his egoism. For men are egoists, and women are generally yielding: under the conditions which prevail everywhere to date, they usually have to be, and their tact teaches them to accept the inevitable.

To a fair mind talk about the inferiority of women is distasteful, because, true or false, it all goes to confirm an ancient prejudice. Miss Seawell's argument against the creative faculty in her sex seems to make for no end but this: fogies read it, or the title of it—which is just as good for their purpose—and cry, "Ah, you see! One of the most brilliant of the sisterhood admits the charge." For one person of either sex who is able and willing to think the matter out, twenty—or fifty—have their minds made up already. The time has not come for a judgment, for the evidence is not all in; on the contrary, decades and generations—to put it most moderately—must pass before we have facts enough to base a verdict on. You cannot fairly compare one race, or class, or order, or set of people with another unless the two have had similar opportunities; and when were women ever on a par with men in position, education, privileges, and responsibilities? The inequality is beginning to disappear in some respects, and to be mitigated in others; but this is only the work of our time, and it is handicapped by the tradition of ages. How are women themselves to throw off at once the inherited notion of their essential inferiority, dominant from time immemorial in their minds as well as in those of men? Such legacies are not only discouraging, they are benumbing. As well (to be

uncomplimentary, and cite a much darker case) expect the African race to rise to anything notable in a year or a century, after being kept in savagery or slavery since "Cursed be Canaan."

The one point which is positively clear and indisputably settled in the comparison of the sexes is that men are generally bigger and stronger than women. This physical fact went for everything at the start, and long after: it will probably go for much in the remote future. It made man the head of the house, the promoter and carrier-on of business public and private: it put him in front, and there he stayed. As he awoke to the consciousness that he had a soul as well as a body, he naturally assumed to be also superior in brain and will; and his wife, being in his power and (so far as we know) of a gentler nature, did not contest the point. She had her children, her humble cares and yet humbler virtues, with the occasional caresses and qualified approval of her lord. As the race progressed toward civilization, she was admitted to be capable of good looks, good manners, domestic thrift, taste in dress, the more highly prized ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, and the crowning grace of adoring obedience. When the arts and sciences were invented, she had no part in them, with rare exceptions like Sappho and Hypatia, who doubtless were generally accounted impertinent hussies and no better than they should be. During the Middle Ages a woman had no chance to do anything unless she was a queen or something of the kind. As the free modern spirit came in, a few ventured to soil their fingers with pen or brush, amid the frowns of their brothers and the whispers of their feminine friends. If they were wise, they hid behind a male relative, like Fanny Mendelssohn and Dora Wordsworth, rather than be "unsexed." Others in England, France, and afterwards Germany, rashly let their work be known as theirs. Some of these, as Mme. de Staël, Mrs. Somerville, George Sand, Mrs. Browning, and George Eliot, were thought to have done very creditable work—for women—though nothing original, nothing "creative," of course; how should they?

Remembering that men not yet gray have seen the colleges opened to women, with nearly all the professions beyond those of school-marm, seamstress, and saleslady, is it not rather too early to determine finally what are their meagre abilities and large limitations? Give them a chance to get used to their new and partial enfranchisement, to practise their untried powers awhile, to throw off the long burden of contempt, disparagement, and repression; and then—perhaps within a century or two—they will show us what they can or cannot do. I do not know that they will develop powers of ratiocination, of initiation, of practicality, of creation (if there be any such power vouchsafed to mortals), equal to those of men. Very likely not; but let us wait and see. What is the use of passing snap-judgment on a work not only unfinished but barely begun? Why mistake appearances or probabilities for certainties, and pretend to know what we don't know?

Therefore some qualified sympathy may be extended to the alleged cause of the "Pagan Review," though cumbered with dubious if not malodorous adjuncts. It is harder pulling the boat of social reform in England than here, and probably the neo-pagans will do as much as may be expected of them if they can get the terms of punishment extended for bricklayers who jump on their wives' heads with heavy hobnailed shoes. It really ought to be more than three months for murder of this sort, or ten days when the victim is not quite killed.

*Frederic M. Bird.*

## MEN OF THE DAY.

JOHN RUSKIN is an insignificant-looking little man, considerably rounded at the shoulders, with large blue eyes and a full white beard. He is now seventy-three, and is dreaming away life's evening in tranquil retirement. The only son of a London wine-merchant, he was brought up chiefly under his mother's care through a solitary childhood. In his autobiographical fragment "*Præterita*" he has given us an account of these times: of his early attraction to the sciences and to the poetry of Scott and later of Byron; of his passion for Nature; of the annual drives through the English Lowlands; of his first acquaintance with Turner's work in Rogers's "*Italy*" and with Prout's in the "*Sketches in Flanders and Germany*;" of his first travels abroad, in 1833; of the introduction to Pringle and Rogers and Hogg, and the occasional contributions of verses to "*Friendship's Offering*." His subsequent career and works are too familiar to need even passing mention. As is well known, he divorced his wife so that she might marry Millais the painter. In fact, it is said that he even went so far as to give her away at the altar. Millais's first picture was a portrait of Charles Reade, and the young artist took it to Ruskin to know what he thought of it. The Seer of Coniston said it was not a failure, but a *fiasco*, and kicked it over in a passion, the hole made by his boot being still to be seen. So again in 1878 Whistler brought an action against him for libel, Ruskin in criticising one of his pictures having expressed surprise that "a coxcomb should ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public face." Whistler was awarded one farthing damages, and wears the coin as a charm on his watch-chain. Like Emerson and Mrs. Stowe in their old age, there are times when Ruskin's mind is partly unhinged, and in conversation he is no longer the author of "*Modern Painters*." He is very tender regarding his personal appearance, and is quoted as saying that he is dissatisfied with all his portraits, and that the truer and more candid they are the less he likes them. "I like to be flattered both by pen and pencil," he said, some time since, "so long as it is done prettily and in good taste." Mentally he is a veritable sensitive-plant. On a bright clear day he is buoyant and elastic; but on a dull wet day he is equally moody and misanthropic. He has two pet aversions,—tobacco and stupid people. So great indeed is his objection to the weed that his intimates who indulge in it have to fumigate and scent themselves before approaching him. Like Carlyle, he is utterly intolerant of stupidity, and he has a short emphatic way of his own of handling bores which effectually prevents them from intruding upon him again. He is a masterful chess-player, and sometimes devotes whole days to solving intricate problems on the board. In common with all other great men, he has his hobbies. One of them is a weakness for diamonds and other gems. He carries them loose in his pocket and plays with them in an idle moment as other men would toy with a watch-chain or a cigar. He believes strongly in out-door worship, and is a great walker. When staying in any town he invariably makes a point of choosing the oldest and consequently dirtiest part as his habitation. He abhors railways, and has more than once expressed himself very savagely in regard to them. So great is this dislike that he once drove all the way from London to his Lakeside home in a carriage specially built for the drive. He is eminently unpractical in all his ideas.



Some years since he bought some home property which he let out on the condition that the rent need only be paid when the tenants were able or felt inclined to pay it. The experiment, it need hardly be added, was not a great success. So again, in writing to a friend with reference to some pictures which he was anxious to possess, but which a free picture-gallery was also seeking to obtain, he said, "I hate your picture-galleries. Why can't people be satisfied with the advertisements in the streets?" On one occasion not very long since he astonished the waiter at his hotel—for he is a total abstainer—by calling for six quart-bottles of champagne. They were brought, and the man was ordered to pour out slowly the contents of each bottle into a basin. When this was done, Ruskin, turning to the waiter, made him a present of the wine; he had been taking an art lesson from the effervescence of the champagne at all this expense of time and money. On another occasion he engaged a band of the best musicians from London at great expense, and made them play on the beach at Folkestone during a storm, while he compared the rhythm of the trained music of man and the untrained melody of nature. He is so much influenced by impulse that his freaks of fancy might be put down as the result of something akin to madness; yet withal he is a thoroughly genial, kind-hearted man, and endears himself to those who know him well enough to peer beneath his eccentricity.

Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, is a tall, broad-shouldered, profoundly benignant-looking man of five-and fifty, and is, like so many other distinguished Americans, an Irishman. He is energy personified, possessing in a marked degree all the breezy, hustling qualities characteristic of the great West. He served in the War as an army chaplain, and he still clings to the free and easy methods of the camp rather than to the diplomatic veneer of the *salon*. His pulpit oratory, too, is pointed rather than polished. Even his voice is loud and harsh. He is what is known in Europe as "a political bishop." His efforts to reconcile the public and parochial schools by the introduction of the Fari-bault system attracted considerable attention and caused a very lively controversy in ecclesiastical circles both here and abroad. When he has a project in view he goes at it in an aggressively whole-hearted style that usually overcomes any obstacles, falling upon his opponents with all his might, and literally whirling them away, so much so that his coreligionists have irreverently nicknamed him "the consecrated blizzard." He has also been christened the "Father Mathew of the West," because of his pronounced prohibition views. He has long been an ardent advocate of total abstinence. One of his pet schemes is to colonize all Catholic emigrants on the farms of the West, instead of encouraging them to settle in cities. The experiment has resulted in several flourishing colonies, in none of which a saloon is to be found. He is a veritable glutton for work, and withal a broad-minded, progressive, good fellow. He has been a bishop since 1875, and will doubtless yet attain the much coveted red hat.

Earl Rosebery, the distinguished English statesman, is a singularly boyish-looking, suave-mannered Scotchman, with a clean-cut, smooth-shaven face of marble immobility, and never loses an opportunity of bemoaning the fact that he was born a lord. Though not yet six-and-forty, he has been a conspicuous figure in English politics for many years. When only twenty-five he was appointed a commissioner to inquire into endowments in Scotland. He was Rector of the University of Edinburgh at thirty, Under-Secretary for the Home Department at thirty-four, and First Commissioner of Works and Lord Privy Seal at



thirty-eight. From the first he showed himself an indefatigable worker. He has long championed the cause of the "submerged" ten thousand, and has given generously towards their elevation and education. Among other acts of munificence he gave a superb swimming-bath to the People's Palace, and he has otherwise shown himself to be a progressive-minded muscular Christian. He wishes to see a new and magnificent London built up on the lines of the old city, and to sweep away the nests of poverty and sin. During the three years that he acted as chairman of the London County Council he succeeded in carrying through a host of improvements in this direction, some of which, without exaggeration, may be described as colossal. As Foreign Secretary in the third Gladstone ministry he showed considerable skill and firmness during some very difficult negotiations which grew out of the Servo-Bulgarian wars. He is an eloquent and forceful public speaker, with a deep, mellow voice, and is not altogether destitute of humor. He also writes well, his recently-published monograph on Pitt having attracted considerable attention. He likes all things American,—particularly our works of art,—and he has the finest collection of Burns's works and manuscripts in the world. When a boy at college he is said to have declared that his three ambitions in life were to marry the richest woman in Europe, to win the Derby, and to become Prime Minister of England. He succeeded in doing the first,—his wife, who died some two years since, being the only daughter of the head of the Rothschilds; he barely escaped doing the second about five years ago; and he bids fair to become the third if he only keeps on as he has been doing.

Judge Lamar is far and away the most picturesque figure on the bench of the United States Supreme Court. A thin, dreamy-eyed, stoop-shouldered man, with a wan, fleshless face, to which the skin hangs in folds, long black-gray hair, and a ragged tuft of beard, he looks rather like a poet or an anarchist than like the scholarly jurist that he is. He is now sixty-seven. He passed from a seat in Congress to a colonelcy in the Confederate army, and then into the University of Michigan as professor of political economy. Mississippi sent him to the Senate in 1876 and re-elected him in 1882, but he resigned in order to become Secretary of the Interior under Cleveland. His former law partner, Senator Walthall, succeeded to his seat. It is said that while in partnership Walthall did all the work, while Lamar did all the dreaming anent the air-castles to be built out of the profits. After serving two years in the Cabinet he was improved into a judge of the United States Supreme Court. His manner in court quite harmonizes with his appearance. He never seems to listen to what is going on, but sits with subdued aspect doubled up in his chair, apparently lost in revery. He is almost as absent-minded as the great Pasteur himself. When Secretary of the Interior he used frequently to get lost in the corridors of the great Department building, and it is said that his associates are in constant fear of his scandalizing the court by walking up Pennsylvania Avenue in his judicial robes. He is profoundly moody. There are times when he will devote himself with intense application to the unravelling of some legal problems; at others he will shun the semblance of mental effort for weeks at a stretch. He is much given to the pleasure of riding, and is a familiar figure on pleasant days ambling along the streets of Washington on a staid old family horse.

*M. Crofton.*

# WARING'S PERIL.

BY

CAPT. CHARLES KING,  
U. S. ARMY,

AUTHOR OF "THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER," "THE DESERTER," "DUNRAVEN  
RANCH," "AN ARMY PORTIA," "TWO SOLDIERS," "FROM THE  
RANKS," "A SOLDIER'S SECRET," ETC.

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# LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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MARCH, 1893.

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## WARING'S PERIL.

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### I.

"ANANIAS!"

"Ye-as, suh?"

"What time is it?"

"Gyahd-mountin' done gone, suh."

"The devil it has! What do you mean, sir, by allowing me to sleep on in this shameless and unconscionable manner, when an indulgent government is suffering for my services? What sort of day is it, sir?"

"Beautiful day, Mr. Waring."

"Then go at once to Mr. Larkin and tell him he can't wear his new silk hat this morning,—I want it, and you fetch it. Don't allow him to ring in the old one on you. Tell him I mean the new 'spring style' he just brought from New York. Tell Mr. Ferry I want that new Hatfield suit of his, and you get Mr. Pierce's silk umbrella; then come back here and get my bath and my coffee. Stop there, Ananias! Give my pious regards to the commanding officer, sir, and tell him that there's no drill for 'X' Battery this morning, as I'm to breakfast at Moreau's at eleven o'clock and go to the *matinée* afterwards."

"Beg pahdon, suh, but de cunnle's done ohdered review fo' de whole command, suh, right at nine o'clock."

"So much the better. Then Captain Cram must stay, and won't need his swell team. Go right down to the stable and tell Jeffers I'll drive at nine-thirty."

"But——"

"No buts, you incorrigible rascal! I don't pay you a princely salary to raise obstacles. I don't pay you at all, sir, except at rare intervals and in moments of mental decrepitude. Go at once! Allez! Chassez! Skoot!"

"But, lieutenant," says Ananias, his black face shining, his even

white teeth all agleam, "Captain Cram stopped in on de way back from stables to say Glenco 'd sprained his foot and you was to ride de bay colt. *Please* get up, suh. Boots and Saddles 'll soun' in ten minutes."

"It won't, but if it does I'll brain the bugler. Tell him so. Tell Captain Cram he's entirely mistaken: I won't ride the bay colt—nor Glenco. I'm going driving, sir, with Captain Cram's own team and road-wagon. Tell *him* so. Going in forty-five minutes by my watch. Where is it, sir?"

"It ain't back from de jeweller's, suh, where you done lef' it day before yist'day; but his boy's hyuh now, suh, wid de bill for las' year. Whut shall I tell him?"

"Tell him to go to—quarantine. No! Tell him the fever has broken out here again, sir, and not to call until ten o'clock next spring,—next mainspring they put in that watch. Go and get Mr. Merton's watch. Tell him I'll be sure to overstay in town if he doesn't send it, and then I can't take him up and introduce him to those ladies from Louisville to-morrow. Impress that on him, sir, unless he's gone and left it on his bureau, in which case impress the watch,—the watch, sir, in any case. No! Stop again, Ananias; *not* in any case, only in the gold hunting-case; no other. Now then, vanish!"

"But, lieutenant, 'fo' Gawd, suh, dey'll put you in arrest if you cuts drill dis time. Cunnle Braxton says to Captain Cram only two days ago, suh, dat——"

But here a white arm shot out from a canopy of mosquito-netting, and first a boot-jack, then a slipper, then a heavy top-boot, came whizzing past the darky's dodging head, and, finding expostulation vain, that faithful servitor bolted out in search of some ally more potent, and found one, though not the one he sought or desired, just entering the adjoining room.

A big fellow, too,—too big, in fact, to be seen wearing, as was the fashion in the sixties, the shell jacket of the light artillery. He had a full round body, and a full round ruddy face, and a little round visorless cap cocked on one side of a round bullet head, not very full of brains, perhaps, yet reputed to be fairly stocked with what is termed "horse sense." His bulky legs were thrust deep in long boots, and ornamented, so far as the skin-tight breeches of sky-blue were concerned, with a scarlet welt along the seam, a welt that his comrades were wont to say would make a white mark on his nose, so red and bulbous was that organ. He came noisily in from the broad veranda overlooking the parade-ground, glanced about on the disarray of the bachelor sitting-room, then whirled on Ananias.

"Mr. Waring dressed?"

"No-o, suh; jus' woke up, suh; ain't out o' bed yit."

"The lazy vagabone! Just let me get at him a minute," said the big man, tramping over to the door-way as though bent on invading the chamber beyond. But Ananias had halted short at sight of the intruder, and stood there resolutely barring the way.

"Beg pahdon, lieutenant, but Mr. Waring ain't had his bath yit. Can I mix de lieutenant a cocktail, suh?"

"Can you? . You black imp of Satan, why isn't it ready now, sir? Sure you could have seen I was as dhry as a lime-kiln from the time I came through the gate. Hware's the demijohn, you villain?"

"Bein' refilled, suh, down to de sto', but dar's a little on de sideboa'd, suh," answered Ananias, edging over thither now that he had lured the invader away from the guarded door-way. "Take it straight, suh, o' wid bitters—o' toddy?"

"Faith, I'll answer ye as Pat did the parson: I'll take it straight now, and then be drinking the toddy while your honor is mixin' the punch. Give me hold of it, you smudge! and tell your masther it's review,—full-dress,—and it's time for him to be up. Has he had his two cocktails yet?"

"The lieutenant doesn't care fo' any dis mawnin', suh. I'll fetch him his coffee in a minute. Did you see de cunnle's oade'ly, suh? He was lookin' fo' you a moment ago."

The big red man was gulping down a big drink of the fiery liquor at the instant. He set the glass back on the sideboard with unsteady hand and glared at Ananias suspiciously.

"Is it troot' you're tellin', nigger? Hwat did he say was wanted?"

"Didn't say, suh, but de cunnle's in his office. Yahnduh comes de oade'ly, too, suh; guess he must have hyuhd you was over hyuh."

The result of this announcement was not unexpected. The big man made a leap for the chamber door, only to find it slammed in his face from the other side.

"Hwat the devil's the matter with your master this morning, Ananias?—Waring! Waring, I say! Let me in: the K. O.'s orderly is afther me, and all on account of your bringing me in at that hour last night.—Tell him I've gone, Ananias.—Let me in, Waring, there's a good fellow."

"Go to blazes, Doyle!" is the unfeeling answer from the other side. "I'm bathing." And a vigorous splashing follows the announcement.

"For the Lord's sake, Waring, let me in. Sure I can't see the colonel now. If I could stand him off until review and inspection's over and he's had his dhrink, he'd let the whole thing drop; but that blackguard of a sinthry has given us away. Sure I told you he would."

"Then slide down the lightning-rod! Fly up the chimney! Evaporate! Dry up and blow away, but get *out*! You can't come in here."

"Oh, for mercy's sake, Waring! Sure 'twas you that got me into the scrape. You know that I was dhrunk when you found me up the levee. You made me come down when I didn't want to. Hwat did I say to the man last night, anyhow?"

"Say to him? Poor devil! why, you never can remember after you're drunk what you've been doing the night before. Some time it'll be the death of you. You abused him like a pickpocket,—the sergeant of the guard and everybody connected with it."

"Oh, murther, murther, murther!" groaned the poor Irishman, sitting down and covering his face with his hands. "Sure they'll

court-martial me this time without fail, and I know it. For God's sake, Waring, can't ye let a feller in and say that I'm not here?"

"Hyuh, dis way, lieutenant," whispered Ananias, mysteriously. "Slip out on de po'ch and into Mr. Pierce's room. I'll tell you when he's gone." And in a moment the huge bulk of the senior lieutenant of Light Battery "X" was being boosted through a window opening from the gallery into the bachelor den of the junior second lieutenant. No sooner was this done than the negro servant darted back, closed and bolted the long green Venetian blinds behind him, tiptoed to the bedroom door, and, softly tapping, called,—

"Mr. Waring! Mr. Waring! get dressed quick as you can, suh; I'll lay out your uniform in hyuh."

"I tell you, Ananias, I'm going to town, sir; not to any ridiculous review. Go and get what I ordered you. See that I'm properly dressed, sir, or I'll discharge you. Confound you, sir! there isn't a drop of Florida water in this bath, and none on my bureau. Go and rob Mr. Pierce,—or anybody."

But Ananias was already gone. Darting out on the gallery, he took a header through the window of the adjoining quarters through which Mr. Doyle had escaped, snatched a long flask from the dressing-table, and was back in the twinkling of an eye.

"What became of Mr. Doyle?" asked Waring, as he thrust a bare arm through a narrow aperture to receive the spoil. "Don't let him get drunk; *he's* got to go to review, sir. If he doesn't, Colonel Braxton may be so inconsiderate as to inquire why both the lieutenants of 'X' Battery are missing. Take good care of him till the review, sir, then let him go to grass; and don't you dare leave me without Florida water again, if you have to burglarize the whole post. What's Mr. Doyle doing, sir?"

"Peekin' froo de blin's in Mr. Pierce's room, suh; lookin' fo' de oade'ly. I done told him de cunnle was ahter him, but he ain't, suh," chuckled Ananias. "I fixed it all right wid de gyahd dis mawnin', suh. Dey won't tell 'bout his cuttin' up las' night. He'd forgot de whole t'ing, suh; he allays does; he never does know what's happened de night befo'. He wouldn't 'a' known about dis, but I told his boy Jim to tell him 'bout it ahter stables. I told Jim to sweah dat dey'd repohsted it to de cunnle."

"Very well, Ananias; very well, sir; you're a credit to your name. Now go and carry out my orders. Don't forget Captain Cram's wagon. Tell Jeffers to be here with it on time." And the lieutenant returned to his bath without waiting for reply.

"Ye-as, suh," was the subordinate answer, as Ananias promptly turned, and, whistling cheerily, went banging out upon the gallery and clattering down the open stairway to the brick-paved court below. Here he as promptly turned, and, noiseless as a cat, shot up the stairway, tiptoed back into the sitting-room, kicked off his low-heeled slippers, and rapidly, but with hardly an audible sound, resumed the work on which he had been engaged,—the arrangement of his master's kit.

Already, faultlessly brushed, folded and hanging over the back of



a chair close by the chamber door were the bright blue, scarlet-welted battery trousers then in vogue, very snug at the knee, very springy over the foot. Underneath them, spread over the square back of the chair, a dark-blue, single-breasted frock-coat, hanging nearly to the floor, its shoulders decked with huge epaulettes, to the right one of which were attached the braid and loops of a heavy gilt aiguillette whose glistening pendants were hung temporarily on the upper button. On the seat of the chair was folded a broad soft sash of red silk net, its tassels carefully spread. Beside it lay a pair of long buff gauntlets, new and spotless. At the door, brilliantly polished, stood a pair of buttoned gaiter boots, the heels decorated with small glistening brass spurs. In the corner, close at hand, leaned a long curved sabre, its gold sword-knot, its triple-guarded hilt, its steel scabbard and plated bands and rings, as well as the swivels and buckle of the black sword-belt, showing the perfection of finish in manufacture and care in keeping. From a round leather box Ananias now extracted a new gold-wire *fourragère*, which he softly wiped with a silk handkerchief, dandled lovingly an instant the glistening tassels, coiled it carefully upon the sash, then producing from the same box a long scarlet horse-hair plume he first brushed it into shimmering freedom from the faintest knot or kink, then set it firmly through its socket into the front of a gold-braided shako whose black front was decked with the embroidered cross cannon of the regiment, surmounted by the arms of the United States. This he noiselessly placed upon the edge of the mantel, stepped back to complacently view his work, flicked off a possible speck of dust on the sleeve of the coat, touched with a chamois-skin the gold crescent of the nearest epaulette, then softly, noiselessly as before vanished through the door-way, tiptoed to the adjoining window, and peeked in. Mr. Doyle had thrown himself into Pierce's arm-chair, and was trying to read the morning paper.

"Wunner what Mars'er Pierce will say when he gits back from breakfast," was Ananias's comment, as he sped softly down the stairs, a broad grin on his black face, a grin that almost instantly gave place to preternatural solemnity and respect as, turning sharply on the sidewalk at the foot of the stairs, he came face to face with the battery commander. Ananias would have passed with a low obeisance, but the captain halted him short.

"Where's Mr. Waring, sir?"

"Dressin' fo' inspection, captain."

"He is? I just heard in the mess-room that he didn't propose attending,—that he had an engagement to breakfast and was going in town."

"Ye-as, suh, ye-as, suh, General Rousseau, suh, expected de lieutenant in to breakfast, but de moment he hyuhd 'twas review he ohdered me to git everything ready, suh. I's goin' for de bay colt now. Beg pahdon, captain, de lieutenant says is de captain goin' to wear gauntlets or gloves dis mawnin'? He wants to do just as de captain does, suh."

What a merciful interposition of divine Providence it is that the African cannot blush! Captain Cram looked suspiciously at the earnest,

unwinking, black face before him. Some memory of old college days flitted through his mind at the moment. "O Kunopes!" ("thou dog-faced one!") he caught himself muttering, but negro diplomacy was too much for him, and the innocence in the face of Ananias would have baffled a man far more suspicious. Cram was a fellow who loved his battery and his profession as few men loved before. He was full of big ideas in one way and little oddities in another. Undoubted ability had been at the bottom of his selection over the head of many a senior to command one of the light batteries when the general dismounting took place in '66. Unusual attractions of person had won him a wife with a fortune only a little later. The fortune had warranted a short leave abroad this very year. (He would not have taken a day over sixty, for fear of losing his light battery.) He had been a stickler for gauntlets on all mounted duty when he went away, and he came home converted to white wash-leather gloves because the British horse-artillery wore no other, "and they, sir, are the nattiest in the world." He could not tolerate an officer whose soul was not aflame with enthusiasm for battery duty, and so was perpetually at war with Waring, who dared to have other aspirations. He delighted in a man who took pride in his dress and equipment, and so rejoiced in Waring, who, more than any subaltern ever attached to "X," was the very glass of soldier fashion and mould of soldier form. He had dropped in at the bachelor mess just in time to hear some gabbling youngster blurt out a bet that Sam Waring would cut review and keep his tryst in town, and he had known him many a time to overpersuade his superiors into excusing him from duty on pretext of social claims, and more than once into pardoning deliberate absence. But he and the post commander had deemed it high time to block all that nonsense in future, and had so informed him, and were nonplussed at Waring's cheery acceptance of the implied rebuke and most airy, graceful, and immediate change of the subject. The whole garrison was chuckling over it by night.

"Why, certainly, colonel," said he, "I *have* been most derelict of late during the visit of all these charming people from the North; and that reminds me, some of them are going to drive out here to hear the band this afternoon and take a bite at my quarters. I was just on my way to beg Mrs. Braxton and Mrs. Cram to receive for me, when your orderly came. And, colonel, I want your advice about the champagne. Of course I needn't say I hope you both will honor me with your presence." Old Brax loved champagne and salad better than anything his profession afforded, and was disarmed at once. As for Cram, what could he say when the post commander dropped the matter? With all his daring disregard of orders and established customs, with all his consummate *sang-froid* and what some called impudence and others "cheek," every superior under whom he had ever served had sooner or later become actually fond of Sam Waring,—even stern old Rounds,—“old Double Rounds” the boys called him, one of the martinets of the service, whose first experience with the fellow was as memorable as it was unexpected, and who wound up, after a vehement scoring of some two minutes' duration, during which

Waring had stood patiently at attention with an expression of the liveliest sympathy and interest on his handsome face, by asking impressively, "Now, sir, what have you to say for yourself?"

To which, with inimitable mixture of suavity and concern, Sam replied, "Nothing whatever, sir. I doubt if anything more could be said. I had no adequate idea of the extent of my misdoing. Have I your permission to sit down, sir, and think it over?"

Rounds actually didn't know what to think, and still less what to say. Had he believed for an instant that the young gentleman was insincere, he would have had him in close arrest in the twinkling of an eye; but Waring's tone and words and manner were those of contrition itself. It was not possible that one of the boys should dare to be guying him, the implacable Rounds, "old Grand Rounds" of the Sixth Corps, old Double Rounds of the horse-artillery of the Peninsula days. Mrs. Rounds had her suspicions when told of the affair, but was silent, for of all the officers stationed in and around the old Southern city Sam Waring was by long odds the most graceful and accomplished dancer and german leader, the best informed on all manner of interesting matters,—social, musical, dramatic, fashionable,—the prime mover in garrison hops and parties, the connecting link between the families of the general and staff officers in town and the linesmen at the surrounding posts, the man whose dictum as to a dinner or luncheon and whose judgment as to a woman's toilet were most quoted and least questioned, the man whose word could almost make or mar an army girl's success; and good old Lady Rounds had two such encumbrances the first winter of their sojourn in the South, and two army girls among so many are subjects of not a little thought and care. If Mr. Waring had not led the second german with Margaret Rounds the mother's heart would have been well-nigh crushed. It was fear of some such catastrophe that kept her silent on the score of Waring's reply to her irate lord, for if Sam did mean to be impertinent, as he unquestionably could be, the colonel she knew would be merciless in his discipline and social amenities would be at instant end. Waring had covered her with maternal triumph and Margaret with bliss unutterable by leading the ante-Lenten german with the elder daughter and making her brief stay a month of infinite joy. The Rounds were ordered on to Texas, and Margaret's brief romance was speedily and properly forgotten in the devotions of a more solid if less fascinating fellow. To do Waring justice, he had paid the girl no more marked attention than he showed to any one else. He would have led the next german with Genevieve had there been another to lead, just as he had led previous affairs with other dames and damsels. It was one of the ninety-nine articles of his social faith that a girl should have a good time her first season, just as it was another that a bride should have a lovely wedding, a belle at least one offer a month, a married woman as much attention at an army ball as could be lavished on a bud. He prided himself on the fact that no woman at the army parties given that winter had remained a wall-flower. Among such a host of officers as was there assembled during the years that followed on the heels of the war it was no difficult matter, to be sure, to find

partners for the thirty or forty ladies who honored those occasions with their presence. Of local belles there were none. It was far too soon after the bitter strife to hope for bliss so great as that. There were hardly any but army women to provide for, and even the bulkiest and least attractive of the lot was led out for the dance. Waring would go to any length to see them on the floor but that of being himself the partner. There the line was drawn irrevocably. The best dancer among the men, he simply would not dance except with the best dancers among the women. As to personal appearance and traits, it may be said first that Waring was a man of slender, graceful physique, with singularly well shaped hands and feet and a head and face that were almost too good-looking to be manly. Dark hazel eyes, dark brown hair, eyebrows, lashes, and a very heavy drooping moustache, a straight nose, a soft, sensitive mouth with even white teeth that were, however, rarely visible, a clear-cut chin, and with it all a soft, almost languid Southern intonation, musical, even ultra-refined, and he shrank like a woman from a coarse word or the utterance of an impure thought. He was a man whom many women admired, of whom some were afraid, whom many liked and trusted, for he could not be bribed to say a mean thing about one of their number, though he would sometimes be satirical to her very face. It was among the men that Sam Waring was hated or loved,—loved, laughed over, indulged, even spoiled, perhaps, to any and every extent, by the chosen few who were his chums and intimates,—and absolutely hated by a very considerable element that was prominent in the army in those queer old days,—the array of officers who, by reason of birth, antecedents, lack of education or of social opportunities, were wanting in those graces of manner and language to which Waring had been accustomed from earliest boyhood. His people were Southerners, yet, not being slave-owners, had stood firm for the Union, and were exiled from the old home as a natural consequence in a war in which the South held all against who were not for her. Appointed a cadet and sent to the Military Academy in recognition of the loyalty of his immediate relatives, he was not graduated until the war was practically over, and then, gazetted to an infantry regiment, he was stationed for a time among the scenes of his boyhood, ostracized by his former friends and unable to associate with most of the war-worn officers among whom his lot was cast. It was a year of misery, that ended in long and dangerous illness, his final shipment to Washington on sick-leave, and then a winter of keen delight, a social campaign in which he won fame, honors, friends at court, and a transfer to the artillery, and then, joining his new regiment, he plunged with eagerness into the gayeties of city life. The blues were left behind with the cold facings of his former corps, and hope, life, duty, were all blended in hues as roseate as his new straps were red. It wasn't a month before all the best fellows in the batteries swore by Sam Waring and all the others at him, so that where there were five who liked there were at least twenty who didn't, and these made up in quantity what they lacked in quality.

To sum up the situation, Lieutenant Doyle's expression was perhaps the most comprehensive, as giving the views of the great majority: "If

I were his K. O. and this crowd the coort, he'd 'a' been kicked out of the service months ago."

And yet, entertaining or expressing so hostile an opinion of the laughing lieutenant, Mr. Doyle did not hesitate to seek his society on many an occasion when he wasn't wanted, and to solace himself at Waring's sideboard at any hour of the day or night, for Waring kept what was known as "open house" to all comers, and the very men who wondered how he could afford it and who predicted his speedy swamp-ing in a mire of debt and disgrace were the very ones who were most frequently to be found loafing about his gallery, smoking his tobacco and swigging his whiskey, a pretty sure sign that the occupant of the quarters, however, was absent. With none of their number had he ever had open quarrel. Remarks made at his expense and reported to him in moments of bibulous confidence he treated with gay disdain, often to the manifest disappointment of his informant. In his presence even the most reckless of their number were conscious of a certain restraint. Waring, as has been said, detested foul language, and had a very quiet but effective way of suppressing it, often without so much as uttering a word. These were the rough days of the army, the very roughest it ever knew, the days that intervened between the incessant strain and tension of the four years' battling and the slow gradual resumption of good order and military discipline. The rude speech and manners of the camp still permeated every garrison. The bulk of the commissioned force was made up of hard fighters, brave soldiers and loyal servants of the nation, to be sure, but as a class they had known no other life or language since the day of their muster-in. Of the line officers stationed in and around this Southern city in the lovely spring-tide of 186—, of a force aggregating twenty companies of infantry and cavalry, there were fifty captains and lieutenants appointed from the volunteers, the ranks, or civil life, to one graduated from West Point. The predominance was in favor of ex-sergeants, corporals, or company clerks,—good men and true when they wore the chevrons, but who, with a few marked and most admirable exceptions, proved to be utterly out of their element when promoted to a higher sphere. The entrance into their midst of Captain Cram with his swell light battery, with officers and men in scarlet plumes and full-dress uniforms, was a revelation to the sombre battalions whose officers had not yet even purchased their epaulettes and had seen no occasion to wear them. But when Cram and his lieutenants came swaggering about the garrison croquet-ground in natty shell jackets, Russian shoulder-knots, riding-breeches, boots, and spurs, there were not lacking those among the sturdy foot who looked upon the whole proceeding with great disfavor. Cram had two "rankers" with him when he came, but one had transferred out in favor of Waring, and now his battery was supplied with the full complement of subalterns,—Doyle, very much out of place, commanding the right section (as a platoon was called in those days), Waring commanding the left, Ferry serving as chief of caissons, and Pierce as battery adjutant and general utility man. Two of the officers were graduates of West Point and not yet three years out of the cadet uniform. Under these circum-



stances it was injudicious in Cram to sport in person the aiguillettes and thereby set an example to his subalterns which they were not slow to follow. With their gold hat-braids, cords, tassels, and epaulettes, with scarlet plumes and facings, he and his officers were already much more gorgeously bedecked than were their infantry friends. The post commander, old Rounds, had said nothing, because he had had his start in the light artillery and might have lived and died a captain had he not pushed for a volunteer regiment and fought his way up to a division command and a lieutenant-colonelcy of regulars at the close of the war, while his seniors who stuck to their own corps never rose beyond the possibilities of their arm of the service and probably never will. But Braxton, who succeeded as post commander, knew that in European armies and in the old Mexican War days the aiguillette was ordinarily the distinctive badge of general officers or those empowered to give orders in their name. It wasn't the proper thing for a linesman—battery, cavalry, or foot—to wear, said Brax, and he thought Cram was wrong in wearing it, even though some other battery officers did so. But Cram was just back from Britain.

“Why, sir, look at the Life Guards! Look at the Horse Guards in London! Every officer and man wears the aiguillette.” And Braxton was a Briton by birth and breeding, and that ended it,—at least so nearly ended it that Cram's diplomatic invitation to come up and try some Veuve Clicquot, extra dry, upon the merits of which he desired the colonel's opinion, had settled it for good and all. Braxton's officers who ventured to suggest that he trim the plumage of these popinjays only got snubbed, therefore, for the time being, and ordered to get the infantry full dress forthwith, and Cram and his quartette continued to blaze forth in gilded panoply until long after Sam Waring led his last german within those echoing walls and his name lived only as a dim and mist-wreathed memory in the annals of old Jackson Barracks.

But on this exquisite April morning no fellow in all the garrison was more prominent, if not more popular. Despite the slight jealousy existing between the rival arms of the service, there were good fellows and gallant men among the infantry officers at the post, who were as cordially disposed towards the gay lieutenant as were the comrades of his own (colored) cloth. This is the more remarkable because he was never known to make the faintest effort to conciliate anybody and was utterly indifferent to public opinion. It would have been fortune far better than his deserts, but for the fact that by nature he was most generous, courteous, and considerate. The soldiers of the battery were devoted to him. The servants, black or white, would run at any time to do his capricious will. The garrison children adored him. There was simply no subject under discussion at the barracks in those days on which such utter variety of opinion existed as the real character of Lieutenant Sam Waring. As to his habits there was none whatever. He was a *bon vivant*, a “swell,” a lover of all that was sweet and fair and good and gracious in life. Self-indulgent, said everybody; selfish, said some; lazy, said many, who watched him day-dreaming through the haze of cigar-smoke until a drive, a hop, a ride, or an opera-party

would call him into action. Slow, said the men, until they saw him catch Mrs. Winslow's runaway horse just at that ugly turn in the levee below the south tower. Cold-hearted, said many of the women, until Baby Brainard's fatal illness, when he watched by the little sufferer's side and brought her flowers and luscious fruit from town, and would sit at her mother's piano and play soft, sweet melodies and sing in low tremulous tone until the wearied eyelids closed and the sleep no potion could bring to that fever-racked brain would come at last for him to whom child-love was incense and music at once a passion and a prayer. Men who little knew and less liked him thought his enmity would be but light, and few men knew him so well as to realize that his friendship could be firm and true as steel.

And so the garrison was mixed in its mind as to Mr. Waring, and among those who heard it said at the mess that he meant at all hazards to keep his engagement to breakfast in town there were some who really wished he might cut the suddenly-ordered review and thereby bring down upon his shapely, nonchalant head the wrath of Colonel Braxton.

"Boots and Saddles" had sounded at the artillery barracks. Mr. Pierce, as battery officer of the day, had clattered off through the north gateway. The battery had marched with dancing plumes and clanking sabres out to the stables and gun-shed. The horses of Lieutenants Doyle and Ferry were waiting for their riders underneath the gallery of their quarters. Captain Cram, in much state, followed by his orderly bugler and guidon-bearer, all in full uniform, was riding slowly down the sunny side of the garrison, and at sight of him Doyle and Ferry, who were leisurely pulling on their gauntlets in front of their respective doors, hooked up their sabres and came clattering down their stairway; but no Waring had appeared. There, across the parade on the southern side, the bay colt, caparisoned in Waring's unimpeachable horse-equipments, was being led up and down in the shade of the quarters, Mr. Pierce's boy Jim officiating as groom, while his confrère Ananias, out of sight, was at the moment on his knees fastening the strap of his master's riding-trousers underneath the dainty gaiter boot, Mr. Waring the while surveying the proceeding over the rim of his coffee-cup.

"Dar, suh. Now into de coat, quick! Yahnduh goes Captain Cram."

"Ananias, how often have I told you that, howsoever necessary it might be for you to hurry, I never do? It's unbecoming an officer and a gentleman to hurry, sir."

"But you's got to inspect yo' section, suh, befo' you can repote to Captain Cram. Please hurry wid de sash, suh." And, holding the belt extended with both hands, Ananias stood eager to clasp it around Waring's slender waist, but the lieutenant waved him away.

"Get thee behind me, imp of Satan! Would you have me neglect one of the foremost articles of an artilleryman's faith? Never, sir! If there were a wrinkle in that sash it would cut a chasm in my reputation, sir." And, so saying, he stepped to the open door-way, threw the heavy tassel over and around the knob, kissed his hand jauntily



to his battery commander, now riding down the opposite side of the parade, backed deliberately away the full length of the sash across the room, then, humming a favorite snatch from "Faust," deliberately wound himself into the bright crimson web, and, making a broad flat loop near the farther end and without stopping his song, nodded coolly to Ananias to come on with the belt. In the same calm and deliberate fashion he finished his military toilet, set his shako well forward on his forehead, the chin-strap hanging just below the under lip, pulled on the buff gauntlets, surveyed himself critically and leisurely in the glass, and then began slowly to descend the stairs.

"Wait—jus' one moment, please, suh," implored Ananias, hastening after him. "Jus' happened to think of it, suh: Captain Cram's wearin' gloves dis mawnin'."

"Ah! So much the more chance to come back here in ten minutes.—Whoa, coltikins: how are you this morning, sir? Think you could run away if I begged you to pretty hard? You'll try, won't you, old boy?" said Waring, stroking the glossy neck of the impatient bay.—"Now, Jim, let go. Never allow anybody to hold a horse for you when you mount. That's highly unprofessional, sir. That'll do." And, so saying, he swung himself into saddle, and, checking the bounds of his excited colt, rode calmly away to join the battery.

Already the bandsmen were marching through the north gate on the way to the broad open field in which the manœuvres were held. The adjutant, sergeant-major, and markers were following. Just outside the gate the post commander was seated on horseback, and Cram had reined in to speak with him. Now, in his blithest, cheeriest tones, Waring accosted them, raising his hand in salute as he did so:

"Good-morning, colonel. Good-morning, Captain Cram. We're in luck to-day. Couldn't possibly have lovelier weather. I'm only sorry this came off so suddenly and I hadn't time to invite our friends out from town. They would have been so pleased to see the battalion,—the ceremonies."

"H'm! There was plenty of time if you'd returned to the post at retreat yesterday, sir," growled old Braxton. "Everybody was notified who was here then. What time *did* you get back, sir?"

"Upon my word, colonel, I don't know. I never thought to look or inquire; but it was long after taps. Pardon me, though, I see I'm late inspecting." And in a moment he was riding quietly around among his teams and guns, narrowly scrutinizing each toggle, trace, and strap before taking station midway between his lead drivers, and then, as Cram approached, reporting, "Left section ready, sir."

Meantime, the infantry companies were marching out through the gate and then ordering arms and resting until adjutant's call should sound. Drivers and cannoneers were dismounted to await the formation of the battalion line. Waring rode forward and in the most jovial off-hand way began telling Cram of the incidents of the previous day and his sight-seeing with the party of visitors from the North.

"By the way, I promised Mr. Allerton that they should see that team of yours before they left: so, if you've no objection, the first morning you're on duty and can't go up, I'll take advantage of your

invitation and drive Miss Allerton myself. Doesn't that court adjourn this week?"

"I'm afraid not," said Cram, grimly. "It looks as though we'd have to sit to-day and to-morrow both."

"Well, that's too bad! They all want to meet you again. Couldn't you come up this evening after stables? Hello! this won't do; our infantry friends will be criticising us: I see you're wearing gloves, and I'm in gauntlets. So is Doyle. We can't fit him out, I'm afraid, but I've just got some from New York exactly like yours. I'll trot back while we're waiting, if you don't object, and change them."

Cram didn't want to say yes, yet didn't like to say no. He hesitated, and—was lost. In another moment, as though never imagining refusal were possible, Waring had quickly ridden away through the gate and disappeared behind the high brick wall.

When the bugle sounded "mount," three minutes later, and the battery broke into column of pieces to march away to the manoeuvring grounds, Mr. Ferry left the line of caissons and took command of the rear section. All that the battery saw of Waring or his mount the rest of the morning was just after reaching the line, when the fiery colt came tearing riderless around the field, joyously dodging every attempt of the spectators to catch him, and revelling in the delight of kicking up his heels and showing off in the presence and sight of his envious friends in harness. Plunge though they might, the horses could not join; dodge though they might, the bipeds could not catch him. Review, inspection, and the long ceremonials of the morning went off without the junior first lieutenant of Battery "X," who, for his part, went off without ceremony of any kind, Cram's stylish team and wagon with him. That afternoon he reappeared driving about the barrack square, a pretty girl at his side, both engrossed in the music of the band and apparently oblivious of the bottled-up wrath of either battery or post commander.

"Be gorra!" said Doyle, "I'd like to be in his place now, provided I didn't have to be in it to-morrow."

But when the morrow came there came no Waring with it.

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## II.

For twenty-four hours old Brax had been mad as a hornet. He was not much of a drill-master or tactician, but he thought he was, and it delighted him to put his battalion through the form of review, the commands for which he had memorized thoroughly and delivered with resonant voice and with all proper emphasis. What he did not fancy, and indeed could not do, was the drudge-work of teaching the minutiae of the school of the battalion, explaining each movement before undertaking its execution. This was a matter he delegated to one of his senior captains. For a week, therefore, in preparation for a possible visit on the part of the new brigadier-general or his inspector, the six companies of the regiment stationed at the post had been fairly well schooled in the ceremonies of review and parade, and so long as noth-

ing more was required of them than a march past in quick time and a ten minutes' stand in line all might go well. The general had unexpectedly appeared one evening with only a single aide-de-camp, simply, as he explained, to return the calls of the officers of the garrison, six or eight of whom had known enough to present themselves and pay their respects in person when he arrived in town. Braxton swelled with gratified pride at the general's praise of the spick-span condition of the parade, the walks, roads, and visible quarters. But it was the very first old-time garrison the new chief had ever seen, a splendid fighting record with the volunteers during the war, and the advantage of taking sides for the Union from a doubtful State, having conspired to win him a star in the regular service only a year or two before.

"We would have had out the battery and given you a salute, sir," said Brax, "had we known you were coming; but it's after retreat now. Next time, general, if you'll ride down some day, I'll be proud to give you a review of the whole command. We have a great big field back here."

And the general had promised to come. This necessitated combined preparation, hence the order for full-dress rehearsal with battery and all, and then came confusion. Fresh from the command of his beautiful horse-battery and the dashing service with a cavalry division, Cram hated the idea of limping along, as he expressed it, behind a battalion of foot, and said so, and somebody told Brax he had said so, —more than one somebody, probably, for Brax had many an adviser to help keep him in trouble. The order that Cram should appear for instruction in review of infantry and artillery combined gave umbrage to the battery commander, and his reported remarks thereupon, renewed cause for displeasure to his garrison chief.

"So far as we're concerned," said Cram, who wanted to utilize the good weather for battery drill, "we need no instruction, as we have done the trick time and again before; and if we hadn't, who in the bloody Fifty-First is there to teach us? Certainly not old Brax."

All the same the order was obeyed, and Cram started out that loveliest of lovely spring mornings not entirely innocent of the conviction that he and his fellows were going to have some fun out of the thing before they got through with it. Not that he purposed putting any hitch or impediment in the way. He meant to do just exactly as he was bid; and so, when adjutant's call had sounded and the blue lines of the infantry were well out on the field, he followed in glittering column of pieces, his satin-coated horses dancing in sheer exuberance of spirits and his red-crested cannoneers sitting with folded arms, erect and statuesque, upon the ammunition-chests. Mrs. Cram, in her pretty basket phaeton, with Mrs. Lawrence, of the infantry, and several of the ladies of the garrison in ambulances or afoot, had taken station well to the front of the forming line. Then it became apparent that old Brax purposed to figure as the reviewing officer and had delegated Major Minor to command the troops. Now, Minor had been on mustering and disbursing duty most of the war, had never figured in a review with artillery before, and knew no more about battery tactics than Cram did of diplomacy. Mounted on a sedate old sorrel, bor-

rowed from the quartermaster for the occasion, with an antiquated, brass-bound Jenifer saddle, minus breast-strap and housings of any kind, but equipped with his better half's brown leather bridle, Minor knew perfectly well he was only a guy, and felt indignant at Brax for putting him in so false a plight. He took his station, however, in front of the regimental colors, without stopping to think where the centre of the line might be after the battery came, and there awaited further developments. Cram kept nobody waiting, however: his leading team was close at the nimble heels of Captain Lawrence's company as it marched gayly forth to the music of the band. He formed sections at the trot the instant the ground was clear, then wheeled into line, passed well to the rear of the prolongation of the infantry rank, and by a beautiful countermarch came up to the front and halted exactly at the instant that Lawrence, with the left flank company, reached his post, each caisson accurately in trace of its piece, each team and carriage exactly at its proper interval, and with his crimson silk guidon on the right flank and little Pierce signalling "up" or "back" from a point outside where he could verify the alignment of the gun-wheels on the rank of the infantry, Cram was able to command "front" before little Drake, the adjutant, should have piped out his shrill "Guides posts."

But Drake didn't pipe. There stood all the companies at support, each captain at the inner flank, and the guides with their inverted muskets still stolidly gazing along the line. It was time for him to pipe, but instead of so doing there he stuck at the extreme right, glaring down towards the now immovable battery and its serene commander, and the little adjutant's face was getting redder and puffier every minute.

"Go ahead! What are you waiting for?" hoarsely whispered the senior captain.

"Waiting for the battery to dress," was the stanch reply. Then aloud the shrill voice swept down the line: "Dress that battery to the right!"

Cram looked over a glittering shoulder to the right of the line, where stood the diminutive infantryman. The battery had still its war allowance of horses, three teams to each carriage, lead, swing, and wheel, and that brought its captain far out to the front of the sombre blue rank of foot,—so far out, in fact, that he was about on line with Major Minor, though facing in opposite direction. Perfectly confident that he was exactly where he should be, yet equally determined to abide by any order he might receive, even though he fully understood the cause of Drake's delay, Cram promptly rode over to the guidon and ordered "Right dress," at which every driver's head and eyes were promptly turned, but not an inch of a wheel, for the alignment simply could not be improved. Then after commanding "front" the captain as deliberately trotted back to his post without so much as a glance at the irate staff officer. It was just at this juncture that the bay colt came tearing down the field, his mane and tail streaming in the breeze, his reins and stirrups dangling. In the course of his gyrations about the battery and the sympathetic plunging of the teams some slight

disarrangement occurred. But when he presently decided on a rush for the stables, the captain re-established the alignment as coolly as before, and only noticed as he resumed his post that the basket phaeton and Mrs. Cram had gone. Alarmed, possibly, by the non-appearance of her warm friend Mr. Waring and the excited gambolings of his vagrant steed, she had promptly driven back to the main garrison to see if any accident had occurred, the colt meantime amusing himself in a game of fast-and-loose with the stable guard.

Then it was that old Brax came down and took a hand. Riding to where Minor still sat on his patient sorrel, the senior bluntly inquired,—

“What the devil’s the matter?”

“I don’t know,” said Minor.

“Who does know?”

“Well, Drake, possibly, or else he doesn’t know anything. He’s been trying to get Cram to dress his battery back.”

“Why, yes, confound it! he’s a mile ahead of the line,” said the colonel, and off he trotted to expostulate with the batteryman. “Captain Cram, isn’t there room for your battery back of the line instead of in front of it?” inquired the chief, in tone both aggrieved and aggressive.

“Lots, sir,” answered Cram, cheerfully. “Just countermarched there.”

“Then I wish you’d oblige me by moving back at once, sir: you’re delaying the whole ceremony here. I’m told Mr. Drake has twice ordered you to dress to the right.”

“I’ve heard it, sir, only once, but have dressed twice, so it’s all right,” responded Cram, as affably as though he had no other aim in life than to gratify the whims of his post commander.

“Why, confound it, sir, it isn’t all right by a da——good deal! Here you are ’way out on line with Major Minor, and your battery’s——why, it isn’t dressed on our rank at all, sir. Just look at it.”

Cram resumed the carry with the sabre he had lowered in salute, calmly reversed so as to face his battery, and, with preternatural gravity of mien, looked along his front. There midway between his lead drivers sat Mr. Doyle, his face well-nigh as red as his plume, his bleary eyes nearly popping out of his skull in his effort to repress the emotions excited by this colloquy. There midway between the lead drivers in the left section sat Mr. Ferry, gazing straight to the front over the erected ears of his handsome bay and doing his very best to keep a solemn face, though the unshaded corners of his boyish mouth were twitching with mischief and merriment. There, silent, disciplined, and rigid, sat the sergeants, drivers, and cannoneers of famous old Light Battery “X,” all agog with interest in the proceedings and all looking as though they never heard a word.

“I declare, sir,” said Cram, with exasperating civility, “I can see nothing out of the way. Will you kindly indicate what is amiss?”

This was too much for Ferry. In his effort to restrain his merriment and gulp down a rising flood of laughter there was heard an explosion that sounded something like the sudden collapse of an inflated



paper bag, and old Brax, glaring angrily at the boy, now red in the face with mingled mirth and consternation, caught sudden idea from the sight. Was the battery laughing at—was the battery commander guying—him? Was it possible that they were profiting by his ignorance of their regulations? It put him on his guard and suggested a tentative.

“Do you mean that you are right in being so far ahead of our line instead of dressed upon it?” asked he of the big blond soldier in the glittering uniform. “Where do you find authority for it?”

“Oh, perfectly right, colonel. In fact, for six years past I’ve never seen it done any other way. You’ll find the authority on page 562, Field Artillery Tactics of 1864.”

For a moment Brax was dumb. He had long heard of Cram as an expert in his own branch of the service, but presently he burst forth:

“Well, in our tactics there’s reason for every blessed thing we do, but I’ll be dinged if I can see rhyme or reason in such a formation as that. Why, sir, your one company takes up more room than my six,—makes twice as much of a show. Of course if a combined review is to show off the artillery it’s all very well. However, go ahead, if you think you’re right, sir; go ahead! I’ll inquire into this later.”

“I know we’re right, colonel; and as for the reason, you’ll see it when you open ranks for review and we come to ‘action front:’ then our line will be exactly that of the infantry. Meantime, sir, it isn’t for us to go ahead. We’ve gone as far as we can until your adjutant makes the next move.”

But Braxton had ridden away disgusted before Cram wound up his remarks.

“Go on, Major Minor; just run this thing without reference to the battery. Damned if I understand their methods. Let Cram look after his own affairs; if he goes wrong, why—it’s none of our concern.”

And so Minor had nodded “Go ahead” to Mr. Drake, and presently the whole command made its bow, so to speak, to Minor as its immediate chief, and then he drew sword and his untried voice became faintly audible. The orders “Prepare for review” and “To the rear open order” were instantly followed by a stentorian “Action front” down at the left, the instant leap and rush of some thirty nimble cannoneers, shouts of “Drive on!” the cracking of whips, the thunder and rumble of wheels, the thud of plunging hoofs. Forty-eight mettlesome horses in teams of two abreast went dancing briskly away to the rear, at sight of which Minor dropped his jaw and the point of his sword and sat gazing blankly after them, over the bowed head of his placid sorrel, wondering what on earth it meant that they should all be running away at the very instant when he expected them to brace up for review. But before he could give utterance to his thoughts eight glossy teams in almost simultaneous sweep to the left about came sharply around again. The black muzzles of the guns were pointed to the front, every axle exactly in the prolongation of his front rank, every little group of red-topped, red-trimmed cannoneers standing

erect and square, the chiefs of section and of pieces sitting like statues on their handsome horses, the line of limbers accurately covering the guns, and, still farther back, Mr. Pierce could be heard shouting his orders for the alignment of the caissons. In the twinkling of an eye the rush and thunder were stilled, the battery without the twitch of a muscle stood ready for review, and old Brax, sitting gloomily in saddle at the reviewing point, watching the stirring sight with gloomy and cynical eye, was chafed still more to hear in a silvery voice from the group of ladies the unwelcome words, "Oh, wasn't that pretty!" He meant with all his heart to pull in some of the plumage of those confounded "woodpeckers," as he called them, before the day was over.

In grim silence, therefore, he rode along the front of the battalion, taking little comfort in the neatness of their quaint old-fashioned garb, the single-breasted, long-skirted frock-coats, the bulging black felt hats looped up on one side and decked with skimpy black feather, the glistening shoulder-scales and circular breastplates, the polish of their black leather belts, cartridge- and cap-boxes and bayonet-sabbards. It was all trim and soldierly, but he was bottling up his sense of annoyance for the benefit of Cram and his people. Yet what could he say? Neither he nor Minor had ever before been brought into such relations with the light artillery, and he simply didn't know where to hit. Lots of things looked queer, but after this initial experience he felt it best to say nothing until he could light on a point that no one could gainsay, and he found it in front of the left section.

"Where is Mr. Waring, sir?" he sternly asked.

"I wish I knew, colonel. His horse came back without him, as you doubtless saw, and, as he hasn't appeared, I'm afraid of accident."

"How did he come to leave his post, sir? I have no recollection of authorizing anything of the kind."

"Certainly not, colonel. He rode back to his quarters with my consent before adjutant's call had sounded, and he should have been with us again in abundant time."

"That young gentleman needs more discipline than he is apt to receive at this rate, Captain Cram, and I desire that you pay closer attention to his movements than you have done in the past.—Mr. Drake," he said to his adjutant, who was tripping around after his chief afoot, "call on Mr. Waring to explain his absence in writing and without delay.—This indifference to duty is something to which I am utterly unaccustomed," continued Braxton again, addressing Cram, who preserved a most uncompromising serenity of countenance; and with this parting shot the colonel turned gruffly away and soon retook his station at the reviewing point.

Then came the second hitch. Minor had had no experience whatever, as has been said, and he first tried to wheel into column of companies without closing ranks, whereupon every captain promptly cautioned "Stand fast," and thereby banished the last remnant of Minor's senses. Seeing that something was wrong, he tried again, this time prefacing with "Pass in review," and still the captains were implacable. The nearest one, in a stage whisper, tried to make the major hear "Close order, first." But all the time Brax was losing



more of his temper and Minor what was left of his head, and Brax came down like the wolf on the fold, gave the command to "Close order" himself, and was instantly echoed by Cram's powerful shout "Limber to the rear," followed by "Pieces left about! Caissons forward!" Then in the rumble and clank of the responding battery, Minor's next command was heard by only the right wing of the battalion, and the company wheels were ragged. So was the next part of the performance when he started to march in review, never waiting, of course, for the battery to wheel into column of sections. This omission, however, in no wise disconcerted Cram, who, following at rapid walk, soon gained on the rear of column, passing his post commander in beautiful order and with most accurate salute on the part of himself and officers, and, observing this, Minor took heart, and, recovering his senses to a certain extent, gave the command "Guide left" in abundant time to see that the new guides were accurately in trace, thereby insuring what he expected to find a beautiful wheel into line to the left, the commands for which movement he gave in louder and more confident tone, but was instantly nonplussed by seeing the battery wheel into line to the *right* and move off in exactly the opposite direction from what he had expected. This was altogether too much for his equanimity. Digging his spurs into the flanks of the astonished sorrel, he darted off after Cram, waving his sword, and shouting,—

"*Left* into line wheel, captain. *Left* into line wheel."

In vain Mr. Pierce undertook to explain matters. Minor presumed that the artilleryman had made an actual blunder and was only enabled to correct it by a countermarch, and so rode back to his position in front of the centre of the reforming line, convinced that at last he had caught the battery commander.

When Braxton, therefore, came down to make his criticisms and comments upon the conduct of the review, Minor was simply amazed to find that instead of being in error Cram had gone exactly right and as prescribed by his drill regulations in wheeling to the right and gaining ground to the rear before coming up on the line. He almost peevishly declared that he wished the colonel, if he proposed having a combined review, would assume command himself, as he didn't care to be bothered with combination tactics of which he had never had previous knowledge. Being of the same opinion, Braxton himself took hold, and the next performance, though somewhat erroneous in many respects, was a slight improvement on the first, though Braxton did not give time for the battery to complete one movement before he would rush it into another. When the officers assembled to compare notes during the rest after the second repetition, Minor growled that this was "a little better, yet not good," which led to some one suggesting in low tone that the major got his positives and comparatives worse mixed than his tactics, and inquiring further "whether it might not be well to dub him Minor Major." The laughter that followed this sally naturally reached the ears of the seniors, and so Brax never let up on the command until the review went off without an error of any appreciable weight, without, in fact, "a hitch in the fut or an unhitch in

the harse," as Doyle expressed it. It was high noon when the battalion got back to barracks and the officers hung out their moist clothing to dry in the sun. It was near one when the battery men, officers and all, came steaming up from the stables, and there was the colonel's orderly with the colonel's compliments and desires to see Captain Cram before the big batteryman had time to change his dress.

Braxton's first performance on getting into cool habiliments was to go over to his office and hunt through the book-shelves for a volume in which he never before had felt the faintest interest,—the *Light Artillery Tactics* of 1864. There on his desk lay a stack of mail unopened, and Mr. Drake was already silently inditing the summary note to the culprit Waring. Brax wanted first to see with his own eyes the instructions for light artillery when reviewed with other troops, vaguely hoping that there might still be some point on which to catch his foe-man on the hip. But if there were he did not find it. He was tactician enough to see that even if Cram had formed with his leading drivers on line with the infantry, as Braxton thought he should have done, neither of the two methods of forming into battery would then have got his guns where they belonged. Cram's interpretation of the text was backed by the custom of service, and there was no use criticising it further. And so, after discontentedly hunting through the dust-covered pages awhile in hopes of stumbling on some codicil or rebuttal, the colonel shut it with a disgusted snap and tossed the offending tome on the farthest table. At that moment Brax could have wished the board of officers who prepared the *Light Artillery Tactics* in the nethermost depths of the neighboring swamp. Then he turned on his silent staff officer,—a not unusual expedient.

"Why on earth, Mr. Drake, didn't you look up that point, instead of making such a break before the whole command?"

"I couldn't find anything about it in Casey, sir, anywhere," replied the perturbed young man. "I didn't know where else to look."

"Well, you might have asked Mr. Ferry or Mr. Pierce. The Lord knows you waste enough time with 'em."

"You might have asked Captain Cram," was what Drake wanted to say, but wisely did not. He bit the end of his penholder instead, and bridled his tongue and temper.

"The next time I have a review with a mounted battery, by George!" said the post commander, finally, bringing his fist down on the table with a crash, "I just—won't have it."

He had brought down the pile of letters as well as his fist, and Drake sprang to gather them, replacing them on the desk and dexterously slipping a paper-cutter under the flap of each envelope as he did so. At the very first note he opened, Brax threw himself back in his chair with a long whistle of mingled amazement and concern, then turned suddenly on his adjutant.

"What became of Mr. Waring? He wasn't hurt?"

"Not a bit, sir, that I know of. He drove to town with Captain Cram's team,—at least I was told so,—and left that note for you there, sir."

"He did!—left the post and left a note for me! Why!——"  
But here Braxton broke off short, tore open the note, and read:

"MY DEAR COLONEL,—I trust you will overlook the informality of my going to town without previously consulting you. I had purposed, of course, asking your permission, but the mishap that befell me in the runaway of my horse prevented my appearance at the review, and had I waited for your return from the field it would have compelled me to break my engagement with our friends the Allertons. Under the circumstances I felt sure of your complaisance.

"As I hope to drive Miss Allerton down after the *matinée*, might it not be a good idea to have dress-parade and the band out? They have seen the battery drills, but are much more desirous of seeing the infantry.

"Most sincerely yours,  
"S. G. WARING."

"Well, for consummate impudence this beats the Jews!" exclaimed Brax. "Orderly, my compliments to Captain Cram, and say I wish to see him at once, if he's back from stables."

Now, as has been said, Cram had had no time to change to undress uniform, but Mrs. Cram had received the orderly's message, had informed that martial Mercury that the captain was not yet back from stables, and that she would tell him at once on his return. Well she knew that mischief was brewing, and her woman's wit was already enlisted in behalf of her friend. Hurriedly pencilling a note, she sent a messenger to her liege, still busy with his horses, to bid him come to her, if only for a moment, on his way to the office. And when he came, heated, tired, but bubbling over with eagerness to tell her of the fun they had been having with Brax, she met him with a cool tankard of "shandygaff" which he had learned to like in England among the horse-artillery fellows, and declared the very prince of drinks after active exercise in hot weather. He quaffed it eagerly, flung off his shako and kissed her gratefully, and burst all at once into laughing narration of the morning's work, but she checked him:

"Ned, dear, don't stop for that yet. I know you're too full of tact to let Colonel Braxton see it was any fun for you, and he's waiting at the office. Something tells me it's about Mr. Waring. Now put yourself in Mr. Waring's place. Of course he ought never to have made that engagement until he had consulted you, but he never dreamed that there would be a review to-day, and so he invited the Allertons to breakfast with him at Moreau's and go to the *matinée*."

"Why, that rascal Ananias said it was to breakfast at the general's," interrupted the battery commander.

"Well, perhaps he was invited there too. I believe I did hear something of that. But he had made this arrangement with the Allertons. Now, of course, if review were over at ten he could just about have time to dress and catch the eleven-o'clock car, but that would make it very late, and when Bay Billy broke away from Ananias nobody could catch him for over half an hour. Mr. Ferry had taken

the section, Mr. Waring wasn't needed, and—— Why, Ned, when I drove in, fearing to find him injured, and saw him standing there the picture of consternation and despair, and he told me about his engagement, I said myself, 'Why don't you go now?' I told him it was what you surely would say if you were here. Neither of us thought the colonel would object, so long as you approved, and he wrote such a nice note. Why, Ned, he only just had time to change his dress and drive up with Jeffers——"

"With Jeffers? With my—er—our team and wagon? Well, I like——"

"Of course you like it, you old darling. She's such a dear girl, though just a little bit gushing, you know. Why, I said, certainly the team should go. But, Ned, here's what I'm afraid of. Mrs. Braxton saw it drive in at nine-thirty, just after Billy ran away, and she asked Jeffers who was going, and he told her Mr. Waring, and she has told the colonel, I'll wager. Now, what you have got to do is to explain that to him, so that he won't blame Mr. Waring."

"The dickens I have! The most barefaced piece of impudence even Sam Waring was ever guilty of—to me, at least, though I've no doubt he's done worse a dozen times. Why, bless your heart, Nell, how can I explain? You might, but——"

"But would you have me suppose my big soldier couldn't handle that matter as well as I? No, sir! Go and do it, sir. And, mind you, I'm going to invite them all up here to the gallery to hear the band play and have a cup of tea and a nibble when they come down this evening. He's going to drive the Allertons here."

"Worse and more of it! Why, you conspiracy in petticoats, you'll be the ruin of me! Old Brax is boiling over now. If he dreams that Waring has been taking liberties with him he'll fetch him up so short——"

"Exactly! You mustn't let him. You must tell him I sent him up with your team—yours, mind you—to keep his engagement, since it was impossible for him to come back to review ground. Of course he wouldn't expect him to appear afoot."

"Don't know about that, Nell. I reckon that's the way he'll order out the whole gang of us next time. He's had his fill of mounted work to-day."

"Well, if he should, you be sure to acquiesce gracefully now. Whatsoever you do, don't let him put Mr. Waring in arrest while Gwen Allerton is here. It would spoil—everything."

"Oh, match-making, is it? Then I'll try." And so, vexed, but laughing, half indignant, yet wholly subordinate to the whim of his beloved better half, the captain hastened over, and found Colonel Braxton sitting with gloomy brow at his littered desk, his annoyance of the morning evidently forgotten in matters more serious.

"Oh—er—Cram, come in! come in, man," said he, distractedly. "Here's a matter I want to see you about. It's—well, just take that letter and read. Sit down, sit down. Read, and tell me what we ought to do about it."

And as Cram's blue eyes wandered over the written page they

began to dilate. He read from start to finish, and then dropped his head into his hand, his elbow on his knee, his face full of perplexity and concern.

"What do you think of it? Is there any truth——" and the colonel hesitated.

"As to their being seen together, perhaps. As to the other,—the challenge,—I don't believe it."

"Well, Cram, this is the second or third letter that has come to me in the same hand. Now, you must see to it that he returns and doesn't quit the post until this matter is arranged."

"I'll attend to it, sir," was the answer.

And so that evening, while Waring was slowly driving his friends about the shaded roads under the glistening white pillars of the rows of officers' quarters, chatting joyously with them and describing the objects so strange to their eyes, Mrs. Cram's "little foot-page" came to beg that they should alight a few minutes and take a cup of tea. They could not. The Allertons were engaged, and it was necessary to drive back at once to town, but they stopped for a moment to chat with their pretty hostess under the gallery, and then a moment later, as they rolled out of the resounding sally-port, an orderly ran up, saluted, and slipped a note in Waring's hand.

"It is immediate, sir," was his explanation.

"Ah! Miss Allerton, will you pardon me one moment?" said Waring, as he shifted whip and reins into the left hand and turned coolly up the levee road. Then with the right he forced open and held up the missive.

It only said, "Whatsoever you do, be here before taps to-night. Come direct to me, and I will explain. Your friend,

"CRAM."

"All right," said Waring, aloud. "My compliments to the captain, and say I'll be with him."

But even with this injunction he failed to appear. Midnight came without a word from Waring, and the morning dawned and found him absent still.

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### III.

It was one of Sam Waring's oddities that, like the hero of "Happy Thoughts," other people's belongings seemed to suit him so much better than his own. The most immaculately dressed man in the regiment, he was never satisfied with the result of the efforts of the New York artists whom he favored with his custom and his criticism. He would wear three or four times a new coat just received from that metropolis, and spend not a little time, when not on duty or in uniform, in studying critically its cut and fit in the various mirrors that hung about his bachelor den, gayly humming some operatic air as he conducted the survey, and generally winding up with a wholesale denunciation of the cutter and an order to Ananias to go over and get some other fellow's coat, that he might try the effect of that. These were liberties he took only with his chums and intimates, to be sure, but



they were liberties all the same, and it was delicious to hear the laugh with which he would tell how Pierce had to dress in uniform when he went up to the opera Thursday night, or how, after he had worn Ferry's stylish morning suit to make a round of calls in town and that young gentleman later on went up to see a pretty girl in whom he felt a growing interest, her hateful little sister had come in and commented on his "borrowing Mr. Waring's clothes." No man in the battery would ever think of refusing Sam the use of anything he possessed, and there were half a dozen young fellows in the infantry who were just as ready to pay tribute to his whims. Nor was it among the men alone that he found such indulgence. Mrs. Cram had not known him a fortnight when, with twinkling eyes and a betraying twitch about the corners of his mouth, he appeared one morning to say he had invited some friends down to luncheon at the officers' mess and the mess had no suitable china, therefore he would thank her to send over hers, also some table-cloths and napkins, and forks and spoons. When the Forty-Sixth Infantry were on their way to Texas and the officers' families were entertained over-night at the barracks and his rooms were to be occupied by the wife, sister, and daughters of Captain Craney, Waring sent the battery team and spring wagon to town with a note to Mrs. Converse, of the staff, telling her the ladies had said so much about the lovely way her spare rooms were furnished that he had decided to draw on her for wash-bowls, pitchers, mosquito-frames, nets and coverlets, blankets, pillows, slips, shams, and anything else she might think of. And Mrs. Converse loaded up the wagon accordingly. This was the more remarkable in her case because she was one of the women with whom he had never yet danced, which was tantamount to saying that in the opinion of this social bashaw Mrs. Converse was not considered a good partner, and, as the lady entertained very different views on that subject and was passionately fond of dancing, she had resented not a little the line thus drawn to her detriment. She not only loaned, however, all he asked for, but begged to be informed if there were not something more she could do to help entertain his visitors. Waring sent her some lovely flowers the next week, but failed to take her out even once at the staff german. Mrs. Cram was alternately aghast and delighted at what she perhaps justly called his incomparable impudence. They were coming out of church together one lovely morning during the winter. There was a crowd in the vestibule. Street dresses were then worn looped, yet there was a sudden sound of rip, rent, and tear, and a portly woman gathered up the trailing skirt of a costly silken gown and whirled with annihilation in her eyes upon the owner of the offending foot.

"That is far too elegant a skirt to be worn unlooped, madame," said Mrs. Cram's imperturbable escort, in his most suave and dulcet tones, lifting a glossy silk hat and bowing profoundly. And Mrs. Cram laughed all the way back to barracks at the recollection of the utter discomfiture in the woman's face.

These are mere specimen bricks from the fabric which Waring had builded in his few months of artillery service. The limits of the story are all too contracted to admit of extended detail. So, without

further expansion, it may be said that when he drove up to town on this eventful April day in Cram's wagon and Larkin's hat and Ferry's Hatfield clothes, with Pierce's precious London umbrella by his side and Merton's watch in his pocket, he was as stylish and presentable a fellow as ever issued from a battery barrack, and Jeffers, Cram's English groom, mutely approved the general appearance of his prime favorite among the officers at the post, at most of whom he opened his eyes in cockney amaze, and critically noted the skill with which Mr. Waring tooled the spirited bays along the levee road.

Nearly a mile above the barracks, midway between the long embankment to their left and the tall white picket fence surmounted by the olive-green foliage of magnolias and orange-trees on the other hand, they had come upon a series of deep mud-holes in the way, where the seepage-water from the rapidly-rising flood was turning the road-way into a pond. Stuck helplessly in the mud, an old-fashioned cabriolet was halted. Its driver was out and up to his knees thrashing vainly at his straining, staggering horse. The tortuous road-way was blocked; but Waring had been up and down the river-bank too many times both day and night to be daunted by a matter so trivial. He simply cautioned Jeffers to lean well over the inner wheel, guided his team obliquely up the slope of the levee, and drove quietly along its level top until abreast the scene of the wreck. One glance into the interior of the cab caused him suddenly to stop, to pass the reins back to Jeffers, to spring down the slope until he stood at the edge of the sea of mud. Here he raised his hat and cried,—

"Madame Lascelles! madame! this is indeed lucky—for me. Let me get you out."

At his call a slender, graceful woman who was gazing in anxiety and dismay from the opposite side of the cab, and pleading with the driver not to beat his horse, turned suddenly, and a pair of lovely dark eyes lighted up at sight of his face. Her pallor, too, gave instant place to a warm flush. A pretty child at her side clapped her little hands and screamed with delight,—

"*Maman! maman! C'est M'sieu' Vayreeng; c'est Sa-am.*"

"Oh, Monsieur Wareeng! I'm so glad you've come! Do speak to that man! It is horrible the way he beat that poor horse.—*Mais non, Nin Nin!*" she cried, reproving the child, now stretching forth her little arms to her friend and striving to rise and leap to him.

"I'd like to know how in hell I'm to get this cab out of such a hole as this if I don't beat him," exclaimed the driver, roughly. Then once more, "Dash blank dash your infernal hide! I'll learn you to balk with me again!" Then down came more furious lashes on the quivering hide, and the poor tortured brute began to back, thereby placing the frail four-wheeler in imminent danger of being upset.

"Steady there! Hold your hand, sir! Don't strike that horse again. Just stand at his head a moment and keep quiet till I get these ladies out," called Waring, in tone quiet yet commanding.

"I'll get 'em out myself in my own way, if they'll only stop their infernal yellin'," was the coarse reply.

"Oh, Monsieur Wareeng," exclaimed the lady in undertone, "the



man has been drinking, I am sure. He has been so rude in his language."

Waring waited for no more words. Looking quickly about him, he saw a plank lying on the levee slope. This he seized, thrust one end across the muddy hole until it rested in the cab, stepped lightly across, took the child in his arms, bore her to the embankment and set her down, then sprang back for her young mother, who, trembling slightly, rose and took his outstretched hand just as another lash fell on the horse's back and another lurch followed. Waring caught at the cab-rail with one hand, threw the other arm about her slender waist, and, fairly lifting little Madame over the wheel, sprang with her to the shore, and in an instant more had carried her, speechless and somewhat agitated, to the top of the levee.

"Now," said he, "let me drive you and Nin Nin wherever you were going. Is it to market or church?"

"*Mais non*—to *bonne maman's*, of whom it is the *fête*," cried the eager little one, despite her mother's stern orders of silence. "Look!" she exclaimed, showing her dainty little legs and feet in creamy silken hose and kid.

It was "*bonne maman*," explained Madame, who had ordered the cab from town for them, never dreaming of the condition of the river road or suspecting that of the driver.

"So much the happier for me," laughed Waring.—"Take the front seat, Jeffers.—Now, Nin Nin, *ma fleurette*, up with you!" And the delighted child was lifted to her perch in the stylish trap she had so often admired. "Now, madame," he continued, extending his hand.

But Madame hung back, hesitant and blushing.

"Oh, Monsieur Wareeng, I cannot, I must not. Is it not that some one shall extricate the cab?"

"No one from this party, at least," laughed Waring, mischievously making the most of her idiomatic query. "Your driver is more *cochon* than *cocher*, and if he drowns in that mud 'twill only serve him right. Like your famous compatriot, he'll have a chance to say, 'I will drown, and no one shall help me,' for all I care. The brute! *Allons!* I will drive you to *bonne maman's* of whom it is the *fête*. Bless that baby daughter! And Madame d'Hervilly shall bless Nin Nin's *tout dévoué* Sam."

And Madame Lascelles found further remonstrance useless. She was lifted into the seat, by which time the driver, drunken and truculent, had waded after them.

"Who's to pay for this?" was his surly question.

"You, I fancy, as soon as your employer learns of your driving into that hole," was Waring's cool reply.

"Well, by God, I want five dollars for my fare and trouble, and I want it right off." And, whip in hand, the burly, mud-covered fellow came lurching up the bank. Across the boggy street beyond the white picket fence the green blinds of a chamber window in an old-fashioned Southern house were thrown open, and two feminine faces peered forth, interested spectators of the scene.

"Here, my man!" said Waring, in low tone, "you have earned no

five dollars, and you know it. Get your cab out, come to Madame d'Hervilly's, where you were called, and whatever is your due will be paid you ; but no more of this swearing or threatening,—not another word of it."

"I want my money, I say, and I mean to have it. I'm not talking to you ; I'm talking to the lady that hired me."

"But I have not the money. It is for my mother—Madame d'Hervilly—to pay. You will come there."

"I want it now, I say. I've got to hire teams to get my cab out. I got stalled here carrying you and your child, and I mean to have my pay right now, or I'll know the reason why. Your swell friend's got the money. It's none of my business how you pay him."

But that ended the colloquy. Waring's fist landed with resounding whack under the cabman's jaw, and sent him rolling down into the mud below. He was up, floundering and furious, in less than a minute, cursing horribly and groping in the pocket of his overcoat.

"It's a pistol, lieutenant. Look out!" cried Jeffers.

There was a flash, a sharp report, a stifled cry from the cab, a scream of terror from the child. But Waring had leaped lightly aside, and before the half-drunken brute could cock his weapon for a second shot he was felled like a log, and the pistol wrested from his hand and hurled across the levee. Another blow crashed full in his face as he strove to find his feet, and this time his muddled senses warned him it were best to lie still.

Two minutes more, when he lifted his battered head and strove to stanch the blood streaming from his nostrils, he saw the team driving briskly away up the crest of the levee ; and, overcome by maudlin contemplation of his foeman's triumph and his own wretched plight, the cabman sat him down and wept aloud.

And to his succor presently there came ministering angels from across the muddy way, one with a brogue, the other in a bandanna, and between the two he was escorted across a dry path to the magnolia-fringed enclosure, comforted with soothing applications without and within, and encouraged to tell his tale of woe. That he should wind it up with vehement expression of his ability to thrash a thousand swells like the one who had abused him, and a piratical prophecy that he'd drink his heart's blood within the week, was due not so much to confidence in his own powers, perhaps, as to the strength of the whiskey with which he had been liberally supplied. Then the lady of the house addressed her Ethiop maid-of-all-work :

"Go you over to Anatole's now, 'Louette. Tell him if any of the byes are there I wahnt 'um. If Dawson is there, from the adjutant's office, I wahnt him quick. Tell him it's Mrs. Doyle, and never mind if he's been dhrinkin' ; he shall have another dhrop here."

And at her beck there presently appeared three or four besotted-looking specimens in the coarse undress uniform of the day, poor devils, absent without leave from their post below and hoping only to be able to beg or steal whiskey enough to stupefy them before the patrol should come and drag them away to the guard-house. Promise of liberal reward in shape of liquor was sufficient to induce three of

their number to go out with the fuming cabman and help rescue his wretched brute and trap. The moment they were outside the gate she turned on the fourth, a pallid, sickly man, whose features were delicate, whose hands were white and slender, and whose whole appearance, despite glassy eyes and tremulous mouth and limbs, told the pathetic story of better days.

"You're off ag'in, are you? Sure I heerd so, and you're mad for a dhrink now. Can ye write, Dawson, or must I brace you up first?"

An imploring look, an unsteady gesture, alone answered.

"Here, thin, wait! It's absinthe ye need, my buck. Go you into that room now and wash yourself, and I'll bring it, and whin the others come back for their whiskey I'll tell 'um you've gone. You're to do what I say, now, and Doyle will see you t'rough; if not, it's back to that hell in the guard-house you'll go, my word on it."

"Oh, for God's sake, Mrs. Doyle——" began the poor wretch, imploringly, but the woman shut him off.

"In there wid you! the others are coming." And, unbarring the front door, she presently admitted the trio returning to claim the fruits of their honest labor.

"Is he gone? Did he tell you what happened?"

"He's gone, yes," answered one: "he's gone to get square with the lieutenant and his cockney dog-robber. He says they both jumped on him and kicked his face in when he was down and unarmed and helpless. Was he lyin'?"

"Oh, they bate him cruel. But did he tell you of the lady—who it was they took from him?"

"Why, sure, the wife of that old Frenchman, Lascelles, that lives below,—her the lieutenant's been sparkin' this three months."

"The very wan, mind ye!" replied the lady of the house, with significant emphasis and glance from her bleary eyes; "the very wan," she finished, with slow nodding accompaniment of the frowzy head. "And that's the kind of gentlemen that undertakes to hold up their heads over soldiers like Doyle. Here, boys, drink now, but be off ag'inst his coming. He'll be here any minute. Take this to comfort ye, but kape still about this till ye see me ag'in—or Doyle. Now run." And with scant ceremony the dreary party was hustled out through a paved court-yard to a gate-way opening on a side street. Houses were few and scattering so far below the heart of the city. The narrow strip of land between the great river and the swamp was cut up into walled enclosures, as a rule,—abandoned warehouses and cotton-presses, moss-grown one-storied frame structures, standing in the midst of desolate fields and decrepit fences. Only among the peaceful shades of the Ursuline convent and the warlike flanking towers at the barracks was there aught that spoke of anything but demoralization and decay. Back from the levee a block or two the double lines of strap-iron stretched over a wooden causeway between parallel wet ditches gave evidence of some kind of a railway, on which, at rare intervals, jogged a sleepy mule with a sleepier driver and a musty old rattle-trap of a car,—a car butting up against the animal's lazy hocks and rousing him occasionally to ringing and retaliatory kicks. Around the barracks the

buildings were closer, mainly in the way of saloons; then came a mile-long northward stretch of track, with wet fields on either side, fringed along the river by solid structures and walled enclosures that told of days more prosperous than those which so closely followed the war. It was to one of these graceless drinking-shops and into the hands of a rascally "dago" known as Anatole that Mrs. Doyle commended her trio of allies, and being rid of them she turned back to her prisoner, their erstwhile companion. Absinthe wrought its work on his meek and pliant spirit, and the shaking hand was nerved to do the woman's work. At her dictation, with such corrections as his better education suggested, two letters were draughted, and with these in her hand she went aloft. In fifteen minutes she returned, placed one of these letters in an envelope already addressed to Monsieur Armand Lascelles, No. — Rue Royale, the other she handed to Dawson. It was addressed in neat and delicate feminine hand to Colonel Braxton, Jackson Barracks.

"Now, Dawson, ye can't see her this day, and she don't want ye till you can come over here sober. Off wid ye now to barracks. They're all out at inspection yet, and will be for an hour. Lay this wid the colonel's mail on his desk, and thin go you to your own. Come to me this afthernoon for more dhrink if ye can tell me what he said and did when he read it. No! no more liquor now. That'll brace ye till dinner-time, and more would make ye dhrunk."

Miserably he plodded away down the levee, while she, his ruler, throwing on a huge, dirty white sun-bonnet, followed presently in his tracks, and shadowed him until she saw him safely reach the portals of the barracks after one or two fruitless scouts into wayside bars in hope of finding some one to treat or trust him to a drink. Then, retracing her steps a few blocks, she rang sharply at the lattice gate opening into a cool and shaded enclosure, beyond which could be seen the white-pillared veranda of a long, low, Southern homestead. A grinning negro boy answered the summons.

"It's you, is it, Alphonse? Is your mistress at home?"

"No; gone town,—*chez Madame d'Hervilly*."

"Madame Devillease, is it? Very well; you skip to town wid that note and get it in your master's hands before the cathedral clock strikes twelve, or ye'll suffer. There's a car in t'ree minutes."

And then, well content with her morning's work, the consort of the senior first lieutenant of Light Battery "X" (a dame whose credentials were too clouded to admit of her reception or recognition within the limits of a regular garrison, where, indeed, to do him justice, Mr. Doyle never wished to see her, or, for that matter, anywhere else) betook herself to the magnolia-shaded cottage where she dwelt beyond the pale of military interference, and some hours later sent 'Louette to say to Doyle she wanted him, and Doyle obeyed. In his relief at finding the colonel had probably forgotten the peccadillo for which he expected punishment, in blissful possession of Mr. Waring's sitting-room and supplies now that Waring was absent, the big Irishman was preparing to spend the time in drinking his junior's health and whiskey and discoursing upon the enormity of his misconduct with all comers,

when Ananias entered and informed him there was a lady below who wished to see him,—“lady” being the euphemism of the lately enfranchised for the females of their race. It was ‘Louette with the mandate from her mistress, a mandate he dared not disregard.

“Say I’ll be along in a minute,” was his reply, but he sighed and swore heavily, as he slowly reascended the stair. “Give me another dhrink, smut,” he ordered Ananias, disregarding Ferry’s suggestion, “Better drink no more till after dark.” Then, swallowing his potion, he went lurching down the steps without another word. Ferry and Pierce stepped to the gallery and gazed silently after him as he veered around to the gate leading to the old war-hospital enclosure where the battery was quartered. Already his walk was perceptibly unsteady.

“Keeps his head pretty well, even after his legs are gone,” said Ferry. “Knows too much to go by the sally-port. He’s sneaking out through the back gate.”

“Why, what does he go out there for, when he has the run of Waring’s sideboard?”

“Oh, didn’t you hear? She sent for him.”

“That’s it, is it? Sometimes I wonder which one of those two will kill the other.”

“Oh, he wouldn’t dare. That fellow is an abject coward in the dark. He believes in ghosts, spooks, banshees, and wraiths,—everything uncanny,—and she’d haunt him if he laid his hands on her. There’s only one thing that he’d be more afraid of than Bridget Doyle living, and that would be Bridget Doyle dead.”

“Why can’t he get rid of her? What hold has she on him? This thing’s an infernal scandal as it stands. She’s only been here a month or so, and everybody in garrison knows all about her, and these doughboys don’t make any bones about chaffing us on our lady friends.”

“Well, everybody supposed he had got rid of her years ago. He shook her when he was made first sergeant, just before the war. Why, I’ve heard some of the old stagers say there wasn’t a finer-looking soldier in all the regiment than Jim Doyle when he married that specimen at Brownsville. Doyle, too, supposed she was dead until after he got his commission, then she reappeared and laid claim to him. It would have been an easy enough matter five years ago to prove she had forfeited all rights, but now he can’t. Then she’s got some confounded hold on him, I don’t know what, but it’s killing the poor beggar. Good thing for the regiment, though: so let it go.”

“Oh, I don’t care a rap how soon we’re rid of him or her,—the sooner the better; only I hate to hear these fellows laughing and sneering about Mrs. Doyle.” And here the young fellow hesitated. “Ferry, you know I’m as fond of Sam Waring as any of you. I liked him better than any man in his class when we wore the gray. When they were yearlings we were plebes, and devilled and tormented by them most unmercifully day and night. I took to him then for his kindly, jolly ways. No one ever knew him to say or do a cross or brutal thing. I liked him more every year, and missed him when he was graduated. I rejoiced when he got his transfer to us. It’s because



I like him so much that I hate to hear these fellows making their little flings now."

"What flings?" said Ferry.

"Well, you know as much as I do. You've heard as much, too, I haven't a doubt."

"Nobody's said anything about Sam Waring in my hearing that reflected on him in any way worth speaking of," said Ferry, yet not very stoutly.

"Not on him so much, perhaps, as the world looks at this sort of thing, but on her. She's young, pretty, married to a man years her senior, a snuffy, frowzy old Frenchman. She's alone with her child and one or two servants from early morning till late evening, and with that weazened little monkey of a man the rest of the time. The only society she sees is the one or two gossipy old women of both sexes who live along the levee here. The only enjoyment she has is when she can get to her mother's up in town, or run up to the opera when she can get Lascelles to take her. That old mummy cares nothing for music and less for the dance; she loves both, and so does Waring. *Monsieur le Mari* goes out into the foyer between the acts to smoke his cigarette and gossip with other relics like himself. Waring has never missed a night she happened to be there for the last six weeks. I admit he is there many a time when she is not, but after he's had a few words with the ladies in the general's box, what becomes of him? I don't know, because I'm seldom there, but Dryden and Taggart and Jack Merton of the infantry can tell you. He is sitting by her in the D'Hervilly *loge grillée* and going over the last act with her and rhapsodizing about Verdi, Bellini, Mozart, or Gounod, —Gounod especially and the garden-scene from 'Faust.'"

"Isn't her mother with her, and, being in mourning, doesn't she have to stay in her latticed loge instead of promenading in the foyer and drinking that two-headaches-for-a-picayune punch?" queried Ferry, eager for a diversion.

"Suppose she is," answered Pierce, stoutly. "I'm a crank,—strait-laced, if you like. It's the fault of my bringing up. But I know, and you know, that that little woman, in her loneliness and in her natural longing for some congenial spirit to commune with, is simply falling madly in love with Sam Waring, and there will be tragedy here before we can stop it."

"See here, Pierce," asked Ferry, "do you suppose Mrs. Cram would be so loyal a friend to Waring if she thought there was anything wrong in his attentions to Madame Lascelles? Do you suppose Cram himself wouldn't speak?"

"He has spoken."

"He has? To whom?"

"To me, three days ago; said I had known Waring longest and best, perhaps was his most intimate friend, and he thought I ought to warn him of what people were saying."

"What have you done?"

"Nothing yet: simply because I know Sam Waring so well that I know just what he'd do,—go and pull the nose of the man

who gossiped about him and her. Then we'd have a fight on our hands."

"Well, we can fight, I suppose, can't we?"

"Not without involving a woman's name."

"Oh, good Lord, Pierce, was there ever a row without a woman *au fond*?"

"That's a worm-eaten witticism, Ferry, and you're too decent a fellow, as a rule, to be cynical. I've got to speak to Waring, and I don't know how to do it. I want your advice."

"Well, my advice is *Punch's*: Don't. Hello! here's Dryden. Thought you were on court duty up at head-quarters to-day, old man. Come in and have a wet?" Mr. Ferry had seen some happy days at Fortress Monroe when the ships of Her Majesty's navy lay off the Hygeia and the gallants of England lay to at the bar, and Ferry rejoiced in the vernacular of the United Service, so far as he could learn it, as practised abroad.

"Thanks. Just had one over at Merton's. Hear you've been having review and all that sort of thing down here," said the infantryman, as he lolled back in an easy-chair and planted his boot-heels on the gallery rail. "Glad I got out of it. Court met and adjourned at ten, so I came home. How'd Waring get off?"

"Huh!—Cram's wagon," laughed Ferry, rather uncomfortably, however.

"Oh, Lord, yes, I know that. Didn't I see him driving Madame Lascelles up Rampart Street as I came down in the mule-car?"

And then Pierce and Ferry looked at each other, startled.

That evening, therefore, it was a comfort to both when Sam came tooling the stylish turnout through the sally-port and his battery chums caught sight of the Allertons. Pierce was just returning from stables, and Ferry was smoking a pipe of *perique* on the broad gallery, and both hastened to don their best jackets and doff their best caps to these interesting and interested callers. Cram himself had gone out for a ride and a think. He always declared his ideas were clearer after a gallop. The band played charmingly. The ladies came out and made a picturesque croquet-party on the green carpet of the parade. The officers clustered about and offered laughing wagers on the game. A dozen romping children were playing joyously around the tall flag-staff. The air was rich with the fragrance of the magnolia and Cape jasmine, and glad with music and soft and merry voices. Then the stirring bugles rang out their lively summons to the batterymen beyond the wall. The drums of the infantry rolled and rattled their echoing clamor. The guard sprang into rank, and their muskets, glistening in the slanting beams of the setting sun, clashed in simultaneous "present" to the red-sashed officer of the day, and that official raised his plumed hat to the lieutenant with the lovely girl by his side and the smiling elders on the back seat as the team once more made the circuit of the post on the back trip to town, and Miss Flora Allerton clasped her hands and looked enthusiastically up into her escort's face.

"Oh," she cried, "isn't it all just too lovely for anything! Why, I think your life here must be like a dream."



But Miss Allerton, as Mrs. Cram had said, sometimes gushed, and life at Jackson Barracks was no such dream as it appeared.

The sun went down red and angry far across the tawny flood of the rushing river. The night lights were set at the distant bend below. The stars came peeping through a shifting filmy veil. The big trees on the levee and about the flanking towers began to whisper and complain and creak, and the rising wind sent long wisps of straggly cloud racing across the sky. The moon rose pallid and wan, hung for a while over the dense black mass of moss-grown cypress in the eastward swamp, then hid her face behind a heavy bank of clouds, as though reluctant to look upon the wrath to come, for a storm was rising fast and furious to break upon and deluge old Jackson Barracks.

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#### IV.

When Jeffers came driving into barracks on his return from town, his first care, as became the trained groom, was for his horses, and he was rubbing them down and bedding their stalls for the night when the sergeant of the battery guard, lantern in hand, appeared at the door. It was not yet tattoo, but by this time the darkness was intense, the heavens were hid, and the wind was moaning about the stables and gun-shed and whistling away over the dismal expanse of flat, wet, ditch-tangled fields towards the swamp. But the cockney's spirits were blithe as the clouds were black. As was usual when he or any other servitor was in attendance on Waring, the reward had been munificent. He had lunched at Cassidy's at the lieutenant's expense while that officer and his friends were similarly occupied at the more exclusive Moreau's. He had stabled the team at the quartermaster's while he had personally attended the *matinée* at the St. Charles, which was more to his taste than Booth and high tragedy. He had sauntered about the Tattersalls and smoked Waring's cigars and patronized the jockeys gathered there for the spring meeting on the Metairie, but promptly on time was awaiting the return of the party from their drive and lolling about the ladies' entrance to the St. Charles Hotel, when he became aware, as the lamps were being lighted and the dusk of the evening gave place to lively illumination, that two men had passed and repassed the open portals several times, and that they were eying him curiously, and chattering to each other in French. One of them he presently recognized as the little "frog-eater" who occupied the old house on the levee, Lascelles, the husband of the pretty Frenchwoman he and the lieutenant had dragged out of the mud that very morning and had driven up to the old D'Hervilly place on Rampart Street. Even as he was wondering how cabby got out of his scrape and chuckling with satisfaction over the scientific manner in which Mr. Waring had floored that worthy, Mr. Jeffers was surprised to find himself most civilly accosted by old Lascelles, who had been informed, he said, by Madame his wife, of the heroic services rendered her that morning by Monsieur Jeffers and Monsieur le Capitaine. He begged of the former the acceptance of the small *douceur* which he slipped

into the Englishman's accustomed palm, and inquired when he might hope to see the brave captain and disembarass himself of his burden of gratitude.

"Here they come now," said Jeffers, promptly pocketing the money and springing forward to knuckle his hat-brim and stand at the horses' heads. All grace and animation, Mr. Waring had assisted his friends to alight, had promised to join them in the ladies' parlor in ten minutes, had sprung to the seat again, signalling Jeffers to tumble up behind, and then had driven rapidly away through Carondelet Street to the broad avenue beyond. Here he tossed the reins to Jeffers, disappeared a moment, and came back with a little Indian-made basket filled to overflowing with exquisite double violets rich with fragrance.

"Give this to Mrs. Cram for me, and tell the captain I'll drop in to thank him in a couple of hours, and—— Here, Jeffers," he said, and Jeffers had pocketed another greenback, and had driven briskly homeward, well content with the result of his day's labors, and without having mentioned to Mr. Waring the fact that Lascelles had been at the hotel making inquiries for him. A day so profitable and so pleasant Jeffers had not enjoyed since his arrival at the barracks, and he was humming away in high good humor, all reckless of the rising storm, when the gruff voice of Sergeant Schwartz disturbed him:

"Chevvers, you will rebort at vonst to Captain Cram."

"Who says I will?" said Jeffers, cheerfully, though bent on mischief, but was awed into instant silence at seeing that veteran step quickly back, stand attention, and raise his hand in salute, for there came Cram himself, Pierce with him.

"Did Mr. Waring come back with you?" was the first question.

"No, sir; Hi left Mr. Warink on Canal Street. 'E said 'e'd be back to thank the capt'in in a little while, sir, and 'e sent these for the capt'in's lady."

Cram took the beautiful basket of violets with dubious hand, though his eyes kindled when he noted their profusion and fragrance. Nell loved violets, and it was like Waring to remember so bountifully her fondness for them.

"What detained him? Did he send no word?"

"'E said nothink, and sent nothink but the basket, sir. 'E said a couple of hours, now I think of it, sir. 'E was going back to the 'otel to dine with a lady and gent."

For a moment Cram was silent. He glanced at Pierce, as much as to say, Have you no question to ask? but the youngster held his peace. The senior officer hated to inquire of his servant into the details of the day's doings. He was more than half indignant at Waring for having taken such advantage of even an implied permission as to drive off with his equipage and groom in so summary a way. Of course Nell had said, Take it and go, but Nell could have had no idea of the use to which the wagon was to be put. If Waring left the garrison with the intention of using the equipage to take Madame Lascelles driving, it was the most underhand and abominable thing he had ever heard of his doing. It was unlike him. It couldn't be true. Yet had not Braxton shown him the letter which said he was

seen on the levee with her by his side? Had not Dryden further informed every man and woman and child with whom he held converse during the day that he had seen Waring with Cram's team driving Madame Lascelles up Rampart Street, and was not there a story already afloat that old Lascelles had forbidden him ever to darken his threshold again,—forbidden Madame to drive, dance, or even speak with him? And was there not already in the post commander's hand a note intimating that Monsieur Lascelles would certainly challenge Waring to instant and mortal combat if Waring had used the wagon as alleged? Jeffers must know about it and could and should tell if required, but Cram simply could not and would not ask the groom to detail the movements of the gentleman. Had not Waring sent word he would be home in two hours and would come to see his battery commander at once? Did not that mean he would explain fully? Cram gulped down the query that rose to his lips.

"All right, then, Pierce; we'll take these over to Mrs. Cram and have a bite ready for Waring on his return," said the stout-hearted fellow, and, in refusing to question his servant, missed the chance of averting catastrophe.

And so they bore the beautiful cluster of violets, with its mute pledge of fidelity and full explanation, to his rejoicing Nell, and the trio sat and chatted, and one or two visitors came in for a while and then scurried home as the rain began to plash on the windows, and the bugles and drums and fifes sounded far away at tattoo and more than usually weird and mournful at taps, and finally ten-thirty came, by which time it had been raining torrents, and the wind was lashing the roaring river into foam, and the trees were bowing low before their master, and the levee road was a quagmire, and Cram felt convinced no cab could bring his subaltern home. Yet in his nervousness and anxiety he pulled on his boots, threw his gum coat over his uniform, tiptoed in to bend over Nell's sleeping form and whisper, should she wake, that he was going only to the sally-port or perhaps over to Waring's quarters, but she slept peacefully and never stirred, so noiselessly he slipped out on the gallery and down the stairs and stalked boldly out into the raging storm, guided by the dim light burning in Waring's room. Ananias was sleeping curled up on a rug in front of the open fireplace, and Cram stirred him up with his foot. The negro rolled lazily over, with a stretch and yawn.

"Did Mr. Waring take any arms with him?" queried the captain.

"Any whut, suh?" responded Ananias, rubbing his eyes and still only half awake.

"Any pistol or knife?"

"Lord, suh, no. Mr. Waring don't never carry anything o' dat sort."

A student-lamp was burning low on the centre-table. There lay among the books and papers a couple of letters, evidently received that day and still unopened. There lay Waring's cigar-case, a pretty trifle given him by some far-away friend, with three or four fragrant Havanas temptingly visible. There lay a late magazine, its pages still uncut. Cram looked at the dainty wall clock, ticking merrily away over the mantel. Eleven-thirty-five! Well, he was too anxious to

sleep anyhow, why not wait a few minutes? Waring might come, probably would come. If no cab could make its way down by the levee road, there were the late cars from town; they had to make the effort anyhow. Cram stepped to the sideboard, mixed a mild toddy, sipped it reflectively, then lighted a cigar and threw himself into the easy-chair. Ananias, meantime, was up and astir. Seeing that Cram was looking about in search of a paper-cutter, the boy stepped forward and bent over the table.

"De lieutenant always uses dis, suh," said he, lifting first one paper, then another, searching under each. "Don't seem to be yer now, suh. You've seen it, dough, captain,—dat cross-handled dagger wid de straight blade."

"Yes, I know. Where is it?" asked Cram. "That'll do."

"Tain't yer, suh, now. Can't find it yer, nohow."

"Well, then, Mr. Waring probably took a knife, after all."

"No, suh, I don't t'ink so. I never knowed him to use it befo' away from de room."

"Anybody else been here?" said Cram.

"Oh, dey was all in yer, suh, dis arternoon, but Mr. Doyle he was sent for, suh, and had to go."

A step and the rattle of a sword were heard on the gallery without. The door opened, and in came Merton of the infantry, officer of the day.

"Hello, Waring!" he began. "Oh, it's you, is it, captain? Isn't Waring back? I saw the light, and came up to chin with him a moment. Beastly night, isn't it?"

"Waring isn't back yet. I look for him by the eleven-thirty car," answered the captain.

"Why, that's in. No Waring there, but half a dozen poor devils, half drowned and half drunk, more'n half drunk, one of your men among 'em. We had to put him into the guard-house to keep him from murdering Dawson, the head-quarters clerk. There's been some kind of a row."

"Sorry to hear that. Who is the man?"

"Kane. He said Dawson was lying about his officer and he wouldn't stand it."

"Kane!" exclaimed Cram, rising. "Why, he's one of our best. I never heard of his being riotous before."

"He's riotous enough to-night. He wanted to lick all six of our fellows, and if I hadn't got there when I did they would probably have kicked him into a pulp. All were drunk; Kane, too, I should say; and as for Dawson, he was just limp."

"Would you mind going down and letting me talk with Kane a moment? I never knew him to be troublesome before, though he sometimes drank a little. He was on pass this evening."

"Well, it's raining cats and dogs, captain, but come along. If you can stand it I can."

A few minutes later the sergeant of the guard threw open one of the wooden compartments in the guard-house, and there sat Kane, his face buried in his hands.

"I ordered him locked in here by himself, because I feared our fellows would hammer him if he were turned in with them," explained Mr. Merton, and at sound of the voice the prisoner looked up and saw his commander, dripping with wet. Unsteadily he rose to his feet.

"Captain," he began, thickly, "I'd never have done it in the world, sir, but that blackguard was drunk, sir, and slandering my officer, and I gave him fair warning to quit or I'd hit him, but he kept on."

"Ye-es? And what did he say?"

"He said—I wouldn't believe it, sir—that Mr. Doyle was that drunk that him and some other fellers had lifted him out of the mud and put him to bed up there at—up there at the house, sir, back of Anatole's place. I think the captain knows."

"Ah, you should have steered clear of such company, Kane. Did this happen at Anatole's saloon?"

"Yes, sir, and them fellers was making so much noise that the dago turned them all out and shut up the shop at eleven o'clock, and that's what made them follow me home in the car and abuse me all the way. I couldn't stand it, sir."

"You would only have laughed at them if your better judgment hadn't been ruined by liquor. Sorry for you, Kane, but you've been drinking just enough to be a nuisance, and must stay where you are for the night. They'll be sorry for what they said in the morning. —Did you lock up the others, Mr. Merton?" he asked, as they turned away.

"All but Dawson, sir. I took him over to the hospital and put a sentry over him. That fellow looks to be verging on jimjams, and I wouldn't be surprised if he'd been talking as Kane says." Merton might have added, "and it's probably true," but courtesy to his battery friend forbade. Cram did add mentally something to the same effect, but loyalty to his arm of the service kept him silent. At the flag-staff the two officers stopped.

"Merton, oblige me by saying nothing as to the alleged language about Doyle, will you?"

"Certainly, captain. Good-night."

Then, as the officer of the day's lantern flickered away in one direction, Cram turned in the other, and presently went climbing up the stairs to the gallery leading to the quarters of his senior first lieutenant. A dim light was shining through the shutters. Cram knocked at the door; no answer. Opening it, he glanced in. The room was unoccupied. A cheap marine clock, ticking between the north windows over the wash-stand, indicated midnight, and the battery commander turned away in vexation of spirit. Lieutenant Doyle had no authority to be absent from the post.

It was still dark and storming furiously when the bugles of the battery sounded the reveille, and by the light of the swinging lanterns the men marched away in their canvas stable rig, looking like a column of ghosts. Yet, despite the gale and the torrents of rain, Pierce was in no wise surprised to find Cram at his elbow when the horses were led out to water.

"Groom in-doors this morning, Mr. Pierce. Is Waring home?"



"No, sir; Ananias told me when he brought me up my coffee."

"Hold the morning report, then, until I come to the office. I fear we have both first lieutenants to report absent to-day. You and I may have to go to town: so get your breakfast early. We will ride. I doubt if even an ambulance could get through. Tell me, Pierce, have you spoken to Waring about—about that matter we were discussing? Has he ever given you any idea that he had received warning of any kind from old Lascelles—or any of his friends?"

"No, sir. I've had no chance to speak, to be sure, and, so far as I could observe, he and Mr. Lascelles seemed on very excellent terms only a few days ago."

"Well, I wish I had spoken myself," said Cram, and turned away.

That morning, with two first lieutenants absent without leave, the report of Light Battery "X" went into the adjutant's office just as its commander and his junior subaltern went out and silently mounted the dripping horses standing in front. The two orderlies, with their heads poked through the slit of their ponchos, briskly seated themselves in saddle, and then the colonel hurried forth just in time to hail,—

"Oh, Cram! one minute." And Cram reined about and rode to the side of the post commander, who stood under the shelter of the broad gallery.

"I wouldn't say anything about this to any one at head-quarters except Reynolds. There's no one else on the staff to whom Waring would apply, is there?"

"No one, sir. Reynolds is the only man I can think of."

"Will you send an orderly back with word as soon as you know?"

"Yes, sir, the moment I hear. And-d—shall I send you word from—there,"—and Cram nodded northward, and then, in a lower tone,—“as to Doyle?"

"Oh, damn Doyle! I don't care if he never——" But here the commander of the post regained control of himself, and with parting wave of the hand turned back to his office.

Riding in single file up the levee, for the city road was one long pool, with the swollen river on their left, and the slanting torrents of rain obscuring all objects on the other hand, the party made its way for several squares without exchanging a word. Presently the leading file came opposite the high wall of the Lascelles place. The green latticed gate stood open,—an unusual thing,—and both officers bent low over their pommels and gazed along the dark, rain-swept alley to the pillared portico dimly seen beyond. Not a soul was in sight. The water was already on a level with the banquette, and would soon be running across and into the gate. A vagabond dog skulking about the place gave vent to a mournful howl. A sudden thought struck the captain. He led the way down the slope and forded across to the north side, the others following.

"Joyce," said he to his orderly, "dismount and go in there and ring at the door. Ask if Mr. Lascelles is home. If not, ask if Madame has any message she would like to send to town, or if we can be of any service."

The soldier was gone but a moment, and came hurrying back, a

negro boy, holding a long fold of matting over his head to shed the rain, chasing at his heels. It was Alphonse.

"M'sieu' not yet of return," said he, in labored translation of his negro French, "and Madame remain chez Madame d'Hervilly. I am alone wiz my mudder, and she has fear."

"Oh, it's all right, I fancy," said Cram, reassuringly. "They were caught by the storm, and wisely stayed up-town. I saw your gate open, so we stopped to inquire. We'll ride over to Madame d'Hervilly's and ask for them. How came your gate open?"

"*Mo connais pas*; I dunno, sare. It was lock' last night."

"Why, that's odd," said Cram. "Better bolt it now, or all the cattle along the levee will be in there. You can't lock out the water, though. Who had the key besides Mr. Lascelles or Madame?"

"Nobody, sare; but there is muddy foots all over the piazza."

"The devil! I'll have to look in for a moment." A nod to Pierce brought him too from the saddle, and the officers handed their reins to the orderlies. Then together they entered the gate and strode up the white shell walk, looking curiously about them through the dripping shrubbery. Again that dismal howl was raised, and Pierce, stopping with impatient exclamation, tore half a brick from the yielding border of the walk and sent it hurtling through the trees. With his tail between his legs, the brute darted from behind a sheltering bush, scurried away around the corner of the house, glancing fearfully back, then, halting at safe distance, squatted on his haunches and lifted up his mournful voice again.

"Whose dog is that?" demanded Cram.

"M'sieu' Philippe's: he not now here. He is de brudder to Monsieur."

At the steps the captain bent and closely examined them and the floor of the low veranda to which they led. Both were disfigured with muddy footprints. Pierce would have gone still further in the investigation, but his senior held up a warning hand.

"Two men have been here," he muttered. "They have tried the door and tried the blinds.—Where did you sleep last night, boy?" and with the words he turned suddenly on the negro. "Did you hear no sound?"

"No, sare. I sleep in my bed,—'way back. No, I hear noting,—noting." And now the negro's face was twitching, his eyes staring. Something in the soldier's stern voice told him that there was tragedy in the air.

"If this door is locked, go round and open it from within," said Cram, briefly. Then, as Alphonse disappeared around the north side, he stepped back to the shell walk and followed one of its branches around the other. An instant later Pierce heard him call. Hastening in his wake, the youngster came upon his captain standing under a window, one of whose blinds was hanging partly open, water standing in pools all around him.

"Look here," was all he said, and pointed upward.

The sill was above the level of their heads, but both could see that the sash was raised. All was darkness within.



"Come with me," was Cram's next order, and the lieutenant followed. Alphonse was unlocking the front door, and now threw it open. Cram strode into the wide hall-way straight to a door of the east side. It was locked. "Open this, Alphonse," he said.

"I have not the key. It is ever with M'sieu' Lascelles. It is his library."

Cram stepped back, gave one vigorous kick with a heavy riding-boot, and the frail door flew open with a crash. For a moment the darkness was such that no object could be distinguished within. The negro servant hung back, trembling from some indefinable dread. The captain, his hand on the door-knob, stepped quickly into the gloomy apartment, Pierce close at his heels. A broad, flat-topped desk stood in the centre of the room. Some shelves and books were dimly visible against the wall. Some of the drawers of the desk were open, and there was a litter of papers on the desk, and others were strown in the big rattan chair, some on the floor. Two student-lamps could be dimly distinguished, one on the big desk, another on a little reading-table placed not far from the south window, whose blinds, half open, admitted almost the only light that entered the room. With its head near this reading-table and faintly visible, a bamboo lounge stretched its length towards the southward windows, where all was darkness, and something vague and indistinguishable lay extended upon the lounge. Cram marched half-way across the floor, then stopped short, glanced down, stepped quickly to one side, shifting his heavily-booted feet as though to avoid some such muddy pool as those encountered without.

"Take care," he whispered, and motioned warningly to Pierce. "Come here and open these shutters, Alphonse," were the next words. But once again that prolonged, dismal, mournful howl was heard under the south window, and the negro, seized with uncontrollable panic, turned back and clung trembling to the opposite wall.

"Send one of the men for the post surgeon at once, then come back here," said the captain, and Pierce hastened to the gate. As he returned, the west shutters were being thrown open. There was light when he re-entered the room, and this was what he saw. On the China matting, running from underneath the sofa, fed by heavy drops from above, a dark wet stain. On the lounge, stretched at full length, a stiffening human shape, a yellow-white, parchment-like face above the black clothing, a bluish, half-opened mouth whose yellow teeth showed savagely, a fallen chin and jaw, covered with the gray stubble of unshaved beard, and two staring, sightless, ghastly eyes fixed and upturned as though in agonized appeal. Stone-dead,—murdered, doubtless,—all that was left of the little Frenchman Lascelles.

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V.

All that day the storm raged in fury; the levee road was blocked in places by the boughs torn from overhanging trees, and here, there, and everywhere turned into a quagmire by the torrents that could find

no adequate egress to the northward swamps. For over a mile above the barracks it looked like one vast canal, and by nine o'clock it was utterly impassable. No cars were running on the dilapidated road to the "half-way house," whatever they might be doing beyond. There was only one means of communication between the garrison and the town, and that, on horseback along the crest of the levee, and people in the second-story windows of the store- and dwelling-houses along the other side of the way, driven aloft by the drenched condition of the ground floor, were surprised to see the number of times some Yankee soldier or other made the dismal trip. Cram, with a party of four, was perhaps the first. Before the dripping sentries of the old guard were relieved at nine o'clock every man and woman at the barracks was aware that foul murder had been done during the night, and that old Lascelles, slain by some unknown hand, slashed and hacked in a dozen places, according to the stories afloat, lay in his gloomy old library up the levee road, with a flood already a foot deep wiping out from the grounds about the house all traces of his assailants. Dr. Denslow, in examining the body, found just one deep, downward stab, entering above the upper rib and doubtless reaching the heart,—a stab made by a long, straight, sharp, two-edged blade. He had been dead evidently some hours when discovered by Cram, who had now gone to town to warn the authorities, old Brax meantime having taken upon himself the responsibility of placing a guard at the house, with orders to keep Alphonse and his mother in and everybody else out.

It is hardly worth while to waste time on the various theories advanced in the garrison as to the cause and means of the dreadful climax. That Doyle should be away from the post provoked neither comment nor speculation: he was not connected in any way with the tragedy. But the fact that Mr. Waring was absent all night, coupled with the stories of his devotions to Madame, was to several minds *prima facie* evidence that his was the bloody hand that wrought the deed,—that he was now a fugitive from justice, and Madame Lascelles, beyond doubt, the guilty partner of his flight. Everybody knew by this time of their being together much of the morning: how could people help knowing, when Dryden had seen them? In his elegantly jocular way, Dryden was already condoling with Ferry on the probable loss of his Hatfield clothes, and comforting him with the assurance that they always gave a feller a new black suit to be hanged in, so he might get his duds back after all, only they must get Waring first. Jeffers doubtless would have been besieged with questions but for Cram's foresight: his master had ordered him to accompany him to town.

In silence a second time the little party rode away, passing the flooded homestead where lay the murdered man, then, farther on, gazing in mute curiosity at the closed shutters of the premises some infantry satirists had already christened "the dove-cot." What cared they for him or his objectionable helpmate? Still, they could not but note how gloomy and deserted it all appeared, with two feet of water lapping the garden wall. Summoned by his master, Jeffers knuckled his oil-skin hat-brim and pointed out the spot where Mr. Waring stood when he knocked the cabman into the mud, but Jeffers's tongue was tied and his

cockney volubility gone. The tracks made by Cram's wagon up the slope were already washed out. Bending forward to dodge the blinding storm, the party pushed along the embankment until at last the avenues and alleys to their right gave proof of better drainage. At Rampart Street they separated, Pierce going on to report the tragedy to the police, Cram turning to his right and following the broad thoroughfare another mile, until Jeffers, indicating a big, old-fashioned, broad-galleried Southern house standing in the midst of grounds once trim and handsome, but now showing signs of neglect and penury, simply said, "'Ere, sir." And here the party dismounted.

Cram entered the gate and pulled a clanging bell. The door was almost instantly opened by a colored girl, at whose side, with eager joyous face, was the pretty child he had seen so often playing about the Lascelles homestead, and the eager joyous look faded instantly away.

"She t'ink it M'sieur Vareeng who comes to arrive," explained the smiling colored girl.

"Ah! It is Madame d'Hervilly I wish to see," answered Cram, briefly. "Please take her my card." And, throwing off his dripping rain-coat and tossing it to Jeffers, who had followed to the veranda, the captain stepped within the hall and held forth his hands to Nin Nin, begging her to come to him who was so good a friend of Mr. Waring. But she would not. The tears of disappointment were in the dark eyes as the little one turned and ran away. Cram could hear the gentle, soothing tones of the mother striving to console her little one,—the one widowed and the other orphaned by the tidings he bore. Even then he noted how musical, how full of rich melody, was that soft Creole voice. And then Madame d'Hervilly appeared, a stately, dignified, picturesque gentlewoman of perhaps fifty years. She greeted him with punctilious civility, but with manner as distant as her words were few.

"I have come on a trying errand," he began, when she held up a slender, jewelled hand.

"*Pardon. Permettez.*—Madame Lascelles," she called, and before Cram could find words to interpose, a servant was speeding to summon the very woman he had hoped not to have to see.

"Oh, madame," he murmured low, hurriedly, "I deplore my ignorance. I cannot speak French. Try to understand me. Mr. Lascelles is home, dangerously stricken. I fear the worst. You must tell her."

"'Ome! *Là bas? C'est impossible.*"

"It is true," he burst in, for the swish of silken skirt was heard down the long passage. "*Il est mort,—mort,*" he whispered, mustering up what little French he knew and then cursing himself for an imbecile.

"*Mort! O ciel!*" The words came with a shriek of anguish from the lips of the elder woman and were echoed by a scream from beyond. In an instant, wild-eyed, horror-stricken, Emilie Lascelles had sprung to her tottering mother's side.

"When? What mean you?" she gasped.

"Madame Lascelles," he sadly spoke, "I had hoped to spare you this, but it is too late now. Mr. Lascelles was found lying on the sofa in his library this morning. He had died hours before, during the night."

And then he had to spring and catch the fainting woman in his arms. She was still moaning, and only semi-conscious, when the old family doctor and her brother, Pierre d'Hervilly, arrived.

Half an hour later Cram astonished the aides-de-camp and other bored staff officials by appearing at the general loafing-room at headquarters. To the chorus of inquiry as to what brought him up in such a storm he made brief reply, and then asked immediately to speak with the adjutant-general and Lieutenant Reynolds, and, to the disgust and mystification of all the others, he disappeared with these into an adjoining room. There he briefly told the former of the murder, and then asked for a word with the junior.

Reynolds was a character. Tall, handsome, and distinguished, he had served throughout the war as a volunteer, doing no end of good work, and getting many a word of praise, but, as all his service was as a staff officer, it was his general who reaped the reward of his labors. He had risen, of course, to the rank of major in the staff in the volunteers, and everybody had prophesied that he would be appointed a major in the adjutant- or inspector-general's department in the permanent establishment. But there were not enough places by any means, and the few vacancies went to men who knew better how to work for themselves. "Take a lieutenancy now, and we will fix you by and by," was the suggestion, and so it resulted that here he was three years after the war wearing the modest strap of a second lieutenant, doing the duties and accepting the responsibilities of a far higher grade, and being patronized by seniors who were as much his inferiors in rank as they were in ability during the war days. Everybody said it was a shame, and nobody helped to better his lot. He was a man whose counsel was valuable on all manner of subjects. Among other things, he was well versed in all that pertained to the code of honor as it existed in the ante-bellum days,—had himself been "out," and, as was well known, had but recently officiated as second for an officer who had need of his services. He and Waring were friends from the start, and Cram counted on tidings of his absent subaltern in appealing to him. Great, therefore, was his consternation when in reply to his inquiry Reynolds promptly answered that he had neither seen nor heard from Waring in over forty-eight hours. This was a facer.

"What's wrong, Cram?"

"Read that," said the captain, placing a daintily-written note in the aide-de-camp's hand. It was brief, but explicit:

"COLONEL BRAXTON: Twice have I warned you that the attentions of your Lieutenant Waring to Madame Lascelles meant mischief. This morning, under pretence of visiting her mother, she left the house in a cab, but in half an hour was seen driving with Mr. Waring. This has been, as I have reason to know, promptly carried to Monsieur Lascelles by people whom he had employed for the purpose. I could of told you last night that Monsieur Lascelles's friend had notified

Lieutenant Waring that a duel would be exacted should he be seen with Madame again, and now it will certainly come. You have seen fit to scorn my warnings hitherto, the result is on your head." There was no signature whatever.

"Who wrote this rot?" asked Reynolds. "It seems to me I've seen that hand before."

"So have I, and pitched the trash into the fire, as I do everything anonymous that comes my way. But Brax says that this is the second or third, and he's worried about it, and thinks there may be truth in the story."

"As to the duel, or as to the devotions to Madame?" asked Reynolds, calmly.

"We-ll, both, and we thought you would be most apt to know whether a fight was on. Waring promised to return to the post at taps last night. Instead of that, he is gone,—God knows where,—and the old man, the reputed challenger, lies dead at his home. Isn't that ugly?"

Reynolds's face grew very grave.

"Who last saw Waring, that you know of?"

"My man Jeffers left him on Canal Street just after dark last night. He was then going to dine with friends at the St. Charles."

"The Allertons?"

"Yes."

"Then wait till I see the chief, and I'll go with you. Say nothing about this matter yet."

Reynolds was gone but a moment. A little later Cram and the aide were at the St. Charles rotunda, their cards sent up to the Allertons' rooms. Presently down came the bell-boy. Would the gentlemen walk up to the parlor? This was awkward. They wanted to see Allerton himself, and Cram felt morally confident that Miss Flora Gwendolen would be on hand to welcome and chat with so distinguished a looking fellow as Reynolds. There was no help for it, however. It would be possible to draw off the head of the family after a brief call upon the ladies. Just as they were leaving the marble-floored rotunda, a short, swarthy man in "pepper-and-salt" business suit touched Cram on the arm, begged a word, and handed him a card.

"A detective,—already?" asked Cram, in surprise.

"I was with the chief when Lieutenant Pierce came in to report the matter," was the brief response, "and I came here to see your man. He is reluctant to tell what he knows without your consent. Could you have him leave the horses with your orderly below and come up here a moment?"

"Why, certainly, if you wish; but I can't see why," said Cram, surprised.

"You will see, sir, in a moment."

And then Jeffers, with white, troubled face, appeared, and twisted his wet hat-brim in nervous worriment.

"Now what do you want of him?" asked Cram.

"Ask him, sir, who was the man who slipped a greenback into his hand at the ladies' entrance last evening. What did he want of him?"



Jeffers turned a greenish yellow. His every impulse was to lie, and the detective saw it.

"You need not lie, Jeffers," he said, very quietly. "It will do no good. I saw the men. I can tell your master who one of them was, and possibly lay my hands on the second when he is wanted; but I want you to tell and to explain what that greenback meant."

Then Jeffers broke down and merely blubbered.

"Hi meant no 'arm, sir. Hi never dreamed there was hanythink wrong. 'Twas Mr. Lascelles, sir. 'E said 'e came to thank me for 'elping 'is lady, sir. Then 'e wanted to see Mr. Warink, sir."

"Why didn't you tell me of this before?" demanded the captain, sternly. "You know what happened this morning."

"Hi didn't want to 'ave Mr. Warink suspected, sir," was poor Jeffers's half-tearful explanation, as Mr. Allerton suddenly entered the little hall-way room.

The grave, troubled faces caught his eye at once.

"Is anything wrong?" he inquired, anxiously. "I hope Waring is all right. I tried to induce him not to start, but he said he had promised and must go."

"What time did he leave you, Mr. Allerton?" asked Cram, controlling as much as possible the tremor of his voice.

"Soon after the storm broke,—about nine-thirty, I should say. He tried to get a cab earlier, but the drivers wouldn't agree to go down for anything less than a small fortune. Luckily, his Creole friends had a carriage."

"His what?"

"His friends from near the barracks. They were here when we came down into the rotunda to smoke after dinner."

Cram felt his legs and feet grow cold and a chill run up his spine.

"Who were they? Did you catch their names?"

"Only one. I was introduced only as they were about to drive away. A little old fellow with elaborate manners,—a Monsieur Lascelles."

"And Waring drove away with him?"

"Yes, with him and one other. Seemed to be a friend of Lascelles. Drove off in a closed carriage with a driver all done up in rubber and oil-skin who said he perfectly knew the road. Why, what's gone amiss?"

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## VI.

And all day long the storm beat upon the substantial buildings of the old barracks and flooded the low ground about the sheds and stables. Drills for the infantry were necessarily suspended, several sentries, even, being taken off their posts. The men clustered in the squad-rooms and listened with more or less credulity to the theories and confirmatory statements of fact as related by the imaginative or loquacious of their number. The majority of the officers gathered under the flaring lamp-lights at the sutler's store and occupied themselves pretty much as did their inferiors in grade, though poker and

punch—specialties of Mr. Finkbein, the sutler—lent additional color to the stories in circulation.

From this congress the better element of the commissioned force was absent, the names, nationalities, and idiomatic peculiarities of speech of the individual members being identical in most instances with those of their comrades in arms in the ranks. "Brax" had summoned Minor, Lawrence, Kinsey, and Dryden to hear what the post surgeon had to say on his return, but cautioned them to keep quiet. As a result of this precaution, the mystery of the situation became redoubled by one o'clock, and was intensified by two, when it was announced that Private Dawson had attempted to break away out of the hospital after a visit from the same doctor in his professional capacity. People were tempted out on their galleries in the driving storm, and colored servants flitted from kitchen to kitchen to gather or dispense new rumors, but nobody knew what to make of it when, soon after two, an orderly rode in from town dripping with mud and wet, delivered a note to the colonel, and took one from him to Mr. Ferry, now sole representative of the officers of Battery "X" present for duty. Ferry in return sent the bedraggled horseman on to the battery quarters with an order to the first sergeant, and in about fifteen minutes a sergeant and two men, mounted and each leading a spare horse, appeared under Ferry's gallery, and that officer proceeded to occupy one of the vacant saddles, and, followed by his party, went clattering out of the sally-port and splashing over to the levee. Stable-call sounded as usual at four o'clock, and, for the first time in the record of that disciplined organization since the devastating hand of Yellow Jack was laid upon it the previous year, no officer appeared to supervise the grooming and feeding. Two of them were at the post, however. Mr. Doyle, in arrest on charge of absence without leave, was escorted to his quarters about four-fifteen, and was promptly visited by sympathizing and inquisitive comrades from the Hotel Finkbein, while Mr. Ferry, who had effected the arrest, was detained making his report to the post commander. Night came on apace, the wind began to die away with the going down of the sun, the rain ceased to fall, a pallid moon began peering at odd intervals through rifts in the cloudy veil, when Cram rode plashing into barracks, worn with anxiety and care, at eleven o'clock, and, stopping only for a moment to take his wife in his arms and kiss her anxious face and shake his head in response to her eager query for news of Waring, he hurried down-stairs again and over to Doyle's quarters. All was darkness there, but he never hesitated. Tramping loudly over the gallery, he banged at the door, then, turning the knob, intending to burst right in, as was the way in the rough old days, was surprised to find the bolt set.

"Doyle, open. I want to see you at once."

All silence within.

"Doyle, open, or, if you are too drunk to get up, I'll kick in the door."

A groan, a whispered colloquy, then the rattle of bolt and chain. The door opened about an inch, and an oily Irish voice inquired,—

"Hwat's wanted, capt'in?"



"You here?" exclaimed Cram, in disgust. "What business have you in this garrison? If the colonel knew it, you'd be driven out at the point of the bayonet."

"Sure where should wife be but at her husband's side whin he's sick and sufferin'? Didn't they root him out of bed and comfort this day and ride him down like a felon in all the storm? Sure it was the doughboys' orders, sir. I told Doyle the capt'in niver would have——"

"Oh, be quiet: I must see Doyle, and at once."

"Sure he's not able, capt'in. You know how it is wid him: he's that sinsitive he couldn't bear to talk of the disgrace he's bringin' on the capt'in and the batthery, and I knowed he'd been dhrinkin', sir, and I came back to look for him, but he'd got started, capt'in, and it's——"

"Stop this talk! He wasn't drinking at all until you came back here to hound him. Open that door, or a file of the guard will."

"Och! thin wait till I'm dressed, fur dacency's sake, capt'in. Sure I'll thry and wake him."

And then more whispering, the clink of glass, maudlin protestation in Doyle's thick tones. Cram banged at the door and demanded instant obedience. Admitted at last, he strode to the side of an ordinary hospital cot, over which the mosquito-bar was now ostentatiously drawn, and upon which was stretched the bulky frame of the big Irishman, his red, blear-eyed, bloated face half covered in his arms. The close air reeked with the fumes of whiskey. In her distress lest Jim should take too much, the claimant of his name and protection had evidently been sequestering a large share for herself.

"How on earth did you get here? Your house was flooded all day," angrily asked Cram.

"Sure we made a raft, sir,—'Louette and me,—and poled over to the levee, and I walked every fut of the way down to follow me husband, as I swore I would whin we was married. I'd 'a' come in Anatole's boat, sir, but 'twas gone,—gone since last night. Did ye know that, capt'in?"

A groan and a feverish toss from the occupant of the narrow bed interrupted her.

"Hush, Jim darlin'! Here's the capt'in to see you and tell you he's come back to have you roighted. Sure how could a poor fellow be expected to come home in all that awful storm this morning, capt'in? 'Tis for not comin' the colonel had him under arrest; but I tell him the capt'in 'll see him through."

But Cram pushed her aside as she still interposed between him and the bed.

"Doyle, look up and answer. Doyle, I say!"

Again vehement protestations, and now an outburst of tears and pleadings, from the woman.

"Oh, he can't understand you, capt'in. Ah, don't be hard on him. Only this mornin' he was sayin' how the capt'in reminded him of the ould foine days whin the officers was all gentlemen and soldiers. He's truer to ye than all the rest of thim, sir. D'ye moind that, capt'in?"

Ye wouldn't belave it, mabby, but there's them that can tell ye Loot'nant Waring was no friend of yours, sir, and worse than that, if ould Lascelles could spake now—but there's thim left that can, glory be to God!"

"Oh, for God's sake shut up!" spoke Cram, roughly, goaded beyond all patience. "Doyle, answer me!" And he shook him hard. "You were at the Pelican last night, and you saw Mr. Waring and spoke with him. What did he want of you? Where did he go? Who were with him? Was there any quarrel? Answer, I say! Do you know?" But maudlin moaning and incoherencies were all that Cram could extract from the prostrate man. Again the woman interposed, eager, tearful.

"Sure he was there, capt'in, he *was* there; he told me of it whin I fetched him home last night to git him out of the storm and away from that place; but he's too dhrunk now to talk. Sure there was no gettin' down here to barx for anybody. The cabman, sir, said no carriage could make it."

"What cabman? That's one thing I want to know. Who is he? What became of him?"

"Sure and how do I know, sir? He was a quiet, dacent man, sir; the same that Mr. Waring bate so cruel and made Jeffers kick and bate him too. I saw it all."

"And was he at the Pelican last night? I must know."

"Sure he was indade, sir. Doyle said so whin I fetched him home, and though he can't tell you now, sir, he told me thin. They all came down to the Pelican, sir, Waring and Lascelles and the other gintleman, and they had dhrink, and there was trouble between the Frenchman and Waring,—sure you can't blame him, wid his wife goin' on so wid the loot'nant all the last month,—and blows was struck, and Doyle interposed to stop it, sir, loike the gintleman that he is, and the cab-driver took a hand and pitched him out into the mud. Sure he'd been dhrinkin' a little, sir, and was aisy upset, but that's all he knows. The carriage drove away, and there was three of thim, and poor Doyle got caught out there in the mud and in the storm, and 'twas me wint out wid Dawson and another of the byes and fetched him in. And we niver heerd of the murther at all at all, sir, until I came down here to-day, that's God's troot', and he'll tell ye so whin he's sober," she ended, oreathless, reckless of her descriptive confusion of Doyle and Divinity.

And still the Irishman lay there, limp, soggy, senseless, and at last, dismayed and disheartened, the captain turned away.

"Promise to sober him up by reveille, and you may stay. But hear this: if he cannot answer for himself by that time, out you go in the battery cart with a policeman to take you to the calaboose." And then he left.

No sooner had his footsteps died away than the woman turned on her patient, now struggling to a sitting posture.

"Lie still, you thafe and cur, and swear you to every word I say, unless you'd hang in his place. Dhrink this, now, and go to slape, and be riddy to tell the story I give ye in the mornin', or may the

knife ye drove in that poor mummy's throat come back to cut your coward heart out."

And Doyle, shivering, sobbing, crazed with drink and fear, covered his eyes with his hands and threw himself back on his hot and steaming pillow.

The morning sun rose brilliant and cloudless as the horses of the battery came forth from the dark interior of the stable and, after watering at the long wooden trough on the platform, were led away by their white-frocked grooms, each section to its own picket-line. Ferry, supervising the duty, presently caught sight of the tall muscular form of his captain coming briskly around the corner, little Pierce tripping along by his side. Cram acknowledged the salute of the battery officer of the day in hurried fashion.

"Good-morning, Ferry," he said. "Tell me, who were there when you got Doyle away from that woman yesterday?"

"Only the three, sir,—Mr. and Mrs. Doyle and the negro girl."

"No sign of anybody else?"

"None, sir. I didn't go in the house at all. I rode in the gate and called for Doyle to come out. The woman tried to parley, but I refused to recognize her at all, and presently Doyle obeyed without any trouble whatever, though she kept up a tirade all the time and said he was too sick to ride, and all that, but he wasn't. He seemed dazed, but not drunk,—certainly not sick. He rode all right, only he shivered and crossed himself and moaned when he passed the Lascelles place, for that hound pup set up a howl just as we were opposite the gate. He was all trembling when we reached the post, and took a big drink the moment he got to his room."

"Ye-es, he's been drinking ever since. I've just sent the doctor to see him. Let the corporal and one man of the guard go with the ambulance to escort Mrs. Doyle out of the garrison and take her home. She shall not stay."

"Why, she's gone, sir," said Ferry. "The guard told me she went out of the back gate and up the track towards Anatole's—going for all she was worth—just after dawn."

"The mischief she has! What can have started her? Did you see her yourself, Sergeant Bennett?" asked the captain of a stocky little Irish soldier, standing at the moment with drawn sabre awaiting opportunity to speak to his commander.

"Yes, sir," and the sabre came flashing up to the present. "She'd wint over to the hospital to get some medicine for the lieutenant just after our bugle sounded first call, and she came runnin' out as I wint to call the officer of the day, sir. She ran back to the lieutenant's quarters ahead of me, and was up only a minute or two when down she came again wid some bundles, and away she wint to the north gate, runnin' wild-like. The steward told me a moment after of Dawson's escape."

"Dawson! escaped from hospital?"

"Yes, sir. They thought he was all right last evening when he was sleeping, and took the sentry off, and at four this morning he was gone."

## VII.

Forty-eight hours had passed, and not a trace had been found of Lieutenant Waring. The civil officers of the law had held grave converse with the seniors on duty at the barracks, and Cram's face was lined with anxiety and trouble. The formal inquest was held as the flood subsided, and the evidence of the post surgeon was most important. About the throat of the murdered man were indubitable marks of violence. The skin was torn as by finger-nails, the flesh bruised and discolored as by fiercely-grasping fingers. But death, said the doctor, was caused by the single stab. Driven downward with savage force, a sharp-pointed, two-edged, straight-bladed knife had pierced the heart, and all was over in an instant. One other wound there was, a slashing cut across the stomach, which had let a large amount of blood, but might possibly not have been mortal. What part the deceased had taken in the struggle could only be conjectured. A little five-chambered revolver which he habitually carried was found on the floor close at hand. Two charges had been recently fired, for the barrel was black with powder; but no one had heard a shot.

The bar-keeper at the Pelican could throw but little light on the matter. The storm had broken, he said, with sudden fury. The rain dashed in torrents against his western front, and threatened to beat in the windows. He called to the two men who happened to be seated at a table to assist him, and was busy trying to get up the shutters, when Lieutenant Doyle joined them and rendered timely aid. He had frequently seen Doyle before during the previous month. Mrs. Doyle lived in the old Lemaitre house in the block below, and he often supplied them with whiskey. They drank nothing but whiskey. As they ran in the side door they were surprised to see the lights of a carriage standing at the edge of the banquette, and the driver begged for shelter for his team, saying some gentlemen had gone inside. The bar-keeper opened a gate, and the driver put his horses under a shed in a paved court in the rear, then came in for a drink. Meantime, said the bar-keeper, whose name was Bonelli, three gentlemen who were laughing over their escape from the storm had ordered wine and gone into a private room, Doyle with them. The only one he knew was Monsieur Lascelles, though he had seen one of the others frequently as he rode by, and knew him to be an officer before Mr. Doyle slapped him on the back and hailed him as "Sammy, old buck!" or something like that. Mr. Doyle had been drinking, and the gentleman whispered to him not to intrude just then, and evidently wanted to get rid of him, but Mr. Lascelles, who had ordered the wine, demanded to be introduced, and would take no denial, and invited Mr. Doyle to join them, and ordered more wine. And then Bonelli saw that Lascelles himself was excited by drink,—the first time he had ever noticed it in the year he had known him. The third gentleman he had never seen before, and could only say he was dark and sallow and did not talk, except to urge the driver to make haste,—they must go on; but he spoke in a low tone with Mr. Lascelles as they went to the room, and presently the rain seemed to let up a little, though it

blew hard, and the driver went out and looked around and then returned to the private room where the gentlemen were having their wine, and there was some angry talk, and he came out in a few minutes very mad; said he wouldn't be hired to drive that party any farther, or any other party, for that matter; that no carriage could go down the levee; and then he got out his team and drove back to town; and then Bonelli could hear sounds of altercation in the room, and Mr. Doyle's voice, very angry, and the strange gentleman came out, and one of the men who'd been waiting said he had a cab, if that would answer, and he'd fetch it right off, and by the time he got back it was raining hard again, and he took his cab in under the shed where the carriage had been, and a couple of soldiers from the barracks then came in, wet and cold, and begged for a drink, and Bonelli knew one of them, called Dawson, and trusted him, as he often had done before. When Dawson heard Lieutenant Doyle's drunken voice he said there'd be trouble getting him home, and he'd better fetch Mrs. Doyle, and while he was gone Lascelles came out, excited, and threw down a twenty-dollar bill and ordered more Krug and some brandy, and there was still loud talk, and when Bonelli carried in the bottles Doyle was sitting back in a chair, held down by the other officer, who was laughing at him, but nevertheless had a knife in hand,—a long, sharp, two-edged knife,—and Doyle was calling him names, and was very drunk, and soon after they all went out into the rear court, and Doyle made more noise, and the cab drove away around the corner, going down the levee through the pouring rain, one man on the box with the driver. That was the last he saw. Then Mrs. Doyle came in mad, and demanded her husband, and they found him reeling about the dark court, swearing and muttering, and Dawson and she took him off between them. This must have been before eleven o'clock; and that was absolutely all he knew.

Then Mr. Allerton had told his story again, without throwing the faintest light on the proceedings, and the hack-driver was found, and frankly and fully told his: that Lascelles and another gentleman hired him about eight o'clock to drive them down to the former's place, which they said was several squares above the barracks. He said that he would have to charge them eight dollars such a night anywhere below the old cotton-press, where the pavement ended. But then they had delayed starting nearly an hour, and took another gentleman with them, and that driven by the storm to shelter at the Pelican saloon, three squares below where the pavement ended, and he asked for his money, saying he dare go no farther in the darkness and the flood, the Frenchman wouldn't pay, because he hadn't taken them all the way. He pointed out that he had to bring another gentleman and had to wait a long time, and demanded his eight dollars. The other gentleman, whom he found to be one of the officers at the barracks, slipped a bill into his hand and said it was all he had left, and if it wasn't enough he'd pay him the next time he came to town. But the others were very angry, and called him an Irish thief, and then the big soldier in uniform said he wouldn't have a man abused because he was Irish, and Lieutenant Waring, as he understood the name of this



other officer to be, told him, the witness, to slip out and say no more, that he'd fix it all right, and that was the last he saw of the party, but he heard loud words and the sound of a scuffle as he drove away.

And Madame d'Hervilly had given her testimony, which, translated, was to this effect. She had known the deceased these twenty years. He had been in the employ of her lamented husband, who died of the fever in '55, and Monsieur had succeeded to the business, and made money, and owned property in town, besides the old family residence on the levee below. He was wedded to Emilie only a little while before the war, and lived at home all through, but business languished then, they had to contribute much, and his younger brother, Monsieur Philippe, had cost him a great deal. Philippe was an officer in the Zouaves raised in 1861 among the French Creoles, and marched with them to Columbus, and was wounded and came home to be nursed, and Emilie took care of him for weeks and months, and then he went back to the war and fought bravely, and was shot again and brought home, and this time Monsieur Lascelles did not want to have him down at the house; he said it cost too much to get the doctors down there: so he came under Madame's roof, and she was very fond of the boy, and Emilie would come sometimes and play and sing for him. When the war was over Monsieur Lascelles gave him money to go to Mexico with Maximilian, and when the French were recalled many deserted and came over to New Orleans, and Monsieur Lascelles was making very little money now, and had sold his town property, and he borrowed money of her to help, as he said, Philippe again, who came to visit him, and he was often worried by Philippe's letters begging for money. Seven thousand dollars now he owed her, and only last week had asked for more. Philippe was in Key West to buy an interest in some cigar-business. Monsieur Lascelles said if he could raise three thousand to reach Philippe this week they would all make money, but Emilie begged her not to, she was afraid it would all go, and on the very day before he was found dead he came to see her in the afternoon on Rampart Street, and Emilie had told her of Mr. Waring's kindness to her and to Nin Nin, and how she never could have got up after being dragged into the mud by that drunken cabman, "and she begged me to explain the matter to her husband, who was a little vexed with her because of Mr. Waring." But he spoke only about the money, and did not reply about Mr. Waring, except that he would see him and make proper acknowledgment of his civility. He seemed to think only of the money, and said Philippe had written again and must have help, and he was angry at Emilie because she would not urge with him, and Emilie wept, and he went away in anger, saying he had business to detain him in town until morning, when he would expect her to be ready to return with him.

Much of this testimony was evoked by pointed queries of the officials, who seemed somewhat familiar with Lascelles's business and family affairs, and who then declared that they must question the stricken widow. Harsh and unfeeling as this may have seemed, there were probably reasons which atoned for it. She came in on the arm of the old family physician, looking like a drooping flower, with little

Nin Nin clinging to her hand. She was so shocked and stunned that she could barely answer the questions put to her with all courtesy and gentleness of manner. No, she had never heard of any quarrel between Monsieur Lascelles and his younger brother. Yes, Philippe had been nursed by her through his wounds. She was fond of Philippe, but not so fond as was her husband. Mr. Lascelles would do anything for Philippe, deny himself anything almost. Asked if Monsieur Lascelles had not given some reason for his objection to Philippe's being nursed at his house when he came home the second time, she was embarrassed and distressed. She said Philippe was an impulsive boy, fancied himself in love with his brother's wife, and Armand saw something of this, and at last upbraided him, but very gently. There was no quarrel at all. Was there any one whom Monsieur Lascelles had been angered with on her account? She knew of none, but blushed, and blushed painfully. Had the deceased not recently objected to the attentions paid her by other gentlemen? There was a murmur of reproach among the hearers, but Madame answered unflinchingly, though with painful blushes and tears. Monsieur Lascelles had said nothing of disapproval until very recently; *au contraire*, he had much liked Mr. Waring. He was the only one of the officers at the barracks whom he had ever invited to the house, and he talked with him a great deal; had never, even to her, spoken of a quarrel with him because Mr. Waring had been so polite to her, until within a week or two; then—yes, he certainly had. Of her husband's business affairs, his papers, etc., she knew little. He always had certain moneys, though not large sums, with all his papers, in the drawers of his cabinet, and that they should be in so disturbed a state was not unusual. They were all in order, closed and locked, when he started for town the morning of that fatal day, but he often left them open and in disorder, only then locking his library door. When she left for town, two hours after him, the library door was open, also the side window. She could throw no light on the tragedy. She had no idea who the stranger could be. She had not seen Philippe for nearly a year, and believed him to be at Key West.

Alphonse, the colored boy, was so terrified by the tragedy and by his detention under the same roof with the murdered man that his evidence was only dragged from him. Nobody suspected the poor fellow of complicity in the crime, yet he seemed to consider himself as on trial. He swore he had entered the library only once during the afternoon or evening, and that was to close the shutters when the storm broke. He left a lamp burning low in the hall, according to custom, though he felt sure his master and mistress would remain in town over-night rather than attempt to come down. He had slept soundly, as negroes will, despite the gale and the roar of the rain that drowned all other noises. It was late the next morning when his mother called him. The old mammy was frightened to see the front gate open, the deep water in the streets, and the muddy footprints on the veranda. She called Alphonse, who found that his master must have come in during the night, after all, for the lamp was taken from the hall table, the library door was closed and locked, so was the front



door, also barred within, which it had not been when he went to bed. He tapped at the library, got no answer, so tiptoed to his master's bedroom; it was empty and undisturbed. Neither had Madame nor Mademoiselle Nin Nin been to their rooms. Then he was troubled, and then the soldiers came and called him out into the rain. They could tell the rest.

Cram's story is already told, and he could add nothing. The officials tried to draw the batteryman out as to the relations existing between Lieutenant Waring and Madame, but got badly "bluffed." Cram said he had never seen anything in the faintest degree worthy of comment. Had he heard anything? Yes, but nothing worthy of consideration, much less of repetition. Had he not loaned Mr. Waring his team and carriage to drive Madame to town that morning? No. How did he get it, then? Took it! Was Monsieur Waring in the habit of helping himself to the property of his brother officers? Yes, whenever he felt like it, for they never objected. The legal official thought such spirit of *camaraderie* in the light artillery must make life at the barracks something almost poetic, to which Cram responded, "Oh, at times absolutely idyllic." And the tilt ended with the civil functionary ruffled, and this was bad for the battery. Cram never had any policy whatsoever.

Lieutenant Doyle was the next witness summoned, and a more God-forsaken-looking fellow never sat in a shell jacket. Still in arrest, physically, at the beck of old Braxton, and similarly hampered, intellectually, at the will of bold John Barleycorn, Mr. Doyle came before the civil authorities only upon formal subpoena served at post head-quarters. The post surgeon had straightened him up during the day, but was utterly perplexed at his condition. Mrs. Doyle's appearance in the neighborhood some weeks before had been the signal for a series of sprees on the Irishman's part that had on two occasions so prostrated him that Dr. Potts, an acting assistant surgeon, had been called in to prescribe for him, and, thanks to the vigorous constitution of his patient, had pulled him out in a few hours. But this time "Pills the Less" had found Doyle in a state bordering on terror, even when assured that the quantity of his potations had not warranted an approach to tremens. The post surgeon had been called in too, and "Pills the Pitiless," as he was termed, thanks to his unfailing prescription of quinine and blue mass in the shape and size of buckshot, having no previous acquaintance, in Doyle, with these attacks, poohpooed the case, administered bromides and admonition in due proportion, and went off about more important business. Dr. Potts, however, stood by his big patient, wondering what should cause him to start in such terror at every step upon the stair without, and striving to bring sleep to eyes that had not closed the livelong night nor all the balmy, beautiful day. Once he asked if Doyle wished him to send for his wife, and was startled at the vehemence of the reply, "For God's sake, no!" and, shuddering, Doyle had hidden his face and turned away. Potts got him to eat something towards noon, and Doyle begged for more drink, but was refused. He was sober, yet shattered, when Mr. Drake suddenly appeared just about stable-call and bade him repair at

once to the presence of the commanding officer. Then Potts *had* to give him a drink, or he would never have got there. With the aid of a servant he was dressed, and, accompanied by the doctor, reached the office. Braxton looked him over coldly.

"Mr. Doyle," said he, "the civil authorities have made requisition for——" But he had got no further when Doyle staggered, and but for the doctor's help might have fallen.

"For God's sake, colonel, it isn't true! Sure I know nothing of it at all at all, sir. Indade, indade; I was blind dhrunk, colonel. Sure they'd swear a man's life away, sir, just because he was the one—he was the one that——"

"Be silent, sir. You are not accused, that I know of. It is as a witness you are needed.—Is he in condition to testify, doctor?"

"He is well enough, sir, to tell what he knows, but he claims to know nothing." And this, too, Doyle eagerly seconded, but was sent along in the ambulance, with the doctor to keep him out of mischief, and a parting shot to the effect that when the coroner was through with him the post commander would take hold again, so the colonel depressed more than the cocktail stimulated, and, as luck would have it, almost the first person to meet him inside the gloomy enclosure was his wife, and her few whispered words only added to his misery.

The water still lay in pools about the premises, and the police had allowed certain of the neighbors to stream in and stare at the white walls and shaded windows, but only a favored few penetrated the hall-way and rooms where the investigation was being held. Doyle shook like one with the palsy as he ascended the little flight of steps and passed into the open door-way, still accompanied by "Little Pills." People looked at him with marked curiosity. He was questioned, re-questioned, cross-questioned, but the result was only a hopeless tangle. He really added nothing to the testimony of the hack-driver and Bonelli. In abject remorse and misery he begged them to understand he was drunk when he joined the party, got drunker, dimly remembered there was a quarrel, but he had no cause to quarrel with any one, and that was all; he never knew how he got home. He covered his face in his shaking hands at last, and seemed on the verge of a fit of crying.

But then came sensation.

Quietly rising from his seat, the official who so recently had had the verbal tilt with Cram held forth a rusty, cross-hilted, two-edged knife that looked as though it might have lain in the mud and wet for hours.

"Have you ever seen this knife before?" he asked. And Doyle, lifting up his eyes one instant, groaned, shuddered, and said,—

"Oh, my God, yes!"

"Whose property is it or was it?"

At first he would not reply. He moaned and shook. At last—

"Sure the initials are on the top," he cried.

But the official was relentless.

"Tell us what they are and what they represent."

People were crowding the hall-way and forcing themselves into

the room. Cram and Ferry, curiously watching their ill-starred comrade, had exchanged glances of dismay when the knife was so suddenly produced. Now they bent breathlessly forward.

The silence for the moment was oppressive.

"If it's the knife I mane," he sobbed at last, desperately, miserably, "the letters are S. B. W., and it belongs to Lieutenant Waring of our bathery."

But no questioning, however adroit, could elicit from him the faintest information as to how it got there. The last time he remembered seeing it, he said, was on Mr. Waring's table the morning of the review. A detective testified to having found it among the bushes under the window as the water receded. Ferry and the miserable Ananias were called, and they, too, had to identify the knife, and admit that neither had seen it about the room since Mr. Waring left for town. Of other witnesses called, came first the proprietor of the stable to which the cab belonged. Horse and cab, he said, covered with mud, were found under a shed two blocks below the French Market, and the only thing in the cab was a handsome silk umbrella, London make, which Lieutenant Pierce laid claim to. Mrs. Doyle swore that as she was going in search of her husband she met the cab just below the Pelican, driving furiously away, and that in the flash of lightning she recognized the driver as the man whom Lieutenant Waring had beaten that morning on the levee in front of her place. A stranger was seated beside him. There were two gentlemen inside, but she saw the face of only one,—Lieutenant Waring.

Nobody else could throw any light on the matter. The doctor, recalled, declared the knife or dagger was shaped exactly as would have to be the one that gave the death-blow. Everything pointed to the fact that there had been a struggle, a deadly encounter, and that after the fatal work was done the murderer or murderers had left the doors locked and barred and escaped through the window, leaving the desk rifled and carrying away what money there was, possibly to convey the idea that it was only a vulgar murder and robbery, after all.

Of other persons who might throw light upon the tragedy the following were missing: Lieutenant Waring, Private Dawson, the cabman, and the unrecognized stranger. So, too, was Anatole's boat.

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### VIII.

When four days and nights had passed away without a word or sign from Waring, the garrison had come to the conclusion that those officers or men of Battery "X" who still believed him innocent were idiots. So did the civil authorities; but those were days when the civil authorities of Louisiana commanded less respect from its educated people than did even the military. The police force, like the State, was undergoing a process called reconstruction, which might have been impressive in theory, but was ridiculous in practice. A reward had been offered by business associates of the deceased for the capture and conviction of the assassin. A distant relative of old Lascelles had

come to take charge of the place until Monsieur Philippe should arrive. The latter's address had been found among old Armand's papers, and despatches, *via* Havana, had been sent to him, also letters. Pierre d'Hervilly had taken the weeping widow and little Nin Nin to *bonne maman's* to stay. Alphonse and his woolly-pated mother, true to negro superstitions, had decamped. Nothing would induce them to remain under the roof where foul murder had been done. "De hahnts" was what they were afraid of. And so the old white home-stead, though surrounded on every side by curiosity-seekers and prying eyes, was practically deserted. Cram went about his duties with a heavy heart and light aid. Ferry and Pierce both commanded sections now, as Doyle remained in close arrest and "Pills the Less" in close attendance. Something was utterly wrong with the fellow. Mrs. Doyle had not again ventured to show her red nose within the limits of the "barx," as she called them, a hint from Braxton having proved sufficient; but that she was ever scouting the pickets no one could doubt. Morn, noon, and night she prowled about the neighborhood, employing the "byes," so she termed such stray sheep in army blue as a dhrup of Anatole's best would tempt, to carry scrawling notes to Jim, one of which, falling with its postman by the wayside and turned over by the guard to Captain Cram for transmittal, was addressed to Mister Loot'nt James Doyle, Lite Bothery X, Jaxun Barx, and brought the only laughter to his lips the big horse-artilleryman had known for nearly a week. Her customary Mercury, Dawson, had vanished from sight, dropped, with many another and often a better man, as a deserter.

Over at Waring's abandoned quarters the shades were drawn and the green *jalousies* bolted. Pierce stole in each day to see that everything, even to the augmented heap of letters, was undisturbed, and Ananias drooped in the court below and refused to be comforted. Cram had duly notified Waring's relatives, now living in New York, of his strange and sudden disappearance, but made no mention of the cloud of suspicion which had surrounded his name. Meantime, some legal friends of the family were overhauling the Lascelles papers, and a dark-complexioned, thick-set, active little civilian was making frequent trips between department head-quarters and barracks. At the former he compared notes with Lieutenant Reynolds, and at the latter with Braxton and Cram. The last interview Mr. Allerton had before leaving with his family for the North was with this same lively party, the detective who joined them that night at the St. Charles, and Allerton, being a man of much substance, had tapped his pocket-book significantly.

"The difficulty just now is in having a talk with the widow," said this official to Cram and Reynolds, whom he had met by appointment on the Thursday following the eventful Saturday of Braxton's "combined" review. "She is too much prostrated. I've simply got to wait awhile, and meantime go about this other affair. Is there no way in which you can see her?"

Cram relapsed into a brown study. Reynolds was poring over the note written to Braxton and comparing it with one he held in his

hand,—an old one, and one that told an old, old story. “I know you’ll say I have no right to ask this,” it read, “but you’re a gentleman, and I’m a friendless woman deserted by a worthless husband. My own people are ruined by the war, but even if they had money they wouldn’t send any to me, for I offended them all by marrying a Yankee officer. God knows I am punished enough for that. But I was so young and innocent when he courted me. I ought to of left—I would of left him as soon as I found out how good-for-nothing he really was, only I was so much in love I couldn’t. I was fastenated, I suppose. Now I’ve sold everything, but if you’ll only lend me fifty dollars I’ll work my fingers to the bone until I pay it. For the old home’s sake, please do.”

“It’s the same hand,—the same woman, Cram, beyond a doubt. She bled Waring for the old home’s sake the first winter he was in the South. He told me all about it two years ago in Washington, when we heard of her the second time. Now she’s followed him over here, or got here first, tried the same game probably, met with a refusal, and this anonymous note is her revenge. The man she married was a crack-brained weakling who got into the army the fag end of the war, fell in love with her pretty face, married her, then they quarrelled, and he drank himself into a muddle-head. She ran him into debt; then he gambled away government funds, bolted, was caught, and would have been tried and sent to jail, but some powerful relative saved him that, and simply had him dropped;—never heard of him again. She was about a month grass-widowed when Waring came on his first duty there. He had an uncongenial lot of brother officers for a two-company post, and really had known of this girl and her people before the war, and she appealed to him, first for sympathy and help, then charity, then blackmail, I reckon, from which his fever saved him. Then she struck some quartermaster or other and lived off him for a while; drifted over here, and no sooner did he arrive, all ignorant of her presence in or around New Orleans, than she began pestering him again. When he turned a deaf ear, she probably threatened, and then came these anonymous missives to you and Braxton. Yours always came by mail, you say. The odd thing about the colonel’s—this one, at least—is that it was with his mail, but never came through the post-office.”

“That’s all very interesting,” said the little civilian, dryly, “but what we want is evidence to acquit him and convict somebody else of Lascelles’s death. What has this to do with the other?”

“This much: This letter came to Braxton by hand, not by mail,—by hand, probably direct from her. What hand had access to the office the day when the whole command was out at review? Certainly no outsider. The mail is opened and distributed on its arrival at nine o’clock by the chief clerk, or by the sergeant-major, if he happens to be there, though he’s generally at guard mount. On this occasion he was out at review. Leary, chief clerk, tells Colonel Braxton he opened and distributed the mail, putting the colonel’s on his desk; Root was with him and helped. The third clerk came in later; had been out all night, drinking. His name is Dawson. Dawson goes out again and



gets fuller, and when next brought home is put in hospital under a sentry. Then he hears of the murder, bolts, and isn't heard from since, except as the man who helped Mrs. Doyle to get her husband home. *He* is the fellow who brought that note. He knew something of its contents, for the murder terrified him, and he ran away. Find his trail, and you strike that of the woman who wrote these."

"By the Lord, lieutenant, if you'll quit the army and take my place you'll make a name and a fortune."

"And if you'll quit your place and take mine you'll get your *coup de grâce* in some picayune Indian fight and be forgotten. So stay where you are; but find Dawson, find her, find what they know, and you'll be famous."

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IX.

That night, or very early next morning, there was pandemonium at the barracks. It was clear, still, beautiful. A soft April wind was drifting up from the lower coast, laden with the perfume of sweet olive and orange blossoms. Mrs. Cram, with one or two lady friends and a party of officers, had been chatting in low tone upon their gallery until after eleven, but elsewhere about the moonlit quadrangle all was silence when the second relief was posted. Far at the rear of the walled enclosure, where, in deference to the manners and customs of war as observed in the good old days whereof our seniors tell, the sutler's establishment was planted within easy hailing-distance of the guard-house, there was still the sound of modified revelry by night, and poker and whiskey punch had gathered their devotees in the grimy parlors of Mr. Finkbein, and here the belated ones tarried until long after midnight, as most of them were bachelors and had no better halves, as had Doyle, to fetch them home "out of the wet." Cram and his lieutenants, with the exception of Doyle, were never known to patronize this establishment, whatsoever they might do outside. They had separated before midnight, and little Pierce, after his customary peep into Waring's preserves, had closed the door, gone to his own room, to bed and to sleep. Ferry, as battery officer of the day, had made the rounds of the stables and gun-shed about one o'clock, and had encountered Captain Kinsey, of the infantry, coming in from his long tramp through the dew-wet field, returning from the inspection of the sentry-post at the big magazine.

"No news of poor Sam yet, I suppose?" said Kinsey, sadly, as the two came strolling in together through the rear gate.

"Nothing whatever," was Ferry's answer. "We cannot even form a conjecture, unless he, too, has been murdered. Think of there being a warrant out for his arrest,—for him, Sam Waring!"

"Well," said Kinsey, "no other conclusion could be well arrived at, unless that poor brute Doyle did it in a drunken row. Pills says he never saw a man so terror-stricken as he seems to be. He's afraid to leave him, really, and Doyle's afraid to be alone,—thinks the old woman may get in."

"She has no excuse for coming, captain," said Ferry. "When

she told Cram she must see her husband to-day, that she was out of money and starving, the captain surprised her by handing her fifty dollars, which is much more than she'd have got from Doyle. She took it, of course, but that isn't what she wanted. She wants to get at him. She has money enough."

"Yes, that woman's a terror, Ferry. Old Mrs. Murtagh, wife of my quartermaster sergeant, has been in the army twenty years, and says she knew her well,—knew all her people. She comes from a tough lot, and they had a bad reputation in Texas in the old days. Doyle's a totally different man since she turned up, Cram tells me. Hello! here's 'Pills the Less,'" he suddenly exclaimed, as they came opposite the west gate, leading to the hospital. "How's your patient, Doc?"

"Well, he's sleeping at last. He seems worn out. It's the first time I've left him, but I'm used up and want a few hours' sleep. There isn't anything to drink in the room, even if he should wake, and Jim is sleeping or lying there by him."

"Oh, he'll do all right now, I reckon," said the officer of the day, cheerfully. "Go and get your sleep. The old woman can't get at him unless she bribes my sentries or rides the air on a broomstick, like some other old witches I've read of. Ferry sleeps in the adjoining room, anyhow, so he can look out for her. Good-night, Doc." And so, on they went, glancing upward at the dim light just showing through the window-blinds in the gable end of Doyle's quarters, and halting at the foot of the stairs.

"Come over and have a pipe with me, Ferry," said the captain. "It's too beautiful a night to turn in. I want to talk to you about Waring, anyhow. This thing weighs on my mind."

"Done with you, for an hour, anyhow!" said Ferry. "Just wait a minute till I run up and get my baccy."

Presently down came the young fellow again, meerschaum in hand, the moonlight glinting on his slender figure, so trim and jaunty in the battery dress. Kinsey looked him over with a smile of soldierly approval and a whimsical comment on the contrast between the appearance of this young artillery sprig and that of his own stout personality, clad as he was in a bulging blue flannel sack-coat, only distinguishable in cut and style from civilian garb by its having brass buttons and a pair of tarnished old shoulder-straps. Ferry was a swell. His shell jacket fitted like wax. The Russian shoulder-knots of twisted gold were of the handsomest make. The riding-breeches, top-boots, and spurs were such that even Waring could not criticise. His sabre gleamed in the moonbeams, and Kinsey's old leather-covered sword looked dingy by contrast. His belt fitted trim and taut, and was polished as his boot-tops; Kinsey's sank down over the left hip, and was worn brown. The sash Ferry sported as battery officer of the day was draped, West Point fashion, over the shoulder and around the waist, and accurately knotted and looped; Kinsey's old war-worn crimson net was slung higgledy-piggledy over his broad chest.

"What swells you fellows are, Ferry!" he said, laughingly, as the youngster came dancing down. "Even old Doyle gets out here in his



scarlet plume occasionally and puts us doughboys to shame. What's the use in trying to make such a rig as ours look soldierly? If it were not for the brass buttons our coats would make us look like parsons and our hats like monkeys. As for this undress, all that can be said in its favor is, you can't spoil it even by sleeping out on the levee in it, as I am sometimes tempted to do. Let's go out there now."

It was perhaps quarter of two when they took their seats on the wooden bench under the trees, and, lighting their pipes, gazed out over the broad sweeping flood of the Mississippi, gleaming like a silvered shield in the moonlight. Far across at the opposite shore the low line of orange-groves and plantation houses and quarters was merged in one long streak of gloom, relieved only at intervals by twinkling light. Farther up-stream, like dozing sea-dogs, the fleet of monitors lay moored along the bank, with the masts and roofs of Algiers dimly outlined against the crescent sweep of lights that marked the levee of the great Southern metropolis, still prostrate from the savage buffeting of the war, yet so soon to rouse from lethargy, resume her sway, and, stretching forth her arms, to draw once again to her bosom the wealth and tribute, tenfold augmented, of the very heart of the nation, until, mistress of the commerce of a score of States, she should rival even New York in the volume of her trade. Below them, away to the east towards English Turn, rolled the tawny flood, each ripple and eddy and swirling pool crested with silver,—the twinkling lights at Chalmette barely distinguishable from dim, low-hanging stars. Midway the black hulk of some big ocean voyager was forging slowly, steadily towards them, the red light of the port side already obscured, the white and green growing with every minute more and more distinct, and, save the faint rustle of the leaves overhead, murmuring under the touch of the soft, southerly night wind, the plash of wavelet against the wooden pier, and the measured foot-fall of the sentry on the flagstone walk in front of the sally-port, not a sound was to be heard.

For a while they smoked in silence, enjoying the beauty of the night, though each was thinking only of the storm that swept over the scene the Sunday previous and of the tragedy that was borne upon its wings. At last Kinsey shook himself together.

"Ferry, sometimes I come out here for a quiet smoke and think. Did it ever occur to you what a fearful force, what illimitable power, there is sweeping by us here night after night with never a sound?"

"Oh, you mean the Mississip," said Ferry, flippantly. "It would be a case of mops and brooms, I fancy, if she were to bust through the bank and sweep us out into the swamps."

"Exactly! that's in case she broke loose, as you say; but even when in the shafts, as she is now, between the levees, how long would it take her to sweep a fellow from here out into the gulf, providing nothing interposed to stop him?"

"Matter of simple mathematical calculation," said Ferry, practically. "They say it's an eight-mile current easy out there in the middle where she's booming. Look at that barrel scooting down yonder. Now, I'd lay a fiver I could cut loose from here at reveille

and shoot the passes before taps and never pull a stroke. It's less than eighty miles down to the forts."

"Well, then, a skiff like that that old Anatole's blaspheming about losing wouldn't take very long to ride over that route, would it?" said Kinsey, reflectively.

"No, not if allowed to slide. But somebody'd be sure to put out and haul it in as a prize,—flotsam and what-you-may-call-'em. You see these old niggers all along here with their skiffs tacking on to every bit of drift-wood that's worth having."

"But, Ferry, do you think they'd venture out in such a storm as Sunday last?—think anything could live in it short of a decked ship?"

"No, probably not. Certainly not Anatole's boat."

"Well, that's just what I'm afraid of, and what Cram and Reynolds dread."

"Do they? Well, so far as that storm's concerned, it would have blown it down-stream until it came to the big bend below here to the east. Then, by rights, it ought to have blown against the left bank. But every inch of it has been scouted all the way to quarantine. The whole river was filled with drift, though, and it might have been wedged in a lot of logs and swept out anyhow. Splendid ship, that! Who is she, do you suppose?"

The great black hull with its lofty tracery of masts and spars was now just about opposite the barracks, slowly and majestically ascending the stream.

"One of those big British freight steamers that moor there below the French Market, I reckon. They seldom come up at night unless it's in the full of the moon, and even then they move with the utmost caution. See, she's slowing up now."

"Hello! Listen! What's that?" exclaimed Ferry, starting to his feet.

A distant, muffled cry. A distant shot. The sentry at the sally-port dashed through the echoing vault, then bang! came the loud roar of his piece, followed by the yell of—

"Fire! fire! *The guard!*"

With one spring Ferry was down the levee and darted like a deer across the road, Kinsey lumbering heavily after. Even as he sped through the stone-flagged way, the hoarse roar of the drum at the guard-house, followed instantly by the blare of the bugle from the battery quarters, sounded the stirring alarm. A shrill, agonized female voice was madly screaming for help. Guards and sentries were rushing to the scene, and flames were bursting from the front window of Doyle's quarters. Swift though Ferry ran, others were closer to the spot. Half a dozen active young soldiers, members of the infantry guard, had sprung to the rescue. When Ferry dashed up to the gallery he was just in time to stumble over a writhing and prostrate form, to help extinguish the blazing clothing of another, to seize his water-bucket and douse its contents over a third,—one yelling, the others stupefied by smoke—or something. In less time than it takes to tell it, daring fellows had ripped down the blazing shades and shutters,

tossed them to the parade beneath, dumped a heap of soaked and smoking bedding out of the rear windows, splashed a few bucketfuls of water about the reeking room, and the fire was out. But the doctors were working their best to bring back the spark of life to two senseless forms, and to still the shrieks of agony that burst from the seared and blistered lips of Bridget Doyle.

While willing hands bore these scorched semblances of humanity to neighboring rooms and tender-hearted women hurried to add their ministering touch, and old Braxton ordered the excited garrison back to quarters and bed, he, with Cram and Kinsey and Ferry, made prompt examination of the premises. On the table two whiskey-bottles, one empty, one nearly full, that Dr. Potts declared were not there when he left at one. On the mantel a phial of chloroform, which was also not there before. But a towel soaked with the stifling contents lay on the floor by Jim's rude pallet, and a handkerchief half soaked, half consumed, was on the chair which had stood by the bedside among the fragments of an overturned kerosene lamp.

A quick examination of the patients showed that Jim, the negro, had been chloroformed and was not burned at all, that Doyle was severely burned and had probably inhaled flames, and that the woman was crazed with drink, terror, and burns combined. It took the efforts of two or three men and the influence of powerful opiates to quiet her. Taxed with negligence or complicity on the part of the sentry, the sergeant of the guard repudiated the idea, and assured Colonel Braxton that it was an easy matter for any one to get either in or out of the garrison without encountering the sentry, and, taking his lantern, led the way out to the hospital grounds by a winding foot-path among the trees to a point in the high white picket fence where two slats had been shoved aside. Any one coming along the street without could pass far beyond the ken of the sentry at the west gate, and slip in with the utmost ease, and once inside, all that was necessary was to dodge possible reliefs and patrols. No sentry was posted at the gate through the wall that separated the garrison proper from the hospital grounds. Asked why he had not reported this, the sergeant smiled and said there were a dozen others just as convenient, so what was the use? He did not say, however, that he and his fellows had recourse to them night after night.

It was three o'clock when the officers' families fairly got settled down again and back to their beds, and the silence of night once more reigned over Jackson Barracks. One would suppose that such a scene of terror and excitement was enough, and that now the trembling, frightened women might be allowed to sleep in peace; but it was not to be. Hardly had one of their number closed her eyes, hardly had all the flickering lights, save those at the hospital and guard-house, been downed again, when the strained nerves of the occupants of the officers' quadrangle were jumped into mad jangling once more and all the barracks aroused a second time, and this, too, by a woman's shriek of horror.

Mrs. Conroy, a delicate, fragile little body, wife of a junior lieutenant of infantry occupying a set of quarters in the same building

with, but at the opposite end from, Pierce and Waring, was found lying senseless at the head of the gallery stairs.

When revived, amid tears and tremblings and incoherent exclamations she declared that she had gone down to the big ice-chest on the ground-floor to get some milk for her nervous and frightened child and was hurrying noiselessly up the stairs again,—the only means of communication between the first and second floors,—when, face to face, in front of his door, she came upon Mr. Waring, or his ghost; that his eyes were fixed and glassy; that he did not seem to see her even when he spoke, for speak he did. His voice sounded like a moan of anguish, she said, but the words were distinct: "Where is my knife? Who has taken my knife?"

And then little Pierce, who had helped to raise and carry the stricken woman to her room, suddenly darted out on the gallery and ran along to the door he had closed four hours earlier. It was open. Striking a match, he hurried through into the chamber beyond, and there, face downward upon the bed, lay his friend and comrade Waring, moaning like one in the delirium of fever.

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## X.

Lieutenant Reynolds was seated at his desk at department headquarters about nine o'clock that morning when an orderly in light-battery dress dismounted at the banquette and came up the stairs three at a jump. "Captain Cram's compliments, sir, and this is immediate," he reported, as he held forth a note. Reynolds tore it open, read it hastily through, then said, "Go and fetch me a cab quick as you can," and disappeared in the general's room. Half an hour later he was spinning down the levee towards the French Market, and before ten o'clock was seated in the captain's cabin of the big British steamer *Ambassador*, which had arrived at her moorings during the night. Cram and Kinsey were already there, and to them the skipper was telling his story.

Off the Tortugas, just about as they had shaped their course for the Belize, they were hailed by the little steamer *Tampa*, bound from New Orleans to Havana. The sea was calm, and a boat put off from the *Tampa* and came alongside, and presently a gentleman was assisted aboard. He seemed weak from illness, but explained that he was Lieutenant Waring, of the United States Artillery, had been accidentally carried off to sea, and the *Ambassador* was the first inward-bound ship they had sighted since crossing the bar. He would be most thankful for a passage back to New Orleans. Captain Baird had welcomed him with the heartiness of the British tar, and made him at home in his cabin. The lieutenant was evidently far from well, and seemed somewhat dazed and mentally distressed. He could give no account of his mishap other than that told him by the officers of the *Tampa*, which had lain to when overtaken by the gale on Saturday night, and on Sunday morning when they resumed their course downstream they overhauled a light skiff and were surprised to find a man

aboard, drenched and senseless. "The left side of his face was badly bruised and discolored, even when he came to us," said Baird, "and he must have been slugged and robbed, for his watch, his seal-ring, and what little money he had were all gone." The second officer of the Tampa had fitted him out with a clean shirt, and the steward dried his clothing as best he could, but the coat was stained and clotted with blood. Mr. Waring had slept heavily much of the way back until they passed Pilot Town. Then he was up and dressed Thursday afternoon, and seemingly in better spirits, when he picked up a copy of the New Orleans *Picayune* which the pilot had left aboard, and was reading that, when suddenly he started to his feet with an exclamation of amaze, and, when the captain turned to see what was the matter, Waring was ghastly pale and fearfully excited by something he had read. He hid the paper under his coat and sprang up on deck and paced nervously to and fro for hours, and began to grow so ill, apparently, that Captain Baird was much worried. At night he begged to be put ashore at the barracks instead of going on up to town, and Baird had become so troubled about him that he sent his second officer in the gig with him, landed him on the levee opposite the sally-port, and there, thanking them heartily, but declining further assistance, Waring had hurried through the entrance into the barrack square. Mr. Royce, the second officer, said there was considerable excitement, beating of drums and sounding of bugles, at the post, as they rowed towards the shore. He did not learn the cause. Captain Baird was most anxious to learn if the gentleman had safely reached his destination. Cram replied that he had, but in a state bordering on delirium and unable to give any coherent account of himself. He could tell he had been aboard the Ambassador and the Tampa, but that was about all.

And then they told Baird that what Waring probably saw was Wednesday's paper with the details of the inquest on the body of Lascelles and the chain of evidence pointing to himself as the murderer. This caused honest Captain Baird to lay ten to one he wasn't, and five to one he'd never heard of it till he got the paper above Pilot Town. Whereupon all three officers clapped the Briton on the back and shook him by the hand and begged his company to dinner at the barracks and at Moreau's; and then, while Reynolds sped to the police-office and Kinsey back to Colonel Braxton, whom he represented at the interview, Cram remounted, and, followed by the faithful Jeffers, trotted up Rampart Street and sent in his card to Madame Lascelles, and Madame's maid brought back reply that she was still too shocked and stricken to receive visitors. So also did Madame d'Hervilly deny herself, and Cram rode home to Nell.

"It is useless," he said. "She will not see me."

"Then she shall see me," said Mrs. Cram.

And so a second time did Jeffers make the trip to town that day, this time perched with folded arms in the rumble of the pony phaeton.

And while she was gone, the junior doctor was having the liveliest experience of his few years of service. Scorched and burned though she was, Mrs. Doyle's faculties seemed to have returned with renewed



acuteness and force. She demanded to be taken to her husband's side, but the doctor sternly refused. She demanded to be told his condition, and was informed that it was so critical he must not be disturbed, especially by her, who was practically responsible for all his trouble. Then she insisted on knowing whether he was conscious and whether he had asked for a priest, and when informed that Father Foley had already arrived, it required the strength of four men to hold her. She raved like a maniac, and her screams appalled the garrison. But screams and struggles were all in vain. "Pills the Less" sent for his senior, and "Pills the Pitiless" more than ever deserved his name. He sent for a strait-jacket, saw her securely stowed away in that and borne over to a vacant room in the old hospital, set the steward's wife on watch and a sentry at the door, went back to Waring's bedside, where Sam lay tossing in burning fever, murmured his few words of caution to Pierce and Ferry, then hastened back to where poor Doyle was gasping in agony of mind and body, clinging to the hand of the gentle soldier of the cross, gazing piteously into his father confessor's eyes, drinking in his words of exhortation, yet unable to make articulate reply. The flames had done their cruel work. Only in desperate pain could he speak again.

It was nearly dark when Mrs. Cram came driving back to barracks, bringing Mr. Reynolds with her. Her eyes were dilated, her cheeks flushed with excitement, as she sprang from the low phaeton, and, with a murmured "Come to me as soon as you can" to her husband, she sped away up the stairs, leaving him to receive and entertain her passenger.

"I, too, went to see Madame Lascelles late this afternoon," said Reynolds. "I wished to show her this."

It was a copy of a despatch to the chief of police of New Orleans. It stated in effect that Philippe Lascelles had not been seen or heard of around Key West for over two weeks. It was believed that he had gone to Havana.

"Can you get word of this to our friend the detective?" asked Cram.

"I have wired already. He has gone to Georgia. What I hoped to do was to note the effect of this on Madame Lascelles; but she was too ill to see me. Luckily, Mrs. Cram was there, and I sent it up to her. She will tell you. Now I have to see Braxton."

And then came a messenger to ask Cram to join the doctor at Doyle's quarters at once: so he scurried up-stairs to see Nell first and learn her tidings.

"Did I not tell you?" she exclaimed, as he entered the parlor. "Philippe Lascelles was here that very night, and had been seen with his brother at the office on Royal Street twice before this thing happened, and they had trouble about money. Oh, I made her understand. I appealed to her as a woman to do what she could to right Mr. Waring, who was so generally believed to be the guilty man. I told her we had detectives tracing Philippe and would soon find how and when he reached New Orleans. Finally I showed her the despatch that Mr. Reynolds sent up, and at last she broke down, burst into tears, and said

she, too, had learned since the inquest that Philippe was with her husband, and probably was the stranger referred to, that awful night. She even suspected it at the time, for she knew he came not to borrow but to demand money that was rightfully his, and also certain papers that Armand held and that now were gone. It was she who told me of Philippe's having been seen with Armand at the office, but she declared she could not believe that he would kill her husband. I pointed out the fact that Armand had fired two shots from his pistol, apparently, and that no bullet-marks had been found in the room where the quarrel took place, and that if his shots had taken effect on his antagonist he simply could not have been Waring, for though Waring had been bruised and beaten about the head, the doctor said there was no sign of bullet-mark about him anywhere. She recognized the truth of this, but still she said she believed that there was a quarrel or was to be a quarrel between her husband and Mr. Waring. Otherwise I believe her throughout. I believe that, no matter what romance there was about her nursing Philippe and his falling in love with her, she did not encourage him, did not call him here again, was true to her old husband. She is simply possessed with the idea that the quarrel which killed her husband was between himself and Mr. Waring, and that it occurred after Philippe had got his money and papers, and gone."

"W-e-e-ll, Philippe will have a heap to explain when he is found," was Cram's reply. "Now I have to go to Doyle's. He is making some confession, I expect, to the priest."

But Cram never dreamed for an instant what that was to be.

That night poor Doyle's spirit took its flight, and the story of misery he had to tell, partly by scrawling with a pencil, partly by gesture in reply to question, partly in painfully-gasped sentences, a few words at a time, was practically this. Lascelles and his party did indeed leave him at the Pelican when he was so drunk he only vaguely knew what was going on or what had happened in the bar-room where they were drinking, but his wife had told him the whole story. Lascelles wanted more drink,—champagne; the bar-tender wanted to close up. They bought several bottles, however, and had them put in the cab, and Lascelles was gay and singing, and, instead of going directly home, insisted on stopping to make a call on the lady who occupied the upper floor of the house Doyle rented on the levee. Doyle rarely saw her, but she sometimes wrote to Lascelles and got Bridget to take the letters to him. She was setting her cap for the old Frenchman. "We called her Mrs. Dawson." The cabman drove very slowly through the storm as Doyle walked home along with Bridget and some man who was helping, and when they reached the gate there was the cab and Waring in it. The cab-driver was standing by his horse, swearing at the delay and saying he would charge double fare. Doyle had had trouble with his wife for many years, and renewed trouble lately because of two visits Lascelles had paid there, and that evening when she sent for him he was drinking in Waring's room, had been drinking during the day; he dreaded more trouble, and 'twas he who took Waring's knife, and still had it, he said, when he entered



the gate, and no sooner did he see Lascelles at his door than he ordered him to leave. Lascelles refused to go. Doyle knocked him down, and the Frenchman sprang up, swearing vengeance. Lascelles fired two shots, and Doyle struck once,—with the knife,—and there lay Lascelles, dead, before Doyle could know or realize what he was doing. In fact, Doyle never did know. It was what his wife had told him, and life had been a hell to him ever since that woman came back. She had blackmailed him, more or less, ever since he got his commission, because of an old trouble he'd had in Texas.

And this confession was written out for him, signed by Doyle on his dying bed, duly witnessed, and the civil authorities were promptly notified. Bridget Doyle was handed over to the police. Certain detectives out somewhere on the trail of somebody else were telegraphed to come in, and four days later, when the force of the fever was broken and Waring lay weak, languid, but returning to his senses, Cram and the doctor read the confession to their patient, and then started to their feet as he almost sprang from the bed.

"It's an infernal lie!" he weakly cried. "I took that knife from Doyle and kept it. I myself saw Lascelles to his gate, safe and sound."

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## XI.

The sunshine of an exquisite April morning was shimmering over the Louisiana lowlands as Battery "X" was "hitching in," and Mrs. Cram's pretty pony-phaeton came flashing through the garrison gate and reined up in front of the guns. A proud and happy woman was Mrs. Cram, and daintily she gathered the spotless, cream-colored reins and slanted her long English driving-whip at the exact angle prescribed by the vogue of the day. By her side, reclining luxuriously on his pillows, was Sam Waring, now senior first lieutenant of the battery, taking his first airing since his strange illness. Pallid and thin though he was, that young gentleman was evidently capable of appreciating to the fullest extent the devoted attentions of which he had been the object ever since his return. Stanch friend and fervent champion of her husband's most distinguished officer at any time, Mrs. Cram had thrown herself into his cause with a zeal that challenged the admiration even of the men whom she mercilessly snubbed because they had accepted the general verdict that Lascelles had died by Waring's hand. Had they met in the duello as practised in the South in those days, sword to sword, or armed with pistol at twelve paces, she would have shuddered, but maintained that as a soldier and gentleman Waring could not have refused his opponent's challenge, inexcusable though such challenge might have been. But that he could have stooped to vulgar, unregulated fracas, without seconds or the formality of the cartel, first with fists and those women's weapons, nails, then knives or stilettoes, as though he were some low dago or Sicilian,—why, that was simply and utterly incredible. None the less she was relieved and rejoiced, as were all Waring's friends, when the full purport of poor Doyle's dying confession was noised abroad. Even

those who were sceptical were now silenced. For four days her comfort and relief had been inexpressible; and then came the hour when, with woe and trouble in his face, her husband returned to her from Waring's bedside with the incomprehensible tidings that he had utterly repudiated Doyle's confession,—had, indeed, said that which could probably only serve to renew the suspicion of his own guilt, or else justify the theory that he was demented.

Though Cram and the doctor warned Waring not to talk, talk he would, to Pierce, to Ferry, to Ananias; and though these three were pledged by Cram to reveal to no one what Waring said, it plunged them in an agony of doubt and misgiving. Day after day had the patient told and re-told the story, and never could cross-questioning shake him in the least. Cram sent for Reynolds and took him into their confidence, and Reynolds heard the story and added his questions, but to no effect. From first to last he remembered every incident up to his parting with Lascelles at his own gateway. After that—nothing.

His story, in brief, was as follows. He was both surprised and concerned, while smoking and chatting with Mr. Allerton in the rotunda of the St. Charles, to see Lascelles with a friend, evidently watching an opportunity of speaking with him. He had noticed about a week previous a marked difference in the old Frenchman's manner, and three days before the tragedy, when calling on his way from town to see Madame and Nin Nin, was informed that they were not at home, and Monsieur himself was the informant; nor did he, as heretofore, invite Waring to enter. Sam was a fellow who detested misunderstanding. Courteously, but positively, he demanded explanation. Lascelles shrugged his shoulders, but gave it. He had heard too much of Monsieur's attentions to Madame his wife, and desired their immediate discontinuance. He must request Monsieur's assurance that he would not again visit Beau Rivage, or else the reparation due a man of honor, etc. "Whereupon," said Waring, "I didn't propose to be outdone in civility, and therefore replied, in the best French I could command, 'Permit me to tender Monsieur—both. Monsieur's friends will find me at the barracks.'"

"All the same," said Waring, "when I found Madame and Nin Nin stuck in the mud I did what I considered the proper thing, and drove them, *coram publico*, to 'bonne maman's,' never letting them see, of course, that there was any row on tap, and so when I saw the old fellow with a keen-looking party alongside I felt sure it meant mischief. I was utterly surprised, therefore, when Lascelles came up with hat off and hand extended, bowing low, praying pardon for the intrusion, but saying he could not defer another instant the desire to express his gratitude the most profound for my extreme courtesy to Madame and his beloved child. He had heard the whole story, and, to my confusion, insisted on going over all the details before Allerton, even to my heroism, as he called it, in knocking down that big bully of a cabman. I was confused, yet couldn't shake him off. He was persistent. He was abject. He begged to meet my friend, to present his, to open champagne and drink eternal friendship. He would

change the name of his *château*—the rotten old rookery—from Beau Rivage to Belle Alliance. He would make this day a *fête* in the calendar of the Lascelles family. And then it began to dawn on me that he had been drinking champagne before he came. I did not catch the name of the other gentleman, a much younger man. He was very ceremonious and polite, but distant. Then, in some way, came up the fact that I had been trying to get a cab to take me back to barracks, and then Lascelles declared that nothing could be more opportune. He had secured a carriage and was just going down with Monsieur. They had *des affaires* to transact at once. He took me aside and said, 'In proof that you accept my *amende*, and in order that I may make to you my personal apologies, you must accept my invitation.' So go with them I did. I was all the time thinking of Cram's mysterious note bidding me return at taps. I couldn't imagine what was up, but I made my best endeavors to get a cab. None was to be had, so I was really thankful for this opportunity. All the way down Lascelles overwhelmed me with civilities, and I could only murmur and protest, and the other party only murmured approbation. He hardly spoke English at all. Then Lascelles insisted on a stop at the Pelican and on bumpers of champagne, and there, as luck would have it, was Doyle,—drunk, as usual, and determined to join the party; and though I endeavored to put him aside, Lascelles would not have it. He insisted on being presented to the comrade of his gallant friend, and in the private room where we went he overwhelmed Doyle with details of our grand reconciliation and with bumper after bumper of Krug. This enabled me to fight shy of the wine, but in ten minutes Doyle was fighting drunk, Lascelles tipsy. The driver came in for his pay, saying he would go no further. They had a row. Lascelles wouldn't pay; called him an Irish thief, and all that. I slipped my last V into the driver's hand and got him out somehow. Monsieur Philippes, or whatever his name was, said he would go out,—he'd get a cab in the neighborhood; and the next thing I knew, Lascelles and Doyle were in a fury of a row. Lascelles said all the Irish were knaves and blackguards and swindlers, and Doyle stumbled around after him. Out came a pistol! Out came a knife! I tripped Doyle and got him into a chair, and was so intent on pacifying him and telling him not to make a fool of himself that I didn't notice anything else. I handled him good-naturedly, got the knife away, and then was amazed to find that he had my own pet paper-cutter. I made them shake hands and make up. It was all a mistake, said Lascelles. But what made it a worse mistake, the old man *would* order more wine, and, with it, brandy. He insisted on celebrating this second grand reconciliation, and then both got drunker, but the tall Frenchman had Lascelles's pistol and I had the knife, and then a cab came, and, though it was storming beastly and I had Ferry's duds on and Larkin's best tile and Pierce's umbrella, we bundled in somehow and drove on down the levee, leaving Doyle in the hands of that Amazon of a wife of his and a couple of doughboys who happened to be around there. Now Lascelles was all hilarity, singing, joking, confidential. Nothing would do but we must stop and call on a lovely woman, a *belle amie*. He

could rely on our discretion, he said, laying his finger on his nose, and looking sly and coquettish, for all the world like some old *roué* of a Frenchman. He must stop and see her and take her some wine. 'Indeed,' he said, mysteriously, 'it is a rendezvous.' Well, I was their guest; I had no money. What could I do? It was then after eleven, I should judge. Monsieur Philippes, or whatever his name was, gave orders to the driver. We pulled up, and then, to my surprise, I found we were at Doyle's. That ended it. I told them they must excuse me. They protested, but of course I couldn't go in there. So they took a couple of bottles apiece and went in the gate, and I settled myself for a nap and got it. I don't know how long I slept, but I was aroused by the devil's own tumult. A shot had been fired. Men and women both were screaming and swearing. Some one suddenly burst into the cab beside me, really pushed from behind, and then away we went through the mud and the rain; and the lightning was flashing now, and presently I could recognize Lascelles, raging. 'Infâme!' 'Coquin!' 'Assassin!' were the mildest terms he was volleying at somebody; and then, recognizing me, he burst into maudlin tears, swore I was his only friend. He had been insulted, abused, denied reparation. Was he hurt? I inquired, and instinctively felt for my knife. It was still there where I'd hid it in the inside pocket of my overcoat. No hurt; not a blow. Did I suppose that he, a Frenchman, would pardon that or leave the spot until satisfaction had been exacted? Then I begged him to be calm and listen to me for a moment. I told him my plight,—that I had given my word to be at barracks that evening; that I had no money left, but I could go no further. Instantly he forgot his woes and became absorbed in my affairs. '*Parole d'honneur!*' he would see that mine was never unsullied. He himself would escort me to the *maison de* Capitaine Cram. He would rejoice to say to that brave ennemi, Behold! here is thy lieutenant, of honor the most unsullied, of courage the most admirable, of heart the most magnanimous. The Lord only knows what he wouldn't have done had we not pulled up at his gate. There I helped him out on the banquette. He was steadied by his row, whatever it had been. He would not let me expose myself—even under Pierce's umbrella. He would not permit me to suffer 'from times so of the dog.' 'You will drive Monsieur to his home and return here for me at once,' he ordered cabby, grasped both my hands with fervent good-night and the explanation that he had much haste, implored pardon for leaving me,—on the morrow he would call and explain everything,—then darted into the gate. We never could have parted on more friendly terms. I stood a moment to see that he safely reached his door, for a light was dimly burning in the hall, then turned to jump into the cab, but it wasn't there. Nothing was there. I jumped from the banquette into a berth aboard some steamer out at sea. They tell me the first thing I asked for was Pierce's umbrella and Larkin's hat."

And this was the story that Waring maintained from first to last. "Pills" ventured a query as to whether the amount of Krug and Clicquot consumed might not have overthrown his mental equipoise. No, Sam declared, he drank very little. "The only bacchanalian thing I did

was to join in a jovial chorus from a new French opera which Lascelles's friend piped up and I had heard in the North :

Oui, buvons, buvons encore !  
S'il est un vin qu'on adore  
De Paris à Macao,  
C'est le Clicquot, c'est le Clicquot."

Asked if he had formed any conjecture as to the identity of the stranger, Sam said no. The name sounded like "Philippe," but he couldn't be sure. But when told that there were rumors to the effect that Lascelles's younger brother had been seen with him twice or thrice of late, and that he had been in exile because, if anything, of a hopeless passion for Madame his sister-in-law, and that his name was Philippe, Waring looked dazed. Then a sudden light, as of newer, fresher memory, flashed up in his eyes. He seemed about to speak, but as suddenly controlled himself and turned his face to the wall. From that time on he was determinedly dumb about the stranger. What roused him to lively interest and conjecture, however, was Cram's query as to whether he had not recognized in the cabman, called in by the stranger, the very one whom he had "knocked endwise" and who had tried to shoot him that morning. "No," said Waring: "the man did not speak at all, that I noticed, and I did not once see his face, he was so bundled up against the storm." But if it was the same party, suggested he, it seemed hardly necessary to look any further in explanation of his own disappearance. Cabby had simply squared matters by knocking him senseless, helping himself to his watch and ring, and turning out his pockets, then hammering him until frightened off, and then, to cover his tracks, setting him afloat in Anatole's boat.

"Perhaps cabby took a hand in the murder, too," suggested Sam, with eager interest. "You say he had disappeared,—gone with his plunder. Now, who else could have taken my knife?"

Then Reynolds had something to tell him: that the "lady" who wrote the anonymous letters, the *belle amie* whom Lascelles proposed to visit, the occupant of the upper floor of "the dove-cot," was none other than the blighted floweret who had appealed to him for aid and sympathy, for fifty dollars at first and later for more, the first year of his army service in the South, "for the sake of the old home." Then Waring grew even more excited and interested. "Pills" put a stop to further developments for a few days. He feared a relapse. But, in spite of "Pills," the developments, like other maladies, thrived. The little detective came down again. He was oddly inquisitive about that *chanson à boire* from "*Fleur de Thé*." Would Mr. Waring hum it for him? And Sam, now sitting up in his parlor, turned to his piano, and with long, slender, fragile-looking fingers rattled a lively prelude and then faintly quavered the rollicking words.

"Odd," said Mr. Pepper, as they had grown to call him, "I heard that sung by a fellow up in Chartres Street two nights hand-running before this thing happened,—a merry cuss, too, with a rather loose hand on his shekels. Lots of people may know it, though, mayn't they?"

"No, indeed, not down here," said Sam. "It only came out in



New York within the last four months, and hasn't been South or West at all, that I know of. What did he look like?"

"Well, what did the feller that was with you look like?"

But here Sam's description grew vague. So Pepper went up to have a beer by himself at the *café chantant* on Chartres Street, and didn't return for nearly a week.

Meantime came this exquisite April morning and Sam's appearance in the pony-phaeton in front of Battery "X." Even the horses seemed to prick up their ears and be glad to see him. Grim old war sergeants rode up to touch their caps and express the hope that they'd soon have the lieutenant in command of the right section again,—“not but what Loot'n't Ferry's doing first-rate, sir,”—and for a few minutes, as his fair charioteer drove him around the battery, in his weak, languid voice, Waring indulged in a little of his own characteristic chaffing:

"I expect you to bring this section up to top notch, Mr. Ferry, as I am constitutionally opposed to any work on my own account. I beg to call your attention, sir, to the fact that it's very bad form to appear with full-dress *schabracque* on your horse when the battery is in fatigue. The red blanket, sir, the red blanket only should be used. Be good enough to stretch your traces there, right caisson. Yes, I thought so, swing trace is twisted. Carelessness, Mr. Ferry, and indifference to duty are things I won't tolerate. Your cheek-strap, too, sir, is an inch too long. Your bit will fall through that horse's mouth. This won't do, sir, not in my section, sir. I'll fine you a box of Partagas if it occurs again."

But the blare of the bugle sounding "attention" announced the presence of the battery commander. Nell whipped up in an instant and whisked her invalid out of the way.

"Good-morning, Captain Cram," said he, as he passed his smiling chief. "I regret to observe, sir, that things have been allowed to run down somewhat in my absence."

"Oh, out with you, you combination of cheek and incapacity, or I'll run you down with the whole battery. Oh! Waring, some gentlemen in a carriage have just stopped at your quarters, all in black, too. Ah, here's the orderly now."

And the card, black-bordered, handed into the phaeton, bore a name which blanched Waring's face:

*M. Philippe Lascelles,*

*N'lle Orléans.*

"Why, what is it, Waring?" asked Cram, anxiously, bending down from his saddle.

For a moment Waring was silent. Mrs. Cram felt her own hand trembling.

"Can you turn the battery over to Ferry and come with me?" asked the lieutenant.

"Certainly.—Bugler, report to Lieutenant Ferry and tell him I shall have to be absent for a while.—Drive on, Nell."

When, five minutes later, Waring was assisted up the stair-way, Cram towering on his right, the little party came upon a group of strangers,—three gentlemen, one of whom stepped courteously forward, raising his hat in a black-gloved hand. He was of medium height, slender, erect, and soldierly in bearing; his face was dark and oval, his eyes large, deep, and full of light. He spoke mainly in English, but with marked accent, and the voice was soft and melodious.

"I fear I have intrude. Have I the honor to address Lieutenant Waring? I am Philippe Lascelles."

For a moment Waring was too amazed to speak. At last, with brightening face and holding forth his hand, he said,—

"I am most glad to meet you,—to know that it was not you who drove down with us that night."

"Alas, no! I left Armand but that very morning, returning to Havana, thence going to Santiago. It was not until five days ago the news reached me. It is of that stranger I come to ask."

It was an odd council gathered there in Waring's room in the old barracks that April morning while Ferry was drilling the battery to his heart's content and the infantry companies were wearily going over the manual or bayonet exercise. Old Brax had been sent for, and came. Monsieur Lascelles's friends, both, like himself, soldiers of the South, were presented, and for their information Waring's story was again told, with only most delicate allusion to certain incidents which might be considered as reflecting on the character and dignity of the elder brother. And then Philippe told his. True, there had been certain transactions between Armand and himself. He had fully trusted his brother, a man of affairs, with the management of the little inheritance which he, a soldier, had no idea how to handle, and Armand's business had suffered greatly by the war. It was touching to see how in every word the younger strove to conceal the fact that the elder had misapplied the securities and had been practically faithless to his trust. Everything, he declared, had been finally settled as between them that very morning before his return to Havana. Armand had brought to him early all papers remaining in his possession and had paid him what was justly due. He knew, however, that Armand was now greatly embarrassed in his affairs. They had parted with fond embrace, the most affectionate of brothers. But Philippe had been seeing and hearing enough to make him gravely apprehensive as to Armand's future, to know that his business was rapidly going down-hill, that he had been raising money in various ways, speculating, and had fallen into the hands of sharpers, and yet Armand would not admit it, would not consent to accept help or to use his younger brother's property in any



way. "The lawyer," said Philippe, "informed me that Beau Rivage was heavily mortgaged, and it is feared that there will be nothing left for Madame and Nin Nin, though, for that matter, they shall never want." What he had also urged, and he spoke with reluctance here, and owned it only because the detectives told him it was now well known, was that Armand had of late been playing the rôle of *galant homme*, and that the woman in the case had fled. Of all this he felt, he said, bound to speak fully, because in coming here with his witnesses to meet Lieutenant Waring and his friends he had two objects in view. The first was to admit that he had accepted as fact the published reports that Lieutenant Waring was probably his brother's slayer; had hastened back to New Orleans to demand justice or obtain revenge; had here learned from the lawyers and police that there were now other and much more probable theories, having heard only one of which he had cried "Enough," and had come to pray the forgiveness of Mr. Waring for having believed an officer and a gentleman guilty of so foul a crime. Second, he had come to invoke his aid in running down the murderer. Philippe was affected almost to tears.

"There is one question I must beg to ask Monsieur," said Waring, as the two clasped hands. "Is there not still a member of your family who entertains the idea that it was I who killed Armand Lascelles?"

And Philippe was deeply embarrassed.

"Ah, monsieur," he answered, "I could not venture to intrude myself upon a grief so sacred. I have not seen Madame, and who is there who could—who would—tell her of Armand's——" And Philippe broke off abruptly, with despairing shrug, and outward wave of his slender hand.

"Let us try to see that she never does know," said Waring. "These are the men we need to find: the driver of the cab, the stranger whose name sounded so like yours, a tall, swarthy, black-haired, black-eyed fellow with pointed moustache——"

"*C'est lui! c'est bien lui!*" exclaimed Lascelles,— "the very man who insisted on entering the private office where, Armand and I, we close our affairs that morning. His whispered words make my brother all of pale, and yet he go off humming to himself."

"Oh, we'll nail him," said Cram. "Two of the best detectives in the South are on his trail now."

And then came Ananias with a silver tray, champagne, and glasses (from Mrs. Cram), and the conference went on another hour before the guests went off.

"Bless my soul!" said Brax, whose diameter seemed in no wise increased by the quart of Roederer he had swallowed with such gusto,— "bless my soul! and to think I believed that we were going to have a duel with some of those fellows a fortnight or so ago!"

Then entered "Pills" and ordered Waring back to bed. He was sleeping placidly when, late that evening, Reynolds and Cram came tearing up the stair-way, full of great news; but the doctor said not to wake him.

Meantime, how fared it with that bruised reed, the lone widow of the late Lieutenant Doyle? Poor old Jim had been laid away with

military honors under the flag at Chalmette, and his faithful Bridget was spending the days in the public calaboose. Drunk and disorderly was the charge on which she had been arraigned, and, though she declared herself abundantly able to pay her fine twice over, Mr. Pepper had warned the authorities to keep her under lock and key and out of liquor, as her testimony would be of vital importance, if for nothing better than to send her up for perjury. Now she was alternately wheedling, cursing, coaxing, bribing; all to no purpose. The agent of the Lemaître property had swooped down on the dove-cot and found a beggarly array of empty bottles and a good deal of discarded feminine gear scattered about on both floors. One room in which certain detectives were vastly interested contained the unsavory relics of a late supper. Three or four empty champagne-bottles, some shattered glasses, and, what seemed most to attract them, various stubs of partially-consumed cigarettes, lay about the tables and floor. Adjoining this was the chamber which had been known as Mrs. Dawson's, and this, too, had been thoroughly explored. 'Louette, who had disappeared after Doyle's tragic death, was found not far away, and the police thought it but fair that Mrs. Doyle should not be deprived of the services of her maid. Then came other additions, though confined in other sections of the city. Mr. Pepper wired that the party known as Monsieur Philippes had been run to earth and would reach town with him by train about the same time that another of the force returned from Mobile by boat, bringing a young man known as Dawson and wanted as a deserter, and a very sprightly young lady who appeared to move in a higher sphere of life, but was unquestionably his wife, for the officer could prove their marriage in South Carolina in the spring of '65. As Mr. Pepper expressed it when he reported to Reynolds, "It's almost a full hand, but, for a fact, it's only a bobtail flush. We need that cabman to fill."

"How did you trace Philippes?" asked Reynolds.

"Him? Oh, he was too darned musical. It was—what do you call it?—Flure de Tay that did for him. Why, he's the fellow that raised all the money and most of the h—ll for this old man Lascelles. He'd been sharpening him for years."

"Well, when can we bring this thing to a head?" asked the aide-de-camp.

"*Poco tiempo!* by Saturday, I reckon."

But it came sooner.

Waring was seated one lovely evening in a low reclining chair on Mrs. Cram's broad gallery, sipping contentedly at the fragrant tea she had handed him. The band was playing, and a number of children were chasing about in noisy glee. The men were at supper, the officers, as a rule, at mess. For several minutes the semi-restored invalid had not spoken a word. In one of his customary day-dreams he had been calmly gazing at the shapely white hand of his hostess, "all queenly with its weight of rings."

"Will you permit me to examine those rings a moment?" he said.

"Why, certainly. No, you sit still, Mr. Waring," she replied,

promptly rising, and, pulling them off her fingers, dropped them into his open palm. With the same dreamy expression on his clear-cut, pallid face, he turned them over and over, held them up to the light, finally selected one exquisite gem, and then, half rising, held forth the others. As she took them and still stood beside his chair as though patiently waiting, he glanced up.

"Oh, beg pardon. You want this, I suppose?" and, handing her the dainty teacup, calmly slipped the ring into his waistcoat-pocket and languidly murmured, "Thanks."

"Well, I like that."

"Yes? So do I, rather better than the others."

"May I ask what you purpose doing with my ring?"

"I was just thinking. I've ordered a new Amidon for Larkin, a new ninety-dollar suit for Ferry, and I shall be decidedly poor this month, even if we recover Merton's watch."

"Oh, well, if it's only to pawn one, why not take a diamond?"

"But it isn't."

"What then, pray?"

"Well, again I was just thinking—whether I could find another to match this up in town, or send this one—to her."

"Mr. *Waring*! *Really*?" And now Mrs. Cram's bright eyes are dancing with eagerness and delight.

For all answer, though his own eyes begin to moisten and swim, he draws from an inner pocket a dainty letter, post-marked from a far, far city to the northeast.

"You *dear* fellow! How can I tell you how glad I am! I haven't dared to ask you of her since we met at Washington, but—oh, my heart has been just full of her since—since this trouble came."

"God bless the trouble! it was that that won her to me at last. I have loved her ever since I first saw her—long years ago."

"Oh! *oh*! OH! if Ned were only here! I'm wild to tell him. I may, mayn't I?"

"Yes, the moment he comes."

But Ned brought a crowd with him when he got back from town a little later. Reynolds was there, and Philippe Lascelles, and Mr. Pepper, and they had a tale to tell that must needs be condensed.

They had all been present by invitation of the civil authorities at a very dramatic affair during the late afternoon,—the final lifting of the veil that hid from public view the "strange, eventful history" of the Lascelles tragedy. Cram was the spokesman by common consent. "With the exception of the Dawsons," said he, "none of the parties implicated knew up to the hour of his or her examination that any one of the others was to appear." Mrs. Dawson, eager to save her own pretty neck, had told her story without reservation. Dawson knew nothing.

The story had been wrung from her piecemeal, but was finally told in full, and in the presence of the officers and civilians indicated. She had married in April, '65, to the scorn of her people, a young Yankee officer attached to the commissary department. She had starved all through the war. She longed for life, luxury, comforts. She had

nothing but her beauty, he nothing but his pay. The extravagances of a month swamped him; the drink and desperation of the next ruined him. He maintained her in luxury at the best hotel only a few weeks, then all of his own and much of Uncle Sam's money was gone. Inspection proved him a thief and embezzler. He fled, and she was abandoned to her own resources. She had none but her beauty and a gift of penmanship which covered the many sins of her orthography. She was given a clerkship, but wanted more money, and took it, blackmailing a quartermaster. She imposed on Waring, but he quickly found her out and absolutely refused afterwards to see her at all. She was piqued and angered, "a woman scorned," but not until he joined Battery "X" did opportunity present itself for revenge. She had secured a room under Mrs. Doyle's reputable roof, to be near the barracks, where she could support herself by writing for Mrs. Doyle and blackmailing those whom she lured, and where she could watch *him*, and, to her eager delight, she noted and prepared to make much of his attentions to Madame Lascelles. Incidentally, too, she might inveigle the susceptible Lascelles himself, on the principle that there's no fool like an old fool. Mrs. Doyle lent herself eagerly to the scheme. The letters began to pass to and fro again. Lascelles was fool enough to answer, and when, all on a sudden, Mrs. Doyle's "long-missing relative," as she called him, turned up, a pensioner on her charity, it was through the united efforts of the two women he got a situation as cab-driver at the stable up at the eastern skirt of the town. Dawson had enlisted to keep from starving, and, though she had no use for him as a husband, he would do to fetch and carry, and he dare not disobey. Twice when Doyle was battery officer of the day did this strangely-assorted pair of women entertain Lascelles at supper and fleece him out of what money he had. Then came Philippes with Lascelles in Mike's cab, as luck would have it, but they could not fleece Philippes. Old Lascelles was rapidly succumbing to Nita's fascinations when came the night of the terrible storm. Mike had got to drinking, and was laid low by the lieutenant. Mike and Bridget both vowed vengeance. But meantime Doyle himself had got wind of something that was going on, and he and his tyrant had a fearful row. He commanded her never to allow a man inside the premises when he was away, and, though brought home drunk that awful night, furiously ordered the Frenchman out, and might have assaulted them had not Bridget lassoed him with a chloroformed towel. That was the last he knew until another day. Lascelles, Philippes, and she, Mrs. Dawson, had already drunk a bottle of champagne when interrupted by Doyle's coming. Lascelles was tipsy, had snatched his pistol and fired a shot to frighten Doyle, but had only enraged him, and then he had to run for his cab. He was bundled in and Doyle disposed of. It was only three blocks down to Beau Rivage, and thither Mike drove them in all the storm. She did not know at the time of Waring's being in the cab. In less than fifteen minutes Mike was back and called excitedly for Bridget; had a hurried consultation with her; she seized a waterproof and ran out with him, but darted back and took the bottle of chloroform she had used on her husband,

now lying limp and senseless on a sofa below, and then she disappeared. When half an hour passed and Lascelles failed to return with them, bringing certain papers of which he'd been speaking to Philippes, the latter declared there must be something wrong, and went out to reconnoitre despite the storm. He could see nothing. It was after midnight when Mrs. Doyle came rushing in, gasping, all out of breath "along of the storm," she said. She had been down the levee with Mike to find a cushion and lap-robe he dropped and couldn't afford to lose. They never could have found it at all "but for ould Lascelles lending them a lantern." He wanted Mike to bring down two bottles of champagne he'd left here, but it was storming so that he would not venture again, and Lieutenant Waring, she said, was going to spend the night with Lascelles at Beau Rivage: Mike couldn't drive any further down towards the barracks. Lascelles sent word to Philippes that he'd bring up the papers first thing in the morning, if the storm lulled, and Philippes went out indignant at all the time lost, but Mike swore he'd not drive down again for a fortune. So the Frenchman got into the cab and went up with him to town. The moment he was gone Mrs. Doyle declared she was dead tired, used up, and drank huge goblets of the wine until she reeled off to her room, leaving an apron behind. Then Mrs. Dawson went to her own room, after putting out the lights, and when, two days later, she heard the awful news of the murder, knowing that investigation would follow and she and her sins be brought to light, she fled, for she had enough of his money in her possession, and poor demented Dawson, finding her gone, followed.

Philippes's story corroborated this in every particular. The last he saw of the cab or of the cabman was near the house of the hook-and-ladder company east of the French Market. The driver there said his horse was dead beat and could do no more, so Philippes went into the market, succeeded in getting another cab by paying a big price, slept at Cassidy's, waited all the morning about Lascelles's place, and finally, having to return to the Northeast at once, he took the evening train on the Jackson road and never heard of the murder until ten days after. He was amazed at his arrest.

And then came before his examiners a mere physical wreck,—the shadow of his former self,—caught at the high tide of a career of crime and debauchery, a much less bulky party than the truculent Jehu of Madame Lascelles's cab, yet no less important a witness than that same driver. He was accompanied by a priest. He had been brought hither in an ambulance from the Hôtel-Dieu, where he had been traced several days before and found almost at death's door. His confession was most important of all. He had struck Lieutenant Waring as that officer turned away from Lascelles's gate, intending only to down and then kick and hammer him, but he had struck with a lead-loaded rubber club, and he was horrified to see him drop like one dead. Then he lost his nerve and drove furiously back for Bridget. Together they returned, and found Waring lying there as he had left him on the dripping banquette. "You've killed him, Mike. There's only one thing to do," she said; "take his watch and everything valuable he has, and we'll throw him over on the levee."



She herself took the knife from his overcoat-pocket, lest he should recover suddenly, and then, said the driver, "even as we were bending over him there came a sudden flash of lightning, and there was Lascelles bending over us, demanding to know what it meant. Then like another flash he seemed to realize what was up, sprang back, and drew pistol. He had caught us in the act. There was nothing else to do; we both sprang upon him. He fired, and hit me, but only in the arm, and before he could pull trigger again we both grappled him. I seized his gun, Bridget his throat, but he screamed and fought like a tiger, then wilted all of a sudden. I was scared and helpless, but she had her wits about her, and told me what to do. The lieutenant began to gasp and revive just then, so she soaked the handkerchief in chloroform and placed it over his mouth, and together we lifted him into the cab. Then we raised Lascelles and carried him in and laid him on his sofa, for he had left the door open and the lamp on the table. Bridget had been there before, and knew all about the house. We set the pistol back in his hand, but couldn't make the fingers grasp it. We ransacked the desk and got what money there was, locked and bolted the doors, and climbed out of the side window, under which she dropped the knife among the bushes. 'They'll never suspect us in the world, Mike,' she said. 'It's the lieutenant's knife that did it, and, as he was going to fight him anyhow, he'll get the credit of it all.' Then we drove up the levee, put Waring in Anatole's boat, sculls and all, and shoved him off. 'I'll muzzle Jim,' she said. 'I'll make him believe 'twas he that did it when he was drunk.' She took most of the money, and the watch and ring. She said she could hide them until they'd be needed. Then I drove Philippes up to town until I began to get so sick and faint I could do no more. I turned the cab loose and got away to a house where I knew they'd take care of me, and from there, when my money was gone, they sent me to the hospital, thinking I was dying. I swear to God I never meant to more than get square with the lieutenant. I never struck Lascelles at all; 'twas she who drove the knife into his heart."

Then, exhausted, he was led into an adjoining room, and Mrs. Doyle was marched in, the picture of injured Irish innocence. For ten minutes, with wonderful effrontery and nerve, she denied all personal participation in the crime, and faced her inquisitors with brazen calm. Then the chief quietly turned and signalled. An officer led forward from one side the wreck of a cabman, supported by the priest; a door opened on the other, and, escorted by another policeman, Mrs. Dawson re-entered, holding in her hands outstretched a gingham apron on which were two deep stains the shape and size of a long, straight-bladed, two-edged knife. It was the apron that Bridget Doyle had worn that fatal night. One quick, furtive look at that, one glance at her trembling, shrinking, cowering kinsman, and, with an Irish howl of despair, a loud wail of "Mike, Mike, you've sworn your sister's life away!" she threw herself upon the floor, tearing madly at her hair. And so ended the mystery of Beau Rivage.

There was silence a moment in Cram's pretty parlor when the captain had finished his story. Waring was the first to speak:



"There is one point I wish they'd clear up."

"What's that?" said Cram.

"Who's got Merton's watch?"

"Oh, by Jove! I quite forgot. It's all right, Waring. Anatole's place was 'pulled' last night, and he had her valuables all done up in a box. 'To pay for his boat,' he said."

\* \* \* \* \*

A quarter of a century has passed away since the scarlet plumes of Light Battery "X" were last seen dancing along the levee below New Orleans. Beau Rivage, old and moss-grown at the close of the war, fell into rapid decline after the tragedy of that April night. Heavily mortgaged, the property passed into other hands, but for years never found a tenant. Far and near the negroes spoke of the homestead as haunted, and none of their race could be induced to set foot within its gates. One night the sentry at the guard-house saw sudden light on the westward sky, and then a column of flame. Again the fire-alarm resounded among the echoing walls of the barracks; but when the soldiers reached the scene, a seething ruin was all that was left of the old Southern home. Somebody sent Cram a marked copy of a New Orleans paper, and in their cosy quarters at Fort Hamilton the captain read it aloud to his devoted Nell: "The old house has been vacant, an object of almost superstitious dread to the neighborhood," said the *Times*, "ever since the tragic death of Armand Lascelles in the spring of 1868. In police annals the affair was remarkable because of the extraordinary chain of circumstantial evidence which for a time seemed to fasten the murder upon an officer of the army then stationed at Jackson Barracks, but whose innocence was triumphantly established. Madame Lascelles, it is understood, is now educating her daughter in Paris, whither she removed immediately after her marriage a few months ago to Captain Philippe Lascelles, formerly of the Confederate army, a younger brother of her first husband."

"Well," said Cram, "I'll have to send that to Waring. They're in Vienna by this time, I suppose. Look here, Nell; how was it that when we fellows were fretting about Waring's attentions to Madame, you should have been so serenely superior to it all, even when, as I know, the stories reached you?"

"Ah, Ned, I knew a story worth two of those. He was in love with Natalie Maitland all the time."

THE END.

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to approve of some of them. It has been pleasant to notice that he found promise even in the American press, which does not usually appeal to European literary gentlemen who come to our shores in search of material. Max O'Rell paid special tribute to our reporters, and he was probably the first distinguished foreigner to look with wholly admiring eyes upon American newspaper women. He did not write of them at any length, but he lost no social opportunity of assuring them of his distinguished consideration, and of his belief in the possibilities within them. Even a verbal recognition of these possibilities, coming from such a source and at such a time, was highly gratifying to the newspaper women, whose ears were not attuned to such sweet sounds. Toleration, not commendation, was all they dared hope for, and it is very probable that Monsieur Blouet's delicate encouragement, long since forgotten by him perhaps, sustained many of them at a time when stimulating influences were badly needed.

For then, as now, women in journalism were inexperienced enough to doubt themselves. They stood at the door of the sanctums, so to speak, but their invitations to enter were not urgent. Notwithstanding many claims to the contrary, they occupy practically the same position to-day. They are more numerous, and they are further in; but their tenure of office is distinctly open to discussion. If every woman were taken out of the field the newspapers would go to press at the usual hour. That the American editor ignores this fact and maintains his attitude of quiet resignation to the existing order of things, does great credit to his manliness and sense of justice. It behooves his woman assistant to bear carefully in mind the points which he is kind enough to refrain from mentioning. In many instances she does so, for if she is not an incurable amateur she is beginning to understand what is or should be expected of her. She knows that the newspaper woman of the future must lay the foundation of her own work by training up to

it, and by familiarizing herself with all the details of the "business," as her male associates have done. Then, and not until then, will her position be assured.

In this respect several of the pioneers in the work set an example which too few of their successors have followed. First of them all was Jennie June, who thirty-seven years ago climbed the dingy steps that led to the editor and fame and "a new field for women." More than ten years later "Middy" Morgan took a desk in the *Times* office, and retained it for almost a quarter of a century. Later still, the *Sun* had Mrs. Beattie in its offices, Margaret Sullivan had risen in Chicago, Kate Field was writing editorials for the New York *Herald*, and half a dozen brilliant free-lances were sending their specials all over the country. These women understood their work thoroughly, and as a natural result they were head and shoulders above their fellow-writers at that time; two or three of them hold the same proud position still. Their eventual successors have been rather slow in arriving, but perhaps they may be found in the group of young journalists who have come forward during the past eight or ten years, and who, as intimated above, are making a way not only for themselves but for those who will follow them. The manner in which they perform this work will settle the woman question, so far as journalism is concerned.

A small proportion of these younger women have already achieved the success which attends ability and hard work. We have acknowledged the comparative rarity of such achievement by loudly calling attention to it, and by publishing columns about the writers in our magazines and out-of-town newspapers, accompanying our tributes by alleged portraits which should go far towards reconciling to her lot the ambitious young woman whose stories are all returned. There are other considerations which should comfort the ambitious young woman, and they will be given here with much frankness and with the deductions to which they seem to lead. Back of this success of which she reads there are often disappointments to be met, humiliations to be borne, and obstacles to be overcome which only the heroines of the sketches can explain,—and they, being sensible, will never do so. A number of these obstacles arise from the fact that the workers are women; for the successful journalist is rarely the one who confines herself to so-called "woman's work." There is less of that to be done on the daily newspapers than the average reader supposes, and what there is can be satisfactorily performed by any good man on the staff. So the really capable woman leaves her sex out of the question and writes fashions or police court proceedings with equal facility, but with this difference,—that she is welcomed by the modistes, while to this day the police justices are unable to understand why she is in existence. And a lack of appreciation, even from police court justices, is hard to bear. These facts are mentioned here because we have been giving the ideal journalistic life our exclusive attention in the cheerful stories we have sent abroad. There is a vast difference between what has been accomplished and what is claimed. It cannot be pointed out too soon for the benefit of the ambitious girls whose pathetic little letters are filling our editorial waste-baskets.

It has been loosely estimated that there are several thousand newspaper women in this country. In reality there are less than two hundred and fifty. There is a distinction between newspaper writing and writing for the newspapers, and the young lady who "does a little space-work" in the intervals of her social or business engagements was not considered in the compilation of these statistics. The two hundred and fifty writers who have been considered are newspaper women in the best sense of the words. They hold staff positions on journals of good standing, or they have had experience which fits them for such positions; they have learned to recognize news when they hear it, and they know how to present it to the public in the most attractive form; they can judge of its comparative value and the amount of space it should be given in a newspaper; they can edit their own copy if necessary; they know something about a composing-room, and can distinguish between a form and a piece of type; they have learned why it is not a sheer waste of material to write on but one side of their paper; they know that a newspaper office is not a drawing-room, and that they cannot expect drawing-room manners in it; they have learned that the highest compliment an editor can pay his woman associate is to treat her as if she were a man, promptly reprimanding her for a blunder and giving her a word of praise for good work—if he happens to think of it. Last and most important point of all, these women earn their living with their pens. This is the crucial test. Luck, pluck, and influence may keep one afloat for a few months, but the editors of to-day are not knowingly buying bad copy. If one particular editor be disposed to overlook the charming Miss Blank's little errors of fact and grammar, the copy-readers, the associate editors, and the great power behind the throne will soon throw a search-light upon them which can have but one result. Miss Blank's work must stand on its merits. In no other profession does she have so many and such merciless critics.

All this, of course, applies to woman as a reporter, the field in which she is becoming most prominent, and in which man has, as usual, an advantage over her. Many men who cannot write are making good livings on the daily newspapers. Perhaps they are willing and able to work twenty hours out of the twenty-four,—an excellent qualification; perhaps they have sources of information which others lack; perhaps they are "men of ideas," or "have the news instinct," which scents a story long before it lifts its head in the path of the average reporter. In any case they earn their salaries, and you will see them sitting at their desks as the seasons pass and as the official heads around them rise and fall. There are various reasons why a woman cannot take the place of such a man—as yet. She lacks the training, the instinct, the strength. Perhaps, too, she lacks the self-confidence, although that is the journalistic armor which, if she be wise, she will select first and wear on the outside. With self-confidence there are other qualifications which she must possess. That she should have a good education and some worldly experience goes without saying. She will also need tact, a cool head, clear judgment, the ability to think and act quickly, a good understanding of human nature, and above all an up-again-and-take-another spirit which no amount of discouragement can break.

She will be tired and disappointed and heart-sick much oftener than even her intimate friends imagine; the good work of one day will be overshadowed by failure on the next, for her record begins anew each morning that she reports for duty, and on that day's work she must stand or fall back. It is the old story of the cat climbing out of the well. Her sex will hinder her one hundred times to once that it helps her; the air-castles she has spent months in erecting may be demolished by a word; her best work will be taken as a matter of course, and anything less than her best as a deliberately-planned and personal injury. If at last a combination of these conditions leads the unfortunate woman to lie down, fold her hands over her tired heart, and conduct a funeral over her own remains, ten to one she will be called upon to write a page story; and of course it must be done at once. The true reporter will be able to resurrect that corpse and write that story.

Olive Schreiner emphasizes this point in her study "Was It Right—Was It Wrong?" The heroine, a hysterical young woman, succeeds in making herself and every other character in the tale profoundly wretched. She is thinking of this "with her lips drawn in at the corners," when a messenger enters and announces that she has just ten minutes in which to finish an article on "The Policy of the Australian Colonies in Favor of Protection." "She finished the article," ends Miss Schreiner, admiringly, and the reader, while he sympathizes deeply with the editor who bought it, admires the author's insight into the exigencies of journalistic life.

The necessity of writing a page story in a few hours, when neither mind nor body was prepared for the strain, confronted the writer of this about two years ago, when Carlyle Harris, the medical student, was arrested for the murder of Helen Potts Harris, his wife. The principals were students in New York City, Harris in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, his young wife in the Comstock Finishing School. They had been married secretly, and the secret had been kept for a year. Then circumstances forced the wife to tell her mother, who immediately demanded that a second ceremony be publicly performed. To this Harris at first objected, but finally yielded, and the date of the second ceremony was fixed. One week before this date the young wife died at school, after a few hours' illness, and with symptoms of morphine-poisoning. The newspapers published brief accounts of her sudden death, with the explanation that she had been taking medicine prescribed by Carlyle Harris, a medical student who occasionally visited her. The coroner's jury examined his prescriptions, which called for quinine capsules. The student was exonerated, the girl was buried, and the matter was forgotten by all except a few friends and the mother, whose suspicions, formed at her daughter's coffin, strengthened daily. Six weeks after Helen's death Mrs. Potts came to New York and laid the case before the district attorney. It was suggested that Harris had substituted morphine for the quinine in the capsules. He was arrested,—and a page story was in order. At six o'clock in the evening, after a hard day's work, the writer was ordered to prepare this story, and to have it finished by midnight. It was to be complete in every detail, beginning with the first meeting of the young couple and

ending with the arrest of Harris that day. On the hypothesis that he was guilty, two columns were to be devoted to speculations as to what his motives could have been. The story was to be rushed into the composing-room as fast as written, and the proofs were to be handled by the managing editor himself. With these general directions, that

THE PROOFS WERE TO BE HANDLED BY THE MANAGING EDITOR HIMSELF.

gentleman went home to dinner, and the writer sat down beside a typewriter operator and began to dictate. Fortunately, she had the facts well in mind, and was interested in the case. She told the story as simply as possible, allowing her readers to shed their own tears, and at half-past twelve the managing editor laid down the last proof with the gracious assurance that it was "all right." The story filled seven and one-half columns in the *World*.

A very different assignment, and one which shows the necessity of strong nerves and good physique as reportorial equipments, was given the writer at another time. The Koch lymph cure was the one topic of interest to the people, and the newspapers teemed with it. In the midst of the excitement one of the editors decided to have a realistic story on the death of a consumptive, as a background for the Koch claims. He therefore ordered the writer to go through the free hospitals, find a victim of consumption, sit down beside that victim's cot, observe every symptom and follow every change until death came, and to write a faithful story of what she had seen. It was not an exhilarating prospect, but she left the office at once, and finally, at six o'clock in the evening, found her case in the Charity Hospital on Blackwell's



Island. The physicians and nurses felt reasonably certain that "No. 13, in the phthisis ward, could hardly last until morning."

Into the great unlighted ward the newspaper woman went. It was a very cold December night. By a fortunate chance No. 13's cot was near a window, through which the moonlight streamed. Screens had already been drawn, that the patient might not disturb her forty-seven fellow-inmates of the room, who were also in the last stages of the disease. As the reporter's eyes grew more accustomed to the gloom she could see the outlines of the long cots, and here and there, near her, a head was lifted from the pillow and hollow eyes stared at her curiously. The ruling passion was strong in death. It was seven o'clock when she began her watch in the midst of a silence broken only by the heavy breathing and inarticulate words of her subject and the hourly visits of the nurse, who made the rounds with a lantern. No. 13 died at half-past two in the morning. It had been a long vigil and one not easily forgotten, but the watcher remembers with satisfaction that she assumed the duties of attendant, so far as she was able, and perhaps made easier the end of a life which had evidently known very little human sympathy or tenderness. About one o'clock the dying woman suddenly clutched the reporter's hand, which had been on her pulse, and held it in a death-grip until the end. It could not have been removed without disturbing her, so it was left there, growing stiffer and damper, until it was finally released by the nurse from the dead hand which held it. It was numb to the elbow by that time, and horribly cold and wet.

NO. 13'S COT WAS NEAR A WINDOW.

When the body of No. 13 had been carried away, the reporter's ruling passion asserted itself. Fearing to lose the "atmosphere" of her story if she delayed writing it, she camped out in the corridor between the two phthisis wards and wrote it then and there, fortified

by a good lunch which the nurses had kindly placed on her table. She finished the story at dawn, and rowed back across the river in the gray light of a winter morning, filling her lungs with pure air, and discovering, to her discomfort, that she had underestimated the staying powers of the "atmosphere." It was with her still.

A much more cheerful incident in her experience will, it is hoped, meet the editorial direction that this paper be "personal and reminiscent." She had been sent by the *World* to the Virginia and Tennessee mountains to write special stories about some noted characters of that region. For three weeks she lived on horseback in the heart of these mountains, far out of reach of civilization. She dined exclusively on chicken and corn bread and performed her ablutions in the streams she forded or in the tin basins outside of cabin doors. She was accompanied only by a negro guide. In the daytime she visited the mines and the moonshiners' camps. At night she slept in the cabins of the mountaineers if she was near one, or out in the open air if she was not. She was in many of the districts where family feuds flourish, and she met, in the course of her travels, any number of mountain gentlemen who are living in enforced retirement and whose private graveyards are large and lonely. And yet not once in all this time did she receive a word or look which a brother could have resented had he been with her. The fact that she was a woman and alone was enough. She owned the mountains and she owned the mountaineers. She visited their cabins, played with their babies, rode with their sons, and gave their wives their first intimation that all dresses need not be made in two pieces. During this trip she spent a day and a night with the family of Rev. Joseph Wells, the "natural orator" of the Virginia mountains. The little one-roomed log cabin was almost one hundred years old, and the old minister had lived there as boy and man without the slightest desire for anything different. He had never seen a town or a railroad, he had never heard a musical instrument played upon. But he had preached among the mountaineers for a quarter of a century, and, as he modestly confided to the writer, he had "brung a heap o' sinners tuh th' mourner's bench." Lying on the floor that night before the great fireplace, in which one immense log blazed, the old man told the simple story of his life, while the wild-cats screamed in the woods all round the cabin and the November wind whistled through the chinks between the logs. A page story of this had been ordered, so the newspaper woman jotted down in short-hand much of the mountaineer's recital, dialect and all. It was very nearly her undoing; for the speaker came behind her suddenly and glanced over her shoulder. He had laboriously taught himself to read and write a little, but when he saw the strange stenographic characters he was plainly alarmed, and disposed to regard both them and his guest as uncanny. She explained as well as she could, and he continued his story with many misgivings. Long after the family had gone to sleep (children, adults, and dogs all in the one room, according to the necessities of the case and the primitive customs of the locality), the guest, who lay awake listening to wind and forest sounds, heard the host and his wife discussing her in their corner. When the topic of the "strange

writin' " came up again the voices fell to awed whispers, and it was evident that the old people were very much disturbed in their minds. She sent them the story when it appeared, and with the assistance of State Senator J. B. F. Mills, of Virginia, who was near Big Stone Gap at the time, the mountain preacher read it. She still cherishes the quaint little letter he wrote to her after the great undertaking was completed. It might have been written by a child, if one judged by the spelling and grammar, but the courtesy and hospitality of the mountaineer breathed in every line. He never mentioned the "strange writin'," but he gave her a most urgent invitation to "come an' live with me an' Betsy" if she ever tired of newspaper work in New York.

That time has not come. It is a peculiarity of the work that its slaves are willing slaves, who would not throw off their shackles if they could. Even the failures, and there are many of them, feel the fascination of the life and cling to it with pathetic determination long after hope has departed. It is for their sake and for the sake of those who may follow them that a glimpse of the dark side has been given here. It may help them; it certainly cannot hurt the fortunate ones on whom the sun of success is shining.

As for the writer, she gratefully acknowledges that she has been treated by the American editor, and by her men and women associates, much better than she deserves.

*Elizabeth G. Jordan.*

### THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

OFt shall heaven's sentries sleep,  
 Lodged in cloudy donjon-keep;  
 Dark or bright yon starry host,  
 Still the Hesper of our coast  
 Watches over weltering miles  
 Set with treacherous reefy isles.  
 When the seaman on black nights  
 Has no cheer from heaven's lights,  
 He unblamed shall heed this ray  
 Constant thrown upon his way.  
 Earthly hands the beacon trim,  
 But it shall not fail to him.

What, if sailing from afar  
 Without grace of moon or star,  
 I at length withdraw mine eyes  
 From the masked, unmoved skies,  
 Turning from the blank above  
 Towards the star of Human Love,—  
 All the light the night vouchsafes  
 To the wild sea's driven waifs!

*Edith M. Thomas.*

## HOPE DEFERRED.

## I.

THE wiseacres of Salop did not believe in long engagements, and held it among themselves that, six years having fled, the marriage never would take place. She alone had illimitable faith. There is something pitifully childish, sweet with all the inherent ignorance of innocence, in the divine trust natural to a certain type of womanhood. He would come some day, and meantime Mercy Strathmore's very atmosphere bespoke endurance; it beamed from that steadfast gray eye and breathed from her mobile mouth. Come he would, all unexpectedly, as a fond lover likes to come, to claim his promised bride.

And come he did!

It was like a beam of happiness from out that golden highway spread behind the dark-browed hills,—that same bright path she often longed to tread on aimless tender evenings just like this. The cracked voice of old Marget had announced,—

"If it 'ud na disturb ye, missus, there be a mon to see ye as wunna tak' nay."

Behind the white-capped messenger the visitor had stepped into the well-remembered garden-path between tall borders of raspberry canes sloping sheer to the open window of the neighboring forge. The monotonous beat of the smith's hammer seemed to come forth just as of old,—and yet not. Time effects changes sometimes that visions of yore may strike the heart to still deeper awakening, and wring it with bitterer pain for the rekindled knowledge of lost time that has slipped the grasp and use of the regretting man. Those absent years, with all they had to tell, wrapped him as in some garment of lead, till the dear face he had come to see shone cameo-like in the dull red of the blacksmith's fires. The leaden garment dropped in her smile, and six long years erased themselves like lost records.

"God 'a' mercy!" muttered the old woman, and fled precipitately.

Over and over to himself he said, "We parted yesterday: this is to-morrow." She scanned his face, while his heart mocked the distant forge hammer. What did she see? Some things she knew,—and missed; some others she would fain have seen. The change was none the less for being intangible beyond that spirit shock.

He bore her scrutiny but tremulously. "The six years that have furrowed my brow did not pause to lay a trace on yours, Mercy."

She smiled. "And the fortune you went to seek?"

He shook his head.

"I do not regret it. We shall do without. But, John, those six long years all gone,—why did you go at all?"

It was the cry of one permeated with the electric sense of something missed that neither present nor to come could ever again supply: those six long years had drained the absent element from her blood.

The exclamation pierced her listener like a stab from the grim angel himself. A frightful pallor pinched his features.

"Ah, why?" he muttered, clutching at his throat as though to throw off some invisible assailant. "In God's name, Mercy, never ask me that again!"

Surprised she was, but still forbore to question. Perhaps the keenness of her own regret had communicated itself too deeply to him. But what mattered it? The future offered full compensation, if not for the irrevocable past, for the mysteries of the present, at least.

"GOD 'A' MERCY!" MUTTERED THE OLD WOMAN.

"Forget, John. I have little, but it will be enough for both."

"You must keep what is yours always," he said, quickly. "Give me only a little longer, Mercy."

There was no gainsaying this determination. They parted then, but he came again,—came often, as he said he would,—came with the lines of endless harassments upon his face,—came with a soul hungering for her love;—let her white hands smooth away the care, her pure lips banish the hardness from his own, her womanly arms enclose him jealously, and her true heart throb against his, as medicine for its insistent ache.

How womanlike to do a thing that consumes one-half a lifetime with regret, the rest infuses with a subtle joy! Her longing overcame her once. She called him back.

"I am not quite ready to let you go: the common looks so wide

and drear to-night. John, what is your failure to our continued separation? Let us belong to each other."

He dropped on his knees and buried his face in the drapery of her skirt. Like the *avant-coureur* of some impending grief, a great bat flew across the summer sky. She seemed almost to feel its cruel dampening wings. A sudden hunger devoured her faithful woman's heart. She too knelt on the dew-damp garden-path, kissed the hard-wrung tears that forced themselves beneath his lids, and stopped the quivering breath between his trembling lips.

The red light of the forge-fires gleamed out on him like the eye of an avenging deity. He shuddered in the clasp of her arms, pushed the damp hair from his throbbing brow, and went away without a backward look, according to his wont. She watched him go, and felt as if her grief had come.

## II.

It was a heavy tread for a woman's that crossed the lonely stretch of common at the close of Salop's busy market-day. Her feet crushed the odorous beds of wild thyme on every little hillock with an exultant sense of trampling out the heart of something, even as her own had been trampled out that day. The far-off gleam of white road towards which she moved stretched into seemingly interminable distance, and the ghostly lime-kilns never fell behind, but journeyed grinning on beside her. At the night she shuddered, but the coming day held a far greater dread.

Six years had left less impress on her than this one, endless day. She had reached his bedside only to find her place supplied by a wife and children. The pretty boy and girl played about his couch, and the delicate, sad-eyed woman fed him with a spoon.

Her lover of six years' standing false to his troth? Married? Was it a nightmare? But his voice, "Annie, my wife, this is an old friend, Mercy Strathmore. Will you not take the children away?"

The words of greeting, and a look from John's wife that plainly said she understood, passed her unheeded, and she knew at last she was alone with him. Could she be dying? Her heart felt suddenly bared within her bosom and thrust naked, throbbing, into bands of iron that crushed it till it pained no more and became heavy like a thing that is lifeless. One clinched hand was placed upon it as her sight travelled to the bed. His face, grown thin and white, was turned appealingly towards her. Appealingly? Bah! Appeal to a woman whose heart was turned to stone!

"Mercy, may God forgive me for bringing you here! I am dying, and I could not go without telling you, so that you may not blame, but pity." A feverish eagerness marked brow and cheek.

"Blame?" she questioned oddly. "I loved you!"

"Because you do, and always will, in earnest of that feeling, Mercy, care for the woman I call wife when I am gone. I am so poor——"

"Love your wife! Heaven knows I could sooner slay her beside your couch for the sin of being yours!"



"Hear me, Mercy," he gasped. But she was gone.

The market-carrier's wagon would not start home for hours, but it stood with empty shafts in the inn-yard. She crept in among a few undisposed couples of live fowl, a basket of butter and eggs, a sack of early kidney potatoes, and crouched there so still that the poultry dozed in the sun.

She did not count the time her own eyes were closed, and looked up to find the wagon slowly dragging homeward over the hilly Salop roads. The red-painted supports of the viaduct bridge glared out beyond

"WILL YOU NOT TAKE THE CHILDREN AWAY?"

Souser's tied-up jaw. He—poor fellow!—nursed chronic face-ache in a purple muffler on market-days. On the brow of the hill he got down at a road-side public house to relieve it, and when they jogged onward again, cooed thick epithets to the stout beasts in his charge.

The fields that smiled in the morning groped out in shadow towards the dark horizon as they rumbled on. Under the same cherry-trees she had plucked at that morning they drove now. A bunch of white-hearts still lay in her pocket. Out they came in her sudden grasp and were flung off into the track of the horses. Souser uttered a heavy Shropshire oath as a couple nipped his nose in their awkward flight and then settled fancifully on the forward harness of one of his patient steeds for the rest of the journey.

The last stop was made. There was the general commotion of shifting seats to drag out a certain hamper. The dairywoman who had climbed the road-side bank that morning for green dock leaves to

lay across her yellow pounds and half-pounds of butter came out for the empty basket and higgled with Souser's mother—that keen market-woman—about the price of butter, till the testy driver whipped up and left the old woman to follow on the trot and hang on like the bare-footed cottage urchins that travelled in their wake that early morning. It was a custom that raised no more comment on the account of the hard old Shropshire woman who caught up from necessity, than on that of the youngsters who found their pleasure in it. The remainder of the journey was accomplished at Souser's highest trot, and where they set her down, Mercy had still the lonely common to cross to reach the distant road and her own cottage hearth.

## III.

Then the years went by. The wiseacres of Salop saw their prophecy verified. Mercy Strathmore remained a single woman.

Time had softened the first hard feelings somewhat. She indulged in retrospect to the extent of dreaming about John's children. They would be man and woman grown by this. She would have thanked Heaven for the boy and girl as a legacy, but how could she have taken John's wife,—the woman who had defrauded her of her love?

The sun sank in a broad path of glory behind the orchard hedge, and ragged little cloudlets hovered along the horizon to see the last of it. Under the gnarled apple-trees the sweet stunted "crinkles" had begun to fall. In the fresh, rank grass live stock plodded. Even the pigs nosing contentedly about forgot to grunt their usual disapprobation of late suppers. A brooding atmospherical peace tempers human judgment. It is well so; for the Great Teacher, Nature, knows no half-methods.

"Yet John's wife has every reason to hate me," pursued her thought. "And the children I could love, are they not more hers than his? She looked like a gentlewoman, too. She must be: John called her wife." Conclusive argument! Then where lay the fault? With John? Ah, no: he was her love. Did God make men with many-sided natures always, and most women with only one? And ordering matters thus, did He see what a state of things it brought about? And while her simple woman's soul revolted at the seeming heresy, the new thought stirred, unwilling with the perversity of all new things to be bound within the narrowness of past custom.

She had heard of her once,—that wife of his,—heard of her as a brave mother toiling for her little ones. After all, must not the hurt of the woman who had been wife to him and borne him children be greater than her own? She heard of her as a clever, industrious needle-woman. Poor thing! The blue of her eye must be dimmed over all that fine sewing ere the children had taken their education. She thought of the eyes John loved to kiss stitching microscopic stitches through Heaven knows how thick a curtain of daily sorrow, and God knows how many weary years, till her own comparative ease seemed selfish. The reasoning once arrived at hurt her like a reproach from him she loved. Why should a dead flower that his breath had

withered be to her more dear than a woman who had lain nearer to his breast than she? Should she accept his legacy, and seek out her own? Then the anguish of old days came up to choke the nobler sentiment. Her face was flushed with memories, and her bosom throbbed with the conflict, as the day closed in.

## IV.

Life had gone hardly with the little woman John married. But the tale—how old! Young life feeds on old life, and the new branch does not know the tree. The old trunk falls into disuse and decay. But in the well-ordered plan of things there is no waste. John's son turned prodigal and died ere weight of years was added to his sins. John's daughter, in all wifely love and reverence, looked at the mother who slaved to rear her through the calculating prosaic figure of an uninterested husband.

## "WHY DO YOU COME TO ME?"

A neglected thing nurtures pride sometimes. John's wife struggled on alone. Youth's flush—so constant had it been—remained yet, stamped on her sunken cheek, and, as if in consolation for the loss of other charms, Time had fixed within her eye and on her face the smile you see to love, but never wear till you have borne the burden with like modesty. She was having her moments of mental hardship in a brief respite from the labor of the day, and wondering how long pride

would back her failing strength that she might still gain the meagre livelihood she seemed to need in common with all God's creatures.

Had some one entered her humble room unannounced? Her dimmed sight just outlined the advancing figure of a woman,—a woman younger than herself,—taller, straighter, of more magnificent proportions,—with the bloom that comes and goes still upon her cheek, but above whose smooth white brow the thick hair that lay coiled shone silver white.

"Who are you?" she asked, faintly, while her womanly instinct divined unerringly the stranger's identity.

"Mercy Strathmore."

"Why do you come to me?" The words were not cold, but betrayed a gentle wonder.

"You knew what I was to him," said Mercy, in a slow, pulsating voice.

"Yes."

"And you hate me?"

"No; only it seemed best, that next morning, that he should lie still. Shame will not for very pity attach itself to the dead."

"Go on. Tell me all."

"That is all there is to tell. He died. I blessed him thus. But had he lived, who knows what I might not have done! I should think you would hate me?"

"I have tried, God knows. But I cannot; for I love him still."

"Then he is more yours than mine," said John's wife. A thrill like the awakening of spring ran through her listener's pulses. She checked it, half ashamed.

"Do not say that. But everything of his is dear to me, and I am all alone. Will you not come home with me, for John's sake?"

And I only know that Mercy's home holds John's wife too, and in the season for its shining the sun shines broadly down upon that little farming valley in Salop. The well-thatched cottage gleams softly into half-worn tones of gray against the sheen of yellow green that lies tenderly all the year upon its orchard grass. The cows come home slowly in the droning summer eves. The old sow would as soon think of failing to present the farm with a good litter in season, as old Marget to take in the wash before dark, lest the gypsies should have come to the common destined to overlook the petty boundaries of hedge and fence on stilts.

The old-fashioned garden blooms on either side the raspberry-bordered path, secure under the watchful eye of the forge. Outside, the dimity-curtained cottage windows gleam diamond-bright among the rose-vines and the ivy. Inside, Time and Circumstance—the two great love-medicines—have been diluted by the dose in the woman's tempered system, till, instead of suffering annihilation, the disease is being fed.

*Lillian A. North.*

## SOME QUEER TRADES.

**T**HERE exist many odd trades concerning which the most absolute ignorance prevails on the part of the public. Some of them have been carried on for generations in obscure corners and only come to light by chance, while others are of recent origin, resulting from the pressure of the struggle for existence. Dickens had a peculiar faculty for discovering these curious callings, and loved to crowd them into his books, but when in "Our Mutual Friend" he described Mr. Venus as an "articulator of human bones" there were some who said he had carried the thing too far, believing that no such business could exist. But, as a matter of fact, there lives in Philadelphia an old Frenchman who has followed this same trade for over a quarter of a century. The sign-board over his door bears the simple legend "M. de Blanque, Parfumerie." He runs this little shop principally as a decoy, for he has found it necessary to ply his queer trade "on the quiet." In a rear room the walls are decorated with skeletons in all sorts of grotesque positions. Four hideous skulls grin from the posts of the bed, and close by stands a skeleton with arms outstretched, doing duty as a clothes-rack, the room being lit by a lamp made of a skull which is suspended from the ceiling with thongs of tanned human hide. When the Knights of Pythias were organized some years ago, the demand for skeletons increased, as they were used to a great extent in the lodge-rooms. De Blanque prospered, as a consequence. The price of skeletons varies according to their degree of hardness and whiteness. The genuine imported article costs anywhere from thirty to thirty-five dollars, and the domestic twenty dollars, but the trade is about lost to this country, because they can set up a skeleton so much cheaper in France. There are old-teeth dealers who sell the product of many aching jaws to these articulators for as much as a dollar a quart. They have often to buy more than this to get a tooth to suit, for a skeleton with a full set of teeth is worth half again its value otherwise.

Jennie Wren, the dolls' dress-maker, another of Dickens's creations, has many living representatives, but their wages are disgracefully mean. One large firm I have in mind pays but twenty-five cents for the gluing of a hundred dozen dolls' arms, the glue being provided by the worker, who thus barely clears fifteen cents. For filling these arms with sawdust, which has also to be provided by the workers, the girls get seventy-five cents a hundred dozen. Those who glue on the dolls' heads, stuff the figures, and sew on the clothes are paid five cents per dozen, so that even the most active cannot easily manage to earn twenty-five cents a day at this occupation. There is a German of my acquaintance living in a Bleecker Street basement whose specialty is making wicker arm-chairs for dolls. He sells them to the wholesalers, and the bulk of the product reaches the public during Christmas week. He receives thirty-six dollars a gross for these chairs, and is able to make about three dozen a day. When I asked him why he

didn't make things for live grown folks, he referred me to a big factory where he was once employed, saying that in big things the manufacturers could undersell him.

So, again, I know of a Frenchman and his wife who came over to New York not long ago and began the manufacture of those chenille monkeys that one sees in toy-stores. The man was a genius in his way. With half a yard of chenille, a needle and thread, and a few black beads for eyes, he would turn out in ten minutes a monkey so life-like that it would deceive a real one. These he peddled about town at prices ranging from five cents to a quarter, and apparently did a good business. He was originally a *chiffonnier*, or rag-picker.

The *chiffonnier's* trade is one of the most curious in Paris, and one of the most characteristic. The industry has suffered considerably from the introduction of ash-barrels, which are regularly emptied every morning, but withal a good deal of rubbish is still thrown into the streets, and the *chiffonnier* may be seen at late hours of the night, lantern in hand, with his basket on his back, and the long hook with which he turns over the refuse. He will turn any refuse to account and make something out of it. Thus, all the rags of good quality are kept for the English market, the French retaining only the inferior. The woollen rags, unravelled and carded, are made into cheap goods; the red trousers of the French army, for instance, are thus turned into caps, which are sold by the thousand in Asia Minor. Silk rags, treated in the same manner, are used for the padding of various articles. Bottles of all kinds and china pots are highly appreciated, being bought from the *chiffonniers* by those who deal in druggists' supplies or to be used for fraudulent imitations. Old play-bills or advertisements are pounded up for pasteboard. Scraps of paper are sold to paper-makers and are made into pulp and again presented to the public in the clean white sheets, while the bones that are thrown daily into the street, after being burned and pulverized, are used for enriching the soil of market-gardens. Old tins are very valuable; often the *chiffonnier* fills them with earth and uses them like bricks to build a wall supporting a hut made of every imaginable refuse, as may be seen by those who have the curiosity to visit the "*cités des chiffonniers*," where they congregate, encamped like savages. The ingenuity with which the French make something useful out of the most hopeless rubbish is remarkable. They melt old cans, hoop-skirts, and other fruit of the dust-cart, and mould them into window-weights. Even bits of broken glass are useful. The fragments of various colors are mixed together, after having been broken to a suitable size, and are then placed in moulds and fired. A coherent mass is produced which can be dressed and cut into blocks, which are used as artificial marble.

While the rag-picker is a well-known character to all who have traversed the streets of the French capital at night, he has a colleague concerning whom little is said or known,—the "old cork" collector. Old corks, after they have been cleaned and pared, sell for ten cents per hundred. This "profession" is only sufficiently lucrative to maintain a few members, and the average daily gain to each is hardly fifty cents. There are several other distinct classes of *chiffonniers*. Some



make a specialty of picking up cigar-stumps on the floors of cafés. One of these fellows, who died recently, left a fortune of three hundred thousand francs. He had discovered a means of reducing his stumps to ashes, which he sold at a high rate to a chemist, who, after perfuming the ashes, found a ready sale for them as tooth-powder. All gatherers of *magots*, as these stumps are called, however, are not so fortunate as this one: as a rule, their earnings do not exceed fifty cents a day.

Others, again, prowl the streets hunting for old shoe-soles, from which they extract the nails. These, after being polished, are sold to toy-makers, who use them for the eyes of animals, while the leather is macerated and worked into "leather paper," which is used for decorative purposes. So, again, the thousands of sardine-boxes that are thrown away in Paris every month form the basis for an industry which has reached vast proportions. These refuse cans are stamped by machinery into tin soldiers, which are sold so cheaply that the poorest children can possess them; yet, withal, the manufacturer makes a fair profit, which he could not do if he used new materials.

Indeed, some of the queerest professions in the world are to be found flourishing on the banks of the Seine. Who, for instance, would imagine that there is a regular guild of "examiners of eggs," who earn their livelihood by giving opinions as to whether eggs are good or bad?

There is also a special profession of maggot-breeders. This trade is quite remunerative, since all fishermen apply to its members for bait. So, again, there are merchants who breed toads, which they rent to florists, who employ their services for destroying and exterminating snails, slugs, and other vermin. Another odd calling that affords employment to a number of men is that of the professional awakener, who performs the duties of an ambulant alarm-clock. He starts at about three o'clock in the morning on his regular round, provided with a note-book in which are entered the names of his customers and the hours at which they desire to be called, and does not pass on till convinced that he has performed his task, for which he receives two cents a head a day.

A curious and comparatively unknown but thriving business is that of the rat-catcher. The prince of American rat-catchers is Adolph Isaacen, who recently distinguished himself by bagging ninety-seven rats in one night in the *Staats-Zeitung* Building. He was "born into the business," and for the last thirty-five years has kept a quaint little place in Fulton Street, New York. Surrounded by his ferrets, the old man is full of interesting reminiscences, and is always happy when he can tell some of his experiences in the rat-catching trade, which has taken him all over the country from coast to coast. In London there are many professional rat-catchers. While slumming in the East End during a recent visit to London, I chanced to meet one of them who had followed this strange calling for over forty years. He was just about to start on a hunt, and was attired accordingly. He wore a close-fitting peakless skull-cap and an old mud-stained short-skirted coat, his trousers being turned over the knee, while his feet

were protected with ordinary laced boots. There was a thick worsted gauntlet on his right hand, in which he held an old lidless iron saucepan, on the inside of which were fixed two short candles. He also carried a small sack, through the neck of which a piece of circular wire was pushed, thus forming a ready receptacle for captured rats. When rats are scarce these rat-catchers devote their energy to raking over the various collections of rubbish under the drains. Those running under jewellers', watch-case-makers', and gold-refiners' establishments are the choicest collections of the "furringers," as they are termed, but at best it is a very hard crust that falls to the lot of these poor delvers, who risk their lives to obtain a scanty livelihood.

This garbage-raking forms the basis of a regular industry in New York, and the men who follow it are known as "scow-trimmers." They pay the city thousands of dollars monthly for the privilege of raking over the contents of the ash-carts before the garbage is borne out to sea. The men who first undertook to perform this work for the privilege of keeping anything valuable they found in the garbage got a good deal of sympathy from the public for being forced to work at so disgusting a job, but by degrees the profitable nature of the undertaking dawned upon the city politician, and he bid for the contract himself, sub-letting the job to Italians, who do the actual work. There are about three hundred of these laborers, whose daily wages average one dollar each,—making a total of over ninety thousand dollars a year. This and much more the contractor gets back from the rubbish, but to look at the things the "trimmers" save from the scow you wonder they don't let them go with the other dirt. It is estimated that no fewer than fifteen thousand persons derive a living out of what the people of New York throw away. The sweepings of the streets alone support at least five hundred people.

Probably the most perilous and certainly the most unsavory of all these queer professions is that of the "sewer-searchers." There is one man in New York who excels all others in this particular line of business; so that whenever any accident occurs (such as that which took place recently when a maniac jumped into an open sewer in the street), his services are immediately called in by the city.

Comparatively few people in New York know anything about the dog-catchers and their queer calling. They get thirty cents a head for every dog turned into the pound, so that, to them, a dog simply represents six beers running round on four legs. As a rule, these dog-catchers hunt in couples: one watches the cart, generally a ramshackle affair drawn by a broken-down racer, the other catches the dogs. The latter is armed with a long stick, at the end of which is a net. He sneaks up behind the unsuspecting canine, makes a cast with the net, and entangles his victim. When there are half a dozen or more captives in the box the travelling menagerie wends its way poundwards. After a good night's haul the pound is a place worth seeing. Formerly the dogs used to be drowned in a large cask. Now they are asphyxiated. So that every dog has its day. It might be added that the cats have the nights.

A rather peculiar trade which flourishes in London is that of the

cat's-meat men, at whose familiar cry the feline customers emerge from their respective basements with ludicrous promptness, the meat being daintily presented on a skewer. It is said that the London cats, of which there are at present some three hundred and fifty thousand, annually consume five hundred thousand dollars' worth of boiled horse, but this statement, being impossible of verification, may be taken with a grain of salt.

Another curious vocation is that of the men who sit on the London sidewalks drawing pictures on the flags in parti-colored chalk. At night they bring roughly extemporized lanterns to bear on their work, a hat being placed alongside to receive contributions from passers-by. Sometimes they get quite a little money from foreigners who are struck by the novelty of the idea. And as things go, it is an easy enough way to make a living. There is another set of men in London who pick up a precarious living by giving curb-stone recitations. For the small sum of sixpence (collected in advance) they will recite a poem, impressively enough, and then seek another street-corner to repeat the performance.

Not long since I discovered a man in New York who makes a specialty of matching lost buttons. His shop, a dingy little low-ceilinged room, was surrounded by shelves on which were piled boxes of buttons of all sorts and conditions. While I was there a girl came in and asked him if he had any like those on her jacket. He took down several specimens, and presently found one which he sewed on. She paid him ten cents. That is the usual price, though rare buttons sometimes come higher. At regular intervals he goes round collecting buttons among tailors and dress-makers, who save them for him and sell them very cheap. He has a set of regular customers, and they rarely go away without finding exactly what they want.

A rather curious little industry which flourishes on the river front is the sale of second-hand canaries. The birds are purchased after they have lost their voices or contracted some disease, and are dyed until their outward appearance is attractive, but out of a dozen there is not one that is capable of uttering a single note. They are sold at a considerable profit, usually to verdant gentlemen from the suburban districts, or to Italian women who convert them into fortune-telling "Indian birds" and exhibit them on the street-corners of Gotham.

During a ramble in the Italian quarter of New York I once came across a curious concern which does a thriving business. It is an organ-hospital, where hand-organs are doctored and "brought up to date." It was a barn-like room, filled with rows of barrel- and piano-organs, old and new. "Comrades" was being hammered with steel tacks into one, while "Maggie Murphy's Home" was being impressed in the same fashion upon another. Another of the curious institutions of Gotham is a "pet hotel," where families going out of town can lodge their dogs, cats, or birds. The charge for caring for these domestic pets averages anywhere from fifty cents to two dollars a week.

There is a gentleman in the Bowery who makes a specialty of painting over black eyes, and at times he does a thriving business. If you have been out with "the boys" and got into a fight in which your

face is damaged, this artist will disguise all tell-tale marks of dissipation, and thus save you many embarrassing excuses.

I know one man in New York who plies a trade that is decidedly unique. He bought an old dismantled tug-boat that had been sunk, and obtained permission to anchor it in the upper bay off Bedloe's Island. Here this sparrow mariner lives all the year round and turns an honest penny by allowing becalmed schooners and storm-tossed canal-boats to tie up to him for the night, charging so much per hour. In heavy weather his receipts are quite large.

There is another enterprising individual who runs a modern Gretna Green on the top floor of an office building in Upper Broadway, where eloping couples can be united "by legal contract" without going through the formality and publicity of a church wedding. So, again, there are quite a number of women in the French quarter who act as professional match-makers. They charge three per cent. commission on the marriage portion, which the bridegroom has to pay. There is another set of women in New York who make a business of dusting valuable china and bric-à-brac, while others have a specialty of arranging dinner-tables.

An industry which is not catalogued in the list of trades is that of gray-hair pulling, but quite a few women in New York make their living in this way. A singular occupation for women in London is that of "conversation crammer," whose business it is to coach up ladies for dinner-parties. In the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, in Paris, there is a man who furnishes professional diners-out at a fixed tariff rate. It is to him that superstitious hosts apply at the last moment when they require a fourteenth guest.

There is a human-hair market at Morlons, in France, where girls offer their tresses to the shearer, who goes round every alternate Friday. The scarcest of hair is pure white, and, this being the color for court *coiffures* throughout Europe, the demand for it is on the increase. "Convent hair" is also an article highly prized by the trade. When a young woman takes the veil her hair is cut off and the tresses are sold for the benefit of the convent. As the hair is cut pretty close to the head, the tresses are usually long, and thus "convent hair" has a special value. Most of the false hair, however, which comes upon the market is imported from Canton, where it is taken from the heads of beggars, criminals, and corpses.

As is well known, dog-barbers form an important trade in Paris, and the appearance of the French poodles which are seen about the streets gives evidence of their skill. Shaving corpses is another peculiar branch of the tonsorial art. Yet there are barbers who make a specialty of it, and who earn more than those who shave living persons. I know of a man on Centre Street, in New York, who was once a plain journeyman barber and who had to work fourteen hours a day in order to pay rent and buy food. One day an undertaker in the vicinity had a corpse who needed a shave, and he sent for the barber, who went down and made a beautiful job of it. That was the starting-point. To-day he has more business than he can attend to, and keeps a couple of men whom he calls on when the corpses come too fast.

The echo-destroyer is a specialist who is in demand for halls and churches whose acoustic properties are faulty. He remedies the fault by a scientific stringing of wires. Time was when the professional ghost-hunter was accounted an important personage. This profession has recently been revived, and at least one gentleman finds it sufficiently profitable to pay for the printing of circulars which he has addressed to "landlords, house-agents, and those whom it may concern," in which he states that he "will be pleased to investigate and report upon any reputed haunted house, ascertaining the cause of, and putting a stop to, all seemingly unaccountable shrieks, cries, groans, and spirit-rappings, at the shortest notice." The following advertisement, which I recently cut from a New York daily, suggests another decidedly odd calling: "Unruly and wayward boys disciplined at parents' residence." There is a Chinaman in San Francisco named Moy Iloe, who is employed to seek out and gather together the bones of his deceased countrymen for shipment back to China. In following this curious occupation he travels incessantly from one end of the United States to the other. To parade Broadway in the garb of an Indian with a view to advertising dumb-bells is another curious mode of keeping the wolf from the door. But probably the queerest living advertisement of all is the "Lone Fisherman," who sits on a Fourteenth Street roof from morning until night catching imaginary fish in invisible water.

Another odd way of making a living is that of the man who sits inside the chess automaton at the Eden Musée. There are some people who earn a livelihood by picking up peach-stones and making baskets out of them. Others, again, wash postage-stamps and sell them for new. I know one man in New York who hires out artificial teeth, and another who is a pawn-ticket broker. His method is to attend a sale, buy in goods, and then repawn them. After that he floats the tickets. There is another individual of my acquaintance who earns a neat if most prosaic living by winding clocks in different parts of the city, each day taking a different route. Tea-tasting is a rather queer profession, yet there are about two hundred men in New York who make a living by it. They get from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty dollars a week. The habits of the men are exceedingly curious. So are their offices. To drift into one of these places and find a man sitting half-dreamily at a revolving table and sipping alternately from forty or fifty different cups, as with monotonous and regular movement of the hand he revolves the table, would be a surprise to the average unsuspecting citizen.

Sometimes a curiously-contrived sign will give an out-of-the-way flavor to a commonplace calling. Thus, the name "umbrella hospital" invests parasol-mending with a certain whimsical interest, and the quaint legend over a country cobbler's door, "Soles saved here," does the same for shoe-mending. I remember once seeing a singular announcement over a photograph-gallery. It read, "Misfit photographs for sale." This, the proprietor told me, brought him many customers. Mothers, for example, with little children, often bought pictures of children with long hair, when that of their own had not grown, and sent them to friends at a distance. Brides' photographs, he said, also sold very well.



"Plots of Novels for Sale. Prices Reasonable." So runs a sign in the window of a little shop on a street running off the Strand, which I discovered on my last visit to London. On making inquiries, I found that the occupant of the shop was a paralytic college student, who had conceived the idea of making a living by selling skeletons of stories. The success of this original business is remarkable. The plot-maker drives a paying trade with writers for the cheap papers.

Another curious calling is that of a "scriver." These worthies manufacture the cards for the sham cripples and bogus blind men who infest large cities. London is singularly prolific of these impostors. They mostly emanate from two or three common lodging-houses. The most popular of these, to which I obtained admission, is known as "The Dispensary." It is here that the "scribers" hang out, and an industrious one can live comfortably on his talents.

The professional beggars of Paris have an organ of their own, called the *Journal des Mendicants* ("Beggars' Journal"). It appears twice a week, and is quite a well-managed paper. A recent issue contained, among others, the following curious advertisement: "Wanted to engage, a cripple for a sea-side resort. Good references and a small deposit required." This announcement is not by any means to be regarded as a hoax. The proprietors of hotels and boarding-houses at fashionable watering-places assume that visitors would be disposed to give alms if an opportunity were afforded them, and, as they cannot very well do the begging themselves, they engage professional beggars, to whom they grant permission to solicit alms on their premises, and the beggars in return pay them one-half of their daily receipts. This advertisement had reference to an arrangement of this kind.

This list of queer occupations might be extended *ad infinitum*, but space forbids. These are a few of the more curious callings I have come across in the course of my wanderings: they could be met with only in our own time and in such capitals as London or New York, where the population in general has not the faintest idea how some small part of that population lives.

Charles Robinson.

## A ROSE.

A SINGLE rose in yonder ruined bed  
 Makes beauty where all beauty else had fled ;  
 Like love, which, careless of time or death,  
 About earth's shattered hopes its tendrils wreathing,  
 Blooms in the wilderness, divinely breathing,  
 Till all around grows fragrant with its breath.

Florence Earle Coates.



## MARIE BURROUGHS.

**I**N studying the influences that have contributed to lead the world into the conditions which characterize the present century, we find that the drama stands out boldly and is a centre of interest and power; but not until it is transformed from the coldness of the written page into the warmth and glow of action by human interpreters does it reach its legitimate fulfilment and become the most magnetic of arts, the vivid means of instruction, the most popular of pleasures. It is not strange, then, that we value artists who thus appeal to us through a gift heightened by the charm of ideality; neither is it an unreasonable curiosity that

prompts us, when the stage lights are extinguished and the door of the play-house is closed, to follow them into private life.

Marie Burroughs was born in San Francisco. Her father was one of the fortunate seekers after the wealth which the gold-lined State flashed upon the world's notice in 1849 and 1850, and her early life was that of those who are rocked in the cradle of luxury; but destiny had fixed its eye upon her, and financial reverses, with the loss of parental care, at the age of fifteen, forced upon her a sense of responsibility and an eager questioning of her ability to grapple with serious problems.

She sometimes thinks it strange that the theatrical career should have invited her, since this amusement had not been made familiar to her by frequent attendance or home influence; and the guiding of her thoughts in this direction is probably due to Mrs. Romaldo Pacheco, the dramatist. This lady often entertained this juvenile visitor at her house with the reading of her plays, and from the part of critic to the identification of herself with romantic rôles the transition was easy for the young Marie, whose nature was warm and receptive.

Thus advised by this kind friend, and guided in the choice of reading-matter by her mother, a woman of literary tastes, she developed in a wholesome atmosphere of freedom and innocence. In a home filled with the love-light of mother and friend, the future actress uncon-

sciously embraced the principles of the art which has become her life-work. At the age of seventeen, in the house of her uncle, Mr. Nelson Cook, her social life furnished the means to this end by introducing her to Lawrence Barrett, and she resolved to surprise him into a criticism of her ability as a delineator of human passion. The scholarly actor listened to her reading with rapt attention, and was so impressed with her peculiar magnetic force that he immediately wrote a letter of commendation to the proprietor of Palmer's Theatre, urging the engagement of the novice. Mr. Mallory telegraphed his answer, and, almost before she was aware of her own determination in the matter, Miss Burroughs was in New York, and in a few weeks was duly launched as an interpreter of emotional rôles. Now followed in rapid succession her triumphs as leading lady in the plays of "Alpine Roses" (in which she created the part of Irma), "The Rajah," "Partners," "Saints and Sinners," and "Elaine,"—a series of dramas demanding finished and artistic handling of impersonations which exaggerated methods would have destroyed and a less soulful artist rendered stupid. But like a garden of rosebuds these creations stand in theatrical history, each particular flower impearled with the dew drawn from the well of pure feeling, and radiant with the beauty of color and freshness. Admirers have wished in their enthusiasm to thrust Marie Burroughs into the high seats of fame, classing her with Siddons, Anderson, and Neilson, but she has been content to look upon each stride she has made as an approach only to the greatness which she hopes to achieve later in the legitimate drama.

She has distinguished herself in supporting the eminent English actor E. S. Willard, and in the play of "Judah" is on a level with this artist, who seems by the subtle, penetrating quality of his talent to evoke the most responsive chords of her nature, and to enable her to realize in Vashti Dethic a creation corresponding to his inimitable rôle of Cyrus Blenkarn.

Much is known of the actress, and little of the woman, but sometimes the one is a reflection of the other. Lineally descended from England's two great admirals, Cook and Drake, she may claim the inherited right of conquest; nor has she been denied the crowning glory of a woman's domestic bliss. Her husband is Mr. Louis F. Massen.

Her picture is life-like, lacking only the coloring. Fancy must supply the rich brown tint of the hair, the liquid light of the full blue eyes, and a certain nameless grace that sways the slight, willowy form of Marie Burroughs.

*Robert Edgarton.*

## A ROSE OF THE MIRE.

[LIPPINCOTT'S NOTABLE STORIES.—I.\*]

**O**UTSIDE Robert McNulty's basement grocery a bit of tin bearing dubious white lettering clanked in the arid sweep of November wind:

THIS STORE TO LET.  
STOCK AND FIXCHURS  
FOR SALE.

The street was narrow, filthy, lined by tottering houses that leaned as if for sympathy in their misery one against another, and by new, noisy tenements, each sheltering a small army of miserables. It was wind-swept to-day, and unusually quiet. The brazen and drunken women and wretched children who were in the habit of gathering about the doors and alley-ways like flies around a garbage-heap had sought shelter from the dry, penetrating cold. Overhead the elevated trains whizzed through the gray air with growing whirr, hissing steam, and clamorous brakes.

Now, as ever, these trains had a fascination for Hannah. Since the sun-baked, July day, four years before, when she had landed at Castle Garden with Toby in her arms, the trains had always seemed like raging enemies as they approached, shrieking and snorting threats of disaster, then clattering above her with voluble, appeasing explanation, and sending back a murmur from the far distance as if offering a very polite apology for having alarmed her.

Hannah was slender, dark and small. Her narrow shoulders, flat chest, and long, thin arms gave her an air of pathetic fragility, though in reality she was strong as one of the little knotted apples whose wholesome sweetness neither frost nor hard knocks can spoil. For she had known both. She lived where the garments of vice brushed her, where sorrow stretched its lean fingers and touched her in passing. But the knowledge, while it had made her girl's heart a woman's, had

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\* Just now the "short story" is in high favor,—especially the story which paints life "by and large" with a few deft touches of the brush. Every magazine receives many such tales,—more than it has room to print; and most of those which appear, in the rush of modern life, are soon forgotten.

We propose to do something toward the longer remembrance of the best brief tales that can be gathered. In the present number appears "A Rose of the Mire," which will be followed by one short story in each successive issue during the current year. These will then be reprinted in a small volume, and the royalty on the sale of this book will belong to the author of that one of the ten tales which receives the popular verdict.

To determine this choice, our readers are invited to signify each month, by postal card addressed to the editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*, their opinions as to the merits of the short story in the last issue. Those who thus report as to each of the ten tales, from March to December inclusive, will receive, free of charge, a copy of the collected edition of "Notable Stories."

not stolen the gaze of faith from her soft, Celtic eyes of blue, nor the arch smile from her ruddy mouth.

To-day she was alone in her uncle's basement grocery, listening to the wind. Her hands, as small as a child's, grimy at the knuckles and nails, were clasped around her knees, as she rocked and pensively crooned a street song:

"For she's my Annie,  
I'm her Joe,  
She's my sweetheart,  
I'm her beau."

While she sang, her thoughts were far away. Her dreaming gaze watched the orange light through the glazed windows of the little stove turn the sand upon the floor to gold dust, and she saw pictures there. Now that the store was to be let, her uncle going back to Ireland, a change imminent in her life in more ways than one, she felt a retrospective pleasure in dwelling upon sad memories.

She thought of her Irish home,—a little thatched house in a green glen,—and how when she was only fourteen and Toby a little weakling of two her parents had died there of low fever, developed by the famine. She remembered the debt, helplessness, and the avarice of the stronger which had crushed her, how blankly the poor-house of a wretched Irish parish had stared her in the face, until one glad and glorious morning when lame Rogers the post-master had limped across the road to her with a letter from America.

"Dere Hanna," this wonderful message ran, "I wud lik ye to com out here to New York fer yere me brethers child an i well remimber ye as a babby and i will wellcome ye with a hart and a haf put a little bit of the old gardin sod in a tin box and a bit of thatch from the rufe for old times sak. i hav the fines grocry in the forth ward and i will tak gude care of ye and toby. Yer pasage muney is here with full direckshuns bewar of pickpokets and expectin ye i am yer luving uncle, so no more at prisint. Robert McNulty."

Ah, that letter from the great, unknown America! That letter, a song of hope calling to her. It had been sweet to think that beyond the immeasurable, shuddering sea somebody wanted her.

"An' to think that's four years ago. It seems on'y like las' week to me," Hannah said aloud, and stood up, startled at finding herself in darkness.

A touch of the brogue still clung to her utterance, mixing oddly with the glib word-slurring of the slums.

As she went towards the counter to light the kerosene lamp suspended before a reflector, the door was opened, and in a little whirlwind of dry dust a young man entered. He heard the soft, listless humming in the shadow:

"She's my Annie,  
I'm her Joe."

"That you, Hannah?"

Even before the question, tender and imperious, her heart had given a wild leap. The sputtering match fell from her fingers.

"I'm all thumbs," she stammered, with a little nervous laugh. "Sit down, Dan."

"What are yeh doin', anyway?" he asked, going over to her.

"Tryin' to light the lamp. It's so daark, I——"

She could not finish the sentence. He was beside her, his breath upon her hair, his strong hand closing upon her frail shoulder as he passed his arm with a masterful sweep quite around her, holding her to him, the forceful beating of his heart against her ear.

"Y'ain't goin' to light it—not till yeh kiss me. There! An' yeh do love me?—honest, Hannah? I want yeh to say it ag'in."

She nestled her cheek against his muscular throat, her lashes quivered and fell.

"I'd do yeh fer yeh, Dan. An' that's the God's truth," she said.

"Well, yeh couldn't do more'n that," he cried, exultantly, and almost stifled her with kisses before releasing her.

But he stood with his hands in his pockets and let her climb on the counter to light the lamp. It never occurred to him to do otherwise. The instinct of courtesy may sometimes thrive spontaneously in a rude and untutored man as a flower will bloom in uncared-for soil, but it had no place in Dan Morley's nature.

The lamplight showed him a virile young giant, under thirty, a face of rough but vivid animal beauty, full, direct, self-satisfied eyes, a sensuous mouth, that closed with dogged steadfastness over wholesome white teeth. A coat of soiled, fuzzy flannel was buttoned close to his corded neck, his hands were big and red, his step that of a man sure of himself and with a full appreciation of his rights.

Had he ever tried to define love he must have contemplated it from its material side, as a disturbance in his blood that was both appeased and intensified in touching Hannah, that grew to ecstasy when his lips clung to hers. Hannah alone roused in him this feeling, therefore she was to be his wife. They would marry, be fond of each other, "stick by each other;" he would clothe, feed, and shelter her; she would keep his house, attend to his comforts, nurse and rear his children, and be his affectionate, obedient wife until she died.

Marriage meant this. What more? But Dan never wondered if there were something more beyond his narrow understanding. These, however, were his fixed opinions. He was no more conscious of them than of the blood rushing in fervid currents through his big body. They were just as silent, just as vital.

A customer came in. Her fingers gathered a ragged shawl around her chilled and hollowed face. Her expression was one of servile apology, the fixed result of long years' servility and self-effacement. Hannah with nice discrimination helped her select a head of cabbage. It was poked, weighed in the hand, inspected, and paid for while neighborly civilities were exchanged. The sale finished, she sat down before the fire with Dan and looked at him with her faithful, loving eyes.

"I ben promised a berth, Hannah," he said, and complacently filled his pipe.

"Oh, yer not goin' on the force?" she said, with a little gasp.

A gust of laughter shook his frame.

"Ye funny little thing! Well, I guess not. I on'y talked of bein' a cop to tease yeh. No, this job's great. Lean down yer head an' I'll whisper it. Oh, I say, this ain't a make-b'lieve to kiss yeh," as she drew away with a sceptical laugh: "I could do that 'thout any make-b'lieve, I guess. Ain't yeh mine?"

Hannah let him draw her brown head to his shoulder, and listened eagerly.

"I ben promised an engineer's berth on a railroad in Guatemala, where Johnny Dugan is. Every day I'm expectin' it. You an' me, Hannah, down there! Great,—ain't it?" To display his exhilaration he sprang up and pattered his heavily-booted feet upon the sanded floor. It was a fragment of a clog-dance he had vastly admired at a Bowery theatre the night before. "Great,—ain't it?" he said again.

"Will it be soon?" and Hannah's voice had taken another shade that was very nearly sadness.

"Not too soon for us to git spliced an' you to git some duds together. That's what you're meanin', sis, ain't it?"

"I was thinkin' of Toby."

She stood up, and, laying her hands with passionate force on Dan's shoulders, gave a little, shivering sigh.

"He 'way off in Ireland,—me down there. Ain't it jest as if two great hands was stretchin' down from heaven breshin' us away frum each other to the opposite ends of the earth, seas an' lands stretchin' in between us? Dan, how kin I part frum him?"

"I GUESS YOU DO LOVE HIM,—A BLAMED SIGHT MORE'N YOU DO ME."

"Oh, I thought we settled all that nonsense. Yeh know it's best fer him to go with the old man. He'll be in clover in the old country. I on'y wish I'd had his chance when I wuz a kid."

"Yes, I know. But—I love him. Oh, Dan, I can't tell you how I love little Toby! You don't know."

Dan's eyes narrowed and flashed a little.

"Don't I, though? I guess you do love him,—a blamed sight more'n you do me."



Hannah could not explain. She shook her head, and, looking wistfully at Dan, pushed her fingers tenderly through his thick, low-growing hair.

"It's not like that. It's diff'rent. But—I—jest love him. Sometimes when I see him settin' off fer school, whistlin'—so little, oh, so little, an'—an' weak, but, oh, so brave in his little heart, an', oh, so ready to stan' up fer poor, hunted things, like cats that other boys chase, an' stealin' crackers fer that lame boy next door, I fergive him fer sayin' bad words sometimes an' gittin' into street-fights. D'ye think we can iver go over to Ballinasloe an' see them, Dan? Oh, cud we?"

In the enthusiasm of the question she sank against him and laid her head upon his breast. The door swung open, and a short, bulky figure clattered noisily in.

"Well, now, upon me wurrud, fwat have we here? Moy, moy! Shparkin' ag'in? Dear, dear, Hannah, but you an' Dan do a dale of that!" And the series of exclamations ended in a weak, wheezy laugh as Mr. McNulty struggled out of his coat and into a wrinkled worsted jacket.

"We don't mind bein' guyed, do we, Hannah?" asked Dan, with a flash of his white teeth, as he prepared to say good-night. "But I guess I'll meander, anyway. There's a p'litical meetin' round the corner. Jamsie Duffy's goin' to shoot his jaw off fer Casey the alderman. Couldn't miss that."

Hannah went outside with him and let him snatch a hasty, hearty kiss, the wind blowing her against his breast.

"I wonder where that Toby is. Ef yeh see him, Dan, tell him I'm waitin'."

"All right, Hannah. So long." And with a last, proprietary, flashing glance of devouring love, he was gone.

Hannah tightened the little woollen shawl around her shoulders and stood in the gusty night watching him down the street, her heart beating fast, and feeling his kiss still warm upon her mouth.

At the corner, one of the tinsel-bright liquor palaces that seem mocking the misery they accentuate flung its electric rays across the pavement. The wind-twisted flame of a naphtha torch at an Italian's fruit-stand made a red track across the wan whiteness. And in the commingling of lights a little boy appeared.

He limped wearily, bending forward with hands pressed convulsively to his breast.

"Toby!" was the word that leaped into Hannah's mind, and her heart stirred like a frightened bird. She made a rapid plunge forward and caught him by the shoulder.

"Toby, what's the matter? Look at me. Oh, God, you're hurt—y'are! What's happened to you, Toby?"

He leaned upon her for a moment, breathless, lifting his small, round, freckled face, blanched to a waxen hue, the intense eyes fixed in a pitiful, half-questioning stare.

"Nuthin's the matter. I kin walk. Le' go—see?" And, still gripping his chest, he tottered past her into the basement.

Toby. Child, elf, man in one. A trinity where helplessness, imp-

ishness, and experience were met. His six years had taught him the meaning of life as understood among the poor and the criminal. His moral code might be summed up in three phrases: to love Hannah as he was told he should love God; to take under his especial guardianship all weak and defenceless things; to "keep a stiff upper lip when he was downed."

He was only trying hard to adhere to his code now as he sat there

"TOBY, WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

shivering, his little Irish face, under the shabby moleskin cap, twisted by pain out of its usual drollery, yet trying to "laugh it off."

"I fell off Sampson's grain elevator,—pretty high,—but I guess it ain't nothin', Hanner," he faltered.

As he lifted his eyes, so like her own, a gray shade crept around his lips and he leaped forward with a piercing cry, flung at her feet by the impetus of the sudden, awful pang that wiped out consciousness.

Hannah watched beside his bed that night. A sextette of cats, in various stages of dilapidation, hovered near, their soft, questioning mewling unanswered for the first time since their adoption by Toby, the humane.

It was strange to see him lying there inert, his alertness and monkeyish ways fallen from him, replaced by a new, somnolent dignity. No wonder the cats stared at him with the soft-eyed, puzzled air of sedate philosophers facing a new social theorem. Never had that brain, when wakeful, been so blank of projects before, nor the small scratched hands so quiet.

When at dawn the cold sunlight was shedding a lustre like quick-

silver upon the drifted dust in the back yard, the doctor paid his second visit. He lifted Toby's hot hand, looked once into the spent eyes, and looked away.

The gesture told Hannah the truth, and she grew numb from a grief that was allied to terror.

"It has to be," said her consciousness.

"It must not be!" cried her heart. "It cannot be! He must not die. I will not let him go."

In the narrow basement hall she faced the doctor.

"Doctor, can't yeh keep him? 'Tain't that he's done fer—'tain't

"DOCTOR, CAN'T YEH KEEP HIM?"

that ye've give him up? Oh, keep him! Won't yeh thry? There's sech good stuff in Toby! Yeh don' know—he ain't had a fair show—but I know, an' if ye'll on'y do everything fer him jest as yeh would if he was rich and had everything he wanted. Save him fer me, doctor—oh, do, fer my sake!" And she clung to his arm in the agony of the prayer, her lids half fallen over her fainting eyes.

The doctor was silent a moment, flecking a fancied speck of dust from his coat.

"My dear, I can do no more," was the gentle reply. "Be brave, you poor little thing. The boy was not strong, and the shock was terrible. The injuries were internal and severe. I'm afraid the call has

come, poor child, and all the skill in the world is useless. Two days, three days, a week, maybe; but be prepared for the worst. I'll be back again to-day."

Her hands dropped to her sides. In voiceless anguish she fell against the wall, the clammy cold against her cheek like the chill at her heart. A horrible maze muffled her senses. Life for the moment was suspended for her.

Afar off she seemed at last to hear a voice. It was her uncle's.

"Ye'd better not go near Hannah now, Dan, with any such palaver. Don't I tell you the b'y is dyin'?" And here there was a wheezy, desperate sob. "The priest 'll be here in a minute. Oh, wirra, this day!"

"Well, I'll find out for meself. This here ain't a matter to be made wait. This here is somethin' as has got to be done onct fer all, an' quick," came to her in Dan's positive tones, unusually breathless and husky.

In a blind, miserable way she turned to meet him as he

IN VOICELESS ANGUISH SHE FELL AGAINST THE WALL, CAME DOWN THE NARROW HALL.

When he caught her to his heart and kissed her she was conscious of the first sharp dart of pain, and the first tears came in a flood as she pressed her face against the harsh grain of his coat. Ah, Dan was good. He had come to comfort her. He knew it eased a girl's sore heart to be held close, close within protecting arms.

She looked up at him, her eyes in her pain darkened to purplish black. Yes, Dan was good.

"God's goin' to take Toby away, Dan. Little Toby. He'll never see Ballinasloe now. He'll never roide thet donkey 'long be the hawthorn hedges as uncle talked of. Everything 'll be diff'rent, Dan,—except the partin' frum him, an' that—oh, that'll be worse. The ocean won't be between us: it'll be the cold grave."

She fell on her knees, rocking to and fro and helplessly smiting her little, roughened hands together.

"The grave! An' it's cold it'll be fer yeh, Toby. Haven't I kep' yer little feet warm in both me hands, many's the night? Oh, God!"—it was a shrill, haunting cry as if wrung from one in a convulsion of physical anguish,—“couldn't yeh leave him? Couldn't yeh? Couldn't yeh?”

Dan looked uncomfortable. The moment was inauspicious for what he had come to say. But matters would be no better if he waited an hour or two, and time was precious.

"I'm awful sorry, Hannah. I'm awful sorry," he muttered, incoherently, wiping away the perspiration which, despite the cold, came out upon his face. "I'm awful sorry I've happened now uv all times. It's jest my cursed luck."

His tone, so different from what she had insensibly expected, made her raise her eyes in mute, sluggish astonishment.

"But luk here. Have yeh got time fer a word about my affairs?—have yeh? I hate to bother yeh now—but I love yeh, Hannah—yeh know that. And love comes foist anyhow, don't it?"

"LOVE COMES FOIST ANYHOW, DON'T IT?"

Love? In her present state of feeling the mere word was cruel. Love? And Toby dying. What did anything in the whole world matter beside that one, crushing fact?—Toby dying?

"Yeh see, it's this way," Dan went on hurriedly in a whisper. "I got that job in Guatemala I told yeh of. Yeh remember? I got it suddint this very mornin'. Besides, I'm to be engineer on the boat that starts to-night. The feller what wuz goin' this trip's got a cut head in a fight on South Street. Yes. So, I'm goin'—sure—to-night."

"To-night." And, listening to the word coming from her lips in a lifeless tone, as she looked past him, he saw it had no meaning for her.

"Hain't yeh got nothin' else to say? I'm glad to get this job, an' all fer you, Hannah—fer you—because I love yeh, an' I want to git yeh married to me, so thet nuthin' can separate us."

A surly jealousy that anything could so engross her thoughts to the exclusion of him maddened him beyond endurance. His narrow, fiery nature was smouldering before the outbreak of a revolt, as he lifted her again into his fierce embrace.

"Don't yeh want to come and see Toby, before yeh go?" she asked, rousing herself from her passive despair. "Yeh'll niver see him ag'in, Dan. Walk sof'ly."

Her little fingers closed upon his wrist, and he saw her lips were dry and white. But the words she spoke were a blow.

Here he was, self-centred, full to the lips of his own schemes, standing on the edge of a new life that meant a complete upheaval of the old one, Hannah to be a part of that life, yet seeming out of his reach and looking at him with strange, indifferent eyes. This was the situation. In his own way he understood it. And the thought that rankled was,—

"An' all becuz uv a sick kid."

Before she could reach the door he grasped her arms and drew her backwards.

"Y'ain't seen what I come fer, Hannah. Yeh don't seem mindin' me at all. I come to speak about our gittin' married. There ain't much time. We go on board to-night. D'ye hear?"

He held her closer and felt an almost cruel desire to hurt her and kiss her at the same time.

"Well, what 'r yeh starin' at so? I ain't got two heads on me."

The questioning gaze turned to one of pain.

"I ain't goin', Dan. Not now, anyway. I thought ye'd know that 'thout any tellin'. Goin'?" she said, prayerfully. "Why, Dan," and her sweet, curled mouth fluttered, "yeh can't mean it! D'yeh think I'm stone or wood? 'Twould be on'y what I'd deserve ef God struck me dead to have sech a thought fer a minute. Toby——"

"Luk here," and Dan seemed choking; "'tain't Toby now. It's me. What ef he is sick? Can't yer uncle take care 'v him? I ain't goin' fer a day or a week. I'm goin' fer all the time—I'm goin' to-night, an' yer place is beside me. It is, I tell yeh," he panted, "ef y'ever meant a word yeh said—and yeh've said lots."

"But Toby's dyin'. You couldn't ask me to leave him, Dan."

She tore herself from his arms, startled, a piteous look in her eyes.

"Then ef he's done fer he'll die anyhow, an' yer stayin' won't help him none," he said, doggedly, his eyes seeming to imprison the points of a flame.

"Oh, Dan, take that back. It hurts me. You to say that!"

"An' you that said you loved me,—would die fer me," came in a hoarse cry from Dan's set lips; "an' now yeh go back on me! I ask yeh ag'in, will yeh come—to-night?"

His knuckles showed like wax against the dark red of his fists, his chest heaved. He towered over Hannah, "his girl," who had always been so gentle, swayed by his slightest wish, facing him now, small,



helpless and hopeless, the strength and quiet encompassing her making his passion seem puerile.

Her answer was only a whisper; she had not strength for more:

"Sence yeh can't see my duty, I'll tell yeh, Dan. I'll stay with Toby to the end."

She turned away, but he seized her arm, and his face was terrible.

"He always came between us; yeh always loved him best,—damn him."

"No—no—no!" her shriek rang out. "Take it back. Take it back."

He repeated the curse.

"Yeh'll live to repent this day; yeh'll repent yer choice. Yeh'll see!" And he was gone.

#### HANNAH TOTTERED TO HER KNEES.

But in Hannah's superstitious ears that curse was ringing. She shook from head to foot, her mouth fallen. It was with difficulty she reached the door and opened it.

Toby had risen to his elbow, an old and weary cat nestling in the curve of his loosely-falling arm. All the mannishness had fled from his little face. He looked the baby she had cherished through hardship. There was a wild question in his eyes, a prayer for help and refuge; it almost seemed as if he discerned an approaching "something" her eyes could not see.

Hannah tottered to her knees and drew his head to her bosom. She lifted up her stony face, and her silent lips moved rapidly.

The priest entered, and a few moments later, breaking in upon his prayer, the November wind rushing down the hall forced open the door, which swung back as if to admit an invisible visitor who carried away that part of Toby beyond mortal understanding.

In the late afternoon a red bar of the sunset made its way between the chimney-tops into the room where the boy's quiet form was stretched, strangely gaunt and tall under the sheeting. The sunlight met the candle-light encircling him in radiant whiteness. He was like a young monarch enthroned, the centre of a glory he would have marvelled at in life.

They had left Hannah alone with him. She sat beside the bed, her arm flung across this voiceless shell of what she had so dearly loved, her head upon the breast whose coldness was an affront to her passionate grief. In her simple way she was wondering at and resenting the havoc Death makes with almost every known expression of a living face. This tranquil child, his features marked by a mature serenity, the closed eyes sunken, the wet, stiff lashes shadowing the hollowed cheeks, seemed scarcely her Toby at all.

But it was he,—oh, bitterly it was.

She did not hear a knock at the door. The creaking hinges startled her, and she sprang up, meeting Dan's eyes. He had been drinking hard, a thing unusual with him, but was now quite sober, and his face bore the marks of grief. His masterful anger was wholly gone.

"I come to say I wuz wrong, Hannah. I come to take it all back. I'd give ten years o' me life to give yeh Toby ag'in——"

She half raised her hands to her ears in a feeble ineffectual attempt to shut out the sound of his voice speaking that name.

"Don't yeh believe it?" he asked, imploringly; "I would, honest. And will yeh come down to me in Guatemala, when yeh kin—when yeh like? I go to-night—but, oh, Hannah, give me yer promise that yeh'll come—sometime—jest to keep me from goin' straight to the devil. I'll wait fer yeh, no matter how long it is."

A burning sob grew in Hannah's throat. Her eyes were on Toby. There was a mist quivering around the candle-light that to her blurred sight made the dead lips take on a shadowy movement.

"I didn't leave yeh, dear," she said, in a soothing tone, her yearning touch upon the rigid fingers. "An' ef yeh'd lingered in pain fer years yeh know now—don't yeh, darlin'?—that I'd never have left yeh,—oh, never?"

"Won't yeh speak to me, Hannah? Fergive and ferget," Dan said, going toward her with outstretched arms.

Then she looked fully at him, shivering, her eyes dilated.

"Don't touch me!" her voice rang out. "Don't come near me! I know yeh now, Dan Morley. Yeh've said yeh loved me. But no, yeh couldn't love any one but yerself. An' yeh'd have torn me frum my Toby when he wuz dyin': yeh never wanted me to love him. This mornin' yeh cursed him. You that was never as kind to a human bein' as he was to his poor cats,—yeh cursed him. Oh, I hear it yet!—an' I'll always hear it. But God has forgotten it, I know, because I went on me knees and ast him to."

An icy calm followed the burning words. When next she spoke it was in a whisper of dread :

"It's just this. I couldn't touch yer hand ag'in, as long as I live."

Persuasion could not have had less effect upon a stone, and Dan saw it. Between them lay the dead boy.

He went out in hopeless silence. Hannah still held the small, purple-pale hand. The lonely cats pressed against her, as if wondering what the light and silence meant.

*Kate Jordan.*

### THE RIPPLES AND THE POOL.

SLUMBEROUS depths of tired eyes,  
Where far in the shadow the spirit lies,  
That sweet, brave spirit, whose joyous gleam  
Should dance in those eyes like a rippling stream !

Yet the stream oft waits 'neath the forest's shade  
In deep, still pools, and is undismayed ;  
For it knows that soon, in the broad sunlight,  
It will dance, with its ripples, o'er pebbles bright.

And the dark, deep pools, mysterious, still,  
Have a sad, sweet charm of their own, that the trill  
And the dancing chime of the ripples gay,  
With all their beauty, can ne'er display.

For the ripples, singing their joyous song  
In the brilliant sunlight, to all belong ;  
But the pool in the forest concealed is for him  
Who studies and honors and loves the stream.

Close not, then, slumberous, languid eyes !  
Let me view the beauty that in you lies !  
Your bright, gay glance for the world ; for me  
Those sad, sweet looks that none else may see !

*Herbert Ditchett.*

*THE SELFISHNESS OF "MOURNING."*

**I**T can hardly be imagined that any one would seek to abolish or even repress the natural flow of sorrowful feeling for those who grow dearer by passing from sight. Grief has its divine office, and, even if it were useless to sorrow for what we have lost, there are natural forces which draw our bereaved feelings from our over-full hearts out towards Infinity as the impulse of Niagara leads the overflowing lakes to the commensurate haven of the sea.

It is, therefore, no attempt to stifle feeling that is hinted in the heading. But as true grief, by the increased tenderness of its own nature, should be more ready to feel for others, there seems to be no sacrilege in trying to inaugurate a gradual abolishment of the "weeds of woe;" at least an amendment of the extent of their infliction on the public at large. It would seem as if death were omnipresent enough to need no such frequent reminders as the display of crape and the unrelieved monotony of black in the dress of those bereaved. Because we have a private and sacred grief, why should we tell it to everybody as far as the eye can see? Why should we inflict the often-painful thoughts of death on the merchant in his business, on the children in the street, on our friends to whom we really wish no sad thoughts?

If it be answered that the dress of "mourning" is so common a sight in city streets as to excite no interest, then, though the answer is wrong, it could yet be proved by it that the garb of grief is in this respect at least useless. On the contrary, however, many sensitive or nervous people and invalids are given an unpleasant and unwholesome shock by the awful black attire; and to pass it, or sit next to a voluminous mass of stifling crape, is to receive a chill like the damp of the grave. It seems, therefore, only Christian that we should spare others the infliction of a gloom which, in the presence of a greater gloom, or through the hardenment of habitual use, we who wear the weeds of woe do not feel.

When we come to consider "mourning" as a way of giving vent to our own feelings, there may be two sides to the question, but the brighter side would suggest its being done away with to a great extent, if not altogether. Shall we delegate our grief to our clothes? If there is "that within that passeth outward show," do not "the trappings and the suits of woe" seem a making light of the real grief by the very inadequacy of the expression? One will say that it relieves one from the intrusion of worldly pleasures or social enjoyment, from the temptation to forget our sorrow. What a sad admission! A real sorrow is life-long. A sorrow of the heart grows with our growth, as we learn to appreciate our loss, and rightly viewed becomes one of our strongest and best of angels. Let us, then, not fear the forgetting of a real sorrow by the one who experiences it.

A sorrow, then, being life-long, should not be restricted in its expression to a period of six months, a year, or two years, as fashion dictates in the various degrees of bereavement. The very idea of fashion in the realm of grief should make fashionable manifestations of its presence most distasteful to all sane and refined people. Fashion in sorrow must ultimately lead us to the inane, where feeling is unknown. To a certain extent there is at least a plausible excuse in

the adoption of mourning emblems by those of extended social connections and duties. But the excuse limps in that it acknowledges that the hundreds of "friends" on the visiting-list are, after all, not intimate enough with us to be able to remember our afflictions and exercise the proper forbearance. So the advocates of "mourning" would confess, first, that they mourn through the medium of their clothes; second, that they have to adopt mourning as a defence from the intrusion of their friends! As we have seen, the infliction of gloomy apparel on the public—whom we do not know, and who do not know us—is a violation of the Golden Rule. Fashions in mourning stationery, in mourning head-gear, in mourning livery,—what a hollow sound they have! Does "mourning" help to keep alive the memory of the dead? Possibly, to some; but who of the dead would care for remembrance thus perpetuated, associated with sombre imagery? And must it be written that "mourning becomes" some people, and that it has been worn beyond even the fashionable period for that reason? What sense of grief, or the sacredness of sorrow, or the solemnity of death, is conveyed when a rosy-cheeked person enveloped in crape comes into a street-car laughing and chattering with a companion? Is it not travesty? One cannot hope that the aged, accustomed to the usage, will abandon it at once; if it eases their grief to so display it, who would forbid them, who have lost so many of their life-friends? In the very old there is, if anywhere, an approach to appropriateness in the wearing of at least partial black. But the discarding of excessive mourning display may well be begun by the young and middle-aged. Especially let us not have children, spirits of joy and hope, masquerading in the hues of death. Why cloud their lives more than nature clouds them? In all but the very aged it seems as if some appropriate observance in neck-dress, the wearing of grays and browns, etc., rather than any gay colors, were as far as we could safely go without inflicting our grief on others. And if we are any more tempted to forget our grief or join in the dance, can we not safely leave these things to the heart? What conduct is above reproach that does not emanate therefrom? Away with hypocrisy in grief, as in anything else! If our friends rally around us sooner and beguile us more quickly from the temporary, natural shock of death, from a lonely vigil with death to which we have bound ourselves, will it not be better? The lesson of death has been often preached,—be ye also ready. And to that end let the sorrow-stricken work yet more diligently while it is day. There is no truer balm for grief than self-sacrificing work for others. A relic of barbarism, perpetuating the spirit of the days when the mourner shaved his scalp, tortured his flesh, put ashes on his head, starved, made night hideous with wailing and beating of drums,—let us gently divest ourselves of this custom of wearing entire black for the dead, and see if the world will not be brighter in spirit as well as brighter to the eye.

*C. H. Crandall.*

*OUR SIDE OF THE QUESTION.*

IF the writers of fiction ever came together in "class-meeting" to compare experiences, I am quite sure they would agree upon certain of the delusions which exist in the mind of the reader and which he is fond of stating to the writer. One of the most common of these is the supposition that the writer spends the time ostensibly given to social intercourse in making professional, and surreptitious, studies of the people whom he meets, and consequently the innocent and the unwary perpetually run the risk of being "put into a book." That it is the commonplace and uninteresting people—in an artistic point of view—who cherish this dread is a fact which proves how true it is that each one of us makes the axis upon which the world revolves. I remember one lady who was in the habit of announcing to the literary friends of her husband that if any one "put her into a book" she would put him into his coffin. As the temptation to make her into literary material would not have been strong under any circumstances, the penalty was out of proportion, although her husband and she might have served for mild sketches of Socrates and his already well-written-up wife.

It is true that a combination of character and circumstance may lead a writer to a study so close that the original can be traced,—as Paul Emmanuel in "Villette," and some of the people in Dickens's books,—but writers who are skilful in the delineation of character and the invention of plot rarely use the photographic process, and the original of a striking portrait is never likely to know he has been "used," the gift of seeing other people as they see themselves having been denied to the observer. I think almost every writer will agree that when the reader attempts to identify fictitious characters with the people known to the writer, he is almost always led astray by some superficial resemblance which is nothing more than a coincidence. In fact, nothing is more difficult to handle than the True,—because it is so hard to make it credible and interesting.

There is another little idiosyncrasy of the reader, of which I almost fear to speak, because it is so absurd, but, as it is also very common, it may be in place. This is the frequency with which readers of presumable intelligence ignore the logical connection between the plot and the characters. They forget that if the development of a story depends upon the people who live in it, these must possess certain characteristics. They must, in a word, be the people who in real life would do just the same things under the same conditions. The proper criticism is not upon the pleasant qualities of the characters, but upon their fitness for the work they have to do. If a villain has a part, he must act like a villain. In "Nicholas Nickleby" it was necessary to have a school-master, but Dickens could not have used Arnold of Rugby for the place. It would have been very fine for the boys, but ruinous to the plot. But in real life take such a man as Squeers and place him in an irresponsible position, with power over the helpless, and he will develop into just such a character as is portrayed by Dickens. If the reader would bear all this in mind, and not let his likings run away with his judgment, we should hear fewer books condemned because such and such characters were "not liked." Who, for instance, "likes" the people



in Zola's novels? Still, they exist, but it remains to us to determine whether we will associate with them in books, or out of them. If we do choose to take them in literature, the criticism is upon the ability shown in the reproduction, not at all upon our fondness for the type represented.

One of the most common of the few attentions bestowed upon the writer by the reader is the suggestion of plots. There is nothing the writer likes better than finding a fresh and unbackneyed plot suitable to his style of work, but when the reader approaches him with the announcement that he "greatly desires to tell him a story that will just suit his style," the writer foresees that the claim it has upon his consideration is that it is like something he has already written! Nothing can be more vague and intangible than the building of plots. It is hardly possible to foresee what will take the imagination captive, nor can any one tell what will be developed from a given germ. Mental assimilation is one of the processes for which no receipt can be given, and no one can tell at what angle an impression will strike. The connection between suggesting impressions is often involved and subtle enough to elude even the thinker's own analysis, and not even in the witness-box and under oath could the writer always tell why a certain seed was quickened, and how it happened that in his mind was raised, not the body that was sowed, but another, there being thoughts that are sowed in weakness to be raised in power, and in dishonor to be raised in glory, yet *how* this mental body comes to life is not given to the natural man to know.

One of the literary stories that illustrate how idle it is for the reader to attempt to determine just where the writer derived his inspirations is shown in the description of Miriam in "The Marble Faun." There was much discussion about the original of this character, it having not only a certain kind of individuality which made it real, but there was an artistic reserve in the whole treatment that implied that there was much more that could be told. When Hawthorne's "English Note-Books" were published, the original was discovered in them as a young lady opposite to whom he had sat at a Lord Mayor's dinner! That this chance study sat for more than the personal picture of the famous character is shown in the description that Hawthorne gives of the impression she produced upon him: "Looking at her I saw what were the wives of the old patriarchs in their maiden or early married days,—what Judith was, for, womanly as she looked, I doubt not she could have *slain a man in a just cause*." . . . "Whether owing to distinctness of race, my sense that she was a Jewess, or whatever else, I felt a sort of repugnance, simultaneously with my perception that she was an admirable creature." Here in a few lines we have Miriam as she is through the whole book. It is not only the black hair, "black as night, black as death," without the "vulgar gloss," that impressed the sensitive brain of the writer, but the key-tone of his whole feeling toward her is struck. Hawthorne never really liked Miriam. He knew, as he said, that she was "an admirable creature," but his tenderness was for Hilda, who in no way was repugnant to him in her appearance, her race, or her name. It is not to be supposed that as he watched this London girl at the dinner he then and there decided to make a heroine of her, nor that she suggested the novel to him, but afterwards, as the whole story grew into his musing, the memory of her influenced the shaping. This seems to me to be plain. I remember once going into a notary's office with a writer, who, after we came away, asked me if I had noticed a young man at a desk. I had a memory that there were two people in the room, that was all. "That,"

she said, "proves how varying are our impressions. I saw this young man some years ago, and talked to him for a moment, and months afterwards when I came to write the novel that you think is the best I ever wrote, he came into my mind as being the right man for my hero." "You do not mean to say," I cried, "that he is your Philip?" "He not only is my Philip, but my Philip would not have done some of the things you say are fine if he had not looked just as that young fellow does." "That may be," I returned, "but he does not *look* like Philip, all the same. If he had, I should have noticed him." It is often said that Scott drew the character of Rebecca from a Jewess who once lived in Philadelphia; but he took her story in good shape from Washington Irving, introducing it into "*Ivanhoe*" bodily, and therefore this tradition does not illustrate the point I wish to make. Scott had a remarkable liking for showing the reader into his workshop and exhibiting the rude and imperfect models from which he made his wonderful studies.

It will, I hope, be understood I do not mean to say the tracing of characters and situations to their originals may not at all times be interesting, and sometimes legitimate, but it is one of the stupidities and the injuries of our criticism—private and public—that the reader too often insists that the writer, in exhibiting his work, shall also produce the models, so that the public may not only judge for itself how well the copy is made, but also have the satisfaction of understanding which of the author's friends has been "used."

*Louise Stockton.*

## MEN OF THE DAY.

THOMAS HARDY, the famous novelist, is a slim, bald-headed man of middling height, with rather beetling brows and a singularly pleasant face, which was, until recently, framed in a pointed gray beard. Though thoughtful in manner and somewhat melancholy-looking, he is an interesting and amusing companion. He comes of noble stock, being directly descended from the Hardy to whom the dying Nelson said, "Kiss me, Hardy," and is now two-and-fifty years of age. He began life as an architect, and lives in a quaint old mansion near Dorchester of his own designing. It is situated in the heart of that western county of which he has become the historian and the poet; and, being a full-blown magistrate, he is enabled to study the rustic from the vantage-ground of the judgment-seat. His house stands exactly over an old Roman graveyard, and with cheerful practicality he has turned the bones of the old legionaries to ornamental purpose, the drive up to the door being studded with these funereal remains. He does all his writing in a roomy garret, into which none but the elect are suffered to enter. It is cut off entirely from the rest of the house, being approached by a winding staircase, and is a veritable museum of dead-and-gone conquerors. Unlike Walter Besant and other contemporary novelists, he is a firm believer in the inspiration theory, writing only when the composing fit is upon him. He has an independent fortune besides the income derived from his books, which is now very large. He has written in all some dozen novels, each of which has enriched the fiction which deals with heaths and villages, and his portraits of peasant life have been compared with justice

to Shakespeare's. In fact, there are some critics who declare him to be the greatest of living romancers. His last book, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," is generally accounted his best. He is strongly attached to all his characters, but often forgets their names and has to be set right by his wife, who acts as his "right-hand man" in his literary work.

Chief Justice Fuller, of the United States Supreme Court, is a short-set, slim-built man, with a long shock of silvery-white hair, and a clear-cut, refined, intelligent face adorned by a drooping moustache. He is nine-and-fifty, and is a native of Maine. At twenty he graduated from Bowdoin College, and later attended lectures at the Harvard University Law School, being admitted to the bar in 1855. So quickly were his talents recognized that in less than a year he was elected city attorney and president of the common council of his native Augusta. He also acted as one of the editors of the *Age*, the leading Democratic organ of the State. He resigned these positions, however, and moved Chicago-wards to seek his fortune in the great West. This was in 1856. Law and politics go hand in hand, and he soon acquired as great a reputation on the stump as he did at the bar. In 1862 he became a member of the Constitutional Convention of Illinois, and the following year was elected a member of the Legislature. He served as a delegate to the National Democratic Conventions of 1864, 1870, 1876, and 1880. Mr. Cleveland offered him at different times the positions of solicitor-general, of civil-service commissioner, and of member of the commission on Pacific railways; but all of these he declined. At length, however, on the death of Chief Justice Waite, in 1887, the President offered him the vacant position, and he accepted it. From a financial stand-point he made a great sacrifice. At this time he was one of the foremost lawyers at the Western bar, having argued during the two decades previous more cases before the United States Supreme Court than any other lawyer in the West. His income was something like seventy-five thousand dollars a year. His salary as Chief Justice is only ten thousand five hundred dollars. Personally he is a singularly modest, affable little gentleman of varied culture, and is much given to cultivating the pleasures of his own fireside. He still retains an unpretentious house in Chicago, to which he is devoted: he has been twice married, and is the father of eight children. He is painfully active-minded, and so nervous-mannered that when on the bench he is always fidgety. He has been known—in his leisure moments—to dabble in poetry.

L. Alma Tadema, the famous painter, is a stout-built, hump-shouldered man with a straggling moustache and chin beard, and wears eye-glasses. He was born in Holland six-and-fifty years ago. His parents intended him for one of the learned professions, so that for a time he devoted himself to the study of the ancient classical writers; but Nature intended him for an artist,—and prevailed,—so that he turned his attention to painting, and eventually settled in London, where he now lives in princely style in a magnificent house that resembles an art museum rather than a private dwelling. He has painted some seventy large pictures during the last three decades, and is overburdened with knighthoods and decorations bestowed by various sovereigns. From his first entrance into art he has made a special study of the times when art held the highest place in human life. With a realistic exactness that connects him with the Pre-Raphaelites, and a minute archæological knowledge that would furnish

out the professors of a whole German university, he sets before us with unrivalled power some quiet corner of a Roman street, the half-closed door of a marble shrine, a Pompeian mother with her child, a mænad dancing on the marble floor or brandishing her torch before the brazen gates. In addition to his special province, he is also well known as a portrait-painter. He is married to a daughter of Epps, of cocoa fame, and has a grown-up daughter who writes novels.

Russell Sage, the great financier, is a tall-built, gaunt-looking, keen-eyed man of nervous manner, with a long, clean-shaven face, formerly fringed by a scraggy iron-gray chin beard. He was born thrifty. This accident of birth happened to him some seventy-odd years ago, and he has not since recovered from it. He once kept a grocery-store at Troy, and invested his surplus funds in a bank, of which in the fulness of time he became a director. Finally he moved to New York and started in business as a money-lender. It is said that he has now more ready money than any individual in Wall Street, and that he could draw his check for twenty million dollars and get it cashed. He is the soul of frugality. He has never been guilty of any ambition to shine in the world of fashion, but he is a judge of horseflesh. Like Mr. Gladstone, he has never tasted tobacco.

*M. Crofton.*

# COLUMBUS IN LOVE.

BY

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND,  
("GATH,")

AUTHOR OF "THE ENTAILED HAT," "KATY OF CATOCTIN," ETC.



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## COLUMBUS IN LOVE.

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Isabella wore a silken embroidered dress and train, open in front to show a quilted petticoat of blue velvet with rows of pearl crosses; her belt was of Damascus-work with silver filigree in tone like her silvery dress, and her corsage, cut nearly square, revealed upon her

bosom and its lace bordering a necklace of blue sapphires and diamonds. Her head-dress was the small Spanish cap of white lace, showing her copious red hair in front and back.

Her maids behind her chair were only four, dressed nearly the same as their queen.

King Ferdinand sat beside her, and when she rose and advanced a step on public business he rose but advanced not.

Ferdinand looked the younger, and his attire was so plain that his good-natured and animated face, fresh from a morning ride upon the sierra, was a spot of pleasing light in that high-windowed room. He acted as if he had nothing to do but to attend his wife, the sole sovereign of Castile, and this easy indolence gave a boyish demureness, like comedy, to his open, white, child-like forehead, with its long curls of chestnut hair. Pretty were his mouth and nose, in keeping with this unaggressive face and eyes like the morning sky. He wore a sort of dressing-gown or state robe, bordered with a fur like his hair, its sleeves and breast figured in low tone, and his small plain collar was turned over at the throat.

He was but thirty-six years of age, and had been married to Queen Isabella nearly half his life. To obtain her, the great prize of politics, he had let his education go, and to retain and consolidate their power he had fought and planned nearly all their reign. Love, that was once their romance, had become a partnership.

He hunted still like a boy, rode in the tournaments when the queen assented, and had a record as a gallant which added to his popularity with everybody in Spain but the queen.

The errandries of her husband probably deepened the sorrow and piety of Isabella's life, whose mother's insanity and her own rising family added their domestic weight to the melancholy conviction that her absolute sway could not bring her what her commonest subject had found, a constant husband.

The queen's face was rather heavy in the cheeks, her sweetness of expression somewhat too seriously settled; she was above all a mother, to her people, her children, and her priests.

The ladies of the court, captained by Bobadilla, had a hard time to please both Isabella and Ferdinand.

Selfish as other kings, Ferdinand was a bold spark, and the changes of his countenance, even now, when he threw a comic glance at the court ladies, never smiling, and immediately afterward put on the dignity of the consort to bow with the queen to a delegation, made a by-play which tore the inward risibilities of the suite.

The delegation with Colon, or Columbus, entered, and the queen immediately picked out the countenance of that mariner as eminently pure and Galilean. He had walked with fishermen and come hither with his disciples.

Columbus did not know that a freshly-discovered amour of her perfect-looking spouse was the cause of something like adoration in the great queen's gaze at himself. It thrilled and exalted the sailor's soul.

He hesitated at the brink of the Moorish rug on which she stood;

**HE BENT HIS HEAD AND KISSED HER HAND WITH A HAPPY GIGGLE.**

she looked at him so kindly that his knee dropped. She came another step forward, and he advanced by another knee. Into his extended hands she placed one of hers, and he bent his head and kissed it with a happy sigh. King Ferdinand drew Isabella back, but as he did so extended the other hand and shook Columbus by the open palm.

Yet Ferdinand looked at neither.

He saw the noble presence of Beatrix Enriquez back in the Moorish archway, and looked straight at her. A consummate king, he thus acted the spouse, sovereign, and falconer in one moment.

The maids of honor caught the significance and dared not look at each other. Ferdinand added to their tortures by a censorious half-glance in their direction.

"My liege," spoke old Cardinal Mendoza, stepping forth in his crimson cap and cape of red buttoned at his breast-bone, "here is a man,—the Bishop Deza——"

Deza started at the word.

"I say," continued Mendoza, "the *Bishop* Deza ; there is but one of the name valiant for Spain and against heresy. To me the late Fray Deza brought a beauteous woman whom he confesses ; she produced this navigator, who has a great tale to tell and help to offer us. By your leave I promised him a very little time. If he exceeds it he is not our man.—Speak out, son Colon, and have no fear if thou hast no guile !"

Colon rose, and with his finger motioned toward the arched entrance, and from among them there Joab Nuñez, his innkeeper in Cordova, advanced with some papers and other things and stood as assistant.

The queen and all looked at the little delegation by the portal and down the arch. Among them were several of the Arana family, to which Beatrix belonged, living here in Cordova, already cultivated by Columbus, and vaguely expectant of something he might get for them ; and some kind priests of their pastorate had come along.

Bartholomew Columbus had Noama, the captive Moor, by the hand. Beatrix brought her half-brother, young Pedro Arana, a pretty lad, to be her protector.

She was remarked by all to resemble the queen as well as the queen's friend, Bobadilla, but in her favor was that which crowns can never buy, a dozen years of youth less than they.

The mental labor of knowing Columbus, a season's growth in ideas, in training and love, had worn Beatrix thinner and taken from her the large and lazy Andalusian mould. Her passion to restore her place at court gave a fine consciousness to her bearing now, but it was subordinate to anxiety, since her soul had come under the dominion of a man, and that man's cause was now to be judged.

"I could lay down my life for him, God knows !" she thought, "if it could win his suit."

Thus alert for her lover at every point, Beatrix noted the steady, admiring gaze of King Ferdinand, so respectful and gentle that it encouraged her heart with the wildest hopes.

She had captured Deza, and he was now a bishop ; Mendoza, and her blandishments to him had fetched them here ; and now Columbus

was eye to eye with the Queen of Castile, who had given him her hand to kiss.

What remained but the favor of the King of Aragon, who now stood looking at Beatrix as kindly and boyishly as if he had been her passive and wondering young brother, whose hand she held!

Nothing seemed to stand in the way of that favor but a remembrance.

Was this Ferdinand the same at heart as a Ferdinand who had once, in her more maiden years, pursued Beatrix with a married man's love?

"A change has come over me, too!" thought Beatrix. "I had then never been awakened to charity and pure affection as I am now. Surely in Ferdinand's heart is a noble place I might arouse. I might tell him of my love!"

If Colon, or any of his followers there, felt their worldly poverty in numbers and panoply, they underrated the power of humility. With great friends in attendance their purpose would have been commonplace. With children and plain, good people to support it to her throne, Isabella and all present looked upon the delegation with curiosity and kindness.

"Señor Colon," spoke the queen, "be not hurried. We have heard modest report of you. Our spouse and your king—I hope you are a Spaniard—is a wise and watchful man and appreciates great ideas."

The king, though looking at Beatrix, leaned forward and inclined his head to Columbus.

"I have been a sailor," spoke Columbus, "and know that in great perils we must give our commands short. Gracious queen, victorious king, I come with knowledge and lay it, as a sailor, at your feet. My way of life has been very far away, where few captains have sailed. Out there on lonely islands to the west, I, a poor, not wholly illiterate man, had placed in my ears rumors of another world, and in my hands books of the ancient learning. They assert together, the sailors and the sages, that by a few weeks of continuous sailing to the west I shall reach India. I offer myself to take this expedition, which I have sought aid to perform for years. It has ruined my life; it has covered me with poverty; I know not where to lay my head. But there are kings and queens: I will still appeal to them in the name of Ideas. Glorious monarchs, be thrice glorious by what I offer you. There is more renown in Cæsar's name that he discovered Britain than that he subdued Pompey. If in your reign the earth be gone all round and India found nearest to Spain, how many kingdoms like Britain and Spain can be cut out of India!"

"You say the earth is *round*?" asked King Ferdinand, so kindly that it seemed to Beatrix he drew the question from her heart.

Joab Nuñez held up an orange curiously peeled. Columbus took it, and in the same fluid Italian Spanish resumed:

"This is a *sphere*: the great Greeks, who lived before our Master came, proclaimed our world to be like it. After our Master came, continual wars to gain the victory obscured all ancient knowledge, till, here in Cordova, where we are, wise scholars among the Moors plucked back that ancient knowledge from——"

He took a paper from Nuñez's hands.

"From Aristotle, pupil of Plato, who taught the pagans the existence of the soul. The teacher taught the Soul; his scholar taught the Sphere. Do we not still believe in immortality? Shall we reject the Sphere? Eternity is said to be represented by the circle, which is without beginning or end, but much rather by the sphere, which is of infinite circles. See, most learned Highness, how many circles I have made you upon this orange. As many more can be made as the world is bigger than the fruit. Here is the circle the Portuguese are taking to reach India, upon their belief that Africa is a peninsula like Spain. They must then return as far again around that probable cape to complete their quest. But we, Castile and Aragon, need go but half as far, following the golden cables of the sun, to reach the Indies *here!*"

He pulled something out of the orange where he had denoted the Western Indies. The queen looked at the orange; King Ferdinand took the other thing from Columbus, and said, innocently,—

"This seems to be a woman's hair-pin."

The queen, not hearing the diversion, more innocently asked,—

"Have you gone so far?"

Spanish ceremonial gravity was for some time convulsed among the courtiers, but Beatrix, though at some distance, identified the cause of the disturbance at once, and the king lifted the hair-pin up and looked toward her, and sanctimoniously raised his eyes as if he held his rosary.

A look of humility changed to anger on Colon's face. Following it back, the queen turned and seemed astonished.

"Only the coincidence of a lady's hair-pin for this mariner's stake-boat!" piped old Cardinal Mendoza, giving the pin back. Beatrix was indignant, but her eyes were cast down.

"Are you married, señor?" asked the scrupulous queen.

"A widower, your Highness. I have a son whose estate in these new lands—for he has no land else—is my one selfish interest."

"That is as honorable as your love of learning," said the queen.

"We have many a grandee who loves himself more than his son."

The king became so particularly interested in science here that he addressed Colon:

"By the queen's leave, why did the Moors here dismiss their learning, if they had gained it from the Greeks?"

"The cry of heresy was raised against the teacher." Columbus looked at Nuñez's memorandum, and added, "The Cadi and physician, Ibn Roshd, or Averroes, was cast down from his Grand-Muftiship and made to do penance at the door of mosques, and brought to dismal indigence, as I may be, because he taught from Aristotle. The Moors, rejecting wisdom, soon lost everything, O king! till now from their Cordova your artillery and powder breach their cities, your learned engineers put roads up their sierras. By discovery and learning you shall beat the Moors!"

"By God and St. James, also!" said the queen.

"He is the prince of light!" Columbus quickly added. "Heaven also throws our shadow on the moon when it is eclipsed, and we are

round. Believe me, I have seen different stars from ours in other climes which circle ever: the pole-star has not the same height seen from different places on our earth. The great Seneca, who was born here in Spain, says an immense land shall be revealed west of this country. Oh, hear the voice of learning from the grave, older than the Holy Testaments, which cry, 'Seek, and ye shall find! Knock, and it shall be opened unto you!'"

The letter of Toscanelli was produced by Squire Nuñez and read by Colon. He quoted to Cardinal Mendoza the authorities upon "The World's Image" by Cardinal Cambray and the measurement of the globe by Ptolemy. The book of Esaias, Saint Augustine, Isidore, and Dante were affirmed to support his view.

"If this is all so well proved, sailor," asked King Ferdinand, "what shall be your merit in the affair?"

"That I believed it above all others, your Highness, and became its apostle! In no other cause would I be a beggar. If I give away my home, my son, my middle life, and provision for old age, for this sublime end, can your Highness, out of your abundance, believe to the extent of a ship or two? For until now no step has been taken to find the farther Ind. All have conjectured, none have tried. The hoary truth has become so near a fable that sacred kings and queens dispute it. Is it nothing to expand this world, to place Spain and Christ in lands which never saw the Cross, and to pay the expenses of wars against the Moor and Turk from mines and trade as great as those lands shall prove to be? And to me, high sovereigns, a poor Italian, there is a glorious phoenix called Knowledge; not the knowledge of the drone in the convent library, but the knowledge which gives courage to the soldier of God! I will brave the night, the tempest, the spectres and demons, as far as the ending of the wave, if end it must, and if I bring nothing back my soul shall strive in loyal faith to send some token from the grave, to tell you I endeavored."

He had not been half an hour, and if his fervor would have taken him too far, an episode prevented him; for the people at the arched entrance in the corner were now forced against the wall by ushers, and there entered the prince Juan with his companions from the school-room, the procession closed by their tutor, Alexander Geraldini.

The grandees and ecclesiastics looked on to see the prince, who had advanced before his classmates, kneel to his parents and lead his companions in the shout "Castile! Castile!" and then he approached Colon, whose eyes were full of tears. The pathos of children trying to be men softened every heart, as Colon knelt to Prince Juan.

"Rise, señor, knight of Jerusalem! Welcome to our court!" piped up the prince's voice. "You have sought for Prester John and sent him comfort in his Christian land, though it was too far to go that way. Now be our Admiral of the Indies and seek him in the West. Grandees of Castile, what say you?"

"Castile and India!" shouted the children.

Beatrice saw Alexander Geraldini turn in the echo of their voices and look tenderly at her. Nobly had he kept his word, to bring Colon's cause home to the queen's heart.



Alas! that unrequited love must be his reward for such exquisite aid to his rival in her heart!

Geraldini now presented the friends of Columbus, that mariner standing by, and when Bartholomew Columbus came up the queen remarked,—

“Is not this our bluff admirer in the late cavalcade? Sir, I fear you have not your brother’s piety.”

“Our family cut me out, your Highness, to be my brother’s mate. He is a great man for the charts; I for the forecastle; brother Iago for the Church. Now, that is a union of the scholastic, spiritual, and executive qualities. By your Highness’s gracious assistance Cristoval shall find you the lost half of the earth, Iago shall sprinkle it with his hyssop, and I will keep it in order. We three brothers never disagree.”

Beatriz Enriquez was presented, and Isabel regarded her well and with some gravity, for she was fairer than the queen had heard, and women do not like to see their lost splendors still perfect upon another being. When Beatriz was put at ease by the king, after the queen’s too formal bow, Isabel said to Don Andreas Cabrera and his wife,—

“Was I ever as beautiful as she?”

“You are like her now, dear Highness,” said Bobadilla.

“There are sweet blue eyes and female sensibilities,” Cabrera said, “in that bold mould of the Arana. I am minded by her of your maiden hopes and swooning terrors when wife and I alone were your wise virgins watching for your bridegroom with our lamps trimmed. Yes, she is very like you.”

“Ah!” spoke Isabella, “at her age what devotion I had from Ferdinand!”

“Who has given you, dear, o’er-zealous queen, clusters of human fruit to make your household like the vine,” Cabrera responded. “You have taken from Ferdinand some love and given it to these your lush children. Then accuse not Ferdinand, who has not all your love. Suppose the women loved him not: how that would wound you, too!”

The queen talked with Señor Colon like one ardent for knowledge, and Ferdinand gave Beatriz his attention.

“Beauty without riches,” low spoke Ferdinand, “owes to its liege king the taxes of sympathy. Doña Beatriz, you pay me my due in cruelty alone.”

“Can you need sympathy, my lord?”

“Sympathy I do not need, lovely nun of honor that you are! I seize the moment I have, between your tyranny and my consort’s, to call you Beatriz, cousin, angel! Look down, or Isabel will see you! Blush, and she will suspect me!”

“I will do neither, Lord Ferdinand. I have been too oft admired to blush. Shall I look down when you have called me cousin? Holy Church forbids cousins to love.”

“Say *church* to me, Beatriz, and I disown you as my cousin! Am I not churched enough with Saint Cecilia yonder?”

"I am proud to be her subject and Christ's, liege sir!"

"*Proud* is no word for piety; the beauty you retain so well has had some attention from you. Now blush, for I shall say that you are really proud of seeing Ferdinand your slave."

His ardent look and trembling whisper bore out his word of one enslaved: she blushed and looked down.

The pain, the mighty compliment of supplanting the queen, the delightful treason it implied in the revolutionary Spanish heart, the shame, the weakness, the elevation and the depth, boiled and chilled by turns the blood of Beatriz Enriquez. Gentle grew the tones of the King of Aragon, youthful seemed his warm brown hair; he was younger than Colon, and no woman of a lover.

"Fair cousin, whose honor has kept thee so long from thy deserts," continued Ferdinand, "it is not the male who speaks to Beatriz now, but the injured prince. I am not in my own country, and the Queen of Castile treats me as a hostage and stints me of her power. At my time of life the boon of love is dearest of all. Never could I love and be grateful as now. Lift up thy head, Beatriz, my saint, and deceive the queen, who looks at us!"

"Never!" struggled the voice of the Andalusian maid.

"Never shall thy sailor have a ship till we have beaten the Moors," Ferdinand spoke aloud,—“at least not out of the starved purse of Aragon.”

"Castile has not said no," came from slightly-nettled Isabella.

"Bless you, my liege!" cried Beatriz, kneeling to Isabel. "The king but tries my fidelity——"

"To Señor Colon? I hear that you love him, and approve the course of your heart, doña," spoke Isabella.

"That is a different blush now," whispered Ferdinand, as Beatriz looked wise and looked down, all mantling blushes. "If yonder is your good man, I shall be his friend. Remember, dear mistress, that even in Castile the law of Ferdinand at last prevails and forbids. No *man* is here but myself and old Mendoza."

"I live for Colon; have pity on him!"

"I will. At dawn to-morrow both of you go hawking with me on the sierra. I will send horses for you at The Cid. Answer my horn, and you will be Marchioness of the Indies, cousin."

The voice of Isabel announced the conclusion of the matter:

"Lord Cardinal Mendoza, this subject I think right to be sent to our University at Salamanca, whose doctors may not decide it without good leaven of holy theologians; for not one step will Castile take without her clergy! When do we strike this camp, King Ferdinand?"

"To-morrow," answered Ferdinand,—“*unless we hawk.*”

"I hawk not, consort. If you must rise so betimes, I will take my ladies to mass instead."

The court ladies caught Ferdinand's bland look not quite so cheerfully, but gazed at Beatriz, whom they had watched better than the queen.

"*Unless we hawk!*" sighed Ferdinand to Beatriz, and passed away to Isabella's side.

The court filed out with ceremony.

Beatrice was left with her brother and with Colon.

"They will break my heart at Salamanca," Colon sighed. "Could you do no more for me?"

"Sister, do help the captain! The king will help you, sister," young Pedro Arana cried.

A horn without winded the hawking air,—

Away the bird, away the bird!  
 Why doth he spring and scream so loud?  
 Say but the word, say but the word,  
 And be my bird to part the cloud!

If not to war why springs the bird?—  
 Love speeds the wing, Love speeds the wing:  
 Say but the word, say but the word,  
 And be the bird at which I spring!

## CHAPTER II.

### DOVING AND HAWKING.

THE man of genius was a child upon the hands of Beatrice as they left the old Alcazar and aimlessly wandered through the gardens of the Moorish kings. Few places of privacy were left amidst the billeted soldiery, who made of every edifice a barrack, and from the walls, as they climbed a tower, the bridge of Augustus Cæsar was seen densely crowded, and the bare hills across the Guadalquivir, speckled with the marquees of Ferdinand's army.

"I wish I had my tomb in yonder emerald mountain, and could take with me to perish the secret of the Indies!" Columbus bitterly said, pointing across the saw-teethed wall to the sierra.

"Oh, you do not," Beatrice sighed, petting him, and yet needing strength from him who was so weak. "It is for others, Colon, that you are working, not for yourself. What but you, my love, keeps wilfulness from me this moment? Kiss me! Do kiss me! I care not who sees me, so that it is you."

"They cannot dismay me, but they can fret me till I am no more Columbus," he said, not heeding her endearment. "The change has come to my hair; next it will come to my hands and in my heart. I cannot navigate my ship when it comes: I shall be useless as my old father was, and seek to do business when I am become imbecile. Great God! my business of restoring the world!" he finished with a sob.

"Thank your friendly saint, Cristoval, that you are not among your own people and are only put off by strangers. Oh, my love, if you had but something they could rob you of, then would you know how hard is man. Remorseless kings!"

"I will go to my own. Italy is the land where worthy thoughts are cherished, where war is a beautiful art, like music and painting, and the princes love poetry and learning. Poor old Genoa will not dispute

with me, nor turn me over to the priests to be mocked. Yes, accursed be the kings of the earth, who steal but do not discover !”

“Amen ! Amen !”

“To examine me, who have been to Thule, upon my geography ! Me, who can steer by the stars, letting go of God’s hand and of land and of all their lights and laws ! You do not know the oppression that captivity and public spirit feel in the familiarity of the common jury of mankind. We expect the rich to love their money and refuse it to us without security. We understand the lust and selfishness of absolute kings. But to be examined upon our learning, our mathematics, our genius, that we know full well, by a stale conventicle of monks, is the very crucifixion of the Son of God.”

“I believe in you ; I follow you afar off, like—like Mary the Magdalen.”

Beatrix shuddered.

“Oh that I had my mother here !—that I had my son !” Columbus sighed. “She said of me, ‘He can do anything he wishes.’ And Diego, my boy, thinks I am getting rich. What precious tears would fall on me now if I told him how poor I am ! If I could but lay my head on mother’s breast and be her little son. But she is in the grave, that blessed rest denied only by the Church. They cannot lay their spells upon the sea, thank Nature ! and call the ocean unconsecrated ground. Come, my friend, and turn pirate with me ! Let us steal a realm, like the Guiscards and Vassilis, and with its revenues hunt the Indies down, not for these kings, but for man.”

“And woman, I hope.”

“Woman and children too. There was a thing the old Greeks had they called Liberty, when the gods were many and dwelt in groves, fields, and air. May we not find it on the Western wave ? Ye-ho !”

“Ye-ho !” a cheery voice repeated in the garden below the tower.

It was Nuñez, the Saint Wholesome of Cordova, and he called again :

“You have done well—for a starter. After that speech you made to-day, noble Colon, I expect you to go through Salamanca and the doctors like a bombard. But to ease your spirits and Beatrix’s, who was my star, I have saddled sundry and several donkeys to carry us up the sierras to the Rizzifah and have a picnic. The lunch is all provided. Bishop Deza goes with us, and my little Moor, and Brother Bart. Let us eat, drink, and be merry.”

“For to-morrow we die,” something said to Beatrix.

Soon they were travelling up the mountain in the late autumnal weather, but not all were merry as fitted the occasion.

Bishop Deza was ambitious in his new honors.

Columbus also was ambitious and thinking of the morrow.

Beatrix was thinking of the morrow too, and of the king’s engagement. In every bugle blown up to them from the agitated camps seemed to float the sounds of King Ferdinand’s horn.

Columbus and his friends looked down on decaying Cordova, which since its conquest by Saint Ferdinand had been travelling the way to death.

"Seville has taken our place," Beatrix said. "After Granada is captured we shall be despised the more. The end of everything seems at hand."

"That is the case just before a starter," observed Nufiez. "Our friend Colon is going to catch a comet by the tail and cut it open like this fowl, of which I entreat your opinion. Here is a goatskin of new wine which has already burst the bottle, as in the parable. We will pass it from mouth to mouth fraternally as if

"BROTHER CRISTOVAL, WHEN ARE YOU TO BE MARRIED?"

clergy are on a strike: after to-day the price of marriages is to be raised. An aristocratic marriage in Andalusia will cost the price of a farm and stock."

"Why so, as the king is killing his subjects sufficiently fast?" from Bartholomew.

"War prices," answered Deza. "The clergy must eat."

"King Ferdinand has an eye upon Helen of Troy, I think," continued bluff Bartholomew, gazing at Beatrix and his brother. "Here is the bishop, here are two lovers; and delays breed dangers. Why not be married here on the Rizzifah?"

"Bartholomew, you must go to England this night," Columbus interrupted. "Make way to Bristol, where we have mariner friends: they will take you to the Lancastrian's court. England is all composed by Henry's marriage to the Princess of York. If he dallies

with you, go straight to France and close with that king, whose realm is now free of foreigners. This is our year."

"I believe it," said Bart. "But love is so near to my brother, and I know his dependent and languishing nature so well, that I would leave him behind me in the arms of love."

Beatrix closed her long black lashes over her blue eyes and awaited her fate.

"You do not know me," spoke Columbus to his brother, "if you suppose that I would compromise my greater purpose with domestic peace. It is only when cast down that my mind grows clear and sees the Indies with their river-dripping peaks stand splendid in my faith. As from my low and pitching bark I shall descry that sublime realization, so now at the bottom of my disappointment the enterprise looks more reasonable than ever. I raise my price: the King of Spain must yield every item of my demands before I close with him."

His face was settled, and he looked at none, but upward where the sierra rolled afar to the west like some heaving wave of ocean's bosom.

"This is but audacity," said Bishop Deza. "Son Colon, our sovereigns like not thy high and foreign spirit."

"I have been meek, father, and it advantaged me not. Nay, let not him who brings salvation kneel and implore that it be accepted!"

"Salvation?" repeated Deza.

"Yes, salvation. I look for the day when the Church itself will ask for land to give it shelter, and the Bishop of Rome seek patrimony from Colon."

"Señor, are you not ungallant to refuse a lady to her face?" asked Alexander Geraldini, with a respectful glance toward Beatrix.

"My son," Columbus spoke absently, "shall be a prince in spite of them: I owe it to his mother."

The flush of vexation on Beatrix's face altered to a feeling of pride in Colon's pride.

"Alexander," she said, "I could not love him if he were not like this. How much nobler, greater, than Ferdinand!"

"Ferdinand! the king?" ejaculated Deza.

"Yes, father, Ferdinand to woo a woman would belittle his queen. Colon would not belittle his son to make me his wife."

"This pride of caste," said Joab Nuñez, "is eternal in Spain, among both Moors and Castilians. Do you know that this little captive is of the Castilian shoot? Yes, Noama is of the Vanegas, patricians of Cordova, who in our wars gave a captive to the Granada kings, and by them she became the mother of the Moorish Egas."

Beatrix clasped Noama in her arms:

"Dear, wise companion! I felt that thou wast noble."

"Would that I could see my mother!" sighed the child. "Perhaps she weeps for me. Often I dream of Granada."

"Let us come to something practical," said Joab Nuñez, in whose inn Columbus had spent all his weary waiting time in Cordova, and of whose wisdom he had daily food. "I have acquired some money while the army and the foreign knights have been in Cordova: now it is possible that I have enough to fit out a caravel for this Indian ex-

pedition. Suppose the Church should add one caravel, Bishop Deza? Then might we get a third vessel from some noble of Andalusia,—Medina-Celi, or Medina-Sidonia, or Cadiz, or the Aguilars."

"Do you hear?" from Bartholomew Columbus. "Keep step and lie awake!"

"I will give my prayers," said Deza.

"I will give my pay," said Geraldini, his eyes bent upon the beautiful face of Beatrix.

"I will go with Bartholomew and plead for Colon," said Noama.

They looked at Beatrix, who had nothing to give.

She rose and raised her hand.

"I have nothing to give but faith and solace," said she. "I love already, but till dear Colon finds the Indies I can swear never to marry."

"Oh, be not rash!" Geraldini interposed, with longing looks. "Thou art so much desired."

"I swear never to marry till he is compensated," Beatrix repeated. "I love but him."

"This is my best disciple," Columbus cried, taking Beatrix in his arms.

"My work is done here," remarked Bartholomew Columbus, approving of the scene. "Hence I will go to Seville and ship for England."

"I too must go," Noama sighed. "This place grows wearisome."

"Listen to me, Colon," continued the prudent Nuñez. "There is a quiet port nearest to Portugal, called Palos, hard by Moguer, and in sight of Huelva, yet so retired as to keep concealed an adventure like thine. The mariners there are of a fixed and independent spirit, and stand not well with Admiral Enriquez and the court, since they prefer trade to war. In fact, they have been degraded to the repute of smugglers, yet some of them, like Martin Pinzon, own their vessels, and have often complained to me that our sovereigns have not the scope and maritime ambition of João of Portugal, who has made Lisbon the new Constantinople. Now, an old guest of mine, Fray Juan Perez, is the pastor and magistrate of all those good people, having some seigniorial rights with his residence at Rabida near by."

"I have seen the place," Columbus spoke: "it is upon the promontory of Palos, closer to the sea than that village; it was a Moorish convent, I think. Somehow its bold situation impressed me as I looked up through eyes sore with weeping at parting from my son, who awaits me still at Huelva."

"It is like an eagle's nest," Nuñez continued, looking out upon the unshored Atlantic. "How would it do for me, guest Colon, to start with my little hoard a subscription among the Jews and embark thee at neglected Palos as their mariner to find them a refuge in some new Atlantis?"

"My expedition must have parentage and the support of an organized state, or it would be no more than the touching at the Land of Vines I heard of when in Thule. No, it must be a sacrifice to estab-



lish government at the Indies, a high expense, above the resources of a man, or even the Jews."

"God help my pride!" Nuñez replied, with an involuntary sob. "But if I can pluck one heart from the uncharity of these times, I will sacrifice my all."

Beatrice was vexed with Nuñez, he appeared so unreasonable, compared to Colon's lofty spirit. She conferred on the subject with Bishop Deza, as they separated into little groups to look down upon the city and the camps.

"Son Joab has a subtle power to try my fortitude, daughter; I hope he had it not from Satan," said the new bishop. "The heresy of old Averroes is in yonder city, and I must root it out. To-morrow thou must confess to me."

Moved by his feelings, Nuñez went apart, and by a ruined wall and shading vine knelt down unobserved to pray. The Latin prayer learned at his mother's knee came to him: "Our Father, thy kingdom come: thy will prevail: forgive our debts as we can forgive, and lead us from temptation." Whilst thus composing his spirits, Nuñez heard beyond the wall the voices of his companions.

"Am I not younger than the Genoese, and no less Italian?" asked the voice of Geraldini. "I would not injure him nor supersede him in your heart, but he is indifferent to your love, which makes me indignant; for Beauty is love's instigation, like sweets in the rich flower to insect life. Around you flit our sex, their hearts pulsating like wings, and I am ardent as never yet, though I have looked upon the Church as my spouse. My pay in the queen's household will insure you a living; my heart is wholly yours; we both are committed to Colon's interest, and can serve him no less as man and wife in pure devotion."

They passed on, and next the voice of Bartholomew Columbus spoke to one whose answer thrilled Nuñez with pain:

"Yes, I will bring you there, pretty one. 'Tis not so far. I am used to going, but the jess on my heart is leaving Noama. So we will journey from Cordova together."

"I dream of Granada," sighed the voice of Noama, passing away. Now came Columbus and Deza, and the former said,—

"Cold and long are the miles to Salamanca."

"I would I could go with you, son and brother," answered the bishop, "but heresy survives the Moor, and I am charged to exorcise it from the earth. The sorcery of Averroes hath extended hence to the Italian schools."

"I shall meet scepticism worse at Salamanca," responded Colon, absently.

"Jesus, Averroes, Love! let Deza yet be mine!" sighed Nuñez, praying still.

The soul of Beatrice, her nervous existence, depended this day upon Love. She was afraid of herself. The night was coming, and the morn with the summons of Ferdinand.

More than her fear of him was her temptation. Young, brave, wholesome, king of all, Ferdinand had asked Beatrice to lay down her

poverty and trial and gnawing apprehensions and be rich, free, and great.

Though she loved Columbus, he had but now refused her honor, or to knight her with his empty, naked hand to the rank of wife. Yet she loved him, but by Ferdinand's evasion could set Colon on his feet, and do it in one day.

Mistress of the king, with the power of youth, would not Columbus approve the ruin which brought him distinction and control? Would Beatrice be worse than the beautiful Guzman, whose blood flowed down in honor to Ferdinand and Isabella and their children,—mistress of a king, mother by him of this royal house of Transtamare?

Ah, no. The casuistry would not appease a maiden's shame, a woman's love.

Did she but love Ferdinand, the way to folly might have been easy.

Might she not love Ferdinand, after all?

But still it would be All, and *after* would be nothing.

How brown were Ferdinand's hairs, how white Columbus's!

Queen Isabella had been very cold to Beatrice. Might Isabella not be made sorry for that? The retaliating blood of Castile mounted at the thought to Beatrice's brow.

She started as if she had heard Ferdinand's horn.

Colon was very learned, and Beatrice was not: would love survive his dry, scholastic, preoccupied mind? She must hold his rule and compass while he drew those bare monotonous charts.

Ferdinand would come each time with a brooch, a flashing necklace of gold and gems, a costly rosary, and hang them about her neck as the price of her kiss.

Everything but a wedding-ring the king could give her,—could compel her, too.

She could trust his bounty, for he was the master of every order of Spanish chivalry.

He was her liege, and had summoned her, saying, "You owe to me the tax of sympathy. Never could I love and be grateful as now."

A horn was heard, carrying the sounds,—

Say but the word, say but the word,  
And be my bird to part the cloud!

As Beatrice stood transfixed, Ferdinand upon his Andalusian steed rode into her presence, his hawk upon his wrist.

Seeing the little group of Nuñez's collecting, Ferdinand wound his horn:

Away the bird! away the bird!  
Why doth he spring and scream so loud?

The queen and suite followed him to the ruins of the Rizzifah, the celestial "pavement" of that vanished Moorish palace.

All glorious with the flush of exercise, riding her mettled snowy mule, Isabella, backed by her spouse and suite in rare apparel, addressed Columbus:

"Good subject and gentleman, I thought your brow was sad to-day. Take courage! The queen has a loving opinion of Señor Colon. Quintanilla, see him well lodged and mounted to attend us at Salamanca: with which, *adios!*"

She gave him a salutation that was an angel's love, and turned and vanished.

Beatriz Enriquez had not even attracted her sovereign's eye, and in ceremonious Spain this slight was mortal.

As she stood humiliated, the king's horn, near by, blew loud, as if to say,—

Love speeds the wing, Love speeds the wing!  
Say but the word, say but the word,  
And be the bird at which I spring!

That night at the Inn of the Cid was oppressed with the phantoms of fears and expectations.

Geraldini wet his pillow with tears of fruitless love.

Núñez hoped that Noama would remember her willing faith to him, and not wander out upon the world with the sailor.

Columbus beheld the radiant countenance of Isabella as she had looked upon him with bright sympathy and affection, and all his credulous pride and idealizing of merits and of rank embraced the saintly mystery that he was beloved by the queen. Once before he had felt like this, and, full of a mystic passion for Isabella, had mistaken for her his next-door lodger, Doña Beatriz. There had commenced flirtation at the Inn of the Cid.

To-night he could not sleep: Isabella was again the Queen of Sheba, he her Solomon: the spirit of romance blended of Arab tale, Bible legend, and Catholic hallucination encompassed him as he lay in his widower bed and dreamed that Ferdinand was no more and that the queen had become at Colon's hands the Empress of India.

A cry came to him that was not illusion:

"Oh, save me from the morn! The morn it is I fear. O cruel love! protect me from the king!"

Colon drew a wondrous image to his arms.

Soon came the morn, too soon for blushing faith and sacrifice, for fond and irresistible love and the sorrow of parting.

As the day rose bold and searching at the window, a horn blew brazen in the court-yard:

Away the bird, away the bird!  
Why doth he spring and scream so loud?  
Say but the word, say but the word,  
And be my bird to part the cloud!

"It is the king," Columbus whispered.

"I fear the king no more," Beatriz sobbed. "My king is here."

## CHAPTER III.

## SCIENCE VICTOR.

THE pious man alone had slept,—Joab Nuñez. Yet his first thought was of Noama, and he glided to her chamber noiselessly: the rug upon the tiles which was her bed had not been pressed, but there, instead of her flexile mould, lay a note saying only this:

“Papa, I dreamed too much of Granada.”

Nuñez kissed it and put it against his heart, and staggered against the door of Beatrix’s room, saying,—

“Can I blame the sailor that he loved her, too? Oh, may he treat our blessing well! But love is mighty pain.”

The door opened to his weight, but Beatrix was not there.

“Has she gone to confession so early?” thought poor Nuñez.

A horn sounded in the inn yard. Peering forth, Nuñez saw the King of Aragon at the archway, looking up at this suite of rooms.

A whisper from the third chamber followed, saying,—

“It is the king.”

A sob seemed to reply, and next a kiss.

Nuñez stood transfixed. Pale yet real was the smile with which he mused:

“I am glad it was not I; *my* little girl left no reproaches here. Love needs no priests: it was before them all. Once the whole world knelt to Astarte, queen of love. Venus, Madonna, Virgin, Thou art everywhere! I am glad love’s pangs are over with Colon and my ward!”

He waved his hand to King Ferdinand with ceremonious dismissal, and that royal forager turned and fled.

More lonely, but struggling bravely, resolved that this day should find him worthy, Nuñez looked down and beheld a lean and swarthy object stealing around the fountain to the arch and gliding out. He recognized Espinosa, his cook.

“I feared last night when I advanced him a whole month’s wages that he would quit me like this,” thought the innkeeper. “I wish he could go without self-reproach. Perhaps he can.”

The door of Colon’s chamber opened, and Beatrix stood there, supported by Cristoval. She turned at Nuñez’s apparition and hid her head on Colon’s breast.

“Sister! friend!” exclaimed Nuñez, “let me be the angel, in spite of my exceeding nose, and sound the Annunciation. Hail! hail! Better a thousand times, Beatrix, love Colon than lean on Ferdinand!”

“Touch me not, till I am confessed and shrived!” breathed Beatrix, gliding past and down the stair.

At the gate she saw poor Geraldini, who had walked the streets of Cordova half the night, and she almost gave a shriek.

“You need me, doña?” spoke Geraldini.

“Never, never more, señor!” exclaimed Beatrix, and vanished.

Soon she was at the church, escaped from scores of squires and soldiers who had hailed her, though she was hooded close, as a young

woman improperly walking alone in Christian Cordova. She found the bishop's box, and, kneeling there, cried at the opening,—

"Pity! pity! Oh, shrive me, quick. I have brought all his money and mine to pay the price of pardon."

"Whose money, my daughter?" asked the bishop's voice.

"Cristoval's. I ran into his sheltering arms. I must have been the king's mistress or have befriended Cristoval."

"I sprinkle thee with Heaven's full pardon if thy heart approves thee, Beatrix, and glad I am to hear that Colon did not deceive thee. He can be a great man for Christ's beleaguered kingdom. Give him tender, wifely care! cherish the holy enterprise he hath! Solace the hours and years of his disappointments! The farther thou from Colon's honor the brighter may be thy crown. And if I pardon thee and him, remember this: let no scandal attach to his name. Upon thy head, Beatrix Enriquez, beauty of the Aranas, I charge thee, take alone the obligation of this mutual fault forever!"

"Oh, God! I was so proud!"

"Thou hast Love for pride. Would that I had!"

"Father, how you comfort me!"

"Alas, my child, they who have no sins can never bear forgiveness to others. Out of my consuming passion to be a churchman like old Mendoza, with my train of monks and soldiers, I draw the remorse to forgive thee that most natural sin of human love. Love on! Be humble! Take the stigma that lies without thy window, and keep to thy heart, in lofty fidelity, the blessing of charity, love, and child!"

A flood of tears from her own eyes seemed to Beatrix the cooling pardon from Fray Deza's hyssop.

"For him! For him! Pardon, too, for Cristoval, or let me not go!" she entreated wildly.

"Heaven shower," spoke Deza, solemnly, "discovery and splendor upon him! Let them be his only penance, and Sorrow be his soft angel at last! In penury and piety let him repent that he deserts thee for the favor of history and kings!"

"Oh, thanks!—my soul's thanks! May I fly now to Cristoval with this holy absolution given to us so free?"

"Not till we have talked of heresy, daughter," in a cold changed voice answered Deza.

Columbus also went to church, and there was a clearing out of guests from the Cid, so that Joab Nuñez had little time to think till night, when he counted his coins and figured up his worldly wealth.

Yes, there was enough to buy or to bond a vessel which would take a crew of fifty men, and to pay them and to provision them for several months.

"I am minded," said Joab to himself, "to be steward and supercargo of such a vessel, and to set Colon on and go shares with him. Cordova will go down after the campaigns enter farther into the Moorish territory. All have left me: I have none to provide for; this mariner may die and leave the problem of the farther world unsolved for centuries. Oh, the poor Jews, the educated and refined Moors, who will presently be homeless and have no land but Africa with its

jackal tribes! Yes, I will devote to good my little hoard and be the friend of the Discoverer."

"Come with me, if your name is Joab Nuñez, innkeeper of the Cid!"

"Whither, friend?"

"That thou shalt see."

The speaker was a Dominican monk, and he placed his hand upon Nuñez's bag of money.

"Seal this with his other effects, notary, and you others take him away."

"But my raiment, my property—— I may have an hour?"

"Thou wilt need nothing where thou art going, and have nothing on thy return."

"This is generous,—for a starter! Am I prisoner to the Holy Office?"

"That thou shalt see."

"God's will be done!" Nuñez exclaimed. "Colon has lost his ship."

Down the easy and short descent of the Cordovan alleys and lanes Nuñez was marched to the prison of the Inquisition.

Seeing him in custody, the by-standers and householders crossed themselves. Some jeered at him, saying,—

"Behold his nose! It is an apostate Jew."

The fearful Office which had seized the queen's subject instantly condemned him in men's minds. Religion was patriotism in Spain, and suspicion of heresy and apostasy the brand of the public enemy, sorcerer, and spy.

"Who could have lodged this information?" Nuñez thought. "I can forgive him, if he can forgive himself."

Through the routine offices of the Inquisition, down its chilly stairs and into its awful dungeon, walked the prisoner cheerily. As he entered the large cellar or vault which was the general receptacle, a crowd of prisoners there looked at him with aversion and crossed themselves, so hostile was all Spain to a presumed Jew, so deep intolerance that terror could not dissolve it.

"God is Nature's bright inhabitant everywhere!" thought Nuñez. "Let the window of my spirit be open to receive that sunny bird. O God, be not forever in eclipse to Thy poor image!"

He gathered up his intelligence to meet the coming accusation. Who had informed upon him? To whom had he ever conversed upon the subject of faith? In the far past he had been of Syrian origin; his family, as Moorish Jews, had been servants of Averroes and of science, school-teachers in Cordova. That was all.

Had Geraldini betrayed him?

The spirit of friendship and his faith in Geraldini's manliness rejected in a moment the doubt.

Colon?

He was petulant, but not revengeful, and loved Christ more than creed. So great a man never could have lodged this small but deadly information.

Beatriz Enriquez?



She was a true Spaniard, who might do for revenge something to repent, but she had no resentment to Nuñez, and his intelligence, discerning her weak qualities, passed her at once as no traitor.

Was it not Deza?

That seemed more reasonable. Deza was a Spaniard too, rather a time-server, with liberal perceptions, but no moral courage, and thrown out of his balance by unexpected promotion in that age which had the Spanish Borgias for its popes and bishops.

Had Deza, in the zeal of his new place of assistant to Torquemada, the chief and voluntary Inquisitor, commenced to prey upon his friends and accuse them upon some misinterpretation of their conversations?

Horrible thought, but not unlike some creedsmen! He who carries a skeleton key to enter the rooms of men's minds will often prattle of what he sees there and take advantage of it.

"How dreadful to give such a key to a fellow-man!" thought Nuñez, who himself had confessed to Deza. "Rather confess to thy friends and raise friendship higher than priesthood!"

Could Deza not be raised from priestship to friendship? How? Surely not by artifice.

To conquer Deza to good must be done by pure suffering at his hands, and by love, such as the noble dog gives to his brutal master.

At that moment Nuñez began to love Deza.

Love cheered his prison, it brought Christianity to the tomb, it sang like a bird at the dungeon gate the song of "Forgive your enemies, do good to them which despitefully entreat you."

Concentrating like a mystic in her convent upon this idea of conquering love, Nuñez felt neither fear nor cold, and knew neither day nor night, till came his turn to meet the Holy Office.

Stripped to his shirt, he was brought before the Inquisition of the Faith.

What shame, what degradation, not to the victim, but to the tribunal, thus to arraign the modesty of our fellow-man and in the ravished name of Jesus to create the hell we desire upon the helpless!

Nuñez looked down and saw with uncovered faces Deza, his friend, and Torquemada, no man's friend,—two clericals whose hats and frocks alone and tonsured hair altered them in appearance from pastors and country magistrates everywhere.

Torquemada was a narrow-templed, self-important mule-driver of a man, whose eyes were so close together as to have seen through a key-hole. By ranting he had become excitably nervous, and by brow-beating the queen and king and gaining the applause of the Spanish democracy thereby he had acquired a ferocity of independence. He began his life by reporting upon other priests as wanting in devotion; he forced himself to the princess Isabella's side, and with his magic lantern of hell and heaven illumined by his hopeless soul he usurped her youthful dreams. Now he was the Detective of the Faith, and heir of Peter the Cruel whom Isabel's line had slain.

"It is cold, fathers, for a starter!" said Nuñez, looking with a comrade's frankness upon Bishop Deza alone.



"What idiot is this?" inquired Torquemada. "Is this a place, thou crucifier, with thy blasphemous nose, to shiver yet to smile?"

"That is my friend," said Nuñez, looking only at Deza. "We oft broke bread together. I know he tries me only for my good, and by that friendship I am ready."

"What hast thou to confess?" spoke Deza, harshly.

"That I have known all evil but ambition."

"And thy faith?"

"It is wide enough to forgive thee, through Jesus our Lord."

"Whom hast thou loved?"

"My mother and my species."

"And a little Moor?"

"Yes, a captive Moor baptized in our faith by thee, father."

"To whom thou hast said this heresy: 'God is Nature's bright inhabitant everywhere'?"

Nuñez lost his smile. Was Noama the informer upon him?

"He flinches," sneered Torquemada. "Her sorcery has found him out."

"Confess," cried Deza, "or the Holy Office gives thee over to that fire and torturer!"

The masked and hooded familiar stirring the coals made a satirical motion which revealed him to his master's eye,—Espinosa, the cook at the Cid.

"I know now that my tormentor will not spare me," Nuñez thought, "for he is in my debt."

"Confess thou hast professed Averroes, who denied there was a God!"

"I professed Colon with thee, Bishop Deza, our standard inscribed 'Christ, Colon, and Castile.'"

"Colon? That is the fellow who announces the heresy of a globular world," snapped Torquemada. "He should be summoned, too. Would that I could burn Aristotle! If inquest can find his bones, they shall be burned."

"Dost thou deny Averroes, son Nuñez?" asked Deza.

"I have no faith I was not taught in childhood, fathers,—Him who was led like a sheep to the slaughter, and He opened not his mouth. Lispering that name, blessing them who misunderstand me and my Lord, hoping for his kingdom to return and that his will be done, I can say no more."

"Again Averroes?" hissed Torquemada. "Thou believest in the sorcery called Science, that the boundary of this world is not fiery hell, and that there be no miracles done by glorified bones and relics?"

"I believe that goodness and knowledge go hand in hand and will work onward for a larger hope."

"It is enough!" shouted Torquemada, rising. "I leave this contumacious soul, brother, to thee. My time to-day is too precious for this Jew."

As the Dominican left the chamber, three torturers, covered from crown to feet with black apparel, revealing only their glittering eyes, seized Nuñez and bore him to a stool and fixed his feet in iron fetters.

Espinosa brought forth a glowing coal in pincers from the fire.

"I bless thee, Deza, my brother!" sighed Nuñez, and fainted where he sat.

THREE TORTURERS SEIZED NUÑEZ AND BORE HIM TO A STOOL.

He seemed to waken as he had been seated, still in the place of torment, but instead of the court and its demons two beings were there so shadowy as to appear incorporeal.

The first was a Moor, or Arab, wearing the turban of a lawyer in

Mohammed's faith, clean dark robe and snowy slippers, in his hand a bottle of glass and in his bosom a sponge.

In the other hand he held the hand of an Arab maid, featured like Noama, but older.

"I am True Love," spoke this child. "My mother pined for me, and I went to her. Thou shalt believe it by thy faith. When Granada falls, Noama, if she still lives, will be there, and thou wilt come."

The image drew near and kissed Nuñez and faded from the dungeon.

The Moorish cadi, lawyer, or professor, left alone with Nuñez, spoke in accents of culture and benevolence what seemed these words:

"Take me not, descendant of my faithful servant, for any spirit. The miracles were only wrought for unbelief and to the show-seeking multitude. A wicked and adulterous generation is always seeking for a sign. Knowest thou me, Ben Nuñez?"

"Thou art Mohammed Ibn Roshd."

"To faith like thine I am Averroes: yes! To myself I am the shadow of Science thrown before. Medicine lies in the healing hand, the secret spring of oil, in pure-hearted trust and the tremulous organism of our structure which attaches to the motion of the spheres. Science fears not death, which is renewal, but fears only pain, which makes the parting soul abject. From yonder world thy Discoverer shall find, to whose service I command thee, as I found thy ancestor faithful to mine, thence do I bring the drugs which shall stifle pain and counteract thy fever after torture: while Religion shall burn thy feet, Science shall make thee sleep!"

Averroes approached, and, taking the sponge from his bosom, moistened it from the bottle and thrust it into Nuñez's mouth. Everything vanished.

At length Nuñez felt pain return. The dismal vault was filled with the odor of burning leather or skin. He saw the smoke of torture rise from his feet.

No one was there but Deza.

"I bless thee, my brother!" exclaimed the victim, faintly.

"Bless not me, who has burnt thee with the fire of hell. How couldst thou sing, my injured friend? To every torment thy song arose, '*God is Nature's bright inhabitant everywhere!*'"

"Did I sing that?"

"Thou knowest thou didst."

"Then faith is knowledge, repentant friend: I did not know it. But there were spirits who said thou couldst not burn me. Bright God of the future, Thou who art ever in the future with Hope and never in the past with Death, yield to my will and give me this poor creature's soul!"

Deza fell upon his knees.

"Oh, receive me to thy faith, Ben Nuñez! I am sick of all this cruel power. Thy fortitude frightens me. Who is thy God?"

"Love!" sighed Nuñez. "Even here Love is victor!"

He fainted again, and long.

The Inquisition door opened, and the hooded demons reappeared with other torments to inflict.

"Begone!" cried Deza. "This man is no heretic. If he dies he dies in the True Faith."

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#### CHAPTER IV.

##### PRIDE'S PURGE.

CRISTOVAL COLON rose late and looked for his sweetened toast, olives, and coffee which Nuñez sent him by Espinosa every day. Finding nothing, he lay another hour awake, thinking what he should do.

He was to go to Salamanca, several hundred miles away, and to stay there probably all winter and spring, proving himself before the council to be neither fool nor scoundrel, while here in Cordova would languish for him the beauty and youth which had resisted King Ferdinand.

Beatriz was Cordova's Venus, the impoverished child of one of old King Henry's wassailers, and that she must surrender to some great noble at last, if not for pleasure then for subsistence at least, had been the public expectation. But Learning, that new kind of nobility, had intercepted the nunnery, the court, and even the crown.

"To think," said Columbus, "that I should cut out all the gallants! Was ever a poor mariner, huckstering for an employment, entertained like me? But she may be a siren such as held Ulysses from his task. No! I would be selfish indeed if I questioned such generosity as this lady's. Lady she shall ever be to me and to all noble hearts, let prudes and wantons say what they will! Eve did not give up paradise for knowledge with more maternal grace. Oh, how can I keep her fidelity, which is almost as priceless as the Indies I shall seek, the one worthless without the other?"

He lay and asked the Virgin for counsel.

That counsel seemed to be not to trust his mistress in his absence while such sparks as Ferdinand lived by her.

He tossed his rosary and image away, and asked himself,—

"What is fitting for a man with a perilous and noble task to do in this strange interlude?"

"Do honor!" answered his own heart in what seemed to be his mother's voice.

"Arise and sin no more!" spoke a voice from the holy Testaments, to which his reason added, "They who are trampled upon must sink deeper: I am called upon to preserve this woman from despair."

Then came the innocent voice of Beatriz's brother to Colon's ear as he had heard it in the Alcazar but yesterday: "Sister, do help the captain! The king will help you, sister."

It sounded like his son Diego's voice from Huelva yonder by the shores of Portugal.

"It is his mother's adjuration," Colon said. "I see some difficulties in the way; but I will marry Beatriz Enriquez."

"You did not entreat her," said some evil corner of his nature. "She was the wooer. It will cost you a pretty penny to provide for her affectations."

"Away!" cried Columbus. "There is no devil like him who lies abed with you after you are fully awake. I take the risks of love or sea, and I shall marry Beatrix. More than that, I shall love her sacredly."

He made his toilet with especial care, using all his perfumes, in which he was connoisseur, and then his stomach ached for sustenance.

"Come forth, cook! My eggs and broth!" he cried.

No voice replied. The fountain in the court had not been started.

"How long Beatrix is at confessional!" he thought.

He descended the stairs and sought Nuñez's office; it was barred, and a seal set across the bar.

He tried some other rooms used for repast and accounting, but they were all closed up and sealed with public seals. He sought farther, and found the inn all empty, as if everything were dead.

Looking into the kitchen, he found a little charcoal and some fire, and an omelet beaten up with herbs and vegetables.

"Many a meal have I cooked in the galley fire," thought Columbus, and threw off his doublet and tied an apron around him.

The omelet was soon yellow and red like a turban: he toasted some bread and boiled a decoction of spice and coffee. As he sat down to eat, Espinosa slipped in and looked at him grimly.

"Had you been earlier, captain, you might have eaten a piece of the monkey."

"What monkey, cook?"

"The Italian monkey that was fetched to Spain to beg Castilian money. I do not want him any more to turn my spit, so I broiled him alive."

"True Spaniard!"

"Yes, and of the True Faith. I broil now for the Holy Office. St. Iago! what a blister is my master's foot!"

He chuckled.

"What are you prating of, cannibal?"

"I tried to burn his nose, but the bishop watched me too well."

"Speak, dog! You could with that ferocious countenance burn a babe to death. What of your master, the good Nuñez?"

"Ha! ha! He is fast in the dungeon of the Inquisition for heresy, and has had the perfume of the singed foot, which I can furnish, señor, by the quantity."

A light broke upon Columbus,—the sealed doors, the deserted inn. He gave way to a burst of temper, and held Espinosa over the fire as easily as that cook had held the monkey.

"Help! help! Murder! Fire!" cried the terrified varlet.

Beatrix entered the place, attracted by these cries.

"What is it, Cristoval? We both are pardoned, and are you so cruel to that poor slave?"

"He says that Joab is Torquemada's prisoner and has been already burnt at the fire."

Beatrice gave a scream.

"Now I know why Deza, detained me with such puzzling questions," she gasped. "I have betrayed my benefactor."

As she sank fainting to the ground, Columbus dropped the cook without design into the fire, and the charcoal did its holy office right

"HELP! HELP! MURDER! FIRE!" CRIED THE TERRIFIED VARLET.

burningly. Like a singed lizard the cook crawled out of the flame and soot, screaming, and was never more seen in the inn.

"Joab and we are homeless and destroyed," sighed Beatrice when she awoke in the court and was splashed by the fountain, which Colon set to running. "The Inquisition never restores the effects even of those it releases. Its accusation is enough to set the multitude against the purest man and end his vocation forever. He becomes worse than a leper."

"Yes, it is the populace that makes all cruelty of king or Church

possible," said Columbus. "For such a populace worlds are discovered."

"How can such cruelty be possible in a noble mind like Deza's, dearest? He gave me and thee heaven's blessing, but the next moment asked me minutely about all our beliefs. I said that Joab had the best religion; that he believed God to be free and bright like the sunshine, and that Nuñez drew learning from the ancient books and the stars to compose his soul."

"My gentle one, you thought the Holy Office was right?"

"Oh, God! I did! I did not know it meant to try our friends."

"Beatriz, one-half of all the people in Torquemada's dungeons were accused by their daughters, wives, parents, or kin."

"What can we do?"

"Nothing. Nuñez is dead. Our friendship, and the awakening contact of a scientific enterprise, have thrown him off his guard. He has been chased down by the sceptical scent of a blood-hound whom he had fed."

"And I, poor, shallow, tattling convert, have done it all! Let me free! I will destroy myself."

"No; I will give you the protection of a wife."

"That is impossible, my love. I have solemnly made a vow never to marry till you have found the Indies."

"Deza will release you from that. I make many violent vows on little things, dear Beatriz,—to go to this shrine barefooted, or to that on my knees,—but a little money avails for the penance."

"Marriage is not a little thing. If money could buy love away, I know where it is."

"And there is the temptation for you which makes me see my duty. By love obey me and become fast in the obligations of husband and wife."

"Dear señor, you are not a Spanish woman. Marriage is a ceremony, like baptism, confirmation, and the funeral rites,—a ceremony of cost and class. The first class only befits an Enriquez, and an Arana would be disgraced to marry in less than the second-class grade of wedding. Time is required, too, to send the invitations around, and to prepare the virgins, the acolytes, the pipes and guitars, and all that."

"Time is next to impossible to spare, my child; for all we know, the court is started already. I must secure a mule, attendant, and purse to take me to Salamanca this day. If I can find a poor priest who will work cheap, it will be enough to establish thy credit."

"Oh, no, Colon. A third-class wedding will break my heart. It will be known all over Cordova that the proud Enriquez Arana was married to a foreigner in the manner of a peasant-girl."

"What is the price of a second-class wedding?"

"The cost of a farm."

"I recollect Deza said the rates had been raised by an ecclesiastical agreement, to commence to-day. Beatriz, we have no money except that thou hadst for thy confessional."

"Alas! I gave that to the bishop for a sequence of masses for my papa's soul."



"Well, that was pious. But eat thy breakfast; for till I find some money it is our last meal."

Beatrix began to cry.

Columbus put on the apron again and fried some more of the omelet.

He thought ruefully upon his dead wife, how often he had seen her cry in Portugal when there was no meal in the house, and of the many times at Porto Santo when their children had no food till he could shoot the breakers and catch a fish.

"I am too old," thought Columbus, "to have the cares of a family again. But this is a child with a woman's pride, and she must be humored."

He made her right merry before they parted, and her tears and smiles were alternate, like Andalusian showers.

Beatrix was alone, alone with ecstasy and alarm, with love requited and womanhood come. She endeavored to come to some realization of her state, that a way might be found to place herself upon a sure foundation.

No way appeared. The temptation of yesterday returned to plague her, and she even thought of Ferdinand with pity, as one less happy than herself.

Where could she turn in honor to obtain security for immediate bread and shelter? Only to her unbonded, uncertified spouse. Was he not riches enough, ardent, lofty, caressing, thoughtful?

Oh, the Aranas, kinsmen, how hard and commonplace they seemed in their little shabby apartments, afraid to see a guest lest he might stay and eat a meal!

In the wide circuit of Cordova Beatrix could think of only two persons available for her needs,—Geraldini and the boy Pedro Arana.

Pedro could come and abide with her if Cristoval should go away, and be her society, messenger and companion. He loved and trusted Cristoval.

Geraldini might in extremity, upon her personal appeal, give or lend her—the terms meant the same—a sum of money, without presuming in any way upon the favor, by the aid of which she could pass through the winter till Colon came back.

Always Colon at the end of everything.

Yes, he had become her dearer self. No emotion crossed her nervous frame that did not embrace him. He and she were to be one and to find ways and means out of the mutual intelligence of love. A nest and food they would make together, singing meantime like the nesting birds. Often had Beatrix striven to conceive what love might be, but its sovereignty surpassed all ecstasy, and heaven seemed but love, or not so heavenly.

To do something to aid this man, her conqueror and greater self, made her restless and fluttering. She dared not pray, lest prayer accuse her of an irrevocable folly and she would not admit it. Love, the coherent principle of everything,—sun, moon, and stars, all living species, society, redemption, birth, and death,—love had crowned and not degraded her. She never felt such thanks, such charity, such

virtue, in her maiden days. Self went out like a smoking lamp, and love, like the moonlight, shone in the windows of her soul. Not to be restored to the dull unsocial state of yesterday was rather her prayer.

Where was little Noama? How many things could bright Noama do now, how many things! She could go to the Marchioness of Moya, to the queen's children, perhaps to the queen,—Noama, who had taught Beatriz to read.

Noama had told Beatriz that it was Joab's religion to believe that God was All and All was God, the essence of brightness, of motion, and of love, and this Beatriz had blabbed to her priest.

"What is woman fit for but to be loved?" asked Beatriz. "By love I have made my home for years with this poor innkeeper I have ruined. Perhaps I shall feed upon Cristoval too and ruin him."

The thought created an impulse almost thoughtless. She covered herself with a servant's gown, and muffled her face and stole away.

When she returned, it was with Pedro Arana, her half-brother. Making up her bed where Noama had slept, Beatriz sent Pedro with a hasty message to Geraldini.

Then she sat down and tried to plan and think, but went to sleep.

At dusk she awoke, and looked in Pedro's room. The child of her mother was fast asleep. She bent and kissed him.

"God destroy me if I do not feel my heart as pure as this child's!" she sobbed.

"Hush!" she said, as Cristoval came up the stairs. "Do not awake Pedro. My little brother alone in Cordova knows I am your wife."

"Beatriz," he answered, "they will not marry us. A trades-union of priests has fixed a rate for marriages and made it ecclesiastical law. Not a maravedi can I get. Isabella's promise to send me forward has not been kept. Quintanilla, St. Angel, all are gone from Cordova with the court."

"Have you seen Deza?"

"Yes: he will allow you and me to occupy our chambers here as janitors for the holy administrators. That is all."

"It is Home, dearest. They may take from us heaven's sacred rites, the marriage-ring, our friends, the world's opinion, but we still have the marriage of our hearts, shelter from the night and evil men, and our honeymoon."

"Kneel down and pray for us," said Colon. "The present is much. No man upon sea or land knows the future. Try and forget the past!"

They were awakened very late by Pedro Arana, who came with a letter. The boy looked in, and made no comment upon their community of life: to his pure innocence all things were good.

Beatriz opened the letter and uttered a cry of joy.

"Geraldini sends us money, darling. I told him it was to send you to Salamanca. You must go while it is here; for money flies fast."

"You begin to weep. I cannot go and leave you crying: I should go half-way and return."

"I am not weeping ; it was a sob of joy."

"Oh, why did you love me and make it so hard to part, Beatrix?"

"Think of your honor, dear one. There is an orphan world depending upon you."

"Let it wait. Give me another kiss."

"It will be so long that you will want another and will not go."

"What is worth thy precious kiss, all dewy with thy youth, my lovely cherry?"

"Years of such kisses, dear, with something achieved."

"But if all be achieved and love be gone there will be no light upon the Indies or upon Spain."

"Yes, there is the light of faith, Cristoval. Think of me waiting, and double thy patience before those monks and doctors. I will think of thy proud soul so humble, and find some task to do."

"What task canst thou do? Thou art bred for love and glory only."

She thought of a time when she had disdained him as a wool-comber's son.

"I will comb wool with my little brother like thee, Cristoval, and thy mother and Bartholomew."

He looked and saw that she was sincere. He fell at her feet and wrung his hands.

"Thou art not ashamed of our poverty?" he cried, in broken sentences. "Our humble life thou canst imitate? Now I can trust thee, Beatrix, while I go round the world!"

"Love not me too much, my darling. Love thy son, also, and thy gentle purpose of a world for the poor!"

She took her brother in her arms and kissed him.

"Here is thy honor-bearer," she said. "How pure my brother's kiss seems now to me!"

By night he was gone.

The next day Beatrix and Pedro Arana were combing wool, the task she had scorned as that of Colon's family.

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## CHAPTER V.

### FERNANDO.

INUNDATIONS destroyed all the roads between Andalusia and Castile, and Beatrix heard nothing of Columbus for months. He had left her all but the bare money to get himself to Salamanca, far away over the barren mountain-tops of Castile. He might as well have gone to the Indies, for any intercourse they could have together.

Sometimes a military detachment passed from Burgos to the beleaguered parts of Granada through Cordova, and Pedro would go out and make inquiries ; but nobody knew of Colon. He seemed to Beatrix like one who had gone down at sea before ever embarking. Obscure, needy, with a single change of raiment, possibly driven to violence or mendicancy to get bread, he was still Beatrix's talisman and St. George.

She bent all her faculties to becoming independent and saving her money for some great possible extremity she dared not think of.

"Blessed brother!" she often said to Pedro; "boys like to play, and thou hast no playmates."

"Sister, Captain Colon will take me to sea. I will bring you an Indian shawl."

"This is the surest way to get a shawl, little brother,—combing the wool as they did in Genoa. We shall save enough short wool to make us both suits of clothes, perhaps."

Early and late she worked, but a fear came to her that she would lose her beauty if she avoided exercise, and might disappoint Colon's expectations on his return: so she took long walks with Pedro, to the terrace by the river, to the great square of tournaments, out to the Moorish gate towers and the fields beyond them, to the dry brooks of the Guadalquivir, and even to the sierra, when it was safe from the rapine which Ferdinand and Isabella had scotched, not killed.

Few places, indeed, were safe: the safest was the mosque of Abderrahman, with its moon-boughed trees in stone, its banyan-groves, of trunk producing trunk, in unfolding petrification, as if the stones, as in the Greek mythology, had heard the pipe of Pan and taken the forms of music, the very crescents of the moon standing on their tips to dance, the horseshoes in the riding constellations rearing up like arching hands to let the dancers through.

Like life's long grottos seemed those cooling arches, leading onward to sameness, the story of repetition in all things, from father to son, from age to age, from theory and creed to creed and theory, replication, a striving upward and a falling back, and with the spines of virile youth careering concentrically a little way above the earth, the root thereof in the earth's dead level, man piling stones to vault to God and vaulting back to stone again; empires like shooting stars propelled from individual conquerors and by gravity dropping down where younger conquerors stood; woman the sport of man's strength, flung out from ecstasy's low summit to fall and fall till other lovers awaiting her caught her in their arms and threw her onward in their satyr sports.

Six hundred years these groves had grown, and votaries had wandered round and round in them in hungering faith, giving to God all things that were his, and to his prophet God's and Cæsar's tribute. "*Allah il Allah*," but Allah now was ill, Mahomet almost nihil; the disease of all things had caught the faith of Mecca, and architecture stood immortal as man, while Religion reeled and found no column to stand upon.

So with the world, this mineral thing; its history had been told like yon concentric stony arches, in fluid grace but dogmatic hewing, from short-sighted theologian to his successor, or like a ball thrown from the hand of child to child down tradition's playground, and its origin and elasticity were not yet at rest.

Blind, blind, were all the creedsmen to the law of motion, which is outward by energy and downward by attraction: reproduction, replication, succession, individual riot and delight, death and the dawn, the

story of the rainbow, the meteor, the sun, the spine, the brain: the Arch, forever that unfinished circle flying from the column.

The broken roof of Abderrahman's mosque let in some light and air, and rain to splash the floor. The Christians hated it, but did some rites in it rather in mastery than humility. Beatrix wondered if it had ever given such comfort in the day of faith as now in its ruined truce, where as in other ruined walls the lizard, the serpent, and the bird glided or sang and molested not each other.

When Beatrix went forth, the evil eye of man pursued her, looking rapine, familiarity, and degradation.

The Arana family heard from a spy or two that Beatrix was combing wool. They shut their doors, and wore crape, and wondered that she had demeaned herself so low as to get her living when she might have been the king's leman and restored her family's fatness.

Bishop Deza sent her a front seat for herself and Pedro to see a burning of Jews who ate not pork, and Moors who washed their dirt away too often, all burnt in the great square and market-place.

That day, for the first time since her confessional had been abused, Beatrix and her brother said their devotions together and fasted.

Pedro went at Beatrix's desire and spent some money for a mass to raise Joab Nuñez's soul from purgatory.

The next day, as if the prayer had been answered, Joab walked into the Inn of the Cid with Alexander Geraldini.

Columbus had been gone much more than half a year.

The change in Nuñez was not more pitiable to Beatrix than her own alteration to poor Joab. But to Geraldini's enamoured eyes Beatrix was a more wondrous beauty than ever, and as she shrank from his ardent regard he interpreted her timidity to be the conviction of love.

He handed her a note which he had brought from Salamanca sealed with Colon's doves, and which said,—

"Beloved, I have met the doctors, theologians, and critics of my project with such skill and patience for thy sake, that they are now at mortified intellect's last resort to prove me a rogue. They sent to Lisbon to hear some ill of me, but the King of Portugal gave me a good report; it was their tale that I had deserted my family there. Queen Isabella would not believe them: she and the Cabrera couple are my present rock of hope. The queen must have all her heroes also saints.

"Beatrix, it was love which drew us together. Say but the word, and I will lay down this burden of begging employment from the state, which lays me open to every slight, causes my equals to avoid me, and keeps me poor and needy. As yet they have given me nothing: I live with some brethren of the convent, who order me about pitilessly.

"Dearest, I hope it is well with you. If it is not well, what shall I do? I have sent Geraldini, who is on his way to the Pope, and is my brother in tender discipleship, to see if you are right and if poor Nuñez is still wronged. Geraldini honors me. Oh, if events must inform him otherwise, do not spare me. I am thy poor

"CRISTOVAL."

Beatrix read this letter with commiseration and wept. Not long ago she would have wept only for herself. Even as she read it a great hope of death came over her, like the flash of lightning at the door of the tomb where the angels, disciples, and Pharisees all watched.

The age, it seemed, was watching her now.

She was fatherless and motherless, and surrounded only by men.

Not even that Joseph who made the manger of the Nativity not altogether despair was with Beatrix in her terror.

"O Joab, my second father!" she cried, "how they have shattered you! I did it; it was my silly dependence upon churchmen which made me boast of your good principles to that hypocritical bishop, who was thirsting for your blood."

"Dear child, you were not to blame. Poor Deza is my friend. But they exact blood from him, and he still sheds it. I owe my return to this life to Colon."

"Yes," said Geraldini, "Cristoval is generally helpless to help others, but when he heard, through Bobadilla, that Nuñez was in extremity he waylaid King Ferdinand and roundly denounced him as the author of a tyrannical statute."

"Gracious God! What did Ferdinand reply?"

"Why, he liked Colon from that moment. 'I have only seen you soliciting,' he said: 'had you been bold I would have been on your side.' The bloody Torquemada threatened Ferdinand himself, but the Marchioness Bobadilla cried to the queen, 'What! let this shaven varlet insult the king-consort?' They were about to degrade Torquemada, when his audacity gave way, and I received an order for Joab's deliverance."

Poor Joab was reduced to a shadow; he limped upon his branded feet.

"I am all right, friends," he spoke, trying to smile, "except my nerves, for which the shock was too much. If my little girl were now here she could hardly love me. See what a blessing her absence is,—for a starter."

They all shed tears, and Joab was the first to get voice and say,—

"Doña, did you happen to drop the remark to Bishop Deza that Nature had a bright inhabitant somewhere?"

"Just that: Noama told me it was your favorite saying."

"Huzza! my little girl was ever true! O friends, how sweet is life, even to this poor stump of man! I am altogether ruined in fortune, and it is not worth while to commence again in uncertain Spain. They set me free with difficulty, and can give me nothing back. But life is worth it all. I know I have your love. From dark, man-made hell, where I have been, I learned that nothing frets the Satan in the raging heart of cruelty like the love and friendship of the worthy."

"Did Ferdinand speak——"

"Of Doña Beatrix?" interrupted Geraldini. "He did. He said, 'Give my gratitude to that gallant wench: I paid my last call in Cordova upon her.'"

Beatrix blushed deeply.



"Is Captain Colon ever despondent?" she asked.

"Not when he sees the queen, dear Beatrice. He has the hallucination that he has fascinated Isabella, and, truly, when she sees him, which has happened some three times, and notably at the commission of the doctors, Isabella looks on Colon as another St. Iago. When he stands in her eye and it suffuses with sympathy for his cause, Colon talks with rapture, and I marvel that his incomplete education bears him on so well. But the life of the solicitor in the lobby of Castile is demoralizing. What can be done to draw our friend into healthier lines?"

"Put him in the wars," said Nuñez: "I will be his squire and armor him. When they see him soldiering they will call him comrade, and he may have his chance when Granada falls."

"So long!" exclaimed Beatrice. "My little brother may then be a man."

"Meantime, doña, I will be your cook here at the once cheery Inn of the Cid."

Nuñez looked down on the silent, weedy yard, and thought of all his pains, and would have choked with grief but that his kind impulses took in the woe of Beatrice.

"Come with me, brother Pedro," he said to the lad. "Will you sleep with me to-night? I may want you, little brother, in the night."

Beatrice would have cried out in agony when they were about to leave Alexander Geraldini alone with her, but she was too weak, and she dared not raise her eyes to that hale, wholesome, and hearty if poetic student.

"Never, dear Beatrice," spoke Geraldini, "have I seen you so beautiful. There is a sensibility amidst your luxuriant charms which is like the birth of knowledge in the fruitage of Paradise. I come to say I love you, and to say it with Colon's whole consent."

"And you his friend, sir?"

"Of course. In our many walks about Salamanca he talked to me continually of the queen, and asked me one day if I had never felt the tender passion which almost animated him to enter the lists and defend his glove in Isabella's name. Pressed upon that point, I told him that one lady only had carried my heart away, else I should have already entered the Church, for which I had the predilection of a student and, I trust, a poet. This lady, I said, loved another and an older man. Colon advised me to give love a fair trial before seeking unhealthy cloisterhood. Love was the author of Religion, he said, not its rival. I told him I loved Beatrice Enriquez."

"Dear friend, you pain me. Please say no more; I am in the sorrow of a great fear."

"Colon said to me, 'She is poor, in your debt, and neglected by the man she had chosen to protect her. It may be that she will now repent her unwise selection and find comfort in your suit.'"

"Not now, Alexander. Not now."

"This is the day I am to decide: my vessel is at Seville. Shall I go to Rome a husband or a monk?"



"Beautiful Rome! They say my ancestors were Roman."

"My brother stands high with the Pope. He will send me to England. You shall see Rome, Naples, Florence, and Avignon. From one of these countries I will return to Spain as ambassador, and Ferdinand shall address you in honor, not with the freedom I hear he has sometimes assumed."

"Pride is dead in me, Alexander. You cannot marry me."

"I will."

"You know not what you say."

"Do you love King Ferdinand?"

"He is my king; he also has been kind."

"The love I ask from you is my link to life. I shall not care if you are worldly. That will make me competitive in the world and chase away the convent shadow that is drawing near. Let your beauty draw me in the sun! I am too young to love a skull, a cross, a rosary, alone."

"Go this night to Seville, or to-morrow you may be most unhappy. Oh, I pray it."

"I see you are dwelling upon the king's compliment."

"The king? The king who has ruined me!"

"I shall come to-morrow for my answer, Beatrice. No incident can discourage me. As yet Italy is free from war, and its princes love letters. I have a friend of genius in Milan, Leonardo, who asks me to join him under the dark-skinned regent there. The sciences come to Leonardo, like the arts and literature, by an instinct. With my beautiful bride to drive serious thoughts away, I will challenge even Leonardo da Vinci to a trial of talent."

"Not to-morrow?"

"Surely to-morrow; I have been your friend, and you cannot refuse to see me, in plain gratitude."

"Oh, come to-morrow; but leave me now. It is so dark I cannot see you."

"It is the full afternoon light, Beatrice."

He passed away, innocent as man, and feeling that he had made an impression.

"Does Cristoval wish to marry me to his friend?" thought Beatrice. "How can I save him from his friend?"

As that afternoon Geraldini and Nuñez discussed cosmography together, Bishop Deza came to the inn in state and lingered about them in strained sufferance.

Nuñez was kind to him as of old. Geraldini would not be cordial.

"I used to be welcome here," Deza finally said. "It is true that I have done an injury, but it was in the line of my office. Nuñez forgives me: why not you?"

"Cruelty is ever repulsive to true science," Geraldini answered, after a long pause. "Science may be sordid, but it does not love blood."

"God is Science: light and energy are our God. Nuñez has told me so."

"Why, then, are you the executioner?"

"It suits Spain. In all my ministration with fire and rack, one man only have I seen who had toleration for other sufferers who differed from him. He sits there."

"Vainly have I prayed, my brother, if thou art still unkind," responded Nuñez. "None are denied in our temple where we pray, 'Let knowledge prevail, and there shall be no fury.'" Nuñez stretched forth his hand.

"I fear thy spirit upon the star we seek to reclaim," Geraldini said. "I cannot give thee my hand."

Lying down to dreams of nuptial joy, Geraldini composed a poem to his lady.

She travelled the way of the evil and the good, the path that is the dark ambush to the gate of light, the road to Bethlehem bearing the tyrant's tax.

"O Joseph!" sounded a voice in the night to Nuñez's quick ears. "Jesus, Joseph, and Mary!"

"Fly, Pedro, my boy, to where I told thee," Nuñez spoke. "Return on wings. Mind not thy raiment, little brother!"

"Who are they in the court, Joab?" asked the poet toward the morning hour.

"One is there, I think, who entered not," reflected Joab.

"How peculiar seems the life in this once resonant inn!" observed Geraldini at breakfast. "All this morning I feel as if the place had spirits, and strangers of distinction had come and gone. I looked out after dawn, and a star seemed mellow as an orange over the inn, and then it seemed to blush and go out."

"The Nativity always has such a star to wise men and shepherds," Joab answered. "Go dress thyself, Alexander, as to attend the queen's children."

All dressed and perfumed, as Colon had taught him to love perfumes, Geraldini went out, and found Nuñez also dressed in the best raiment he could assume.

"Wait till the banner is flung out," Nuñez observed. "Thank God, we are one family yet."

"You speak in riddles, brother Joab."

"There it is!" exclaimed Joab, suddenly, and, Geraldini following his eye, a Moorish person, dressed like a physician, was seen at Beatrix's gallery; he wore the exact dress of Averroes in Joab's trance, —a spotless round turban and white robe with a dark brown cape and brown and ribbed facing to its front and sleeves, the whole falling to his blue morocco slippers.

"Mufti, is it well?" Joab cheerily called.

To this the grave, white-bearded Moor replied,—

"All is well as long as God replenishes! Bread is well, and water is better, but life is from the pulsations of the bright heart of all things. He blesseth us with Motion, which is light, warmth, and quickening. Hail to our God!"

The sounds floated over the court and seemed mysterious.

Disappearing an instant, the physician returned and hung upon the

balcony a banner Beatrix had embroidered the day Columbus came to the Inn of the Cid.

Its white mantle and red cross of the Knights of St. Iago were a little faded, but it was recognized by Joab and Alexander, who knelt to it.

They walked together, taking little Pedro Arana, and silently passed up the stairs. A feeling of awe was at Geraldini's throat and temples.

Within, the Moorish doctor stood holding a child, a new-born babe.

"Ass's milk," said the physician, pouring that fluid down the babe's mouth. "The ass goeth long in the desert, and life is long: hail to our God!"

"But Beatrix?" sighed Geraldini. "Is she a mother?"

"Love covereth all sins!" exclaimed Nuñez. "Let the sons of the Magi kneel at this humble stall, for birth is always humble."

"It is Ferdinand's," sighed Geraldini. "Who can resist the king?"

"He was my king: I love and trust in him," spoke Beatrix, feebly, but with a happy sigh.

"I take thee as thou art, Beatrix," Geraldini breathed, stretching forth his hands in adoration. "Even as Joseph took his wife, to cover her good name, I will take thee."

"My name is good to all who can love me."

"It is," Geraldini cried. "For love I press thee still to give me grace. I will give my name to thy babe."

"No."

"This is the day which sends me to Rome a husband or a monk."

"A monk then let it be," declared Nuñez, like one in authority. "Thou art half in orders now. I will be godfather to the babe, and thou the priest."

Geraldini looked around.

The physician was gone.

"Bless our dear little baby, good father!" pleaded Pedro Arana.

Nuñez handed Geraldini the babe.

"I call thee Fernando, for the king!" exclaimed Geraldini. "Love literature, gentleness, and peace! Be thy birth precursor of the advent of a farther world, where plenty shall keep down war and liberty shall give light and love."

"*Fernando?*" reflected Beatrix. "They call it for the king: I care not, so Cristoval sustain no calumny. Farewell my pride: I give it all to be the mother of this child."

"Adieu!" Geraldini sighed. "I am for Rome, to be a monk."

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## CHAPTER VI.

### DISENCHANTED.

WITH a haughty step, threadbare and almost shoeless from travel, Columbus entered the inn. His hair was whitening fast, but his freckled skin and clear blue eyes, his Florentine locks falling to his shoulder, the lengthened gravity of his jaws, the slight aquilinity of his sagacious nose, the beauty and calmness of his brows, orbits, and tem-

ples, revealed the effects of high contacts with men and the defence of great and lonely thoughts. He had grown like a Greek, some Leonidas defending the pass to antique liberty, and not all the friendship of this world would have compensated him for his solitary pride and poverty.

"Welcome, my captain!" spoke the broken voice of a broken man limping toward him.

"Nuñez? lovely fellow, have they had you before the faculty, too? How old we are, my friend! But Beatriz?"

"Right here. Pure as a gem. Ready with a starter."

Colon almost ran up the stairs. He knocked at the door.

"*Abra usted la puerta!*" came the reply.

Beatriz and her brother were combing wool, the result of their labors filling half the room.

Colon knelt at Beatriz's feet and drew her upon his breast. He kissed her long and affectionately. She was silent.

"There!" exclaimed Joab, "as the prophet Daniel would put it, 'the Ancient of Days did sit, whose garment was white as snow, and the hair of his head like the pure wool.' Come, Pedro, let us go to market."

Colon again embraced Beatriz when they were alone.

"Are you not unnatural?" he asked. "I know you are not cold."

"Am I Beatriz?"

"Who besides?"

"Or Isabella?"

He looked at her in surprise and embarrassment.

"Has any new instructor made you too wise, my precious?"

"Oh, yes. We parted lovers; we meet parents."

There was the motion at Beatriz's cot of a child turning over, followed by a child's sigh. With pale astonishment Colon rose and walked to the cot and looked down at the child.

"Whose?" he asked.

"The king's."

"Is it named? Is it a boy?"

"Fernando."

The child began to cry. He took it up and walked with it and composed it upon his breast like one who had walked the night with other babes.

"This is the first fruit I have had in Spain," said Columbus.

"The last, sir, also," Beatriz replied. "The Queen of Castile must bear you fruit next."

"Beatriz?"

"Father!"

"And mother, too?"

"Yes, we are friends, united to each other as friends by the unusual pledge of offspring. I blame you not. I love you. But I have been long with that dear child alone, and my own destiny is fulfilled in it; yours goes on to the great purpose in which your enamouring of me is only an accident, a tribute. If you can be true to me, some day we may love again. But love like mine will not be Moorish love, that

of the captive in your harem, while you have a sultana. I will not be embraced as Isabella again. I am Beatrix, successor of your other son's mother."

All this time she had been combing wool. He knew not what to say, so he sat down opposite her where Pedro had been and began to comb also, with face abstracted. Finally he looked up and sighed :

"How comfortable !"

A graver look came to her face.

FINALLY HE LOOKED UP AND SIGHED: "HOW COMFORTABLE!"

"This is like coming to my father's house," said Colon. "The wool-carding looks so honest. We boys were always welcome when we worked. It is a dearer feeling I have toward you, but there is motherhood in it, too."

"She bore you and knew you by pain, Cristoval."

"As I was coming here I thought how brief would be the time I could conceal my restlessness. I must amuse and worship a young lady, with all my other cares. I find her a not unhappy mother, a prudent friend, seriously at work. But I am sorry, too. I expected more rapture."

"Sir, I will ever love you. As in the beginning I was nature's giver, believing you loved me wholly, I shall be wholly yours when you can love. O Cristoval, that is my woman's instinct, now ; but that is our child."

"Explain, Beatrix."

"Colon, when you came to my chamber first your words I could

not understand: 'If the queen cares not for me, in all Spain I am without a friend.' I thought I was your queen. Later on you wooed me with more singleness of heart. I believe I can make you love me. But while Isabella is your patron, divinity, and guardian angel, be true to her. That is to be a gentleman!"

The monks and the college had hung Columbus up. They came to no conclusion before the court left Salamanca, postponed their decision for three years after that, and Beatrix's child was more than three years old when their finding was at last proclaimed.

Once Beatrix went to the orangery by the mosque, and there she saw Cristoval with a little table drawing charts which her brother, Pedro, exposed for sale.

As she looked in humiliated pity, one of the seedy Aranas came up, her kinfolk, and began to abuse Pedro for thus taking to trade.

A gentleman stopped to note the scene, and, drawing near, he took the chart from Pedro's hand.

"What expert lines and characters!" said this gentleman. "You have not taken up this art in a day."

"No, Highness. I was taught to draw by Benincosa, in Genoa, almost thirty years ago."

"I will buy this chart of the latest Portuguese voyages."

"Pray let me make a present of it to you."

"Do you know me?"

"Yes, sir, by your intelligence. Had I been an armorer I should have drawn a crowd. Now I have only drawn the Duke of Medina-Celi."

"Sir," said Colon to the Duke of Medina-Celi, "one-half my glory is departed already, in the Portuguese creeping toward India by the south. I am barefooted. Some plain people who comb wool give me lodging and food. I have not seen my son for six years: he will not know his father."

The duke took Columbus in at Puerto de Santa Maria, by Cadiz, and had him reclad and set him at his own table every day. Finally the guest remarked,—

"Highness, this is only splendid poverty. The rich will entertain artists at greater expense than would commission them. If you would give me out of your hundred vessels only two, I would transmit your name to posterity as high as mine."

"Thank you," said the duke, dryly: "if Medina-Sidonia will give you a ship I will give one. Go and ask him."

Medina-Sidonia was in Seville, and had a fleet. He told Colon to take his house, his horse, anything he might see, but to take them *mañana*,—to-morrow.

Colon stated his want to be a vessel for a three-months voyage, in pursuit of an idea.

"Ah!" said the duke, "stay with me a month. It is so refreshing to meet men of letters. I prefer their society to their letters. One rubs something from a bright man, you know, and exhausts him. A ship, did you say? What for?"

"To discover Asia straight away to our west."

"Are you not a little notional, friend Colon?"

"Greatly notional, lord duke. My notion is great and gratuitous as God's when He made the world, man, and redemption. I seek to piece the globe together, to find my fellow-creature who is lost, and to make trade."

"Oh, pshaw! The Italians have that Greek idealism in them. The Greeks never had anything to do with Spain, you know. It does not become a practical man of large property like myself to invest in notions. Why don't you go to bull-raising? There is something practical. Next to the king and queen, the bull-fighter is the most adored of men. You have fine legs for the bull-ring, which will take the ladies."

"Sir, we have exhausted each other."

The Duke of Medina-Celi, upon Colon's return, met his disappointment with generosity.

"Good Colon," he said, "I believe you to be a sincere man, and I know you are proficient, for I have seen you with my captains. You put a boat about beautifully; your mathematics are exact; your log is kept like Moorish geometry. I would not make a sacrifice for you as a man with friends, but as *my* friend, my private discovery. While you have been gone I have made your expedition ready. Do you see yonder caravels? They wait for you."

"My God!" exclaimed Columbus. "Do I dream at last, after all my waking?"

"There, there! your emotion, captain, repays me all. One little thing stands in our way. Do you trust the queen's professions?"

"She is my only friend. Nothing but her poverty has kept me unemployed so long."

"Then she will, no doubt, give me the royal permission I have sent for, to equip and start you. I would not like to usurp a state prerogative, such as discovering new islands or lands."

Colon told this to Nuñez with exhilaration which alarmed his cautious squire.

"Master, *do* wait! The way of kings and queens, who are politicians, is to pre-empt everything."

"But this is a woman,—Isabella."

"Spell it *Ysabel*, master. It was imported from Sidon, and is the Jezebel of Scripture, she who, with all the devotion in our queen, brought four hundred of the priests of Venus with her."

"Away! thou lovest not thy queen."

Columbus lived on air. The gratitude due to the duke was all transferred to the queen. For her he made vows to go twice backward up Monserrat, and to contribute an image of the Virgin in silver to the shrine of St. Iago. He construed Ferdinand to be her dragon, himself her Perseus, and if he thought of Beatrix at all it was with pity, like patronage.

A royal courier came one day to Seville, where the vessels lay to be victualled. He delivered a letter with great ceremony to the duke, who passed it over to Columbus, saying,—



"For your own eye only."

The missive was signed with the queen's name and signet. It said,—

"To our well-beloved subject, Luis de la Cerda, Duke, etc. This is reply to your communication respecting the geographer, or navigator, called Cristoval Colon, alias Colombo. We reserve to ourselves and the royal treasury of Castile all expeditions and rewards for the same to new lands. We have been at great charity to provide food and lodging and amusement for the said Italian. It is our will and monition that nothing be done for him till we take the same upon ourself, after due and sufficient opinion and at proper leisure. And we order into our service the caravels provided by your grace for said Colon to take instead to the prior of the convent of Jerusalem the veil embroidered with our own hands to be suspended over the Holy Sepulchre, and the pension of one thousand ducats we have granted to said Order."

Columbus set out for Cordova, walking all the night, carried along by the tumult of his indignant feelings.

"Beatrix," he cried, "she has broken my heart!"

"Who?"

"Jezebel, false Queen of Spain."

"She is our queen, father, and our child's: a glorious queen."

"I tear her image from my heart, and place thine there, my child, my Beatrix."

"No, Cristoval. Place there thine own image and purpose. Deceive not thyself. Isabella is perhaps dethroned in your heart, but till the Indies be found I am not your heart's mistress."

"I have no mistress, then," sighed Columbus,— "no mistress, and no wife."

"Courage, brother!" Nuñez spoke. "Try the poor, next. Try Palos."

"Yes, yes!" Columbus cried: "I will find my son there,—my Diego."

"Do go, and rest thy heart, and bear to Diego his little brother's love!" entreated Beatrix, presenting Fernando.

The child put his arms around the mariner's neck. Colon bedewed his brow with relieving tears, and said,—

"I shall have my offspring's love, I know."

## CHAPTER VII.

BY THE TINTO.

COLON and Nuñez were fellow-travellers, and both on foot, over the fifty miles from Cordova to Seville and the forty succeeding miles from Seville to Huelva.

In Cordova, where Beatrix remained, the Arana family gave out, from their self-esteem, that King Ferdinand was Beatrix's protector.

In the afternoon Colon set forth from Seville; the Giralda tower, then without a cupola, sent over the intervening space the muezzin echo of its dreary bells as he looked upon the ruins of Italica, birth-

place of Roman sages and emperors, but an amphitheatre only in the silent fields, deserted by the river and mankind. Colon and Nuñez walked in the cool of night in the narrow mule-paths, through villages almost deserted by men who had joined the wars, past little parties of recruits or conscripts hurrying up to Granada, by lurking skulkers and nondescripts, and taking rest sometimes in empty wine-caves they opened their bundle and ate at dawn where a river flowed winding around some Moorish towers.

The country was even more deserted the second day as they crossed the hills of the Guadiamar, treading between cactus hedges like enormous standing serpents and seeing the olive orchards dying of old age which the Moors had planted when they entered Spain. They went to sleep in a tower of Niebla, once a mighty Roman and Moorish city, still walled and many-towered, a bridge of incredible age behind it, a river beleaguering it. The Tinto was the stream, coming down here from the mines of ancient Tarshish, and Colon repeated from Isaiah the prophetic words,—

“The day of the Lord shall be upon every one that is proud, and upon all the ships of Tarshish.”

“I can match thee better than that,” laughed Nuñez: “‘The ships of Tarshish did sing of thee in thy market, and thou wast replenished, and made very glorious in the midst of the seas.’”

They woke in the morning and saw the great plain of the Tinto falling toward the region called the Algarve and the Atlantic coast. A Spanish village within the ruins of Niebla was awake, and, seeing these strangers in one of their towers, the people pointed them out. Soon came a boy running to the foot of the tower and calling up,—

“Señor Colombo,—Don Cristoforo,—which is he?”

Nuñez saw Colon slide down the débris of the broken tower and take the boy in his arms and cry,—

“Diego, my lost delight! I am thy father.”

“Fernando!” said a voice.

“My son, thou hast a beauteous brother.”

“Is that all, papa? My uncle Muliar left me here to await you. He has gone to the wars. He said you were the queen’s friend and would come back to your son very rich.”

They took Diego along across the country to the trading town of Moguer, set back on the hills for defence from pirates. It had business with the mines and with the new isles in the Atlantic, kept a train of pack-mules plying to Seville, and smuggled with Barbary and Portugal. From its Giralda they could see its little port of Palos, or the Marshy, upon another hill, close to broad water, where the Tinto coming down from the north, and the Odiel from the west, overflowed at flood-tide all the marshes between them, making good channels for smuggling, and giving inland access to Huelva, on the farther shore under some grassy cliffs, a place less sinister and hidden and more in official favor.

Huelva was four or five miles from Palos, and opposite it, below Palos, stood a humped something on the Palos promontory, bold, yet old and gray, like a fort or mosque.

"There is Rabida, where Juan Perez is prior. He was our queen's confessor."

"Rabida?" replied Colon to Nuñez,—*"Santa Maria de Rabida? I know the old sea-nest."*

Nuñez would have had Colon tarry in Moguer and make some mercantile acquaintances.

"No, I have done with Spain. A people cannot be better than their princes. The French have fancy instead of superstition. Bold Basques, Bretons, and Normans shall hear my tale, and, casting their nets for fish, shall make the miraculous draught of the Indies."

Sleeping by his child at Palos, thinking of his babe and Beatrix, Columbus formed at dawn his plan. He would replace Diego with his uncle Muliar at Huelva, and forthwith ship for Portugal, borrow some money from King João, and take passage for Nantes. The King of France was at Tours, or Loches, or Blois, not far up the Loire.

A great desire to leave Spain and its people possessed Colon.

"Eighteen years," he said, "I have carried this idea to the courts of the Iberian peninsula. My answer has only been, 'To-morrow.' To-morrow shall be theirs, but France To-day's."

"I love old Spain," cried Nuñez. "Give her this one day!"

They had lain in a stable yard at Palos, and Joab disappeared just as Columbus was ready to set out.

"I will go down to the port," Columbus said, "and bathe my bruised body."

Palos had a single street, from the old Moorish church at one end to the Rabida country road at the other end. By the church was a hillock of grass and clay as high as the blue-tiled church cupola, and the main street was shut in by such bluffs till it seemed a street of wine-caves or of burrows. Half-way along the street the hill opened and a lane went toward the landing so winding that its sailors' houses hid the water.

Wondering if he must turn down this water-lane, Columbus saw a man in the eye of the lane and inquired of him. With a commanding gesture this man pointed to the south.

"Surely that bearded person is a Moor," Columbus said.

The low tapia or plaster-walled houses of Palos, buried in Moorish days among the hills to be hidden from the Norman pirates, stretched a good way onward, and melted into the country without a boundary. Columbus now saw the water and the port, such as it was, apparently behind him, and he turned about, feeling that the strange man had misinformed him.

But there stood the long-and white-bearded guide still pointing with an air of prescription and command to the south.

Columbus continued on into the open country, leading his boy Diego by the hand.

"Father, you woke me up so early I am hungry and thirsty. Shall we be there soon, father?"

"In a few minutes, dear son. Do not complain, Diego; I am sad to-day, my child."

"Why, father?"

"One-third of my life, son, I leave in Spain, and my sweetheart, too."

"Thou art too old for a sweetheart, my father."

"When we are too old for that, Diego, we are dead. Do you see the fish-hawk, son, which is just returning to yonder old tree?—that tree which it has blasted by its choice? Had the hawk no mate there, it would languidly pursue the sole."

"I hope you will have a mate, then, father; we are all so poor. Can't we be fishermen instead of geographers, and find some food?"

They went on so far that Diego began to cry. The land was gravelly drift, covered with some ill-starred pine-trees which could moan in unison, but not one was big enough for a spar.

"They are like my hopes," Columbus thought, "stunted, moaning: my ship has not one timber yet."

"Water, my father!" Diego sighed.

"Son, I think we are lost. The port of Rabida we must soon come to. It is now as easy to go on as to go back."

Bright flowers grew by the way; the pines in the sheltered hill-coves breathed a consonant sigh like that which follows rapture's kiss; sometimes, rising from a hollow to a swell, they could see Huelva and the sea—the Atlantic sea—beyond a dike of low, uniform trees like dwarf oaks.

"Oh, that cold, bitter sea!" Columbus thought. "It has sunk my life. Till it gives me the secret of a farther shore I am a citizen of nowhere."

Joab caught up and took Diego on his good broad back and told him a tale, and suddenly they came to an opening, and the priory of Rabida stood up against the sea right before them.

"Omega!" Columbus said. "All that I ask of Spain is a cup of water now."

Rabida took its name from some *rabid* Moslems or fanatics, who built up an order of bachelor chivalry, like the Franciscans. Now it was a Franciscan priory, a blended convent, hospital, magistrate's, and pastor's parsonage. Before it stood an iron cross of light open bars, mounted upon a pillar of masonry.

The humped edifice, nearly two hundred feet square, was cornered and flanked by several walled yards, in one of which was a well, and above the walls rose a cupola and cross. The ocean air, cool as the moon which dipped the tides, blew in on Colon's brow.

He sat at the foot of the cross, upon its ramparts of grass, and took off his wide-rimmed hat to let the sea air blow his lily strands of hair, sighing in relief an unconscious blessing upon the sea that was so old and constant in its life and health.

He saw Joab go in the low door near the ground and return with water for Diego.

As the boy asked for some food, a window was opened above, almost the only window on this exposed side of Rabida, where the hill-top was level with the gate, and there looked out a priest of a red skin, a high forehead running far back in the temples, and open discerning expression.

"Let the boy be fed," commanded this man. "Ask the traveller yonder to come in and eat.—Brother! friend!" raising his voice, "make no ceremony, but come. You must have risen betimes."

"I thought never to accept hospitality more in Spain," thought Columbus, going in.

He passed by the stable within the gate, and the steward's, smith's, and janitor's booths, and came next to an open *patio* or colonnaded yard, and then to the open door of a chapel, into which he walked and knelt before the altar.

"Thy kingdom come!" Columbus prayed. "Light up the forgotten shores of thy kingdom with the star of peace on earth, good will to men! If it be thy will, use me, dear Lord!—me, whose sin has been my great ambition. Let me find the Land for my brother man, and let my name perish and another's be the glory!"

He threw himself forward upon his breast and arms on the cool,

HE THREW HIMSELF FORWARD UPON HIS BREAST AND ARMS ON THE COOL, CLEAN BRICKS.

clean bricks, and with his brow in his hands felt the tears our inner nature sheds in real contrition flow like an obstinate child's, melted it knows not how.

Within that piety and penance was the gush of human love, the despair for Beatrice.

Her obduracy from her heights of virtue, like the chaste Diana, shot torturing arrows down. He, the great wronger of her peace and station, felt wronged and deserted, as if he deserved, like other martyrs to their passions, the especial compassion of their God.

A hand was laid upon Columbus. A voice, like a brother's more than an ecclesiastic's, said,—

"Tut! tut! Everything must come right. I see your apparel shows a woman's hand. Your boy shows a kind companionship.

Your hands are too delicate for violence. Your tongue is not Spanish. If the Church persecutes you as a stranger, even then you are safe in Rabida."

"Are you the prior?" asked Colon, looking up.

"Yes, I am John Perez, unprofitable master of Rabida. Your son and his friend are already eating. Come and bless their food."

Columbus knew the sort of man he had to deal with, the type of country pastors,—men whose religion is daily experience and sympathy with their fellows, whose authority is accepted without its exertion, from their tact, judgment, and benevolence, and who have not half as much theology as their conceited vestry.

This kind of man now served Columbus's little family in the refectory, a cool room with a stone seat along the wall. His bright skin of dark red made his anxiously hospitable blue eyes all the brighter; his teeth were white, and he was a little over-tidy, like one who, in defiance of the command to prove his Christianity by his dirt, washed himself as often as a Moor. He saw Columbus glance as for something:

"Say what you seek for, son Cristoval."

"Water. I cannot eat with these hands."

"Come with me."

There was a cloister with covered sides farther within the priory, and above it near by was a beautiful room in proportions and carpentry, with a ceiling trussed and corded, and a window in the rear overlooking two rivers and the sea, and at the opposite end a dressing-room and a bedroom.

"Here is water, son," said John Perez, producing a stone jug and a Moorish basin.

His ablutions finished, Columbus glanced again as if he had a want.

"Ask and you shall receive," smiled the prior.

"Perfumes?" sighed Columbus.

"I thought I had a gentleman with me," said Perez, producing from his toilet a *flacon* of alcohol flavored with a pungent leaf. "When you retire to-night I will have for you in the jail—we have a little jail here—my patent shower-bath, which upsets, by the foot, cold water drawn from the old Moorish well at the foot of the hill."

"I dream sometimes that I have a library like this," Columbus said, seeing the manuscripts in the open-beamed room.

"Dreams come true. Stay with me a good while and tell me of the world. It is far away here. Once I lived in the world, but nature called me away. Perhaps I was selfish, but you know a bachelor has a superfluous thing in ambition. Ambition is for our women. Ah! I have even been in love."

Columbus groaned.

"So has my friend," said John Perez. "What a day we can have together!"

"Father, I must cross over to Huelva this noon."

"Whither away?"

"For France."

"Have you friends there?"

"Yes,—the King of France."

An imperceptible drawing up of his frame, as if by the expanding of his nostrils, followed the statement, and something like sullen dignity stood on Columbus's mild orbits and trenchant nose.

The priest refrained from inquiring or even replying, for in this moment he had exchanged ranks with his dusty-legged visitor, who was become the superior in the convent.

As they sat in the refectory, Joab Nuñez observed,—

"Father Prior, we bring magic with us. As I taste this omelet I shall, for a starter, describe your cook. Then you shall produce him, and if the admiral here decides that I am right, this little boy shall have a glass of wine."

Nuñez told the cook's description. The prior grew mildly mystified and amused. At the end of the tale he produced a grimy object.

"Espinosa! I thought I knew the sweet-oil flavor," Nuñez cried. "You should see him serve up a monkey or a pig's foot."

The malignant artist held his peace, and faded into his small galley of a kitchen, among his little charcoal fires.

"Father," Nuñez continued, "the admiral is sick. He is not fit to leave Rabida to-night. His pulse is fitful and high. That red spot on his cheek has the glow of fever. I ask you to detain him here."

"You are indeed a magician, good fellow.—Son Cristoval, I must bed you to-night."

"Impossible."

"Son, it is a decision."

"Father," broke in Diego, "this is a beautiful place. I never saw any house so cool. Let us stay. Tell me about my little new brother."

Joab disappeared after the repast, and Colon and son slept, and afterward bathed in the jail-room near the yard of the well. A Franciscan's cloak and sandals were supplied by the prior, and he and Colon went up in the open piazza, or *loggia*, overlooking the sea, to have a talk.

"Why does your fellow-traveller call you Admiral, my son?"

"That was, that is, the title I claim. Because I am a beggar my claim is not disparaged. Many a year I have solicited governments to commission me to discover the Western Indies."

"Western? That is nearly as we look across Huelva. Can you mean the Indies that are also behind us?"

"Yes, for the world is not a plane, father: it is an orb like your head."

"Now, I have heard that. If it be so, it ought to be known. What harm can result from knowing form and dimensions? In my early youth I was a carpenter and dearly loved my tools. I built a few houses, and they please me better than any of my sermons. Should we not fall off the earth, son, if it be round?"

"Oh, no. Do you see those vessels yonder? One is nearer than the others, and its hull is in view. The other only shows its top parts, as if it was coming up a hill."

"Why, that is so. Why did I never think of that?"



"Nor did you, my holy friend, ever see anybody from the *end* of the world."

"Why, no. And of course it would have no end if it were a ball or orb. But, wise Colon, what holds it together?"

"The same that would hold a plane together. That we do not know. But do you not see that water is in round drops? Yonder ocean is a fluid of minute globes, each drop smoothly gliding over each other drop, and the movement of the waves is in curves. Had the world an end its sea would spill out somewhere; but the mists pass water up to be rained back in round drops, as if no particle of this earth had any home but in the great orb. A circle is the action of a plane which goes as far as it can and falls. Why does it fall? That is its law. Your head is a sphere; so is your abdomen. Why so? If in any other form, they would seem absurd. Back to your head comes your arm in a circle. If you be blindfolded and walk, they say you will return in a circle to whence you started. Why is the rainbow round? 'I have set my bow in the heavens,' says God, 'as a sign,' but we fail to note it rightly. So are we blind to the round shadow cast by the eclipse on sun and moon. Are they not round to us like balls of distant light, and every star also round, or with merely rays? The Wheel is in its infancy, John Perez; it treads forever and has no end. The Sphere is only a wheel without section or break, a faultless wheel. As by the wheel they handle the helm of the ship, the wheel contains the principle of all conveyance, action, and swiftness. Within the Wheel is the whole career of man; the sphere is in your eye which sees, your hand which works upon spheres, your feet and legs in balls and sockets, your jaws which act in curves, your lungs, your organs. The seed, the fruit, the egg, aliment, thought, beauty, reproduction, are all but operations of the sphere, the wheel, the Onward!"

"What thrills go through me as you speak!—exquisite thrills like my youthful love. Why come these tears to my eyes?"

"Tears are also spheres; the holy drops of your emotion come round as our mother earth. We weep in spheres. Oh, *think* in spheres, and as in infant hunger the round breasts of your mother fed your heart, clasp now in child-like faith, thou gentle priest, the round and radiant image of your mother earth!"

"Praise God! I see it!" said John Perez. "How beautiful is nature's teacher! Son, give me thy kiss!"

"Father and friend, I will not answer for the results of my expedition upon the fears of religion. The discovery of another world than this only which pope and bishop know, may unsettle many a holy, hoary error. Should I detain in night and captivity half of this earth redeemed by Christ, lest some crosier rattle in the creedsman's terror?"

"Not so. Religions were made for Truth, not Truth for religions."

"I did not think to unfold my poor old threadbare proposition any more in Spain; but thou hast a liberal heart, and I will tell it briefly to thee."

"My great friend, shall I not send for a guest or two, sailors like thyself, from Palos yonder?"

"What are those I see looking up at us, prior? Is not one of them my disciple Nuñez?"

"Indeed it is, and every one of them with him is a man I had decided but this moment to send for,—Martin Alonso Pinzon, the Doctor Garcia Fernandez, and Sebastian Rodriguez our pilot. What a magician thy Nuñez is!"

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### RABIDA.

THEY came to the front of the convent, and were fetched to the office, or prior's court, a room nearly over the portal, a long room with table, stone inkstand, benches, and some arms suspended upon the shelving. A portrait of Isabella as a young princess hung over the prior's table. Some fruit and olives were placed for the guests, who were introduced to Colon.

Pinzon was a rough, Roman-looking fellow, of a very large head and short stature, his countenance red and of good-natured fierceness, like a smile set to broiling. Such men had been gladiators, and nearly killed others by their grim looks alone. He glanced at Colon, and then looked him through, but saw nothing, and took his seat.

Dr. Garcia Fernandez was a young physician who had been at Salamanca's schools, stood straight and tall, had high cheek-bones, straight black hair, eyes searching, merry, and deferential by turns, and was the pet and spark of that society, making other women as well as his wife brighten up when he came near.

Sebastian Rodriguez was a stiff-haired, terrier-eyed, lean man, of hardly thirty, his ears up as if he saw another canine in every wave he steered against and must fight his way like a traveller's dog from gate to gate. He had been so much in action and had in counsel listened so pugnaciously that there seemed to be no way of putting him to sleep, unless he might sleep at the wheel; and Colon noticed, with amusement in spite of his own intensity, that whenever Rodriguez spoke he made a gesture of putting a bight of rope around the tiller.

At each effective point in the argument out darted his hand with a mental rope in it, took another clew on the helm, and held the sheet as if with his feet and back.

The three Spaniards listened with the wariness at first of provincial Spaniards, not appetized toward strangers.

Pinzon and Rodriguez seemed to be hostile, except by their close attention.

Dr. Fernandez more quickly caught the scientific theory, and sustained Columbus because of his reading and scholarship.

The prior, less critical than appreciative, kept his countenance open, and at every good point turned an inquiring smile upon his friends.

Thus the effect of the meeting was Columbus arrested and under examination, the magistrate predisposed in his favor, the doctor his attorney, and the shipmaster and the pilot grim jurymen "hanging out."

A few auditors came in, generally to listen with painful effort at thought and finally to nod: some of these were friars and dependants about the place, mere animals or subsisters, to whom a Latin prayer and a plate of meat brought the same perfunctory opening of the mouth.

Núñez, who knew Spain so well, acted the modest assistant at this clinic upon the anatomy of our world.

He was that great, rare man who sustains the discoverer by loyal assiduities from the lowly place, the Indian's dog hunting upon the pathless steppes by his master. His want of self made him resourceful without intrusion.

"Ah!" said he, looking round, "full six years have we been trying to give the admiral a starter like this: honest hearts, real shipmates! He has seen all the kings, cardinals, maritime dukes, and courtiers. Now he is at Palos, at Nazareth, among the *fishermen* brethren, as where the gospel started. These be the men who can walk upon the waters to him!"

"Praised be the consolation in coincidences!" exclaimed John Perez. "It is also written that if the gospel had been as faithfully preached to the stones as to the Jews, they would have risen and believed. Oh, let us beware of unbelief! If it was deadly sin to reject the messenger from heaven, is it not weakness to reject the tidings of our brethren to whom this light of ours has never stretched?"

"Why does the queen not see this?" asked Martin Pinzon in mastiff's challenge.

"The queen," spoke the prior, "has a welcome heart. When tender upon her throne she inclined to me, and I found her principles all womanly. Our worldly hierarchy may have warped her nature, and wars are brutalizing, and glory and modesty like not each other's company. Make allowance for the queen. Trust to the better woman. Once I reproved her for being too fine upon the point of piety. Said I, 'The throne of God is within the heart, not in the pageantry of human Christianity. Religion may become paganized by making more of it than Jesus did, who loved not glory, but the truth of daily love. "Love one another!" he said. Ah! in chivalry the scribes and Pharisees came to meet him, and he upon an ass's foal!' She listened, her eyelash trembled, and she answered, 'When I am proud, come reprove me like this!'"

"This is thy time, then," Rodriguez, the pilot, blurted forth. "She has made a slip-knot upon the treasure of Granada. Forth, prior, upon thy donkey, and carry thy reproof!"

Columbus took up a hardy citron of size large enough to scratch meridians, poles, and equator upon it, and the lands he expected to find.

He made a demonstration of his projected voyage that was, in this country barn of a place, a delight because it drew near the vocations of his hearers.

When the demonstration was finished, the prior called for opinions.

"For myself, friends," said he, "I think I see great good to come from the success of such an expedition. What would be like it since

Paul and Peter went to Rome? At the fall of Granada we shall have many lawless men unemployed in Spain, and many expeditions can be filled with them. If the world is round it can be circumnavigated to and fro, every expedition choosing its own meridian. Now we are to do something for the honor of our province of Niebla and the men of Palos-Moguer. This must not be promises, but little acts, each man a doer of something. Dr. Fernandez, speak!"

## COLUMBUS TOOK UP A HARDY CITRON.

"It is indeed curious that such a proposition should be made here, at this little hamlet," said Dr. Fernandez, "but it is in the fields, not in the cities, that are found the herbs which medicine man. We have the time and ears to listen, unlike them who are discharging cannon in the wars. The compliment done to Palos-Moguer is so great that we would seem to reject our destiny if we did not close with it. I have followed Señor Colon with care. The views he expresses about the form of the earth are more common in Italy than in Spain, and were

held by the Moors and Greeks. Ptolemy was the name of a man in Greekish Egypt who pushed the view of the world's roundness hard upon the time of Peter and Paul."

"If he was right," gestured Rodriguez, holding in the sheet and clawing the tiller, "Christianity has lost twelve hundred years. Why?"

"The feudal ages," answered Dr. Fernandez. "They consumed in miracles and sorceries the time of man. To such superstitions as theirs a thousand years were but as a day. Now shall we squander a thousand years of the life of great nations, too? Not if Palos-Moguer can speak for Spain!"

He cast his eyes around; the sedate Spaniards expressed a quiet infection of local spirit in their eyes.

"This stranger," Pinzon spoke, standing forward like a short dog or lion, "is no fool at navigation. If he knew not a ship I would not listen to him! Theories are not worth a maravedi unless one speaks by the element. I honor a fellow-sailor who will sail with me upon his theoretical course, who can command his vessel and tell the Virgin every noon where he is quartered.—Now, Señor Colon, what is the distance to Cipango?"

"Fifty-two degrees, says Toscanelli,—nine hundred leagues. But I give it one hundred and twenty degrees."

"Then, Señor Colon, we should sail to Cipango in ninety days."

"In fifty days," Columbus declared. "A current flows west from here. We can take it to-day and be among the isles of the Grand Khan by Christmas."

"Body of James!" exclaimed Rodriguez, taking a clew toward Pinzon, "that would be sight enough to pay for the run! How many are going to walk hence to Granada and be robbed or ravished on the road, to see even that show?"

"That shall you do, Sebastian Rodriguez," exclaimed the prior, "an you be a good disciple. You shall hence to Santa Fé and carry a letter to our queen."

"That will I *not* do," answered Rodriguez. "I have no wench."

"Now, Sebastian," advanced Pinzon, fiercely, "I will put in my caravel."

"Why will you do that?"

"For Palos-Moguer! Comrade, the crown gives our port no chance. The queen is giving everything to Seville, Ferdinand everything to Barcelona. The idea is that shutting up the smaller ports will insure no smuggling. It is the day of monopoly. What say you, Sebastian, if we bring ourselves to the queen's notice and she fine us the damages of this expedition, and we slip away and discover the Ind? Ha! ha! for Seville and Barcelona! The world will shout for Palos-Moguer."

"Suppose they do, and I have barnacles on my straddle!"

"They will stand to thy account in purgatory, Sebastian."

"Clew! a man need not fear purgatory who has sailed to the Grand Khan and seen the gold stakes on the devil's side of the heavens. Go with me and I will go, and we will anoint our scabs mutually."

"Sebastian," said Nuñez, "thou shalt see Granada fall."

"The first thing is thy letter, Father Perez," observed Fernandez. "I will go draught it. Colon shall copy it in his matchless hand."

"Excuse me, gentlemen," Columbus said. "The queen knows my hand but too well. I cannot see how you will accomplish anything there. This plan is not mine."

"I will go," suddenly spoke Rodriguez. "I love not a mule. He has no Christian deck. His keel is under the packcloth. He steers not affably at the twisting of his tail. But I will not have Martin Alonso give a caravel for Palos when I need only give the penance of eating my meals whilst I stand. Understand me! It is my courtesy to Señor Colon."

"When will you start, Sebastian?"

"This night. Madame Sebastian and myself have had a row: I shall be rejoicing that she thinks to have lost me for good."

"And now," spoke the prior, "all to work. Dr. Fernandez and I will draught the letter. Sebastian Rodriguez will prepare his outfit. Martin Alonso Pinzon, who has some substance ashore, will advance Sebastian the money. Señor Nuñez will saddle my mule. Don Cristoval will take a nap with his son till we are ready. He looks sorely fevered."

When Columbus awoke from a long nap he was in his bed in a little cool cell above one of the cloistered areas. It was night, and Nuñez stood by, holding a lard-lamp which threw flashes of flame upon a man with long beard, a thoughtful steady face, and the look of a Moor.

This man held the pulse of Columbus in his hand. He looked like the strange man who had misguided Colon past Palos to Rabida.

Columbus sought to speak, but in vain. He sought to call the name of Joab Nuñez, but it would not come to mind.

"Thy name?" the venerable Moor interrogated.

Columbus could not speak his own name.

"Ibn Roshd," spoke Nuñez with a quiet modulation, "though it is death to practise Moorish art, this man is worth thy death and mine."

The Moor produced a vial from his bosom and approached Columbus, speaking low:

"Take me not, earnest brother, for any spirit! I am the shadow of the light of Science falling from the chink of antiquity. Thou needest rest. This vial is for the relief of thy o'erlabored brain. Refuse it, and the severed cell of speech shall die. Thy trumpet voice shall lose articulate command. The Indies shall be voiceless and submerged like old Atlantis. Take from the hunted Moor, the blameless sorcerer, this vial and five times drink of the round measure of thine eye from it. Then thou shalt sleep! Now ere thou sleepest say one word, the dearest to thy heart, that we may serve thee!"

Columbus could think of no word.

"*Land ho!*" spoke Nuñez, softly.

If Colon knew the word his friend would have him say,—Cipango or the Western Ind,—he would not say it.

"Try him with the affections that are worlds as well," volunteered the Moor. "Hast thou one word, Colombo?"



"*Beatrix!*" the labored word came from the brain-spent man.

The Moorish doctor pressed the vial into his hand and poured into a walnut-shell a measure in contents like his eye.

"He is true to his mistress," said a voice, and Columbus fell to sleep.

He awoke and saw *Beatrix*.

"Oh, God be praised!" she said, "I hear him speak."

"Mother!" was the word Columbus uttered.

"Yes, father, our son is here. The prior's messenger stopped at Cordova and told me thou wert sick and needed *Beatrix*. With Fernando I came to nurse thee."

"Is it night yet? Has Rodriguez gone?"

"Gone and returned. The queen has sent for Prior Perez, and he has commanded a mule and sets forth at midnight for Santa Fé."

"Oh, I have taken some potion. I surely saw the black cook enter here and grimace at me."

"The Doctor Fernandez says these two weeks' rest and sleep have kneaded thy brain, sore tried by endeavor and disappointment. The good prior was moved to send for me. See! our chicks."

Diego and Fernando entered, drawing a toy vessel upon wheels.

"Father," said Diego, "Papa Nuñez told us such beautiful tales of the Arabian nights, Aladdin and the wonderful lamp, and the genii and the robbers, that we were not lonesome. What a beautiful mother thou hast brought me, father! Has she not thy name?"

Juan Perez entered, and the children were diverted by Nuñez.

"Dear souls," the prior set forth, "if God is Love and loved the world by the life of his Son, shall love surprise me with its annunciation in your hearts? Beauty I see, and man I see, and they were twain till love o'ershadowed them,—Love that is the highest. Have you been true to that bright shadow? Has life been purer since it dazzled your senses and made you one?"

"I appeal to heaven," Columbus answered.

"I shall love him till I die," sighed *Beatrix*.

"I feel the truth that is here while love speaks it," spoke John Perez. "I hear that you were of the abundant poor who could not pay for marriage rites. God asked for none when he bade the earth to be replenished by his children. Highest among women was our starry Mary, second to her the poor Magdalen. In these God teaches that the purest must have charity. Now ye are children to the innocent sequel of your love; the child is the Law, the unoffending one, and till ye wed your child accuses you. Join hands, and I will marry you!"

Columbus raised his hand: his words, still half articulate, showed how narrowly he had escaped a lesion of the brain.

"Let this be done," he pleaded to her, "for the discharge of my conscience, for it weighs heavy on my soul."

Tears came to *Beatrix's* eyes.

"I cannot marry him," she sighed.

"Will not, rather," suggested the good father. "Marriage becomes thy descent and cleanliness, as well as Cristoval's intent to be a Jason to our Spain."



"I vowed, good prior, never to marry him until his greater mission was successful."

"Intemperate, hasty vows are venial sins, like vulgar curses. God releases such a vow as thine. Stand up, Beatrix, and be exalted! Let thy ring of marriage answer prying eyes in Palos that thou art a wife."

"Father Prior, this is my penance, too. I loved this man with rashness. Confronted with a great temptation, desperately poor, I

"LET THIS BE DONE," HE PLEADED TO HER.

rushed on Love. He was the tempted one. The tempest of my passion, passing, left me sober and more just. Said I, 'Cristoval has great employments, high patrons, and poverty. To be chained to a wife like me would be to fritter away his career. I am too happy. No. I will withhold the boon of love and starve his warmth away. He shall not dally on my breast and lose his world that calls so beautiful from the sea. That world will give him such distinction when he gains it that I, ignorant and giddy, may be a blemish on his rank.' So I suspended Love's entreaties that are ardent yet, and I fast in sight of rapture."

"Beatrix! Beatrix!" from Columbus. "Her namesake Beatrix, in our poet's purgatory, was not more chaste and cold."

The prior's eyes were full of tears.

"O Fame!" said John Perez. "I preferred a country heart to fame. I left the court. To Talavera and to Deza I left ambition. But Fame is next to Love. Its lustre extends to them it wrongs, and compensates with pride a broken heart. My children, ye are worthy of each other. Not more noble was she who took the veil of the prison nun lest I might be unholy too, and heaven lose a gorgeous churchman."

He had remembered his own romance in tears.

"I know the man," Columbus rolled the words in his Italian tones, "who has filled with such casuistries the affection of my youthful wife. It is Deza, the bloodhound,—unworthy parasite on helpful Science!"

"He is my priest," Beatrice said; "he is thy friend. What are we all but helpers in thy cause, and nothing in ourselves?"

"Oh, Beatrice," Columbus spoke, "the conquest of half the world will not remit from the sin of selfishness. It were better, said our Lord, never to have been born than to offend one of these little ones! Long after I am gone, if all my hopes turn to fruit and I am next in fame to Jesus, and am higher than the popes and judge of kings,—the very scale and standard of my times,—it will be asked who was Fernando's mother. I see the blemish on my name when no reply is given. From that injustice I appeal to thee, my friend, my love! Beatrice, become my wife!"

"Wait till thou art admiral, Colon!"

"What then?"

"At least I can love thee!"

"I can marvel no more," John Perez said. "Such exaltation makes the descent to my mule—the mule I borrow from Rodriguez Covedudo in remission of his penance—as great a descent as if I stepped out of Palos church steeple. But I shall see carpentry on the road, I wager me! I will take my square and plummet, too. Before I was a priest I was a builder, like St. Joseph."

"Kiss me," sighed Columbus, as the clock struck midnight.

She raised her child from her lap, where it had dropped asleep, and gave it to his kiss.

The sound of the great gate of the convent shutting, and of a mule's hoofs upon the road, told that the prior had departed for Santa Fé.

"*Ave Regina* Isabella!" Beatrice prayed from her knees.

## CHAPTER IX.

### GRANADA.

"Bo," said Queen Isabella, "I am nervous to-day. I feel as if I could fly."

"The strain is great, dear queen, as Granada's pomegranate falls into thy lap."

"There let me be buried, Bobadilla. I have become a man to possess this kingdom. Oh, how it hurts to be a man!"

"Dear liege, decision frets a woman most. I leave that to Cabrera. What calls for thy decision now?"

"Do you remember the world-finder, the Genoese man, Colon, to whose rueful crew we gave audience in Cordova?"

"I do."

"He is here. My conscience was pricked by a letter from my old-fashioned confessor, Fray Juan Perez. He accused me of worldliness. Am I worldly, marchioness?"

"Yes. Sentiment becomes not this camp of Santa Fé. The Queen of heaven began in this world too."

"I sent for the poor Prior of Rabida, hoping rather that he would not come. King Ferdinand then upbraided me that I had kept a poor foreigner hanging on *mañana* so long. In a pique I sent for Colon, and he is here."

"Very well. He wants money. Then he will begone,—perhaps to destruction."

"Money is scarcest with the rich, thou too frank dame. I have a letter from Medina-Celi, proposing again to give Colon his ships if I will divide the profits of the navigation."

"Luis de la Cerda does not ask much."

"But Ferdinand tells me to divide nothing with my nobles,—to starve them out of their franchise first, and poverty will make them meek."

"'The meek shall inherit the earth,' Queen Isabella."

"That is unkind, my favorite. Must I not think of my children?"

"Highness, your people are your children, too. Your promises to your earnest subjects are their meat and drink. I dare to say that this poor man has been much abused. Five years ago he might have been sent away. You made him love you, and he remained. If that is he now at your door, face him and be just."

"Give me my salts. Why was I a queen? My offspring and my husband are enough."

Columbus entered the queen's stucco pavilion at the vision city of Santa Fé. He was preceded by the ecclesiastics Deza, Talavera, Alexander Geraldini, and Juan Perez.

Behind him came a dark-skinned person of the Moorish sort, long-bearded and steady-gazing, and the Jewish-nosed Nuñez, worn by the journey from the Rio Tinto. Alonso Quintanilla, Isabella's treasurer, made them known.

"Who is this dark man?" Isabella asked, suspicious of Moorish assassins.

"It is my physician," spoke Bishop Deza. "The life of Colon I esteemed so useful to Spain and the Church that I lent him my own medical familiar from the Holy Office."

"Colon has been prostrated at my priory, loved Highness," explained John Perez. "While he rode hither on the mule provided by the queen, his aged doctor and this other friend walked all the way on foot to hold for Spain his precious life. He speaks now, but speaks not well."

"And can you," asked the queen, turning to the doctor, "make the dumb converse? How shall I lose this nervous weight of care?"

"Give," answered the Moor, fixing his eye on Columbus.

"Señor Colon," spoke the queen, "we stand reprov'd for our evasion. Admit, also, that you have been somewhat pertinacious. Quintanilla, in my sight, give him money, and provide for him till we enter Granada."

"My friend Quintanilla never broke word with me," Columbus said, looking at the queen.

The power he had to exchange self-respect with higher people daunted Isabella.

"Prior Talavera, I commission you to settle upon honest terms Señor Colon's place and compensation in the expedition he shall have at Granada's end."

"Pardon, great Highness," Geraldini interposed, "does Talavera believe in geography?"

"No," replied Bishop Deza. "My brother has spent five years trying to understand that you can go round a sphere both ways."

"It is false," said Talavera; "had it been Deza, Colon would have been burnt for heresy."

"The grain of your stupidity is so dense, brother Talavera, that fire would be no economy to consume you."

"Shame, priests!" Quintanilla interposed. "The queen, o'er-worked, faints whilst ye quarrel."

The power to attract Columbus had failed in Isabella; his eye was too respectful to be less than the Argus, Conscience, to the queen's sensibility.

"Bobadilla, help!" sighed the queen, and fell upon her faithful school-mate's breast.

All retired but the women, and Andreas Cabrera came in. He and his wife looked on the queen.

"I envy her not," the old man said. "In stony, sterile Castile she was a gentle wench. Ambition struck her first, and next prosperity, and she offset her conscience with her priests till all is glittering chaos."

"Husband, peace!"

Isabella awoke from her swoon to feel a blinding headache. She moaned as shooting pains went through her brain, and called for her amulet with the knuckle of St. Ferdinand set in it.

"O Granada, thou hast slain me!" sighed the queen.

Age had settled also on Bobadilla, and the pains of the camp. She turned aside into the gorgeous marquee which masked the royal house in Santa Fé, and fell exhausted on her divan.

The queen called Bobadilla's name in vain, and turned and saw her not.

"Granada for a doctor!" moaned the victor queen.

A shadow, not a step, a presence rather than either, came by the queen. An unguent passed her nose and soothed her brow, went round her golden crown of hair and stroked her spine and lower brain, as if some softened wax had anointed her, fragrant with the blossoms which had fed their hearts' blood to the bees. All pain subsided, leaving a little smart.

"Bless thee, friend!" Isabella sighed.

"I am rich with the blessings of the wretched: hail to our God!" answered a placid voice.

The queen looked up and gave a little scream. With naked feet and legs of Moorish brown, the physician stood at her side, his hand within his bosom holding something there.

"Mercy, Moor!" uttered the queen, already apprehending the vengeful dagger at her throat.

"Thy blessing has been deadly to my race,—why not to me? A louder scream will kill me," said the Moor.

She looked up: the dagger she had imagined was a sort of encased paste or pencil, like his thumb, held in the physician's hand.

"Before your guards can slay me, feel my worst of weapons," said the bearded Moor, and passed his aromatic pencil around her head again.

"I do not fear you," said the queen, sitting up and calling her Castilian courage back.

"Nor I thee, my sovereign."

"Was it sorcery that healed me?"

"Yes, or what is the same to Spaniards,—knowledge."

"Thou art Ibn Roshd?"

"I am he."

"My price is on thy head."

"Take the price thyself, and take my head."

"Wherefore?"

"To equip the Genoese. Without him thy glory will be but Herodias's shame when she won the Baptist's head."

"I am thy queen."

"I am thy physician."

"What healing is in thy hands, Ibn Roshd?"

"They never took life, my liege."

"Thy countenance has healing, too."

"It has seen much pain: it can even feel for thee."

"Am I so heartless?"

"*Glorious* means the same."

"Infidel!"

"Yes, if *thou* art believer."

"Is it not true that thou art old Averroes?"

"Most true, inquirer."

"Two hundred and fifty years thou hast walked unburied."

"So hast thou."

"O man ungallant! I am but forty."

"That makes thee too old, for how little thou knowest, daughter!"

"Why?"

"To empty thy kingdom of its riches, its willing and brawny arms, because thou canst not alter the source of thy people's dreams."

"Their heresies?"

"Heresies taught by women to their infants ere the mind has eyes. I was taught Islam, as thou wast taught Mary, before I could know. It is my dream: I cannot drive it out. When thou shalt kill me, directly, I will turn my dying eyes toward Mecca: my mother taught me so."

"When will men believe the truth?"

"When mothers teach them not dreams."

"Thou defamest woman!"

"Thou seest man: the Moor, the Jew, the Spaniard, all had mothers who taught them dreams."

"My head aches more. I can trust thee. Pencil my brows again, and talk to me. Sir, I would know something and do the best."

The Moor gently composed her, did her bidding, and sat upon the carpet at her side, speaking in her ear like the equal wind in the olive grove making but audible music:

"I am Averroes because I am of his blood; he was the father of my fathers. So vindictive is man at the publication of knowledge, so unjust the censors of every age, that old Averroes, after his degradation at the mosques, decreed that only one son of his in each succeeding generation should be educated in his knowledge, and the taper light be handed down the dark of time. O queen, I am the hunted leper of that deadly wisdom! I steal by night from sufferer to sufferer, and keep my lamp in oil by blessings like to thine. The pencil I used upon thy aching head how willingly would I present to the tired heads and minds of all my fellow-men, but it is sorcery!"

"I pardon thee, Ibn Roshd,—though thou art old Averroes."

"Pardon is always medicine, my liege: I need it. Science is ever loyal to the state and knows the folly of rebellion. The movement of progress is persuasive, like the twisted screw, which sidewise turned penetrates steadily; but iron dogma rides with its lance rough-shod and shocks instead of softening."

"Thou art pleading for Granada."

"No, for Spain. Mahomet's curse is on Granada, the curse of his crude, positive intellect and sensuous heart. In happy climes like Syria and Spain the Arab's taste has modified his bigotry and made his domestic slavery to his women something like architectural home. Back into Africa and the desert sands the Moor will go and be a jackal again. But, Isabella, thou canst find a world and make all races and all ages debtors to thy name. This world that is a cage thou canst uncage."

"How, physician?"

"Equip this sailor. Set his constellation in thy reign. Make wisdom honor thee."

"I will. What is thy fee for healing me?"

"Relief, my queen, from carrying this dim taper of my fathers farther on. Let wisdom rise in the west and light mankind. Let the afflicted sons of Averroes be free and receive for Fame the grave."

Columbus, still weak, almost negative, waited in the hands of his friends and saw Granada fall.

Talavera had become convinced that the theories he combated when Columbus came to Spain and sought that prior's patronage were right,—that the earth had endless yet measured longitude, and that paths went round it.

He was a long, shambling, unhearty man, whose slow conviction,

he thought, was the scientific and conservative demonstration of Columbus's genius.

"Don't let this man get ahead too fast. You will spoil him," ejaculated Talavera everywhere. "I am sitting on him. Get him humble enough, and he'll do very well,—after a time."

"Yes," said Geraldini, "when he's dead. Why did you hold him back till you could comprehend in six years what presently every school-child will know at six years of age?"

"Now," observed Talavera, "I don't intend to be annoyed by that remark. It is made to me every day. It's enough to know that I'm conscientious. I intend to be personally informed, like St. Thomas."

"EQUIP THIS SAILOR. SET HIS CONSTELLATION IN THY REIGN."

"Exactly!" snapped Bishop Deza. "When this man has been some time crucified and you have put your paws in all his wounds, you will discover that he is dead."

Deza was become a fierce, fertile-headed man, and his influence on Columbus was not inconsiderable.

"Monk," said Columbus to the dullard Talavera, "I know if you disappoint the queen she will degrade you. You will no more be her confessor. Remember my terms: life and hereditary admiralship over all my seas, equal in all regards to Fadrique Enriquez, grandfather of King Ferdinand and Admiral of Spain; viceroy, with my own governors, of all new lands, and co-judge of all disputed traffic between my lands and Spain; one-tenth of all that is found to come to me."

"Why, the clothes you wear are not paid for."

"Nor the ideas you are trading upon."

"I hear that you want to marry some kinswoman of Admiral Fadrique Enriquez. Perhaps you will expect to marry your son in King Ferdinand's family."



"No doubt."

"This man," said Talavera to the queen, "must be kept back."

"This man," said Geraldini, "is full of compelling love. Your Highness, why not take his sons when he is despatched abroad and make them your children's pages?"

"Has he more than one son, tutor?"

"He has a son born here in Spain, of the beautiful Beatrix you saw in Cordova."

"I am rejoiced at that. King Ferdinand admired her."

The negotiations with Columbus went on all spring. He pined to return to Palos and Beatrix.

Núñez also pined for some one.

Was it the little Noama?

Ever since the fall of Granada, Núñez and Ibn Roshd, the latter a mysterious, fitful-moving man, had been inquiring and searching in Granada for something lost.

The Moorish doctor hunted the old city through, but its small houses, almost exactly like each other, with few windows, small walled yards, steep situation, and little streets as circuitous and similar as the tendrils of a willow-tree, were at night, when Ibn Roshd stole from shadow to shadow, as silent as the caves of the dead in their cemeteries.

"They have not been heard of," said the Moor to Núñez. "I have no art to discover the living, having been so long dead myself. If I dared make myself known and they were here sick, they would send for me."

Núñez had some employment in the queen's apartments, in the Alhambra, where she sometimes slept and ate. He was a steward of her table, and when disengaged he haunted the towers looking down into the city with his heart's hopes often dimming his eyes.

A Moorish suburb was within the Alhambra's walls, lying under the eastern battlements, and so densely peopled that its twenty thousand souls occupied the space of three or four acres, yet in small low houses. The tenure of these inhabitants was threatened by the soldiery, and the monks were already "purifying" the gorgeous gossamer halls of the Moor's Alhambra and mosque, whitewashing his art away and substituting quicklime for the gold and indigo of the artists. To appear entirely tractable to this sort of fanaticism, Joab carried a jar of whitewash and a brush to his tower, and there, like the other lazy "artists" of the white-brush, lay down feigning sleep whenever intruders approached.

From the Tower of the Captive he one day saw a house never opened before throw a small window open; nothing appeared there but an arm and hand.

Joab looked at this arm, though far away, with almost breathless awe. When the window soon closed he projected a line or ray to it by the aid of a point in the battlements and an object between. He hardly knew why he did this, but in the tender alertness of his feelings that delicate revealed arm expressed confinement, and Noama had not been seen.

After some days the arm came once more, and rested there like a

climbing flower limp on the window-sill, and again slowly went back. In a moment some smoke arose from the chimney-hole. So subtle were Joab's nostrils that they scented something in that smoke several hundred feet away.

"Ibn Roshd," he said that night, as he met the Moor in the suburb of the Darro, "I think some one is dying in a house of Alta Alhambra. To-night I shall go over the house-tops, by a line I have taken, and drop down in the street before that house. Will you be there?"

"Unless man prevents, my son."

The night was favorable, and as noiselessly as he could creep over the heavy tiles Joab came to the wall of a little yard and opposite the window he had seen from the tower.

He had just arrived breathless on the wall, when he heard a sigh and the Moorish words,—

"Alas for us! Who hath awaked us from our bed? It shall be but one sound of the trumpet, and all the inhabitants of Paradise shall be full of joy. Daughter, if thy beloved come not, pass from Almeria to Tangier, even on to Fez, where is thy father in his cousin's host. Read me again of the book that lay at God's feet so long till our ancestors took it down."

A voice which nearly made Joab faint and fall from the wall read on:

"Unto whomsoever we grant a long life, him do we cause to bow down his body through age. Who shall restore bones to life when they are rotten? He who produced them the first time. Praise be unto him in whose hand is the kingdom of all things, and unto whom ye shall return at the last day!"

"Blessed book! Oh, could I see my father!"

A blow fell softly upon the door.

"Who is there?" asked the voice which thrilled Joab Nuñez.

"Prayer."

"It is too late for prayer."

"But not for love," answered the knocker.

"Blessed be Allah!" spoke the woman's sigh. "I hear my father's tone."

It was the voice of Ibn Roshd. As the Moor entered the dwelling by the front way, Nuñez slipped down inside the wall and stood by the door in the yard.

"My father," moaned the dying woman, "thou art in time to give me thy peace. There is no art to heal me now in all Averroes's physic. But in thy kiss I feel the breath which kissed me into being, gave me beauty like the flower, and let me be a mother, too. Noama, this is thy grandsire."

"Hail to our God!" exclaimed Ibn Roshd. "I see the ardent eye of Reduan Ben Egas and his supple length of limb in thy Noama."

"Father," said the dying woman, "she was beloved in Cordova, but her love of mother was too strong for self. To nourish me she lost her Christian lord and friend. What canst thou do, so old and wandering, for my child?"

"Nothing," Noama answered. "But I am of the tribe of Cahtan and the blood of Castile: knowledge, courage, and love are wealth enough for me."

"I can make thee happy, my dying daughter, by the magic of our love breathed here together. Throw open the door, Noama, and give my dying offspring breath!"

As Noama opened the door she was taken in the arms of Joab Nuñez.

"Granada falls, but thou art true, papa!" Noama cried. "Mother, he has come to me."

At the attempt to articulate her joy the daughter of Ibn Roshd died in his arms.

"All is over," said the old physician. "Sob not over the dead, but the evil who live. The divine energy blessed her, made her happy with dawn and fruit, and relieved her from age and traditions. Hail to our God! Noama, dost thou love this Christian?"

Her answer was to weep upon Joab's breast. She was a woman now after the lapse of years.

"He loves thee, child," spoke Ibn Roshd: "Nature spared him evil thinking. The faultless good thy lover hath he takes no virtue in to despise them who are more tempted. Nature has no morals but sincere selection and content. To marry is to send the blissful energy on and on and give to our descendants thrills of love and birth like thine. What is thy God, Noama?"

"Grandsire, he is Nature's bright inhabitant everywhere."

"It is enough. My son, my friend, dear Joab, stand thou in the door, while Noama and I pass into the street a moment. Hold thy hand against the door-post, that Noama may pass beneath it when she enters back. This is the Moorish marriage, which costs no fee. Quick, for I am seen at my peril!"

Noama and her mother's sire went out into the narrow street.

Noama entered and passed beneath Joab's arm and became his wife.

A voice from behind, a Spanish voice, exclaimed,—

"Ibn Roshd, known to the Church as old Averroes, I arrest thee for sorcery and old age!"

"Thou savest me from skulking, friend. Take me away to the Holy Office."

Nuñez remained to bury the dead and comfort his wife.

Reduan Ben Egas, the lion of Granada, lived to know that his grandchild was happy and died by King Boabdil, his cousin, at the battle of the Gadisuelda in the land of Morocco.

"Oh," spoke Noama in her husband's arms, "what love is like that which honors our parents first and feels their blessing ever with us!"

"Yes," said Joab, "thy days, Noama, 'shall be long in the land.' The promise is in the soul of filial love; it was breathed at the earliest death."

"What land, my darling one?"

"The land that is coming soon."

## CHAPTER X.

## DON ADMIRAL.

TALAVERA came to an arrangement with Colon on behalf of his sovereigns and their council. Mendoza was the power which carried conservatism down.

"Bishop Talavera," spoke Queen Isabella with a frown, "why will you dicker with that gentleman? Equip Señor Colon, or I will turn the matter this day over to our Bishop Deza."

The arrangements were made, as far as the enterprise went, in the garden of the Alhambra, by a window which gave a glorious view of the ravine of the city and the camp-crowned hills. The priestly financiers of the two realms were present, Quintanilla and Santangel.

Not far away, the king and queen sat in the Hall of the Sisters, surrounded by Colon's abettors, Perez, Deza, Mendoza, Geraldini, Don Andreas, and Bobadilla, and with the latter her freedwoman, a happy wife, Noama, for the moment her attendant. There was the Prince Juan, a gallant youth of fifteen, playing his guitar, while his widowed sister, Isabella, gave little Princess Katharine the steps of the dance. A few ladies of honor and young nobles of Juan's court loitered about.

Suddenly Talavera entered and spoke:

"Highnesses, I have given yonder man Colon all he wants, but he wants the earth."

"A round earth, I suppose, prior?" asked King Ferdinand, which allusion to Talavera's former heresy on that subject the prior did not detect, though everybody smiled.

"He wants to be admiral, arbitrator, chief of council, nuncio, and the fiend knows what, over all he discovers."

"Well, fool," snapped the fierce Mendoza, "he takes from nothing of ours or thine."

"But he wants a tenth."

"Of the moon, thou numskull! Suppose he delivered us the moon right here, should we not pay him a tenth?"

"No," protested Talavera. "It becomes not the honor of the state to give them of base degree such claims and titles in Spain."

"What degree wouldst thou have but in the Church, or the moon?" asked Mendoza. "Who made thee scourer of our arms and blazonries? Get thee back, and promise the child his trinkets, lest thou jew away a world."

Mendoza's age and instant sense settled any hesitating doubts. Ferdinand appreciated his bear's hug upon all state subjects, rough and kind.

In a few minutes Talavera came back, pale-faced, and exclaimed,—

"The knave has gone. I found him not, and followed through these Moorish tangles to the Portal of the Vine, and down the plane there rode Sir Colon on his mule at a trot. 'Come back!' I cried. 'No questions shall be asked. You are getting on too fast!'"

"What did he answer?" asked John Perez.

"No more than if he had been Boabdil, who rode away through the same gate so lately."

"This comes of thy plan of 'keeping this man down,'" Don Andreas Cabrera said. "He is off for France, I hope."

"And so do I," cried Bobadilla. "Would we had kept this question where it started, with women, or with their husbands!"

"What shall I do?" cried Isabella. "Talavera will not obey me."

"Ask the king, my father. He can be just as any man," Prince Juan answered.

"Ferdinand, why don't you speak?" Isabella sighed.

"It is not my place in Castile," replied Ferdinand.—"Here, Noama," he added, passing on, "go find thy husband, Nuñez. He will catch Colon, if any good fellow can. Take him my ring, and by it let him seize any mule in the Alhambra, be it the Cardinal Mendoza's or the queen's, and wait for the queen's letter."

Noama was gone like a moonbeam.

"Write it, Ferdinand! Why will you plague me so?" breathed Isabella, coming forward and kissing him.

"My name or yours?" asked Ferdinand.

"Both, husband."

"Then mine will do."

Nuñez appeared in the patio, dressed as he was, yet neat. Ferdinand handed him a letter and received his ring.

"Good publican, you have been burned in the Inquisition, I hear, on false charges. Your little property has been taken from you. Still you are a Spaniard, I hope?"

"The Queen, the King, and Castile!" answered Nuñez. "God preserve them!"

"I recollect that you nourished Señor Cristoval Colon. More than that, you preserved the honor of his wife. You will not forfeit your character now, because you cannot: it is inherent, friend."

Ferdinand was the centre of all approbation as he thus threw away the consort in the monarch.

"Mark me," continued Ferdinand. "You are to ride after Colon and keep him in sight. He is no doubt going to Cordova and to his lady. At the bridge of Pinos overtake him,—not till then. If he turns back before he reaches the bridge of Pinos, you are to ride before him and deliver this letter back to me. If he touches the bridge of Pinos with his mule's hoofs, arrest him there. He will then bring this letter back himself. Thou art my trusted subject, and thy wife is ours."

Nuñez never spoke, but never as at that moment did he look the Jew bent on overtaking a bargain. His nose seemed to blow a courier's note, a post-horn, as he rattled down under the gate of judgment and its uplifted hand and trotted through the cow-paths of Granada.

"I am so glad this business is off my mind," sighed Isabella.

"And on mine, dear?" added Ferdinand.

"You are a man."

"So I would be, wife; thou meanest well, but circumstances decide the policy of all such things, and policy is the best morals kings can

afford. I have thought more upon this Genoese and his plan than I have said. I have marked that his supporters are few but sincere; so are ours. He has been hard tried; that is his education. Now that he has exacted a royal rank and commission, it pleases me: we want new nobles. If he repents before he comes to the bridge of Pinos and is a retreater into our bounty again, he is not fit to find the Indies, but is another Boabdil, selling his country for our pay. That country, if he proves it there, will make me greater than the Turk, whom I will drive out of Europe with a golden oar."

"My gallant lover!" cried Isabella, falling upon Ferdinand's neck.

"My father, could I live to see you what you must be!" spoke Prince Juan, taking Ferdinand's hand.

Tenderly Ferdinand kissed his son, for Juan's hand was clammy and cold.

Columbus never saw Granada as he passed it by and entered upon the plain that was the garden of Damascus to the Moors. The army-rutted road his mule picked the way over; he looked not back to Granada, nor even heard its drums and clarions play in the conveying winter air. Six miles he passed over, and trod upon the bridge of Pinos. Then he turned and muttered,—

"Shall I not give it up, and save that farther shore from their pollution? Here is the Genil, floody at my feet. How sweet it were to drown, had I not love and offspring!"

The road to love is the pigeon's flight, and Colon turned his mule toward Palos by Cordova. As he did so he looked down, and saw that all he possessed in the world was Isabella's gift, one suit of clothes and a mule.

"*Aleluya!*" came a sound. "*O hala hala!*"

"There was a time," Columbus said, "when this upstart family of Aragon felt the might of the sailors of Genoa. Three royal brothers came at once, whipped captives, to our city. They have hated Genoa ever since."

"*Traigo noticias muy buenas!*" exclaimed some one coming fast upon a mule.

"A robber, maybe," Colon thought. "Well, he is Spanish! to hell with him!"

As his hand clutched his knife he looked well at the comer, who cried,—

"Upon my word, admiral, as a starter you are a success! This is the bridge of Pinos: I have a letter for you from the king."

"More lies, more delay. I will not read it."

"Pardon, sir, you are in Spain, and the king's letter is a compliment."

"I have come six miles on the way out of Spain."

"And that is no great part of the voyage the king will send you upon. My master, beware of the haughty head. To serve is better than to rage."

"Do you prate, too?"

"Not often. I love your wife; she was my o'ergrown child. Her

son is also yours. Both love and pride speak by me. Be courteous, and lose not."

Columbus opened the letter. It said,—

"TO OUR WELL-BELOVED CRISTOVAL COLON :

"Beholding the spirit with which you resent slights not intended by us, and willing to concede your demands to full and adequate honors and partitions of the lands and salvages we doubt not you shall



"A ROBBER, MAYBE," COLON THOUGHT.

make ; desirous, also, to keep our word and fame with men of letters, and to have our subjects' love, that love may be the law of Spain, we command the courtesy of Admiral Colon's return to our palace of the Alhambra upon the breaking of this seal, to sign and settle for his departure to New Spain, or Western Ind. FERDINAND."

"I swear, my friend," muttered Columbus, "but for Beatrice, the flower of Spain, I would not go."

"Come, master," said Nuñez, taking the sailor's mule by the bridle.

The pair dismounted at the Alcazaba. With ceremony not unmixed with chagrin, Talavera conducted Colon to the Alhambra baths,



where he was steamed in hot chambers, kneaded and anointed by Christian Moors, and showered with cold water, which restored his strength. At evening he was perfumed and arrayed in silken hose, soft shoes like moccasins, a belted frock and Flemish collar low upon his neck, and a gown or robe of fur-lined lapels with sleeves inserted of the bright colors of the day. Shaved, shampooed, stimulated with wine, he now was taken to the Hall of the Ambassadors.

As he entered that exquisite living lantern the king stepped forth, the queen sat, Prince Juan received Columbus with open hand. He knelt to the queen and kissed her hand, but it was not the kiss of old times.

Now as he kissed the queen's flesh, the living thought was Beatrix, star of the sailor's heart.

"Don Cristoval," spoke Isabella,—“we have raised thee by that name to our regard,—King Ferdinand, for Castile, will further arrange with thee to be our admiral, partner, and viceroy in the learned concerns so long postponed, but not forgotten.—Friends, let us to the mass.”

Upon the arm of Fadrique Enriquez, Admiral of Castile, Colon walked to the mezquita, or Christianized mosque. Down came the music from the gallery. The host was raised. Columbus prayed for Beatrix and his babe.

To the frugal refectory beyond the Alhambra's fish-pond the white-haired man was now conducted. Gonsalvo de Cordova sat by him. The king said,—

“Sir, my cousin, your lady, must be kind to you. Tell her King Ferdinand has kept his word.”

Columbus told the tale of the Indies again, none disputing his propositions now. Old Mendoza spoke when he had finished :

“The Church will be proud of this her son, some day, and I am proud of him already.”

The last issue to be settled was the hard cash.

Ferdinand had much to do, present and prospective, and the fêtes of Granada were almost uninterrupted. Every knight wanted to joust; the Alhambra court-yard was already daily crowded with these bullies, whom the Moors had first taught to ride and arm, poking each other with their tent-pole pikes.

One day Deza came before the council with ceremony, took confidence from the bland, sidewise face of Ferdinand, and volunteered,—

“Great queen, Don Cristoval Colon says he can no longer stay in Spain. It is the last of April. To return to your shores from the Western Ind before November's storms will require all his time, and not one vessel, not one man, not one pound of subsistence, not one maravedi, has been provided him.”

“King Ferdinand, why is this?” asked the queen.

“Because thou hast not raised the money, wife.”

“Thou? Are we not partners?”

“No; we are merely married. Aragon has not been considered in thy venture. Its Catalans are fierce and maritime, and like not thy patronage of these Genoese.”

"If I gave permission to my admiral, was it not enough?"

"No; permission to discover is what the King of England is giving to his Italian sailors,—and they do not sail. It will cost, madame, half a million maravedis to set forth our new admiral. Have you got the money?"

"Treasurer Quintanilla" inquired the queen of that personage, turning pale.

"I have it not."

The queen rose, indignant that ways and means stood across her path.

"Gentlemen," she declared, "I will pawn the jewels of my crown to keep my word!"

"Queen of Castile," exclaimed the king, "thy jewels are already mortgaged to my subjects in Barcelona and Valencia."

"Not to their full value. I will compel those Jews and Lombards to allow me more."

"In Aragon," replied the king, "is an office greater than mine. The Justice of Aragon wears his hat while he gives me my crown. He is my prime councillor; I dare not remove him. Lawyers and oppressors fear him equally. He protects the foreigner with the native."

"I would not have such a man in Castile!" exclaimed Isabella.

"Thou hast not such a one," Ferdinand replied.

"Why have these Jews and advantage-takers money to lend to *me*? I will drive them from my kingdom."

"Then we will be indeed poor."

"Ferdinand, husband, why do you humiliate me? Never have you failed to find means for your spouse."

"Nor ever will, Queen Isabella. I shall have to borrow for thee. That it is to be a Jew and a Lombard. Santangel, relieve the queen, if thou knowest how."

The queen looked on, distressed and helpless with her rich Castile: Aragon was poor as Ferdinand had been till he married her.

"There are, my lieges," spoke the prudent treasurer, "but two sources of instant revenue,—the Church and the Commons. The Church is glutted with its own revenues. My king, if you sustain me, I will hold back from the Church, in your state of Aragon, one-fourth of the admiral's cost."

"I will. As the Church's debtor, I shall have no less authority."

"One-fourth Quintanilla engages to retain, upon the queen's command, over her clergy in Castile."

The queen grew pale again.

"I shall be cursed by my bishops and reported to Rome," she said.

"I will be at Rome myself ere Rome be here," spoke Ferdinand. "Have all our orders of knights submitted to our monarchy and vested in our person their rich masterhips, that the fat monasteries and their swollen orders of monks shall deny us a loan?"

"I yield it," sighed Isabella.

"And now," said Santangel, "the brethren of the admiral, a few who gave him their hearts, and with their hearts their hands, when he came among us an interesting and modest guest, have contributed an

eighth. It is all we have: we give it to the winds and waves in the spirit of the text: 'Cast your bread upon the waters, and it shall be returned to you after many days.'"

"Said you, King Ferdinand," asked the queen, with her quick sympathies, "that I had in Castile no such man as your *Justicia*? These gentlemen are my answer, and all Castilians."

"Five-eighths are raised," King Ferdinand quietly summed up. "Now, three-eighths—three hundred and seventy thousand maravedis—remain. Who will take another eighth?"

"The admiral himself," replied Bishop Deza. "He has made in Palos-Moguer some maritime friends who advance for him, Spanish sailors who would outsail the Portuguese."

"Three-quarters are raised," observed the king. "Now we want two hundred and fifty thousand maravedis, and we want it instantly."

No voice replied.

Queen Isabella trotted her foot. She ran over in her mind the Moors, picked to pieces; the Jews, already racked by the Inquisition till pain hardly dismayed them and their money was buried in expectation of their general exile.

"There is no response," the king resumed. "Now, if the queen will take into full partnership my merchant subjects of Aragon, and give their frugal wealth an equal chance with Castile to divide this Italian dream, I pledge Barcelona and give the last fourth."

Isabella's mouth and eyes were fixed hard. She felt the overreaching craft of Ferdinand in thus dividing at the last hour her sovereignty over the moon. A lady outbid by a man at an auction was not more outraged. But she was compelled to be silent.

John Perez arose.

"Sovereigns, gentles," he said, his fair brown hair playing around his high, indented temples, and his blue eyes twinkling with a mischief which puzzled all but the recondite Ferdinand, "the good treasurer has described two sources of revenue, clerical and common. The poor, alas! ye have always with you. When all else fails, the safety of nations lies in the people. For them I speak."

He affected to become sober, but his smile would not entirely go down, and played bo-peep behind his look of contrition.

"There is a little port called Palos. Some say it is called so from the masts of its vessels as seen from the town of Moguer. Palos-Moguer is the united name of marsh and mart. Highnesses, we are proud of Palos-Moguer. Our sailor-boys put forth from it and trade with Ireland. Some of them wive in Ireland, and beauteous are their sweethearts. Others go as far as the Hanse towns and return with strange notions not wholly orthodox. They are also accused, alas! of smuggling into Portugal and doing a contraband trade with the infidel in Morocco. Sovereigns, they are water-dogs, and will leap into the sea if you but throw them a stick."

"Ha, prior, thou art coming to thy stick!" exclaimed King Ferdinand.

"Let him finish, husband," entreated the queen.

"The stick has been laid over the back of Palos-Moguer by the

king and council. We are not as conservative as Seville and Barcelona. Many regulations have we broken in our hope to recommend our town to fame and traffic. We acknowledge our fine. We compute it to be one-fourth of the expense of our visitor, the admiral. And we will pay it in vessels, already in our port. Barcelona must not suffer. Great queen, the fourth required thy Castile still gives: be tender with Palos-Moguer!"

"Take up with him, mistress," cried Ferdinand. "Barcelona has lost. She has a saucy rival in Palos-Moguer."

The council separated, and the queen and king were left alone.

"Let us send for Colon and put this thing behind us forever," said Isabella.

"Isa, nothing that is great with imagination can be put behind us. Our children and their settlement on thrones, the interests of religion that we would have Spain monopolize, our power in Italy, the expulsion of those aliens, the Turk, Africa, the upstart *Communes*, all are but heavy burdens on our heads that do not calm our hearts; and if we discover India it will be *before* us and our children, like an ever-ignited mine in a siege, beautiful and dread."

"Oh, sir, I thought if we could find a greater Spain in the western mists we would be happy."

"Happy in occupation; sad and grieved with responsibilities. Our power is already too great for love and sentiment."

"Oh, Ferdinand, I love you!"

"Do you? If you possessed me absolutely, then you would be absolute, and I dependent. Steady and cool are the kings of Aragon. Had I been absolute and you only my love, would you be less dependent?"

"No. My heart is yours; my head is a poor queen's, puzzled and flattered. Once you petted me."

"That was before all petted you. My wife, I have not been more truant than you to the idea our youthful love expressed. I may have wandered in my amours, you in your intellect. A separate estate you made for Isabella, reservations of right and of dominion. A separate breast I chose, sometimes a secret kiss, the manna of the errant heart that, sweet when picked at morn, is bitter at noon and night. Oh, take this restitution: I have loved you. None other can make me happy."

"I know I can, Fernando."

"No. Confidence once destroyed is not brought back by sighs. We can be proper. Be now all queen, and dismiss this man who is upon our hands, so that he may be happy."

"Father?"

"Yes, and thou art mother. There we have dear pledges of mutual support. Rude, military, unschooled, still I will give my family, which is my honor, all my little knowledge. Kiss me! there is still Isabella on thy lip. Now, Don Admiral Cristoval!"

"Have you been quarrelling?" asked the Marchioness of Moya, as she came in with her husband, Don Andreas. "You weep, Isabella, yet you look happy."

"These ruptures are still the signs of love," old Andreas said. "The wives are spunky and want to be considered. Beware of that time when you quarrel not and self is too disinterested!"

"This is my good man," Bobadilla said, kissing Andreas. "I know that smile my fondling can make upon his face: I know I please him."

Columbus entered now, when the spirit of domestic love was cooing as with two pairs of doves, nested in this great Alhambra.

He was well arrayed, sedate beneath his new honors, yet flushed to know he should depart.

He bent the knee.

"Sir," said Isabella to Columbus, "I learn that you are married. Slight not your love! Praise your sweetheart often! Beauty is woman's intellect, affection her soul. There is no realm like her husband's neck. Will you forgive a spoiled, poor queen for her uncertainties of word and time? I am not a man."

"I have been rebellious, my queen; I acknowledge it."

"So have my children, sir."

"Colon," said Bobadilla, "our enterprises hurt our patience. But how many enterprises has the queen! She wants your confidence: it will cheer her worldly disappointments to feel that your loyalty to her is also love."

"Admiral and friend," said Ferdinand, "we have been rivals: let us be so still. Love my queen,—with all her faults the best of queens."

"Go from us," said old Andreas Cabrera, "loaded with our trust and friendship. But come not back till thou touchest a shore. On and on! There is no shore so far and lost as that we are all sailing toward in these leaky hulls of life. Go; but you will see me no more."

"The temper of ideal men is not good," Columbus spoke, "but they are not revengeful. I say 'good-by' with child-like love and gratitude. If I succeed, ye stand with me in naked fame. God and man deal with us according to our times!"

"Amen!" spoke all.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### GOOD-BY.

NEAR the church at Palos, at that end of the hamlet where the road went to Moguer, Pinzon's farm-house stood, with all its aspects inward. This house admirably served the purposes of the united family of Joab Nuñez, since they were protected from observation and gossip, and had room in the farm-yard for exercise and play and animals and kine. The great gate in the arch of the tapia wall closed upon Colon, Beatrix, Diego, and Fernando, and also upon Nuñez, Noama, and Noama's grandfather, Ibn Roshd.

The physician's arrest had been only momentary, as he had obtained control over Bishop Deza by that same potency of superstition

which made religion national instead of personal: Deza believed in science as the magic of the ancients and the Arabian genii, and, plying the terrible whips of the Inquisition, feared death and expected science to transmute his existence.

He had now sent Ibn Roshd in Spanish dress to be the interpreter of Columbus in new-found lands.

Nuñez had also altered his name, by permission, and was steward of the expedition.

As Columbus came through Cordova from Granada, Admiral of all the open ocean, the equal of Admiral Enriquez in rank, and therefore as high as the king's grandfather, the Arana family suddenly remembered him. He had brought along Beatrice's chief kinsman, Diego de Arana, and the queen for Columbus had made this *hidalgo* of a squire the high constable of the enterprise.

Thus Beatrice was recognized as the architect of the family's rehabilitation. All the Aranas, and high-constable Arana especially, looked upon Columbus with awe not unmixed with dread.

In that day, as medicine was slowly rising through the re-study of the ancients, kings kept astrological physicians, like the barber surgeons of Louis XI., and Deza's Moor doctor was his amulet.

The old man knew not his own age, and computed time by its healing agents: his ancestor Averroes, the pupil of Avenzoar, and old Maimonides, the physician of the Sultan Saladin, and Oribasius, doctor to Julian, mighty men who healed without miracles and were therefore sorcerers. He called Columbus to him now and looked hard, with his dark palm shading his brown eyes.

"O Finder," he said, "have I lived down to thee and shall we sail together to the lands of musk? My eyes are old and may not see the aromatic trees upon the farther shore, but man shall make better eyes and see the jewels in yonder glowing planet's crown. On you, favorite of ten thousand years, descends the bliss to draw the gates of sunset back and look upon the virgin dawn as it flies round the earth! Columbus, dove, I throw the gods away and kneel to thee, thou golden heir of reason and of flame!"

"I stand for Jesus, too," Columbus said, "who taught man love."

"What said he, my son?"

"'Ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints.'"

"Fellow-citizens? Is that not to be a subject? It is not to be slaves. Hear you that yesterday the Jews were expelled from Spain? Next it will be the Moors, they say. Oh, hasten, that I may go and die a citizen of some unspiteful land."

Beatrice had lived all her life but the past four years, or since little Fernando's birth, with the passion for rank. Instinctively she had seen in Columbus the intellect, the gravity, and the gentleness which are correlatives of high birth. Sweetness with awe expressed her estimate of him, practical also, with the courtier's waiting spirit, but with abundant turns and devices, and he had triumphed.

His son, Diego, she was preparing for the court, to be a page of Prince Juan, and that preferment was probable for Fernando, too, the



wondrous docile boy, son of Colon's waiting years of indigence, but of appreciative thoughts and studies.

Fernando was the son of the idea of the new world, Genoese and Spanish; Diego was the son of rollicking youth and marriage fancy free. Diego loved a horse, Fernando a book. Sober Castilian was Fernando, graceful, brown-eyed, speaking his native tongue sparingly, but with all its resonant effect.

To Beatrix that marvellous conception of a son seemed the equal of its father's conception of the world.

No more she looked with pride on Fernando's going to the court.

To be separated from her son would be the remanding of her intellect back to solitude again, mistakes, temptations, and woman's credulous and overweening strains.

Since Columbus came from Granada he had not been Beatrix's suitor. His mind was now full of his enterprise, and difficulties were still in the way.

Superstition, as it had been the first, was the last embarrassment of the Discoverer.

The monks had been divided and conquered.

The people now, taught Christianized demonology from Carthage, Arabia, Africa, and the German woods, were afraid to go to sea with Science at the helm.

When the bell in Palos tower and the public crier called the sailor men to church, and in the iron pulpit the notary of the king called the citizens to the agreeable excursion of a voyage without cargo or warfare or heavy labor, no faith responded to the call of Christ, "Where is your faith? Let us go over unto the other side of the lake!"

The notary addressed the people and read the sovereign's command.

Columbus stood forth upon the tiles of the church floor, beneath the crier, and told his purpose.

A loud howl and wail arose from the women. The little children screamed, they knew not why.

Voices arose: "This sorcerer is the devil himself! He would decoy us upon the shoreless sea to feed us to his fiery hells and water-spouts. He has bewitched the queen and our prior. Kill him! kill him!"

Soldiery stationed in the church preserved the life of the Discoverer.

Beatrix saw this, and trembled for the life of Colon.

She felt that such sailors would mutiny at sea and wreck the redeemer of the farther world.

Columbus did not flinch.

"The jails have desperate men in them: I prefer sinners to the superstitious," said he.

The prisons of the district of Niebla were visited, and freedom from prosecution and four months' advance pay were proclaimed to the prisoners if they would sail. A few, the daring individual men who carried their lives in their hands and obeyed only the bold who resembled themselves, stepped forth, clanking their chains, and answered,—

"With you through purgatory or to hell!"



The prisons of that day were terrible reflections upon civilization and government,—Moorish holes and ruins, where robbers and murderers circulated among the delicate and gentle who, prying into the nature of their deities and doctrines, stumbled somewhere against the breathing wafer or the Trinity.

Seeing Colon walking the streets with two men as greedy and bloody as Barabbas, Beatrix pleaded,—

“My love, you will be stabbed before you can hoist a sail.”

“HE HAD BEWITCHED THE QUEEN AND OUR PRIOR. KILL HIM!”

“No,” said Columbus: “one of these men already admires me and is the watch upon the other, whom I cannot trust. They are the penitent and the impenitent thief, and one I shall take with me to Paradise.”

The ease and confidence of the admiral greatly recommended him to the Pinzons and a few of the best seafaring men.

“I never saw a reading man with such courage,” said the bull-mastiff Pinzon. “He can handle that thing called an astrolabe, draw a chart of places he never saw, so that by it you can sail into port, and will tame a highway-robber by his eye.”

"Martin," said Sebastian Rodriguez, "let us go in our own ship and find the Indies for Palos-Moguer. Give him his cut-throats and gallants. Come home the first, and break the heart of Seville-Barcelona."

"I shall set sail on a Friday," muttered Columbus, baffled by this array of mediæval ignorance. "Friday is the Moorish Sabbath, and I will break two superstitions at once."

What time had the admiral for love or love's leisure and monody, whilst thus presenting his touchstone of our mother globe to the mis-educated and miracle-fed? He became, for the time, hard, suspicious, preoccupied, and loved not his species.

Beatriz wondered if she would ever have the kiss of rapture from him again, and hungered for his condescension.

The Pinzon family was large and had many apprentices and debtors, and that they meant to go to the end of the world had its influence over the loquacious and feeble-minded.

The city of Palos now came up and produced an old ship with a deck, the Gallego, the Pinzons put in the baby Niña for Palos, and the Pinta, which the crown had seized, made the stingy and ramshackle expedition to find Prester John and the Grand Khan.

Altering the name of the old Gallego to the Holy Mother, or Santa Maria, Columbus made ready to set sail if the last impediment, the wind, would ever blow. The first days of August had come upon the parching land of Southern Spain.

But meantime there had grown up in Palos the idea of a Man.

Man, the living reality, had cast out Fear, because he was gently fearless.

Colon's careful years as navigator, before he became a logician and followed the ideas of learned men to their conclusion in a western shore, were his diploma.

They beheld a man with actual, practical skill, a mechanic as well as sailor, an architect as well as draughtsman, a foreigner of manners lofty enough to attract the bishops, the generals, and the throne, an artisan who saw nothing too small to investigate it, and a gentleman of purpose whose belief in the unknown was as sincere as the clergyman's prescribing for a distant world.

He broke the spell of old theological selection. The young men of Palos were to succeed him as discoverers of continents and seas because he had shown them what a Man could do.

The perfect happiness of Joab Nuñez and his wife Noama taught Beatriz the burden of pride.

Noama was like a bird left in the morning by her industrious mate and singing all day from the recollection and for the repetition of his caress. She feared not the curiosity of the Palos women, and walked down the earthen, irregular street by the open doors and small arbored blind alleys where the women were still talking ocean demonology after the men had forgotten it, and on Noama went to the fleet, at the bottom of a lane a good eighth of a mile from the town, where leaned in the mud at low tide the three vessels.

The last of these was called the Niña, or the Baby, as she seemed,

a cradle of the deep, and yet the Baby cradle was to rock Columbus home, while the Holy Mary was to bleach upon the Western sand-bars.

The slippery black beach had grounded row-boats to carry water to the fleet from a deep well dug near by. Women were by the water-side exchanging rude pleasantries with the men aboard, or singing halves of choruses to and fro :

" Good-by, my girl, I'm off to-morrow :  
Will you be true and fair ?"  
" Where shall we write you, Jack, when we would borrow ?"  
" I don't know where : I don't know where."

" Good-by, my Jack ; shall we expect you  
When Christmas holds its fair ?  
And to what land the socks we knit direct you ?"—  
" We don't know where, we don't know where."

" Good-by, my girl ; we're true to Polly,  
Unless that mermaid dare  
Pull your true Jack ashore in mermaid folly.  
We don't know where, we don't know where."

" Good-by, my Jack ; we will confess it  
If Satan lays a snare."  
" And if we slip up, Polly, you can guess it,—  
We shan't know where, we shan't know where."

" Good-by, my Jack ; bring me a present,—  
Thy boy and mine is bare."  
" Thou'lt have a fan from plumage of the pheasant  
We don't know where, we don't know where."

" Good-by, Colon ! Where goes my sailor ?  
Methinks 'tis our affair !  
He'd better be in Moguer with our jailer  
Than not know where, than not know where."

Beatrice was forbidden to go to the strand, for fear of the coarse pleasantries of the crews, but looked at the vessels from the grassy mound before Palos church of evenings, and when the gorgeous standard of the admiral had been embroidered with the cross and Christ, it was unfurled upon the flag-ship with prayer from Prior Perez and his monks.

A little supper was given at Rabida by John Perez to the double pair the afternoon before going aboard. Columbus and Nuñez had both confessed to the prior, and were to leave their wives behind them in his charge. Then the brethren bade them adieu.

" Son and friend," said Perez, as they sat in his cosy, open-beamed library, overlooking the little fleet and the ocean, " from my window here I shall watch thy disappearing sails. How pleasant are the concerns of men ! The soured and saddened parts of life come to us as clergymen, the diseased brain and nerves, the hysterical hearts ; thou broughtest us fresh things, and the convent has been like a lively factory since it received thy living idea. I may never see my friend

again, but to stay is often as uncertain as to go. Thou mayest return, Cristoval, and find me dead. Say, then, I was thy friend."

"This is my shrine, if I come back," Columbus said. "I shall come back to Rabida. Friendship has been my steady star. As we sink from favor we stand the deeper in the wells of friendship. Did I depart expecting to be lost, these insignia should be torn from my breast. It is my duty to come back, and I shall come."

"Oh, bless thee for those words!" breathed Beatrix.

"My son, Nuñez," said the delicate priest, not wishing to bring the question to Beatrix again, "wouldst thou that I marry thee to the companion thou shalt leave?"

Columbus raised his eyes from the floor, but not to Beatrix's face.

She looked at him, and was the least embarrassed of the two.

"It is love I need, which marriage might not bring," she mused aloud. "To the law I shall never go. I have taught my hands to work and support my child. When he is old he will support me. He has no height to fall from, no fears of the future. He is my treasure and my trust."

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," John Perez faltered forth.

Columbus did not speak, but there was something to be said, all felt.

Beatrix hesitated and sobbed forth,—

"When will he *love* me?"

"*When?*" Columbus uttered, reproachfully.

"I shall never be his wife, I know. I have passed my chance. Harkening to the advice of others on the subject of the heart, I have seen my lover's heart grow cool. He will return a great, wise, courted man; these honors, now merely hung upon him, will be beyond the power of kings and queens to tear away. The world will claim him, and the grandees of Spain will forbid him to make the descent to me. But if he returns to love me I shall have all. Let Spain take all the rest."

"There is yet to-night," Joab Nuñez spoke. "He is poor to-night. Take him now."

Columbus arose to do full restitution.

The prior looked on, powerless to suggest what he should do.

"No," Beatrix exclaimed. "I have fully considered everything. The greatness of this man requires me to be great. I shall indulge no hope. As I made my vow that I would not marry him till his enterprise was done, I will not marry him now if he returns. He cannot love me if he pities me. Cristoval, before this priest and witnesses I refuse thy hand forever!"

"Thou hast ceased to love me, Beatrix," faltered Colon.

"No, I have married thee to the world. Doing so, the rust of self melts in my blood, and love, not sorrow, falls at thy knee."

She knelt there, and the tears of relief were shed upon his feet.

"I feel an old and dear emotion coming back at thy sacrifice," Columbus said. "It seems to bound through my frame like youth's

tender and unselfish love. Beatrix, I may not go at all. Here should I stay, and let ambition wait."

She sprang from his feet to his arms.

The kiss of transport chased the dripping echoes from the moist gray stones out of the caverns of Rabida.

"My daughter," John Perez spoke, "be true to thy vow. He is the queen's now, not thine."



JOHN PEREZ SAW THREE CRAFT SKIM DOWN BENEATH THE HEIGHTS OF RABIDA.

The mass was said that evening to all the crew in the church at Palos, John Perez and his brethren administering it. Then, guarded by soldiers to the strand, the willing and the forced were put in boats and sent to their vessels.

"I will return, dear child," said Colon with his last kiss.

"I shall be here, my friend."

Before daylight John Perez saw three craft skim down beneath the

height of Rabida and moor behind an island at the mouth of the Odiel.

By eight o'clock that morning the wind was up and the flag-ship took the lead across the bar.

Down toward the first step of the round world the three vessels dropped, and soon were gone from sight.

"How empty seems the shore!" said the Prior of Rabida.

Two women in Pinzon's farm-house were weeping.

## CHAPTER XII.

### Niña.

BEATRIX had shared the society of one of the luminous, humble men of the world for five years. She had grown backward toward his childhood and family, till she knew them all by heart, and his old father was living still by Genoa. Scarcely had Cristoval sailed when a letter came from Bartholomew in England, saying that the king there wished Columbus to visit him and command his ship of discovery.

"I dreamed," said Noama, absently, "that my kind husband had found a little island just big enough for him and me under the Arabian palm-trees, and that he called it 'Niña,' the Baby island, and that there came a baby there and bit me till I awoke."

"Dear, innocent child! I dreamed, also, that my husband was drowned, my cousin, Diego Arana, killed by wild men, and all the pains and cost of the expedition perished at the bottom of the sea, without a memory of it except my child, Fernando; and while I gazed at the water, the head of Cristoval slowly came up and looked at me and said, 'Beatrix, thou hast discovered it!' 'What, my love?' I asked. 'Niña,' said he. At this I awoke and looked for my child, my niño. Fernando was fast asleep, with a book of his father's maps clasped to his breast."

Prior John Perez was asked to interpret this dream.

"I cannot tell," said he, "unless it assures you, Beatrix, of the certainty of love above all things. If Colon dies and all his record is lost, he has an executor, an heir to his design, in the niño, thy baby. He has posterity, and methinks the love of offspring makes the love of lands in fathers' hearts. 'God so loved the world,' says the beautiful tale, 'that he gave for it His only Son.'"

"I would not give my son for the world," exclaimed Beatrix.

"Without increase we would need no world, my daughter; and this is why love is so pressing upon old and young and has so many aberrations."

"Dreadful would be a desolate world!" said Beatrix. "The beasts would miss man; so would the trees. There would be no head."

"No head," repeated John Perez. "What an idea is there! The head is the key, the flower of the world. The eyes of man, twin stars within his head, are like cathedral windows, high as he, raised to the brain itself, their roof and dome. He knows nothing because he has

not used his eyes. Since Cristoval came here I have looked at everything with other thoughts. Air, earth, fire, and water may not be all the elements, and behind the blessed Trinity may be the blessed infinity. I cannot think more upon it; I am a poor thick-headed priest; but, as I am a sincere priest, blessed be God! I will not fear that truth a God must know, nor check the godlike seekers."

As the cook Espinosa had also gone upon the expedition,—that wretch who lived to rivet chains upon Columbus,—Noama cooked their food, and Beatriz made her child's clothes and went around the cots of Palos teaching the women self-help.

Noama went to the church with Beatriz and knelt in the cool, pale, whitewashed aisles and chapels before the blue wooden Virgin which was hung from an abutment by hooks in its back, wore a gilded crown, and in its hand carried a dove, as in its arms a child.

The combing of wool was often interrupted in those days to make little clothes, too small for Fernando.

"Whom are they for?" asked innocent Noama.

"For Niña."

"Why Niña?"

"Why not the Santa Maria?" oracularly answered Beatriz.

They believed that Christmas would see their husbands home. If, as Columbus too sanguinely expected, they could sail to Japan across the open sea in fifty days, fifty days more to return would leave four weeks to exchange courtesies and presents with the Grand Khan or Emperor of China, and with the Christian Khan called Prester John.

The Christmas-time came, and was dry indeed in Palos, children still fatherless, wives and affianced maids still loverless, and the mass was celebrated to answering groans and sighs. How had learning made havoc in faith and hope! The wild, gray man who believed that the moon had a back door owed Palos all the pains his visit and his friend Nuñez's had left to the two deserted women.

As Beatriz and Noama knelt at mass, the elder felt upon her neck the gaze of a man as she had felt it that day in Cordova when the Columbus brothers first paid her homage at her devotions.

Beatriz looked back and felt the glow which was the warmth of that look, and it was love.

Alexander Geraldini sat behind her beside Bishop Deza; both were dressed as clericals, and both dwelt upon her with their eyes.

Looking upon Deza as friend and father in one and the champion of Columbus, Beatriz closed her devotions and greeted these old and dear friends. Fernando was exhibited and tenderly treated by Geraldini. Beatriz was left much alone with him while Deza and the prior conferred at Rabida and covetously watched the sea for the missing ships. The visitors abode there a fortnight, and when Deza went away he left Geraldini behind him.

Before the bishop departed he summoned Beatriz to confessional at Rabida.

Alexander went with her, as it was a short and pleasing walk. The winter, seldom severe in that latitude, gave color to Beatriz's face and life to her blood and brain. She sat by the wayside and strolled



into the evergreen pines, and the absence of her husband and the rejuvenescence of her matron nature made the tender tone of the young and learned monk like the echo of her spouse's consolation. Geraldini's visit had been her relief against rising despair.

He looked with her to the sea on the highest bare point beyond Rabida, and they were silent a long time, as if they expected the ships of their friend to appear.

"It is the 3d of January, Beatrix," Alexander sighed. "Five months Cristoval has been gone. Suppose he never returns?"

"That it does not become me to suppose, dear Alexander."

"But it becomes Fernando, your child, to be considered next."

"I will send him, if he grows to be a man, in search of his father."

"Dear Beatrix, I have offered to be the father of your son. I know Fernando is the son of Cristoval: Deza has told me so. Had Fernando been the king's son, I stood ready to make him my child by law. That you loved the admiral and bore his son makes you purer in my eyes. It was sympathy, not ambition, which made you another's love."

"I bless you for that thought."

"If the father comes not back, why shall Fernando be fatherless?"

"He will not be. The spirit of Cristoval will pervade the world. The winds, the waves, the moving clouds and ships, tides, meteors, currents, everything, will tell my son his fatherhood. He will set forth and find his other brother, the lost world which may now be the grave of Cristoval."

"As I love poetry, I feel in my pulses what you say. Yes, the procreative thought will give life to the seas. The energy of Cristoval's ideas will never die."

"Never."

"But it will languish unless friendship and love warm it to enterprise again. Your son's father was my friend. Cannot we three conserve the glorious idea and speed it to an end? The noble mould of Colon bleaches, perhaps, upon a foreign shore. Recovery of that Jerusalem, the sepulchre where he is lying, will appease his spirit."

"Alexander, you are a clerical, but the clasp of your hand is like worldly passion. Tempt not the wife in the guise of friendship for her spouse."

"It is you who say 'tempted.' If you are tempted, it is by sore temptation. That wretch am I."

"I know the pangs of love. The holiness of the priest makes him thrice lovable. You are not without your dangerous influence."

"There is more reproof in your eyes than I can understand, exquisite being! I only know that my cloister is filled with thee. I am not here to worry my friend, but pain extorts the truth: thou art killing me, Beatrix."

"And thou, Alexander, art giving me life. I see the blossom in thy cheeks, the heartsease in thy velvet eyes: they tell me life was made for loving, and I love again: I will not throw the rapture again away; my lover shall be mine!"

"Immortal hope!"

"Yes, love is all. It gave the earth the children's chorus ages before the shepherds sang. I will not live alone: love is my right!"

"And mine, my Beatrice."

"I see his ship," Beatrice exclaimed. "It has sailed. Love sent the message to me on the winds. I know he loves me by the rising of my heart and all this faith. Who tells me I am married? My glowing soul. I know my spouse, and I will be barred from him no more, neither by fear nor duty, by Spain nor the Pope."

"Who is it, Beatrice? I feel thy ecstasy."

"It is thy friend, my husband, Cristoval!"

Silently reprov'd, with more than worldly respect for her he loved, Geraldini went on to the priory of Rabida, and whilst he watched the sea-line from the arcade above the walls, Beatrice knelt to Deza.

Her confession was nothing but the voluble utterance of her heart's hunger.

Deza interrupted her to no purpose. Her heart sang in that old priory church, near the bones of the dead beneath the floor, near the vaults of those once immured alive for their broken vows and heresies, of the eagle-winged and intrepid intellect; she sang the love of her cherished mate, like the swallow whose nest was in the convent chimney filled with young.

"Daughter, be still!" muttered Deza, at length, through the throat of his confessor's cell. "All this I have heard before. But you have not confessed a sin this day committed,—the vows of love from another man."

"I heard none."

"You suppress the truth. A priest clerical has made love to thee this day."

"I cannot remember it. I had no room, where love was everywhere, for a divided sentiment."

"Fear not that I will punish Alexander. I encouraged him."

"Thou, my father, Deza?"

"He has remission from the Pope, and can marry thee."

"Me? I am married?"

"Thou art not married: thou art a mistress only!"

"Priest, thou liest!"

An instant's silence followed.

"I pity thee," whispered Deza.

"Pity thyself! In love's distress and transport I told thee all. From that day onward the purity of my life has been like that of Cristoval. At thy advice I nourished his enterprise and chilled his heart: I gave our child the whole of my affection. And now, while wife and husband wait for this probation to be done and Nature have her recompense and blessing, thou, false friend and treacherous priest, callest me 'mistress'! When we were poor the covetousness of thy cloth would not license us. When we shall be rich, by the greatness of my spouse, his fame will be to all the generous world the greatest sacrament, and that he loved me will make me holy as that bride whose feast our Lord attended and turned the water into wine."

"This is frenzy," sighed Deza, with catching breath.

"Come forth, then, and call a frenzied mother mistress, and I will beat thee, craven priest!" cried the fiery blood of Enriquez.

"For mercy's sake, daughter, do not exclaim so loud in this small priory," whispered the bishop. "I meant all for good. If the admiral be lost at sea, as he is a good while overdue, the hand of Geraldini would be support for thee and Fernando. Then, if the admiral should return and find thee Geraldini's wife, he could not mutter, and might thank us all. He would have respect for thee, and thou still mightst have his powerful patronage and love."

"What respect would any man have then for Beatrix Enriquez, false to her husband, mistress of her lover? And it is thou, inquisitor of heresy, who would instruct a woman's heart?"

"Beatrix, we would serve Colon, thy husband. If he returns and marries thee not, his hold upon the court will be that of a great admiral, and with his prospective possessions he might marry some potentate heiress or dowager. The death of Ferdinand in war might make the Admiral of the Indies King of Spain. We fear, indeed, that his discovery may be a barren one, of unproductive mines or barren islets like the Canaries. He left Teneriffe, as we have heard, all spouting fire like the judgment-day. Beyond it may be more volcanoes. Can Colon protect his old age and thee without some settlement in Spain? Therefore, I say, send Fernando to court to be the prince's page, and marry Geraldini, of thy age, and worshipper of thy beauty, and thou and all of Colon's sworn companions are safe."

"I do not believe thou art Deza at all," whispered Beatrix upon a breath of her old superstitions, "but rather some Beelzebub wearing his body and raiment. Whatever thou art, listen to a spirit holier than thy conclave,—the spirit of a wife. Not for any of thy reasons, priest, will I refuse Columbus, but that I may love him more by blessed giving from my love. What thou desirest me to do for wealth, chicane, and fraud, I will do for nothing. He shall run his full career."

"Greatest of wives, then, art thou, Beatrix?"

"Women may never understand me," Beatrix spoke. "If men ever hear of me I think men will be gentle with my memory. Even for that I do not care, if Colon loves me!"

Deza went back to Seville, but Geraldini tarried longer and taught Fernando bits of foreign speech and encouraged him in the love of books.

January passed, and February brought some balms like spring. Palos and Seville gave up Columbus for lost. The wives and lovers of some departed sailors found consolation in the first temptation offered.

Beatrix kept close house with Noama, who was more distressed than she, less rugged than the Castilian oak in Beatrix's ribs, and fearing to die.

Palos seemed to be dying too, its best men gone, its residue chiefly women, and the watch long kept for the admiral from the mound by the church was at length discontinued.

A Friday came at the middle of March, and in the Pinzon farm-

house Beatriz and her boy were combing wool, and Noama reclined upon a carpet rug whose end was rolled up into a pillow Eastern fashion, when there stood in the earth-silled portal the shadow of a man.

Noama screamed.

The man ran up to Beatriz, her back being toward him, and covered her eyes with his hands.

"I AM THY HUSBAND," COLUMBUS SAID.

At the same time the bell in Palos church tower began to ring, and there was shouting in the streets. A gun went off.

"*Niña!* I know that gun," Beatriz cried. "Is it Vicente Yañes Pinzon?"

"No. It is Cristoval Colon!" said a voice to thrill her.

"Santa Maria!"

"The *Santa Maria* is lost."

"And I?"

"Love of my soul! The only precious thing in Spain to me! How is thy heart, beloved?"

"Happy! Thou lovest me at last."

Clasped to the admiral's breast in fervor like the bridegroom's, Beatrice felt that the doubt and perplexity of his mind were discharged and love had entered in like fiery dawn.

"I am thy husband," Columbus said. "A world I have discovered has made me its high-priest and sent me hither for thee, lady of my dreams! Till I set sail for Spain the weight of my responsibilities made woman's sex unfelt, but when my task was done there streamed into my soul thy glorious Andalusian hair, the baby blueness of thy trusting eyes, and the memory of thy nuptial confidence: I uttered the name of my ship, but it meant thee, 'baby,' *Niña!*"

"What day was that, my darling?"

"The 3d of January. Why do you ask?"

"It was that day I felt thee coming and thy heart shine toward me. I cried to Geraldini, who loved me dearly, 'I see his ship; it has sailed, and there comes love's message to me on the winds!'"

As Cristoval stood from her to regard her face and charms of life and presence, she saw that he was noble as a king. With triumph had come peace and buoyancy to his countenance. His face was tanned, but his skyey eyes were clear as boyhood's; his nose seemed more Roman by his deeds of courage than before, his mouth more sweet and constant, and the scent of perfumes haunted his fine, flowing, Florentine hair.

He was dressed as if to see the royal household, his manly limbs in silk, and puffed and quilted hose about his hips, his breast in padded vest like a cuirass, his doublet lined with velvet, and he had a ruffled collar and a hat with plumes. These delicate attires encased an iron man.

"You are dressed like a bridegroom, sir," breathed Beatrice upon the sigh of admiration, blushing also.

"I am thy bridegroom, Lady Enriquez; thy friend the Admiral of Spain gave me this dress. I wore it when I stepped ashore upon the Virgin world, and now to honor thee I wear it landing in thy country. St. George! but thou art beautiful!"

The next and last scream of Noama's was at the entrance of her husband, Joab, who fell into her arms, and, having proved his presence by his ardor, cried aloud,—

"Noama, Beatrice, what say you to this for a starter?"

There entered Ibn Roshd, and with him in bright feathers and strange attire were people of reddish skins, supple and gentle though savage.

"These are the Columbians," remarked Joab: "we have brought them here to keep the Palos boys from treading on their heels and making free with their ornaments. I may add that the procession is only waiting for Prior John Perez to move toward the church and offer up thanks. To give thanks to the unseen Providence which preserved us is not a superstition. We have broken the record of superstition, for a starter. We sailed upon a Friday, discovered upon a Friday, and are back upon a Friday."

"My lord," moaned Noama, "stay here with me."

"Thy lord and thy ancestor both are here," spoke Ibn Roshd. "Blessed be the coincidences which cross the orbits of friendly travellers! Noama needs me and thee, son Joab, this day. My race is run and yet begun right here: hail to our God!"

The officers of the town, the brethren from Rabida, the sailors, much reduced in number, the boys, of course, skipping before the drum and fife, the Indians, the parrots, and the curiosities, went to the village church, the admiral in front under his standard of Jesus crucified, which Beatriz had made.

When the mass was done, John Perez went to the farm-house right by to hear the wondrous news and bite an olive and take a glass. As they entered, old Ibn Roshd greeted them feebly:

"A daughter is born to the child of Ben Egas, and is called *Niña*, for our sole returning ship. No male of Averroes's race will survive me, but the Energy we worship has become the faith of men this day. God is Nature's bright inhabitant everywhere!"

"Hail to our God!" the tearful father of the baby *Niña* spoke aloud with Ibn Roshd.

The old physician closed his eyes in Palos, but not alone: their greatest townsman, Pinzon, died the same day with Ibn Roshd, hardly a week following Columbus's return.

While the admiral was combing wool with Prior John Perez, Geraldini, and his own boy Fernando, a gun went off at the marshy port below.

"That is the Pinta's cannon," Colon said. "It fired the night Martin Pinzon saw land."

Thus the same day saw the admiral and his chief sailor apostle land at Palos, their little boats slipping in so modestly that they seemed to be like spirits standing all at once by the bedside.

Martin Alonso Pinzon had been parted from Columbus a full month, and yet he reached Palos but the same day, and after the admiral's celebration was over. He had strayed, and, possessing the sounder and faster ship, made straight for Spain to be the blower of the trumpet. And now Columbus was first, and was not drowned as Pinzon expected. Remaining longer in the Indies and bringing wider knowledge home, Columbus had proved the scripture, that the last shall be first.

The physician, Dr. Garcia Fernandez, soon called upon the admiral.

"Don Cristoval Colon," said he, "I come to lament the mistakes which shall cost our noblest townsman his life. The temptation was very great, to be exalted in his townsmen's praise, and to set Palos-Moguer well before the world."

"Yes, local fame. Many are the good men who throw away true greatness for that bauble."

"Our captain was separated from you in the storm, but his conscience soon rebuked him that he had not returned to find you. Indeed, he thought you lost. We reached the Bay of Biscay, and Pinzon despatched word of his arrival to our sovereigns. Still he was sore of spirit, for his simple heart never had cheated itself before. I waited on him, exposed as he was to wave and weather, and saw him fail till

at the last as we sailed past Rabida the brethren hailed, 'Colon is here!' He saw your standard flying as he came on, and the weight and reproof of his transgression broke his heart."

"The raven deserts, but the dove returns," said the admiral. "Had Pinzon's friendship been his money, he would never have deserted me. Here are my noble friends, Nuñez, Geraldini, Prior John, Noama, Beatrix, and my dear absent brother Bartholomew. Domestic friends are the long friends."

"Son, was your voyage hazardous?"

"Father Juan, no. Man only, mis-educated man, interfered to turn me back. The weather was gentle and the wave smooth as a pleasure eve upon the Guadalquivir. A breeze blew us to the New World. Then the superstitious and faint-hearted cried, 'What shall blow us back again? We are lost!' The wind then turned, and they could say nothing else except that the voyage was long. I had discounted that, and marked the log lower than our speed, to stretch the seven hundred leagues I promised them till we should see land. We sailed on weeds in areas as wide as Spain, through which the sounding weight went deep as ever. The needle parleyed with the pole-star instead of pointing it. But life never failed to accompany us, fish and birds and sailing shells and the far coast seemed to send heralds out to awake the faint, cold heart of man. In the vessels of the two Pinzons were better men than mine: I had the convicts and the castaways, whose vices called them back to the haunts of Spain. So all the voyage over I was in fear of man, and not of storms or devils. On me the flag-ship sailed as round the earth, upon my poor old head, which carried in my sleep the illusions every day disproved. When light withdraws from man he fills the darkness with his own want of faith and chases with his terrors. There lay the land, at last, a light of human hands, the lamp of Home,—the very lamp I saw long years ago, but could not make mankind believe it. We waited for the dawn, and saw the palms, the sands, the green and silver of yon golden sun and earthly moisture, shine across our sight."

"What thought you then, my brave Colon?"

"I thought all them I saw had Homes, even at the far side of the world, and I had none. My long career had made me a homeless showman coming to a show. 'How sweet,' said I, 'if woman and children of my own should meet me there!'"

"Dear friend and lord," exclaimed Joab Nuñez, "you have made a wide hearth-stone for the world! Shall the world deny you the love which is the light of home?"

"Let the world deny what the world cannot give," replied Beatrix. "This is my spouse. With me shall be his home. Him I will love, honor, and obey, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death us do part."

THE END.

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MOSES P. HANDY.

*WHAT THE PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT DID FOR  
THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.*

A SHORT time ago some two hundred general passenger agents, representing nearly all the railroads in the United States, Mexico, and Canada, were in Chicago, and went to see the World's Fair grounds. Naturally enough, the talk on the return trip to the city was devoted largely to Exposition matters. Various marvels they had seen were discussed, until a Boston man broke in with an ejaculation. "You think you know something about this," he said, "but the biggest thing about the whole show is the way it has been heralded abroad. I spent last winter in Europe, and wore myself out trying to dodge questions about the World's Fair. I saw pictures of these buildings until my dreams were highly-colored lithographs; I fled from Paris to Berlin, from Berlin to Rome, and from Rome to Athens, and I'll pay my fare home if I could find a hotel on the continent that didn't have some sort of World's Fair picture hung up where everybody had to see it.

"When I took my summer outing I went to Japan, and the pictures still haunted me. I left the railroads and travelled four days in a jinrikisha to get where I couldn't be reminded of the Fair. Finally I struck a great pottery, clear away from any regular line of travel, and the very first thing the superintendent showed me was a big exhibit of fine ware which, he said, was made especially for exhibition at the World's Fair. That beat me. I resigned myself to it, and concluded to go to Chicago the first chance I had and face it out. I want to say right here that the world never saw anything like it, and I'd bet

dollars that if Nansen ever drifts up against the north pole he'll find a World's Fair lithograph tacked on it right in plain view."

Of course the railroad-man spoke in hyperbole, after his kind, but he had seized upon a salient factor in the success of the Exhibition. It will be remembered that Professor Boyesen wrote of his surprise at finding that news of the Exposition had reached the most obscure settlements of Lapland, where printed matter has no access. Even Patagonia, the remotest points of South and Central America, and the interior of Africa, have been reached by the same methods, while China and the East Indies get regular information of the progress of affairs at head-quarters.

The uninformed might imagine this universal interest was the natural result of an exhibition planned on a large scale and inviting international co-operation. Those familiar with the facts, however, know that the achievement has been won in the face of great obstacles. They know, too, that a perfect organization, working on a systematic plan, deserves, and will eventually receive, the credit.

In the very outset, while it is scarcely diplomatic for a Chicagoan to say so, the world did not believe a great international fair could be given in the city chosen as its site. Europe had hitherto viewed America through the New York press. This view was reflected in British and Continental columns; and every American knows what that view was. Recognizing the difficulty from the first, Director-General Davis determined to make a campaign of education through a Department of Publicity and Promotion, with a newspaper-man in charge. The National Commission approved, the Chicago directors agreed to foot the bill, and Major Moses P. Handy was called in to be chief of the department. Within a week after his acceptance of the post the new chief had outlined his organization and submitted a general line of procedure. Within two weeks the department was at work. The plan adopted is practically the same now as then. The chief of the bureau assumes the duties of managing editor. He originates policies, maps out the field, and his assistants attend to the details of executive administration. A corps of writers furnish letters to the American and foreign press. A city editor and reporters cover the local news naturally developing in the World's Fair offices. It may be inferred that the bureau has a world-wide field when it is known that foreign weekly letters go out in four languages, English, French, German, Spanish, while, as the chief has said, in characteristic phrase, "the department has fourteen languages on tap when there is a call for them."

An auxiliary to the editorial staff is a mailing-room, with a mailing-list of about fifty thousand names, including newspapers, foreign ministers, consuls, and nearly every firm and corporation of great prominence on the globe.

With this force at his command, Major Handy first sent out a letter telling all about Chicago, its facilities for handling visitors, its accommodations, its features of general interest, its financial resources, and its reasons for believing it could build and carry on the Exposition. The immediate result justified the existence of the bureau and the selection of its chief. European papers generally used the subject-matter entire.

South American publications translated it, and used it in some instances as a serial. Press clippings from all over the world showed a phenomenal publicity given the letter. This was followed up immediately, on the "everlasting" plan of agitation, by articles outlining the scope of the Exposition.

The first and most urgent necessity was to create an assurance of success, and to do this the policy adopted was peculiarly Chicago-esque, though its originator was not a Chicagoan. Only one of the exhibit departments was organized at that time. It was impossible to know what their chiefs would adopt as the limits of scope. The Publicity Department, nothing daunted by the chaotic basis of calculations, proceeded to assure the world that nothing had ever approached the splendor, the unspeakable magnificence, of the then-distant Exhibition. It was Barnum out-Barnumed, but the outcome has justified every assurance made at that time in the teeth of doubt and indecision.

To give form to these brilliant promises, the bureau spent twenty thousand dollars for a lithographed bird's-eye view of the Exhibit buildings. For a few days the postage alone on these views amounted to one thousand dollars a day, and some conservative men on the directory became nervous at the seemingly enormous and useless expense. When the returns began to come in, these men were the most enthusiastic in their commendation of the idea. As the Boston man said, the pictures reached everywhere; and when an American travelling in the Sahara wrote to one of the Chicago newspapers saying he had found a bird's-eye view hung up in an Arab tent on the edge of the desert, there was no longer any question as to the value of the expenditure. The picture, though a trifle in itself, was one of the great hits of the promotion scheme. It seemed to take abroad as pictorial weeklies do among the Arkansas voters, who, it is said, read very little, but are greatly moved by cartoons. The foreigners seemed to accept the lithographs as evidence beyond doubt that all the buildings outlined in color would be ready for their exhibits; and they were right.

A great difficulty, and one never discussed in print before, was the question of subsidies for European papers. Precedents had been established in this line that made it almost impossible to convince the editors of papers in some cities that this Exposition had no funds for such a purpose. The Paris Exposition paid one concern in London alone five thousand dollars a month for promoting its press interests,—a sum that represents more than the entire monthly average of the Publicity Department's cost. For months, in some cities of Europe not a line was printed concerning the Fair. Major Handy was in receipt of letters, still on file, naming the editorial price of each paper in these cities and inviting him to contribute to their support *pro rata* as a condition to the removal of the boycott. Some American papers, by constant attacks, contributed to this embarrassment, until a flank movement was executed. A commission, of which the major was a member, went to Europe with credentials from the Director-General. As everybody knows, the commission was received with such conspicuous honor that all the papers, both abroad and at home, which had been unfriendly, were forced to give space to the movements of the

delegation. From this time on, there was no doubt of the cordial co-operation of the press everywhere, though even to-day there are some editors on the Continent who hang out the black flag and extend an invitation to surrender—in cash.

When the value of the department had become so conspicuous, it began to be felt in the demand for news of the Fair. A new avenue was opened up to it by the magazines, press-associations, and news agencies. Regular letters were mailed to every newspaper of any standing in this country and abroad. The plate-printers furnishing matter for country papers found it readable, entertaining “copy,” and used it in their service. The press agencies got a daily service when requested, keeping them informed as to progress and prospects. Altogether, the amount of matter furnished and used was so enormous that it will justify giving some figures. Clippings are on file showing that in the year ending January 31, 1892, forty-five million five hundred thousand words—three thousand seven hundred columns—were printed about the Exposition in the newspapers and periodicals of the world. Computed on an average of eleven inches to the column, this would represent about three-quarters of a mile of newspaper print one column wide. Thirteen million words of this matter were printed in foreign languages, and twenty-nine million words of the total were reproduction of matter furnished by Major Handy’s staff.

In the same period, the mailing-room of the department sent out two million four hundred and sixty-five thousand two hundred and two separate pieces of mailing matter, ninety-five thousand and seventy large lithographs, seven thousand seven hundred and twenty electrotypes cuts of buildings, and a small number of lantern-slides for illustrated lectures. Three hundred and thirteen special articles from three to seven columns in length were written by staff employees for general publication. In addition to this, all the printing and circulation of rules and instructions for exhibitors emanating from twelve exhibit departments devolved upon the Publicity Department. These circulars were necessarily printed in several languages, involving a work of translation to the average extent of twenty thousand words monthly.

Unquestionably the most valuable collection of Exposition literature in existence has been accumulated by the department. The library files embrace scrap-books of every printed reference to the Fair since its organization. One hundred of these volumes are being maintained, and twenty-five hundred pages of newspaper size show the extent of the work. The arrangement of the clippings is in itself an ingenious idea. One book is devoted to each State, and one to each foreign country. Chicago papers alone have already contributed fifteen volumes of clippings. Every editorial reference, every news article, and every quotation of Exposition matter is preserved. Exchange editors in the department, and press-clippings service from London, Paris, and New York, keep the record complete.

The newspaper reference-books, as they might be called, have been of unusual value, enabling the Exposition management to watch public opinion everywhere, strengthen the weak points, combat misstatements, and meet opposition aggressively. Reading these pasted files, it is easy

to note every fluctuation of public sentiment from day to day. They show, for instance, that France, slow to act in the early stages of agitation, has aroused to the fullest appreciation of the advantage to be gained by exhibition. Turning to the Japanese book, which reflects the opinions of the other side of the globe, the records show that the Japanese have been among the staunchest and most energetic friends of the Fair from its inception. The same comparisons may be made in the "State" books; so that the series as a whole may be compared to a relief map of international interests in the Exposition, with every depression of enmity and every mountain-peak of friendship outlined. No such work has ever been attempted before in connection with an Exposition. It would have been of immense value as a guide in the organization of the Columbian Exposition could some such history have been accessible. And when the next great World's Fair is planned, whether in the United States or abroad, this scrap-book record will be of inestimable worth to the men who have the responsibility of organization.

Naturally the Publicity head-quarters, centring news of all the Exposition offices, became the objective point of every man or woman whose subject had any relation to the Fair. Magazines sent their staff writers to the department for data, and found valuable guidance there. As a writer, the chief knew the relative value of facts and the picturesque possibilities of material. Not only did he furnish information, but, where rivals were in danger of covering the same ground to the ultimate discomfiture of both, he counselled lines of investigation that averted a sameness of treatment and still left them all the latitude they could desire. Any newspaper-man will know that such a situation requires tact, and the utmost caution, to avoid a charge of bad faith, and it is with some pride in the profession that the major's success in this particular is chronicled.

The work of arousing interest and confidence in the Fair was the first step, as already stated. The maintenance and promotion of this interest, especially among other nations and among foreign and domestic exhibitors, was the second. The third and last stage, just begun, has two widely divergent divisions: one, the preparation of the catalogue, a great publication in itself; the other is the "gate-money" agitation, as it might be called. No Exposition has ever had its catalogue complete when the gates opened. It seems scarcely probable this will prove an exception, but, if it does, the fact will be a pleasant addition to the department's triumphs. The catalogue is to consist of fifteen volumes, large and small,—one for each exhibit section. It is estimated that between thirty-five thousand and fifty-five thousand individual exhibitors will deserve to have their names and displays in the publication. In addition to this, each exhibitor is entitled to seven lines of descriptive matter on payment of a fixed rate. The problematic size of the undertaking can be understood from the basis furnished. Every line of matter inserted in the fifteen volumes must be prepared and edited in the department. To do that work satisfactorily within the four months allotted to it will be the supreme test of the organization. And all the time this catalogue copy is being handled, the regular routine of news-matter is to continue.

The theory is established,—it has to be perfected in half-dollars at the gates,—showing that almost unlimited publicity means almost unlimited gate-receipts. Even after the gates open, the persistent hammering at public attention will go on. Publicity and promotion are to be attached to every event of significance. State days, fête days, especial illuminations, and festivals of music, both choral and orchestral, are to be held. Every one of these will be announced and described in advance by the great organ of the great Exposition, its Bureau of Publicity.

It may be permitted a newspaper-man to add something of personal tribute to one of his guild. In an intimate acquaintance, extending over most of the period of preliminary Exposition work, the writer has had occasion to notice Major Handy's unfailing courtesy to men of his own profession. No service he could render, as an official or as an individual, has ever been lacking. A conspicuous instance of this, and one which brought cordial acknowledgment from the newspaper writers of two continents, was in the press arrangements for Dedication day. On a similar occasion at Paris, in 1889, only one American correspondent gained access to the main floor of the audience-hall. At the dedication in Chicago every large newspaper in the United States had from one to five representatives in the space reserved for them directly in front of the speakers of the day; and every accredited foreign correspondent who applied found a place ready. More than this, twenty-five hundred seats were reserved and given to the families of newspaper-men. The reporting arrangements have never been approached anywhere. Proofs of every speech and prayer of the day were in the hands of the press before the programme began. Fifty type-writers with operators were in a room under the main platform, ready to take dictation, free. As a result of the forethought indicated by the provisions made, the exercises were given an international publicity attained by no other international event, save, perhaps, the election or death of a President.

Measured as an aid in the onerous duties that will rest on every writer who has the Fair for his field, estimated as a business demonstration of the immense value of wise publicity, taken professionally as a triumph of scientific newspaper methods applied to the promotion of a public enterprise,—viewed from any stand-point, the Department of Publicity and Promotion of the World's Columbian Exposition is worthy the colossal enterprise it has exploited, and no man need want any better monument to his ability than the simple record of the department.

*William Igleheart.*

### COLUMBUS.

**T**HINE was the task, O Genoese,  
To pluck a new world from the seas,  
And for thy fortitude and pains,  
The dungeon dark, the clanking chains!

*Robert Loveman.*



# ABRAHAM'S MOTHER.

[LIPPINCOTT'S NOTABLE STORIES, NO. II.\*]



ICY SLOCUM was hurrying down the street, her bonnet over one ear, her shawl slipping off her shoulders. She had just heard the news, and the village was alive with it. If she had not chosen that particular morning to go to Hammerston, she might have known it as soon as anybody else. Her shopping could have waited. What earthly difference did it make whether she bought eight yards of brown alpaca Monday or Tuesday?

As she was getting out of the stage on her return from Hammers-

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\* With the March number began the issue of this series of short stories, one of which is to appear each month during the current year. On the completion of the series the stories will be reprinted in a small volume, and the royalty on the sale of this book will belong to the author of that one of the ten tales which receives the popular verdict.

To determine this choice, our readers are invited to signify each month, by postal card addressed to the editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*, their opinions as to the merits of the short story in the last issue. Those who thus report as to each of the ten tales, from March to December inclusive, will receive, free of charge, a copy of the collected edition of "Notable Stories."



ton, she had been met by Eliza Mott. In a few words the news was told her, and, with Eliza Mott, she hurried home. There, on top of the Bible on the sitting-room table, lay an invitation, the counterpart of the one in Eliza Mott's excited fingers, but addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Daniel B. Slocum.

John Ordway's boy had gone from house to house that morning, leaving invitations. When he was questioned, he had nothing to say, but laughed as if he thought it the best joke in the world.

John Ordway kept the "House" at Hammerston, and had run wild until Maria given him work. The boy perfectly steady ever since; meant nothing. Who would be steady under Maria?

Eliza Mott and Lucy putting their heads together examined the invitation again and it aloud again to each other and, when Dan Slocum came in, read it aloud to him.

"What! John Ordway boy's been leavin' these things from house to house?"

Dan Slocum leaned his big shoulders against the sitting-room wall and laughed rolled down his cheeks:

"Well, I'm blowed! been such a rise taken out of me since I was a boy myself get on in the world. A the brains to think of this! But see here, Lucy,"—Dan the invitation and grew "John Ordway's boy's prettily, *somethin' he's left out; somethin' mighty im-* JOHN ORDWAY'S BOY HAD GONE FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE. portant. '*The pleasure of your company is requested at the marriage of Maria West on Saturday even', March seven-teenth, at eight o'clock.*'" Slocum turned to his wife and Eliza Mott, with a twinkle in his eye: "And who's the man? Did either of you ladies ever hear tell of a weddin' without a man?"

Mrs. Mott and Mrs. Slocum looked at each other. Of course they could see through the trick, but what a dreadful thing for John Ordway's boy! Maria never would forgive him.

"It's kinder lucky, after all, that he didn't take the name of no man in the village," suggested Eliza Mott. "Nobody would have stood that."

Lucy Slocum did not say much of anything. Nervously tying her bonnet-strings and pinning her shawl, she started down the street with the determination to learn the truth,—to learn it from Maria West's own lips.

Few, very few, of her neighbors took liberties with Maria West. In a cool moment Lucy Slocum never would have dreamed of doing it. But, as it was, she walked straight into the store and up to Maria's desk and said, "It's gone all over the village, Maria West, that you've sent out invitations to a weddin'."

No other person was in the store at that moment, not even John Ordway's boy. Scratch, scratch went Maria's pen down the ledger. Lucy Slocum wished herself at home.

"Six and two, eight; and four, twelve; and nine, twenty-one," said Maria, sternly,—*"Take a seat, Lucy Slocum,—and one, twenty-two; and nine, thirty-one. Yes, I've sent out invitations. I suppose you're comin'?"*

Lucy Slocum's knees gave way. Luckily there was a chair behind her. Maria West closed the inkstand, wiped the pen, and locked up the ledger. Then she leaned her elbows on the desk, rested her chin on the palms of her hands, and said, "Well?" There was something awe-inspiring about Maria. She was big and broad-shouldered, with iron-gray hair, and eyes that bored holes through you. She always looked through people, never at them. "Well?" she repeated, looking through Lucy, "didn't you come around for nothin' in particular?"

"We're all—I mean everybody—I mean everybody in the village," began Mrs. Slocum, fidgeting on her chair and growing red, "we're all surprised, Maria, because we hadn't heard you was goin' to be married until we got the invitations this mornin'."

Maria pulled out her watch and laid it face upward on her desk.

"Now, Lucy Slocum, I've got a few minutes' time to tell you about my affairs, since you take such polite interest in them. I've been runnin' the grocery business single-handed for close on twenty years. I've had to hire men to do work I couldn't attend to, and it's been an expense 'most even with the profits. I might jest as well get married and have one man around permanent, instead of botherin' every year tryin' to get new ones. I'm goin' to get married next Saturday, so, of course, I got the invitations off my hands to-day. Is there anythin' more you'd like to know?"

Lucy Slocum gasped. She was accustomed to Maria West's business ways, but this was too much. Mechanically she reached for her shawl and drew it close around her. The action seemed to pull her together.

"Yes," she said, with more confidence, "there's a thing I'd like to ask, Maria, which I hope you won't think pryin'. Livin' a stone's-throw from you for forty years and not hearin' of your intentions, I can't help bein' surprised, and it's natural I'd like to know who's the man."

Patience was not Maria's strong point. She jumped to her feet.

"For the land's sake, Lucy," she cried, "how do you expect every-

thing at once? Folks is different. You married when you was a baby in arms; I never believed in it, and I never will. I ain't gone around blabbin' that I've always had the intention of gettin' married. When I got to a suitable age I jest sat down and made up my mind to doin' it. Now, what's the most important thing in a weddin', and what's the most serious thing afterwards? The husband, ain't it? Well, my plan is to attend to all the invitations and the party and to set the day; then I get the things that ain't serious off my mind; after that I attend to the husband."

The amazement on Lucy Slocum's face gave way to an admiration so respectful that Maria was mollified.

"The minute I'd begun writin' the invitations," she went on, in softer tones, "I took a New York paper. A quiet, respectable man, it said, was wantin' the acquaintance of a middle-aged lady; object, matrimony. A man who don't put on more airs than to call himself quiet and respectable, I thought I'd take a look at. I wrote I'd pay his fare, and told him how to get here. I got an answer that he'd go to Hammerston and come over in the stage this afternoon: so if I don't like him it's settled he'll go back to New York, and if he suits he'll board at Elizabeth Jenkinses till the weddin'. I've had enough business dealin's to see through a man as soon as I set eyes on him. This one'll find out pretty quick whether he's goin' to suit or not."

Maria West stopped, expecting comment, but Lucy Slocum was beyond speech. A flush of pardonable pride rose in Maria's face as she looked at her. What man or woman can be indifferent to completely overpowering another?

"Well, Lucy," she said, after a reasonable pause, "you've heard all there is to hear, and if the man ain't what he pretends to be, you'll see him go off in the stage to-morrow."

Lucy did not stir. She was in no state of mind to take a hint, and it was only when Maria walked towards the door that it occurred to her to leave. With a dazed good-by, she started up the street. She had not taken a dozen steps before the old stage lumbering along from Hammerston pulled up in front of the store and deposited its only passenger, who, hat in hand, stood in full view bowing before Maria.

Out of the corner of her eye, Maria saw Lucy looking back, and was gratified. The "quiet and respectable" of the advertisement was certainly confirmed by the man's appearance. He had a pale, studious face, fair hair, and pale-blue eyes. He was tall and thin, and wore glasses. His age might have been anywhere from thirty to fifty. When he spoke, his voice was quiet, very quiet. After his first words of introduction, he stood waiting for Maria to carry on the conversation.

Maria had never seen anybody like him. The men she lived among were farmers, rough and loud-spoken. They were too much like herself, and treated her on too much of an equality. She led the way into the store and pulled forward two chairs.

"What did you say A. H. stood for?" she asked.

"Abraham Harrison, ma'am," he answered, quietly.

"Well, Abraham Harrison," said Maria, in her quick tones, "I

guess I made everything pretty clear in my letter. I told you what kind of a life I lead, and what business I'm doin', and what I expect of a husband. If you're quiet and respectable, I don't see why we shouldn't get along, and if you've read my letter I don't believe you've come all the way from New York without bein' willin' to stay. What's your business?"

"I was in the grocery business in New York for a long time."

"Do you smoke?"

"No, ma'am."

a sa  
nod

ONLY PASSENGER, WHO, HAT IN HAND, STOOD IN FULL VIEW.

"I'm glad of that. If everything else suited, might put up with a little smokin', but it's as well you don't want it. Now I'll take you across to Elizabeth Jenkinses. You're goin' to board there till Saturday. The weddin' is Saturday night at eight o'clock."

Harrison took up his hat and valise to follow her. At the door she turned suddenly: "I knew I was forgettin' to ask you somethin'. Ain't you got any relations?"

"No, ma'am; nobody I know of at all. Not a soul in the world belongin' to me,—besides my mother."

"Your mother!"

Maria braced her stalwart shoulders against the door.

"You never wrote a word on paper, and you never let fall a word since you came, sayin' you had a mother."

Harrison shifted from one foot to the other and gave a feeble smile.

"She's sick," he said, apologetically, "sick abed goin' on ten years, and she don't trouble nobody. She says to me, 'Abraham, it'll be the joy of my life to have you get married, and if you'll find a nice wife it'll be worth somethin' to you both after I'm gone.' She sends you her remembrances, and she wants you to understand that she ain't strong enough to visit. She'll go on livin' peaceable in New York, and we won't have no interference from her ever."

"Humph!"

Maria meditated. She had an inherent prejudice against a mother-in-law. Was it possible she had not mentioned the fact in her letter? Now that she had seen Harrison and that the interview had proved satisfactory in every other respect, she did not want to send him away.

"Don't your mother go a step out of New York?" she asked.

"Never. She ain't got the strength," said Harrison, sadly. "She says, 'Abraham, you must speak clear. You must make Miss West see that I ain't to be expected at the weddin'.' She's got a nice pleasant room and a servant-girl to take care of her. If it wasn't that she was provided for, I wouldn't feel easy at goin' away."

"Well, if she don't make no visits, she'll be thinkin' it my place to go to see her, and I don't make no visits either," said Maria, decidedly. "I ain't been out of this village, except to Hammerston, in my life. This is my home, and I live in it; this is my store, and I run it; I can't spare time to fool around New York. I suppose you'll be wantin' to go to see your mother, won't you?"

Harrison looked up submissively:

"The third Sunday of every month'll do, ma'am. I could go Saturday mornin's and be back Monday evenin's prompt."

Maria drew a breath of relief.

"I'm glad you can talk sense, Abraham Harrison. You live like that and you'll do. The third Sunday of every month you can have regular with your mother. Step lively now, and we'll go across to Elizabeth Jenkinses."

Never had Maria done such a business as during the next few days. From miles around, people came, ostensibly to buy soap or sugar, in reality to take a look at Abraham Harrison. By Saturday, Maria's wedding outfit was more than paid for, and Saturday night the little sitting-room back of the store could barely hold the crowd eager to witness the ceremony. It took the village quite a while to settle back into its old tranquillity. The reason was that every one was expecting something strange to happen. Nothing that Maria could now do would have caused surprise. The neighbors were disappointed, were even aggrieved, because nothing did happen. The idea of that marriage turning out well! Was it possible? Possible or not, Maria certainly went around holding her head higher than ever. Of all Abraham's virtues the greatest was revealed to her after marriage. He was methodical.

She had thought herself exact, but in a week's acquaintance she found that she could tell the time merely by what Abraham was doing.

About the middle of April, Abraham, who was closing the store for the night, remarked, "Maria, to-morrow's Saturday."

Maria was straightening boxes on the shelves behind the counter; she did not even turn her head to answer, "Supposin' it is? What of it?"

"It's the Saturday before the thirti

"DON'T YOU THINK YOU'D LIKE TO SEE MOTHER? JUST ONCE, MARIA."

ham, in his quietest tones. A tin cracker-box slipped out of Maria's hands and fell upon the floor.

"For the land's sake, so it is! Well, Abraham, are you goin' to see your mother?"

"Yes, ma'am."

There was silence for at least ten minutes, during which Maria picked up the cracker-box and altered the positions of all the others on the shelves.

"Maria," ventured Abraham, timidly, "don't you think you'd like to see mother? Just once, Maria, and I won't ask you to go again; but it would be doin' the act of a daughter to her."

"Look here, Abraham Harrison, you make me sick. You're goin' to see your mother the third Sunday of every month, ain't you? Then you remember and not invite me again. I want it understood once for all that I'm no traveller."

"Yes, ma'am."

A soft answer does not always turn away wrath. To some people it is exasperating. Maria scowled all through Abraham's methodical preparations for his trip, and the next morning, when he and his black valise went off in the stage, she nodded her good-by without a word.

He had not been gone five minutes before the neighbors dropped in to learn what had happened. Maria had a hard day of it. At least twenty times she had to repeat that Abraham had gone to visit his mother, that she wouldn't go because she was no traveller, and that the mother was sick and was going to leave them a nice sum of money. The explanation worked like a charm. Any one with a sick mother who has money ought to be treated with consideration. When Abraham came home Monday, pale and tired, the men who used to be cool to him met him with friendliness and inquired politely after his mother.

But the visits seemed to have a depressing effect upon Abraham. Punctually at six o'clock when he was closing the store on the Friday preceding the Saturday before the third Sunday of every month, he would say, "Maria, to-morrow's Saturday," and Maria would answer, "Well, Abraham, you can give my remembrances to your mother." Then he would pack his valise and start off with the stage the following morning. He always started with a quiet smile of anticipation, as if the visit were to be a pleasure, but he invariably returned in the six o'clock stage Monday evening looking pale and worn and totally unable to eat his supper. By Tuesday, however, he would be himself again, and would give Maria a message, or even a little present, from the mother she had refused to meet. After a month or two, Maria's conscience pricked her. She began to see that the mother had no intention of interfering, and that she must be as quiet and respectable as her son. It was also apparent that her daughter-in-law's attitude wounded her. Else why should Abraham start off cheerfully on his journey, returning pale and downcast? By the sixth month, Maria was having a bitter internal struggle. A new sentiment had risen in her nature,—a sentiment which, all her life, she had despised as a woman's weakness, and which she would have died rather than admit,—the sentiment of curiosity. There was no help for it. It was raging within her. The only thing to be done now was to conceal it from Abraham, from everybody. It was so strong that, on the Sundays Abraham was away, it was the greatest relief to stand in the middle of her bedroom and say aloud, knowing that no one could hear, "I'd give a quarter of a dollar for one look at that mother. What an almighty



fool I was to say I wouldn't go to see her!" But curiosity, even of the strongest, could not equal Maria's pride. When she said a thing she stuck to it. The thought did not enter her head that she might go to New York with Abraham, after her statement that she was no traveller; and Abraham, after his first request, never asked her again.

Time went on. The anniversary of the wedding drew near. Maria decided to give a party. She spoke to Abraham, and he agreed, as he did to everything. He had just come back from his eleventh visit to his mother, and he seemed more worn out than ever. Monday evening, as usual, he went to bed almost upon his return, but Tuesday he and Maria sat up as late as half-past nine, simply talking over the proposed entertainment. When every plan was made, and when Maria, pen in hand, was ready to begin on the invitations, it occurred to her that the anniversary fell upon Sunday and would have to be celebrated on the following Monday,—the Monday after the third Sunday of the month.

"Abraham, can't you go and see your mother a week earlier next time?" she asked, showing him the date on the calendar.

Abraham shook his head very, very quietly: "No, Maria, what I do I do regular. I've took the habit, and I can't change."

"Do you mean to tell me, Abraham Harrison, that you ain't goin' to be at your own anniversary?"

Never had Maria spoken in such a tone. Abraham quaked before her.

"Oh, now, Maria! You know I ain't thinkin' of anythin' like that. I'll be here. Ain't I always home Monday nights prompt? I'll be here, Maria."

"If you ain't, Abraham Harrison, you'll be so sorry that you'll wish you'd never seen your mother. That's what I've got to say about it. If you ain't here, Abraham Harrison,"—Maria's voice rose only a half-tone,—"if you ain't here, Abraham Harrison, the next month I go to New York to see your mother, and I go alone."

The conversation came to a full stop. Maria had said all she wanted to say, and Abraham was physically and mentally incapable of a reply. Still, when the Saturday before the third Sunday of the month arrived, he went off at the usual hour. Maria took no notice of his going. She was busy with preparations for the party, and she had enough faith in Abraham's methodical ways to feel sure of seeing him at six o'clock Monday evening. By the time she sat down to her noonday dinner, the house was in such spick and span order that the party might have taken place on the spot. She looked about her with satisfied, tired eyes. "There ain't another thing to be done," she said to herself, "except right after dinner to take a look at my weddin'-dress that I ain't worn in a year." Right after dinner, therefore, she trudged up to the attic and brought down the dress, which she spread upon the bed in her room. In plain sight on the front breadth was a round burnt hole. Maria examined it closely. A candle must have done the mischief on the night of the wedding, and all this time she had not had sense enough to make sure that the dress was fit to wear. Snipping off a sample of the silk, she put on her bonnet and cloak. It was, of course, too late for the stage, but she could send John Ordway's boy to hire a horse,

and he could drive her over to Hammerston. With Maria, things were no sooner said than done. John Ordway's boy found a horse and buggy and drove around in high spirits. Maria, however, was not going for pleasure and did not intend to enjoy herself. That front breadth weighed on her mind. So far, everything had gone wrong for her anniversary, and it was not extraordinary that she should snub John Ordway's boy in his genial attempts at conversation. Before they had gone a mile, the boy was sulking in his corner of the buggy and Maria had taken the reins.

"I'm thinkin' of stoppin' at the Ordway House on my way home, so as to tell your pa what a nice, fresh boy he's got," said Maria, sarcastically.

John Ordway's boy grunted something unintelligible and curled up in his corner. After Maria had matched her silk, she drove down the main street of Hammerston and stopped at a two-story hotel in front of which swung the sign, "Ordway House."

"Jump out lively, now, and run and tell your father I'm comin'," she said to the boy. "I'll tie the horse: I don't want no butter-fingers hinderin' me."

John Ordway's boy tumbled out, as only boys can do, and disappeared. In a few minutes he returned. "I guess you've got to find pa for yourself," he said, impertinently. "I ain't goin' to."

Maria strode past him into the house. She would tell John Ordway then and there that his boy was good-for-nothing and that she had had enough of him.

At the end of the hall was a small private room in which John Ordway usually took refuge when he wanted a little time to himself. Maria knew the room, and, being angry, she did not take the precaution of knocking, but pushed open the door. John Ordway was not there.

The shades were drawn, and the room seemed dark to one coming in from the sunlight. The furniture had been altered since Maria had seen it, and in the place of John Ordway's desk and chair had been substituted a lounge and a common deal table. On the table stood bottles and glasses; before them, bending over them, gloating over them, was a man,—a man with frowzy hair and flushed cheeks, with untied cravat and unbuttoned waistcoat; a man who, as he saw Maria, tossed off a glass of whiskey, and, drunken, reckless, assured, turned to grin at her.

"Abraham!?"

"Hello, Maria, old girl! That's right. Come to see me, ain't you? Have a glass to my luck. We'll be home for the party. It ain't till Monday night, you know, and we'll be there, Maria, we'll be there."

"Where's your mother?"

The words came hoarse and gruff from Maria's lips. With a maudlin smile, Abraham picked up the whiskey-bottle.

"Here's my mother," he said, fondling it. "Here's all my earthly joy. It ain't sensible to have a mother 'way in New York when you can get one at Hammerston, old girl; see?"

Maria did see. In spite of the choking sensation in her throat and

"HERE'S MY MOTHER," HE SAID, FONDLING IT.

the mist before her eyes, she could see only too clearly. Harrison looked up at her and chuckled:

"It was kinder smart in me beggin' you to go to see my mother, warn't it? I was almighty afraid you'd catch on; but I know'd you wasn't the woman to go once you'd said up and down you wouldn't.

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Don't you leave me, old girl. Stop and have somethin'. Folks 'll say your husband don't treat you right if you go away without a drink. Look here, Maria, come back now! I ain't goin' to stand you slanderin' my character tellin' I sent you off without a drink. Come back!"

But Maria had slammed the door. In the hall outside she met John Ordway.

"Ordway," she said, in a voice hardly recognizable, "if you know what's good for you, and for your boy, and for your hotel, you'll bring Abraham around to me after dark. I'll pay what he owes on the room. He won't need it no more."

She stepped into the buggy and took the reins from John Ordway's boy. Not a word did she say during the drive home. When John Ordway and Abraham arrived that night she met them, and Ordway and she carried the insensible body up-stairs. The next day, at about noon, Abraham stirred, yawned, and opened his eyes. There, at the foot of the bed, stood Maria. His jaw dropped. He became as white as the sheet neatly tucked under his chin. "Abraham," said Maria, "I guess your mother 'd better move away from New York. We'll keep her here."

*Annie Flint.*

## A DESCRIPTION OF THE INEXPRESSIBLE.

DEAR EDITOR,—

You ask me to give you a description of the World's Fair ; and my comment upon the request is embodied in the above title. We have all of us heard and read a great deal, of late, about this matter, and have had our imaginations assisted by charming colored prints of the Buildings and the "*coup-d'œil* ;" but it was all to no purpose ; the only way to get a notion of what this place looks like is to come here and look at it ; and after you have done that, you find that the impression you have got of it is, like the Secret of the Freemasons, not to be translated into parts of speech. These buildings, and all that appertains to them, have a language of their own, and it can be apprehended not by the ear or by the eye alone, but by some profounder sense that abides within and above all our physical inlets of sensation and comprehends them all. In other words, unless your soul can open its eyes, you stand a poor chance of arriving at the true inwardness of the experience that lies in wait for you here.

It is perhaps a fortunate circumstance, from an æsthetic point of view, that the World's Fair is so near the commercial centre of the city of Chicago. That circumstance insures the great advantage of contrast. I am not going to abuse the material aspect of the Windy City. I can readily admit that it might have been uglier if it had not burned down twenty years ago, or if its citizens had been less enterprising and indomitable,—more like the citizens of any other city. I am aware that until commerce and wealth have had time to replace with worthy edifices the small and shabby remains (small in size, but unfortunately not so small in numbers) of a former and less enlightened dispensation, it would be absurd and unjust to expect Chicago to appear homogeneous and comely. It would be unreasonable to ask its streets to look otherwise than like the ragged lines of a levy of raw volunteers drawn up for their first lesson in the manual of arms, so long as the sixteen-story giant of to-day is compelled to uprear his vast bulk alongside the decrepit and dwarfish proportions of the fifty-foot hovel of a generation since. I know it will all come right in due time, and, as it is impossible for me to be a resident of the place, I am in no especial hurry for the time to fall due. All I mean to intimate is, that perhaps the inconceivable ugliness of the greater part of the city of Chicago at the present moment may serve to set off the inexpressible beauty of the new city in Jackson Park. Not that the latter needs any adventitious adornment. It would hold its own very well alongside of ancient Athens, or Rome, or Alexandria,—though perhaps the latter might come within measurable distance of it from a purely æsthetic stand-point. Of dimensions I do not speak, because, as you know, there can be no comparisons, in that respect, with any human works in architecture, past or present. The World's Fair Buildings have broken all records in that direction at all events. It is only in point of sheer

beauty that there can be any consideration of competitors; and even there I doubt whether the creators of these walls and domes need fear criticism.

You may think that I am speaking in a prophetic vein; because the buildings are not finished yet, and the whole region in which they stand is a wilderness of inchoate materials, weltering in a series of Chicago blizzards. But you are mistaken. I am not looking ahead; I am giving—or I am going to give—the record of what I have actually beheld and felt. No doubt the Buildings will look more smoothly and irreproachably beautiful when the last heap of rubbish has been cleared away and the last scaffolding taken down; when the lawns, instead of being, as they are now, a glare of dirty ice, interspersed with mud-holes and mud-heaps and old barrels and piles of dirt, are so many breadths of velvet turf enriched with rainbow flower-beds; and when the roads and footpaths, instead of laying traps and raising barricades to ensnare and discourage the struggling pedestrian, shall extend in ribbons and perspectives of asphalt and macadam, inviting to the foot and easy to the wheel. No doubt the general aspect of things will be improved when the vast grounds and illimitable floors are thronged with countless thousands of well-dressed people, and flags flutter from every point of vantage, and color and movement please the eye everywhere, in place of the groups of Micks and Dagos and the scattered and dazed sight-seers who now mottle the barren spaces and dot the measureless walls and roofs. Unquestionably, too, the presence of broad sunshine and genial warmth will rejoice the heart which now shivers in bitter blasts from the dull horizons of the lake and is depressed by snow-squalls and ice-floes. I concede all this, and as much more of the same sort as you please. Nevertheless, since it will not be my fortune to see the Great Spectacle as it will appear in its apogee of glory, I am well content to have seen it as it is now. For, after all, not the least part of the charm of a great work of art is that which is contributed by the mind and imagination of the beholder; only when the opportunity to so contribute is accorded him can he thoroughly enter into and become a component part of what he beholds. Nothing that is perfected is perfect, on this mortal plane of existence; something should be left incomplete, in order that we may enjoy the delight of completing it for ourselves. The artist's sketch has a fascination that we look for in vain in his picture; the wild, untamed air that sings spontaneously from the great musician's violin entrances us more than his finished, academical composition; the ardor of the unsatisfied lover is keener than that of the accustomed husband. And it appears to me that I find in the aspect of the Fair Buildings as they are now a fineness of enjoyment which I might miss if there were nothing to anticipate and nothing to ignore. As they are now, they are not all material, but are invested with a spiritual quality, and the final touches, being absent, are for that very reason more vividly present to the apprehension of the mind.

Well, all this is a trifle transcendental, and what you want is a concrete representation. I will say, then, that things here are still in what we may call the Eocene period of their formation. For, certainly, the

Fair is a world,—an epitome and condensation of the planetary world that we inhabit. It is a world in which all that is best in contemporary civilization, and only what is best, has been brought together. It is a world in which ugliness and uselessness have been extirpated and the beautiful and useful alone admitted. It is a summary of all that the most enlightened activity of mankind's finest faculties, working within historic periods, has brought forth. It is a suggestion of what the Golden Age would be, if we were all as good as we are clever, and if our love one for another were as intense as our love of beauty and power is already. All the elements of a fairer future world are here; only, as I say, it is as yet in the preparatory or Eocene period. The skeleton appears; the flesh has not yet been laid on; but the skeleton in this case, instead of being rocky, is wooden. I am not going to attempt statistics (though, if I chose, with the aid of various manuals and hand-books which have been kindly placed at my disposal by Major Handy and his assistants, I might deluge you with columns of figures and measurements, signifying—so far as realizing comprehension of their meaning goes—nothing), but you may imagine for yourself how much timber it might take to make the foundation and substructure of a world withal. The wood crops out to-day, and unembodied fragments of it lie about in all directions; but when all is done, nothing of it will be visible except the floors, and nobody will look at them. Iron, of course, is also a main element in the construction; and then everything is made presentable with paint, stucco, and "staff,"—which I put in quotation-marks only because I never happened to hear of it until I came here and found them making all the statues, and I know not what else that looks like marble, out of it. It seems to consist of hair, or excelsior, or similar stuff, drenched in liquid plaster and slapped on the framework of the structure by hand. You would never believe, to see them doing it, how well it looks when it is done. Now, the point of all this is, that this entire creation of the World's Fair, all the beauty of its statuary and all the glory of its architecture, is strictly temporary; there is not going to be anything of it left except dust and rubbish. The grandest and loveliest spectacle man ever looked upon and knew to be the work of his own hands will disappear, in a few months, so completely that, except for such scribblements as this I am making now, no trace of it all will remain to after-time. The first effect of realizing this fact is one of disappointment and regret. The mind shrinks from the thought that beauty must perish; we have little enough of it anyhow. However, I have decided that, for my part, I am well content that it should vanish. Does not everything vanish? The Pyramid lasts longer than the rainbow, but it will go at last. This beauty of the Fair would have no meaning or value for us if our own minds had not brought it into being; it is safer there, in our minds, than if it were hewn out of the eternal adamant, to endure after the last man had dug himself a grave and fallen into it. For it is the assurance that the creative power is within us, ready to be called on whenever we choose to give the summons; and it really makes no difference whether this particular embodiment of our ideas at Jackson Park outlasts the life of the human



race or only that of a spring butterfly. On the whole, since it must go some time, I would rather it should go promptly and make room for something better. Unless History and Religion are false, something better is sure to follow.

What you see here has the rare quality of satisfying your æsthetic appetite,—a difficult feat for anything made with hands to do. This, you say, is the way you would have done it if it had fallen to you to do. Your faculties are soothed, gratified, and uplifted, and you soon lose all fear of anything occurring to arrest or shock this pleasing exaltation. The entire scheme of things, in mass and in detail, is harmonious and right. You know, without being told, that there is nothing more worth looking at anywhere. You are not even oppressed by the immensity of the buildings, as sometimes happens in one's experience; because the proportions have been, here, so carefully preserved that one immensity is balanced against another, until the sense of avoirdupois, and of feet and inches, ceases to trouble you. All is lightness, symmetry, and meaning. The Park itself is so large, and the spaces between and surrounding the structures are so generous, that you are constantly surprised when some one tells you that this or that is so many feet longer or higher or what not than something else which has hitherto been unapproached in the world. At the same time the impressiveness which belongs to mere mass is not lost: we have the exhilaration of being in proximity with things alongside of which our stature is microscopic. It is the exhilaration of realizing how infinitely our minds transcend our bodies. Those specks upon yonder ridge-pole are men; but the ridge-pole itself is dwarfed by your own conception of one loftier yet. The consequence, however, of this justness of proportion throughout is, that the spectacle does not weary you; you are less fatigued by contemplating this mighty congregation and organism of palaces for days at a stretch than you would be by bestowing a single glance at, say, the City Hall of Philadelphia. The first thing that gets tired is your feet; and you are not conscious even of that until after you have got home at night. Of course there are vehicles enough,—that is, to use a frequent allocution here just now, of course there *will be* vehicles enough of all kinds, when the Fair opens; but one will be obliged to walk a good deal before he has seen all there will be to see; and one cannot properly appreciate the dimensions and the grandeur unless he measures his way about with his own little legs. The only danger or inconvenience to be feared is that of subsequent collapse, when you are at leisure to retrace on a map the prodigies of pedestrianism you have performed during the day.

Following the wise advice of Major Handy, the first thing I did was to climb up as high as I could get on the top of the Administration Building,—a gigantic dome encrusted with gold, which soars aloft no matter how many hundred feet skyward, and from its breathless summit gives you a prospect over all the domain which you are hereafter to traverse and possess. Opposite you, as you face northward, is the broad horizon of the lake. Surely no Exposition was ever so fortunate in its site as this of 1893. There could be but one conceivable improvement, and that is, the water of the lake might be salt instead of fresh.

But there it is, at all events,—an unbounded breadth of blue, ready to receive whatever in the way of boats and shipping it may have pleased the Management to have decreed. Between the outer vastness and the long rectangular lagoon which extends nearly to our feet is a double row of exquisite columns,—a long peristyle, standing on a marble terrace, and supporting a sculptured entablature. At the farther extremity of the lagoon is the tall statue of the Republic, facing outward to welcome the incoming world of visitors. What an enviable experience would be his, by the way, who should come upon the World's Fair for the first time by way of the lake, never having heard that such a miracle existed! It is difficult, no doubt, to conceive of so uninformed a person, especially when one considers the unparalleled ability with which Major Handy has administered his office of Publicity and Promotion. But supposing some such Rip Van Winkle to exist, and to be carried on some accidental raft within sight of the white bastions and cloud-like domes of our Exposition, who would not envy him his sensations! What a harmonious rapture of architecture would greet his amazed vision! and instead of dissolving into mist as he approached, it would become each moment solider and more ravishing, until at last incredulity would give way to ecstasy. Many of the future pilgrims to this wonder of the world will catch their first glimpse of it from this direction; but then they will know it at once as a reality, and will miss the glorious uncertainty that doubts whether fairy-land be not come down again to adorn this work-a-day planet.

To right and left along the long-drawn margins of the marble-encircled lagoon rise the vast palaces which are to contain the triumphs of all human industry and art. Each one of them is the most beautiful of all so long as you contemplate it alone; but when you turn to its neighbor you lose your heart anew. I believe each of these great buildings was designed by a different architect, and if so I do not know to which the palm should be awarded, but must rather marvel that the sum of their efforts should result in a whole so devoid of any element of discord. Here is that living symmetry which is free from sameness or monotony; here is unity without repetition, and completeness without finality. Here are arches that span the flight of imagination, and pinnacles topped with shining goddesses, and groups of noble statuary seated in stately repose on mountains of aerial masonry. Here are domes of such spaciousness and royalty of curve as seem to reproduce the firmament and the sweep of sidereal orbits; and columned porticos fit to be the entrances to the habitations of the ancient gods. When I went into one of these structures and gazed about me, I thought that there was more space enclosed here than could be found out-doors. The sensation is a distinct and strange one; it is not to be anticipated or comprehended until experience brings it home to you. On the floor of the main building, that of Arts and Manufactures, might stand all the armies which fought in the War of the Rebellion. In the space beneath the roof might be piled up the Pyramid of Cheops and be no more than a feature of the Exhibition. Those outrageously tall commercial structures that we have just been gaping at in Chicago, sixteen dizzy stories and upward, could readily

be accommodated beneath this dome, with room enough to spare. Or you could hide three Crystal Palaces such as that at Sydenham in this hall, side by side, and then walk about and criticise them. Why should I tell you categorically how long and how high such a place as this actually is? It is enough to say that here the unit of length is a mile, and the unit of number a million. Another peculiar effect of these enormous enclosures is the influence on sound. All manner of intolerable noises are uniting their uproar; hammering with a thousand hammers, banging of boards, clanging of iron girders, shouts of men, creaking of pulleys, rattling of windlasses, puffing of steam-engines, and I know not what else. But it is all lost in echoes; nothing reaches your ears except soft musical notes, soothing and agreeable as the whispering of a sea-shell when "it remembers its august abodes, and murmurs as the ocean murmurs there."

The buildings surrounding the lagoon are destined to hold whatever exhibits are peculiar to no locality, but belong to the human race as a whole. Here is the concentration and consummation of all the beauty and the wonder. The Park lies lengthwise along the shore of the lake; beyond this central aggregation, far away to the right and left, drawn up on either side of endless avenues, are the innumerable separate edifices erected by the various states of the nation, and the nations of the world. The connecting link, as it were, is supplied by the Building of the Fine Arts, and by the Horticultural Building. The former, though not the largest, is perhaps the most beautiful of all; indeed, I do not know where on this earth to look for its superior. Its proportions, its variety, its simplicity, its delicacy, its strength, the marvellous life that inspires it like a soul, and withal its profound and satisfying repose, make it a thing to remember and enjoy forever. Nor is its site inadequate; it lies near the banks of the tiny lake which contains the Wooded Island, so that it is reflected in the smooth surface, and that mysterious charm is added to the rest. As for the Horticultural Building, it is dominated by its stupendous dome of glass, within which rises a miniature mountain of tropic verdure; while the mighty aisles and transepts are filled with such richness and splendor of plant and flower as the favored regions of the earth have to show. Here is the triumph of nature in the midst of the triumphs of art, and, after all is said and done, suffering no whit from the contrast.

I do not mean to take you far in this direction, however; but before turning back we must look at the Woman's Building, which stands hard by. It was designed by a woman, and decorated by one, and it is no more than the truth to say of it that it is only less lovely than the Sex itself. But it is a mighty pledge, both in itself and in what it signifies, of what our helpmeets have risen to be in these latter ages. No man can look at it without feeling more respectful towards his wife and daughters. We need not concern ourselves about the "rights" of these gentle, potent, and incomprehensible personages; they are on a level with us at that point where we fancied ourselves most secure from rivalry; and, considering the small encouragement and facility that have been given them, it obviously lies with them how soon they may choose to surpass us. The only criticism that I

have to make on their Building is analogous to that which foreign critics make on our literature; they say it is not distinctively American; and I say this structure is not distinctively feminine. I don't know what a distinctively feminine building would look like, any more than I know what a distinctively American book should contain; but I put forth the remark in the hope that it may turn out to have something in it.

The open air statuary is one of the features of this Exposition; and as we pass back by way of the lagoon, you will notice that the twin bridges which cross its right and left branches are guarded at either end by the figures of the American grizzly bear, buffalo, and panther, which the genius of Edward Kemeys, fortunately enlisted for the purpose, has recently completed. They embody perfect fidelity to nature in the imperishable transfiguration of art. Kemeys is a master, and it would be useless and perhaps impertinent to say more in the way of comment upon his creations; he has his chosen field all to himself; and fortunate is the country that is privileged to call him her son.

There is a model of a man-of-war of the most modern pattern on the left water-front, built, I believe, of brick and wood, and possibly not much less seaworthy than some of the real ones that cost as many thousands of dollars as this cost hundreds. On a promontory in the pool is an accurate copy, life-size, of a Spanish monastery of the antique type; and not far from it is a genuine American whaler of fifty years ago, such as Herman Melville went hunting Moby Dick in. These and the like curiosities, however, are of the museum type; they suggest a glorified curiosity-shop, and inevitably suffer in dignity when brought in contrast with the progressive and prophetic feeling which runs through all the essential features of this Exposition. We end, always, by turning once more to the statuary and the Buildings, and finding our deepest contentment there.

There is still an unexplored realm on the right of the grounds, of which I will only tell you that it contains the railroad approaches, and the accommodations for the live-stock: also the Forestry Building, which is now a gigantic Sculptors' Studio, filled from end to end of its five hundred feet with colossal statues in all stages of incompleteness, and all "staff." Did I speak of the Japanese village on the Wooded Island,—a picture on a teacup materialized? Did you know that from seven to fifteen thousand workmen were at work in this Park every day? Were you aware that the elevated railroad binds the remotest parts of the Exposition together with hooks of steel? Has any one informed you of the extraordinary preparations made by the Pennsylvania Railroad to carry the sixty million expected visitors to and from the Fair, and render the journey comfortable? Have you realized that upwards of fifty Old-World nations are contributors to this Exposition, and have sent commissioners hither?

And now, farewell till after May-Day. May it soon come! for, as I write these words, the most furious blizzard since 1885 has descended upon the grounds and buildings, and buried them as beneath geologic strata of Parian marble. But how beautiful they are! and with what

distinctness do they appear in the memory! Whenever a noble thought, on any subject, finds its way to my mind, I shall behold once more this stately and lovely scene. For it is an incarnation of whatever is lofty and large in thought.

*Julian Hawthorne.*

## SAPPHO.

**I**N ages as remote from ours as ours are from the Olympiads it is permissible to conjecture that the foremost rank in verse will be held by that poet of the *γλυκύπιπρος*—the bitterness of things too sweet—who loved and lived in the semi-fabulous days of Greece.

Though twenty-five centuries have gone since then, Sappho is unexceeded still. Twice only has she been approached: in the first instance by Horace, in the second by Mr. Swinburne. And though it be admitted, as is customary among scholars, that Horace is the correctest of Latin poets, as Mr. Swinburne is the most faultless of our day, Sappho yet remains intangibly aloof. Dante may stir the heart, Hugo the spirit, Horace the ear, Swinburne the pulse, but Sappho moves heart, ear, pulse, and spirit too. That no hand that ever caught the lyre has swept it with a touch as masterful as hers is, I think, admitted by all of decorous sense.

To-day her titles to this recognition are not voluminous. Her literary luggage is slight. The greater part has been lost on the way, turned into palimpsests or burned in Byzance. To-morrow, next year, a century hence, and in the Escorial perhaps, among the dustbins left by some one of those delightful caliphs whose lives were poetry and who preserved so much of earlier learning for us, an entire edition may be found. Meanwhile, of at least nine books we have but two odes and a handful of fragments. Of these fragments some are limited to a line, some to a measure, some to a single word: they are quotations made by lexicographer and grammarian, either as illustrations of the Æolic dialect or as examples of metre. Without these quotations Sappho would be to us as is Linus, a name merely, the echo of nothing.

The odes are addressed, the one to Aphrodite, the other to Anactoria. The first comes to us from Dionysius of Halicarnassus, who quotes it as the perfect illustration of perfect verse. The second is given by Longinus as an example of the sublime in poetry,—of the display, as he puts it, not of one emotion, but of a congress of them. Under the collective title of “Anactoria,” these odes, together with many of the fragments, have been moulded by Mr. Swinburne into an exquisite and consistent whole. “We in England,” he says, in reference to it, “are compelled as school-boys to construe and repeat Sappho’s incomparable verses, and I at least am grateful for that compulsion. I had wished that in time I might be competent to translate into a baser and later language the divine words which even as a boy I could not but recognize as divine. That hope I soon found falla-



cious. To translate the two odes and the remaining fragments is the one impossible task. The Ode to Anactoria, which in the whole world of verse has no companion and no rival but the Ode to Aphrodite, has, however, been at least twice translated or rather traduced. Feeling that although I might do it better I could not do it well, I abandoned the idea of translation, and of the fragments which the Fates and the Christians have spared us I tried to write some paraphrase. No one can feel the inadequacy of this work more than I do. 'That is not Sappho,' a friend said to me once. I could only reply, 'It is as near as I can come; and no man can come close to her.'"

But it is Sappho,—not the metre, indeed, but the mind; not the poem, but the poet. In all the modern world of verse, to paraphrase Mr. Swinburne, this poem is unrivalled. To understand it,—for the full force and splendor of its beauty is not at a first reading always apprehensible,—Sappho herself must be understood.

Concerning her much has been written and little known. It was in Mitylene, in the island of Lesbos, at the time when Nebuchadnezzar was chastening the Jews, that she lived and sang. Her countrymen gloried in her, a circumstance for which we may be grateful, in that they put her features on their coins. The type presented is not of the best, though perhaps it may be more exact to say it has nothing in common with that form of beauty which Psyche represents. The features are those of a handsome boy, earnest yet turbulent, reflective and fervid, but they suit her admirably, her verse, her fame. On seeing them for the first time you do not exclaim, "Can this be Sappho?" but rather, "This is Sappho indeed!"

From contemporary accounts, Lesbos then must have been a paradise in duodecimo, an island of fair gardens, white temples, blue skies, perfumed hours, mellow morns, and languid dusks,—a land where religion was more æsthetic than moral, where theologians were poets, and where love was too near to nature to know of shame. The one worship was beauty. Nowhere, at no time, has emotional æstheticism, the love of the lovely, the fervor of individual sentiment, been as spontaneous and as untrammelled in its utterance as in that enchanted isle. For later comers there was little left. The Provençals might turn love into literature, the Venetians art into color, and both fancy themselves Greek as they posed. But in the pedantic courts of the Troubadours, as in the sinful anachronisms of Venice, there is not a trace of the passion which the Lesbians wove into the very woof of song, and wherewith they produced what has been justly regarded as the best lyric verse the world has known.

To this Athens of an earlier day—an Athens with Mitylene for Academe—students flocked. A knowledge of geometry, however, we may be sure was not exacted before admission could be claimed. Some gracious and unpedagogical familiarity with the mirth, magnificence, and melancholy which Homer and Hesiod had given in fee may have been expected, but otherwise a vibrant sensibility, a receptive mind, appreciative eyes, kissable lips, and the sultry girls whom Sappho loved to teach found admission easy. For of this society Sappho was the centre. Even then her fame was prodigious. At no

period, says Strabo, has any one been known who for poetry could even in the least degree be compared to her.

Such was her fame, indeed, that it has preserved for us not alone the name and attributes of Phaon,—her delinquent lover,—but also the names of her pupils, her *ἐταῖραι* as well. Of the latter there were, according to Ovid, a hundred and more whom she especially favored. Atthis and Gorgo are particularly mentioned by Suidas: as for Anactoria, there is the testimony of the ode. Were conjecture worth anything in such a matter, it might, from the evidence we possess, be permissible to assume that Atthis was superseded by Gorgo, Gorgo by Anactoria, and Anactoria by Phaon, while interspersed were any number of what the Germans call *Nebengefühle*.

I loved thee once, Atthis, long ago,

she cries in a famous fragment; and in another she declares herself

Of Gorgo full weary.

But for the purposes of this paper it will be prudent to limit the attention to Phaon and Anactoria, who may be regarded as representing the extreme poles of her affection. The facts connected with Anactoria are familiar to readers of such novels as Sacher-Masoch's "Venus im Polz," Stadior's "Brick und Breck," Wildebrand's "Fridolin," and which, as such, require no further description. The ode itself, apart from its perfection, is merely a jealous plaint. Mr. Gladstone has translated it, or rather he has got the sense into what may be verse, but which bears no resemblance to Sapphic metre. But that metre, though surpassingly beautiful, is not easy. Apart from Horace and Catullus, Mr. Swinburne is the only one who has succeeded with it. Listen:

All the night sleep came not upon my eyelids,  
Shed not dew, nor shook nor unclosed a feather,  
Yet with lips shut close and with eyes of iron  
    Stood and beheld me.

Then to me so lying awake, a vision  
Came without sleep over the seas and touched me,  
Softly touched mine eyelids and lips, and I too,  
    Full of the vision,

Saw the Lesbians . . . . . singing  
Songs that move the heart of the shaken heaven,  
Songs that break the heart of the earth with pity  
    Hearing, to hear them.

Aside, then, from the metre, the original is serviceable in showing the exact trend of Sappho's fancy, and in addition the fact that her love was not always reciprocated. Of this there is ampler evidence in the fragments. Some one she reproaches with being

Fonder of maids than Gello.



In another instance she exclaims,—

Scornfuller than thou have I nowhere found.

But even in the absence of such evidence the episode connected with Phaon, although of a different order, would seemingly be sufficient. Such knowledge as we possess of this matter is derived mainly from Strabo, from Servius, from Palæphatus, and from an alleged letter contained in Ovid's series of literary forgeries. According to these writers, Phaon was a handsome young brute, engaged in the not inelegant occupation of ferrying. In what manner he first approached Sappho, or whether indeed Sappho did not first approach him, is uncertain. Pliny believed that in the exercise of his vocation he had happened on the male root of that mysterious sea-weed which was supposed to act as a love-charm, and that by means of it he succeeded in securing Sappho's rather volatile heart. However this may be, Phaon presently wearied, and to rid himself of Sappho took ship and sailed for Sicily, whither, the legend says, she followed, desisting only when he flung in her teeth some gibe about Anactoria and the *ἐταῖραι*. In a letter which Ovid pretends she then addressed to Phaon she refers to this reproach, but whether by way of denial or admission is now, owing to different readings of the text, impossible to decide. In some copies she says *quas* (the Lesbians) *non sine crimine* (reproach) *amavi*, in others, *quas hic* (in Mitylene) *sine crimine amavi*. Disregarding the fact that the letter itself is an imaginary epistle, the second reading is to be preferred, not because it is true, but precisely because it is not. Sappho, though a poet, was a woman; several of her verses contain allusions to her honor, her delicacy, and to other attributes particularly praised by those who discredit the virtues they pretend to possess. And Ovid, who had not written a treatise on the Art of Love for the purpose of displaying his ignorance of the subject, was too adroit to let his imaginary Sappho admit what the real Sappho would have denied.

Be this as it may, Phaon remained obdurate. Now, there was, and still is, a promontory extending from Leucas to the Ægean on which stood a temple. A leap from this eminence was locally regarded as a cure for love. That leap Sappho took. It cured her of the malady, of all others as well.

Such is the story, or rather such is its outline, one doubly interesting in that it constitutes the initial historical love-tragedy of the Occident, as also by reason of a climax so well befitting the poet of the bitterness of things too sweet. For Phaon we care nothing, for Anactoria less, and yet because of the girl who loved them epochs and ages have not sufficed to procure them oblivion yet. In those burning songs is their immortality, one with which time shall cope in vain. Though Sappho pass as Orpheus has into the twilights of myth, though her existence be denied, as Homer's is, those names shall endure, as Paris and the Argive Helen endure, immutably in the chronicles of love.

Memories shall mix and metaphors of me,

Mr. Swinburne makes her say of herself, and then to them,—

Thou art more than I,  
Though my voice die not till the whole world die.

The necessary limits of the present paper prevent that abundance of citation without which the portent of any poet is left obscure. Those whom the subject may interest will find in Wolff's "Sapphus," etc., Hamburg, 1733, an exhaustive exposition. More recently Mr. H. T. Wharton has produced a correctly uncritical monograph in which many hitherto scattered translations and details are united. But of all Sappho's exponents Mr. Swinburne is the best. Her fervor, her melody, her sensibility and raptures, he has reproduced so well that one might almost believe in the avatar, that her soul was reincarnated in him, that he too had beheld

The light that is  
In her high place in Paphos.

*Edgar Saltus.*

### APRIL'S AFIELD.

APRIL'S afield, April's in the air!  
Almost you may see each hour  
Willows that at dawn were bare,  
Meadows that were brown,  
On which the lengthening mellow day has burned,  
Creep into green before the sun goes down,  
And some black bough, while mortal backs were turned,  
Swift stolen into flower.

April's afield, April's in the air!  
Fleeting over Earth's slow dust,  
Leaving us behind here, where  
Pass and pass the years.  
Soulless as Echo, she can never know  
Our kisses that she hastens, nor our tears.  
Not for us watchers do her blossoms blow;  
Their day is come: they must.

April's afield, April's in the air!  
Heavy Winter turns his feet  
Northward with his load of care;  
And on April's wings  
Unreasoning our human hearts upsoar,  
As hearts have done since they were human things,  
As human hearts shall do for evermore  
When ours forget to beat.

*Owen Wister.*

## THE RELIGION OF 1492.

MUCH has been said of late about the piety of Columbus; some of our able orators and essayists are even claiming him as the greatest of foreign missionaries, whose ruling passion was the love of God and of human souls. But these statements should be taken *cum multis granis*. In estimating any man, we must take account of his environment. All of us are, all our ancestors were, creatures of the *Zeitgeist*; and the spirit of 1492 was another thing from that of 1892. Great men may be in advance of their age, to their discomfort and our profit; but it seldom happens that any one of them is ahead of his time in more than one direction. Poet, apostle, reformer, or discoverer as he may be, one favorite cause absorbs his energies and points his enthusiasm; in other matters he is apt to be much like his neighbors. Columbus was a geographer, an explorer: in that field he was super-eminent, supreme; apart from that he was a man of the fifteenth century.

As such (being in no way below the average) he was devout, of course. People generally were in those days; devout in their opinions, in their feelings, and in a certain sort of propagandist zeal. It was a religious age in its way; only its religion was not of a kind which we can wholly approve. It was intensely orthodox; when free thought ventured to show its green and unaccustomed head, the Inquisition attended to its case speedily and effectually. Science was not yet; liberty was not; the individual was the serf of two mighty masters, Church and State. The spiritual faculties, which now range at will, found then but one beaten path. Men thought alike—they had to; on high themes they felt alike—and their emotions were more fervent, or at any rate less disciplined, than ours. Apart from politics, warfare, and money-making, what was there to care for but the glory of holy mother Church,—which was the glory of God,—the suppression of nascent heresy, and the conversion of the heathen?

Not to care for these great objects was to be less than human. People did care for them; at least they said they did, and it is not for us to doubt their sincerity, since they backed their professions with deeds, and deeds of a kind which then won general approval, however we may criticise them. The Church absorbed more than her share of this world's wealth, and often before her benefactors had ceased to enjoy what they made over. Peter Arbues and Torquemada spent their time in doing what they considered good deeds—though those deeds are otherwise styled now. Cortez and Pizarro were active missionaries, after a fashion which is not ours. Philip II., a little later, undermined his throne in the persistent effort to defend what he supposed to be the best things. To be sure, he had (as we express it) the wrong point of view: whenever his troops took a city, he had the relics carefully removed from the churches, but allowed the butchering and ravishing to go on at will. But the *disjecta membra* of the canon-

ized were then generally regarded as far more important than living men and women: the Most Catholic king merely carried an accepted principle somewhat further than others did.

It may be objected that these personages fell short on the score of what we call conscience and character; that (excepting the Inquisitors) their veracity and chastity were not much in excess of their humanity; and that they habitually showed far too little regard for human rights. Doubtless; but they lived in their own age, not in ours; their consciences were not the modern article, but that of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. They attended to what was then thought most important, and compounded for the sins they were inclined to by discharging the (supposed) duties most in vogue. Self-restraint, purity, honesty, mercy, were the virtues of saints, and possibly of persons in lowly private station. What were these humble merits to the huge services of kings and conquerors, who could put down heresy with sword and fagot, and drive barbarians in crowds to the saving waters of baptism?

It may also be said that the active piety of Cortez and Pizarro—and of Columbus too, if we may be pardoned for putting him in such dubious company—was subsidiary and incidental to their main purpose, that of the explorer and treasure-hunter. Certainly; for motives (unless in the rarest moral heroes) are always mixed, never single. Even in this age, and much more in that, one might have his right eye fixed on the main chance, while the other squinted at recognized altruistic ends. Besides, the great discoverer in his degree, and the destroyers of Aztec civilization in theirs, only carried out their orders, and met the expectation and approval of the Most Catholic Court and of the Christian world. What were myriads of pagan lives to the extension of the Church, or details of misgovernment and rapine to the rapidly enlarged boundaries of both worlds, of earth and heaven at once?

All this is not to say that the personal piety of Columbus was not as much deeper than that of those who followed and profited by his precedent as his vocation was loftier than theirs, and his career more beneficent and less destructive. But the point is this: the religious element in him was secondary, not primary; it belonged to his time more than to himself. It supported his enthusiasm, as it did that of many a lesser man in a worse cause; but—so far as we know—it was not the root from which his greatness grew. His trust in a Higher Power, as Patron of his schemes and fortunes, was probably not unlike that of Elizabeth of England, and Prince Bismarck, and other public characters with a mission; for the rest, his system was the conventional one. He long cherished two dreams: one—which he took no pains to carry out when the time arrived—to convert the natives of the strange lands he should light upon; the other, which still haunted his brain to no purpose, for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem.

Why narrow the wide field of divine promptings and human attainments? "There are diversities of gifts." The Discoverer's glory needs no borrowed plumes. To be plain, he was not a saint, not in the first place a missionary or philanthropist. But he builded better than he knew; he did as much as Gutenberg or Luther to make pos-

sible the new conditions wherein, as from a mountain-top, we look back—and down—upon the limited views and lower standards of his time. Had he not sailed from Palos in 1492, we might not be able to moralize on the change which has come since then, and to felicitate ourselves that whereas the Christianity of that day looked mainly toward theology and ecclesiasticism, that of ours is in its trend chiefly rational and practical, ethical and humanitarian.

*Frederic M. Bird.*

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TENNYSON.

HOW beautiful to live as thou didst live!  
How beautiful to die as thou didst die,—  
In moonlight of the night, without a sigh,  
At rest in all the best that love could give!

How excellent to bear into old age  
The poet's ardor and the heart of youth,—  
To keep to the last sleep the vow of truth,  
And leave to lands that grieve a glowing page!

How glorious to feel the spirit's power  
Unbroken by the near approach of death,  
To breathe blest prophecies with failing breath,  
Soul-bound to beauty in that latest hour!

How sweet to greet, in final kinship owned,  
The master-spirit to thy dreams so dear,—  
At last from his immortal lips to hear  
The dirge for Imogen, and thee, intoned!

How beautiful to live as thou didst live!  
How beautiful to die as thou didst die,—  
In moonlight of the night, without a sigh,  
At rest in all the best that love could give!

*Florence Earle Coates.*

*MEN OF THE DAY.*

**J**AMES ANTHONY FROUDE, the historian, is a tall, keen-eyed, handsome man of singularly genial manner, with a ruddy, clean-shaven face framed in close-fitting iron-gray side-whiskers, and looks quite a decade younger than his years, which are four-and-seventy. He early jilted the church for literature, which he has enriched immeasurably. It is now four-and-thirty years since his masterly "History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada" made its appearance. As is well known, its most marked feature is an elaborate attempt to vindicate the reputation of Henry VIII. Perhaps no historical work has ever been the subject of keener controversy; for despite his learning, which is great, and his brilliancy, which is greater, Mr. Froude lacks altogether the one indispensable quality of the true historian,—accuracy; yet withal he is widely read where Freeman would seem intolerably learned and pedantic and Lecky too philosophic to be lively. His pen has played upon the English language as none other of this generation has done save those of Newman and of Ruskin. His last published work, a biography of Disraeli, appeared some two years since. He has known all the literary and other celebrities of his day, but he declares that the names of Dickens, Tennyson, and Carlyle will alone stand the test of time. He lives at the most southerly part of England, and is much given to yachting and to abusing the Irish.

Congressman William Steele Holman, of Indiana, is a high-cheeked, somewhat stoop-shouldered man, of middling height, with a firm face clean shaven as to lip and a sparse goatee and chin beard of iron gray, and acknowledges to one-and-seventy years. He is unusually cheery in conversation, and indulges in many old-fashioned terms of speech. His voice is pitched in a high key and is not over-strong, but his speeches are all extempore and are almost perfect in condensation of thought, statement, and argument. He twirls his eyeglasses when speaking, and usually carries about with him a good-sized rubber pouch filled with tobacco, for he is never without a quid in his mouth. He is a Hoosier by birth, and began life as a district school-teacher. His public career commenced just half a century ago, when he became judge of the Court of Probate, which position he held for three years. He subsequently became in turn Prosecuting Attorney, a member of the Constitutional Convention of Indiana, a member of the Indiana Legislature, and judge of the Court of Common Pleas. Then he was elected to Congress. This was in 1859. He has now served nearly twenty-eight years in the Lower House, and disputes the right to the title of "Father of the House" with Congressman O'Neill of Pennsylvania. It was Samuel J. Randall who first called him the "Watch-dog of the Treasury," a nickname which still clings to him. "To my knowledge," he said, "he has saved the country in his career in Congress nearly five hundred million dollars."

Charles Gounod, the great composer, is a white-haired, stoop-shouldered man, with soft smiling blue eyes and a full beard of old gold copiously streaked with gray, and is much addicted to a seal-skin cap and a huge fur collar. He is somewhat given to posing on occasion, and there is just the slightest suspicion of affectation in his manner, which is profoundly sympa-



thetic, but this dissolves on acquaintance, and he has a horror of anything cold or stiff. He is fond of sandwiching his talk with poetic metaphors, and is altogether of an intensely religious and sentimental turn of mind. He is now four-and-seventy, and lives, like Verdi, in complete seclusion save when composing some opera or oratorio, when he hurries to the privacy of an old cathedral town and hires a lodging in its very quietest corner, subsequently obtaining from the *curé* an order to work in the cathedral, which permission is never refused, so that it is quite a common thing in the churches of Amiens or Rouen to see him seated in the centre of the choir, flourishing his arms, or else pacing to and fro, occasionally penning notes with frantic haste. Few composers who have risen to eminence have had more failures at the outset of their career than the author of "Faust." It is now four-and-thirty years since this most successful of modern operas took the musical world by storm and placed Gounod at the head of operatic composers. This success was more remarkable seeing that though Goethe's masterpiece had been previously set to music almost a hundred times, not one of these efforts was considered worthy of the theme.

Major-General Oliver O. Howard is rising three-and-sixty, and when not in uniform dresses after the fashion of a Methodist minister. That is to say, he wears a white bow necktie under a black broadcloth coat of clerical cut, the right sleeve of which is pinned across his breast with a gold pin, the arm having been shot off at the battle of Fair Oaks, June 1, 1862. This did not cure him of his bravery, however, for he speedily returned to the army, and was engaged at Antietam and Fredericksburg and commanded an army corps at Chancellorsville and at Gettysburg. He had previously commanded a brigade at the battle of Bull Run. He also participated in the actions of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, was present at Resaca, Kenesaw Mountain, and the siege of Atlanta, and was with Sherman on his famous "March to the Sea." He has gained distinction in other fields as well, for he is an LL.D. of Howard University, of which he was President for four years. He has recently paid a flying visit to Europe and turned his attention to literary pursuits. At present, as is well known, he commands the Division of the Atlantic. He is a devout believer in Moody and Sankey.

Archdeacon Farrar is a ruddy-faced, bald-headed, pleasant-mannered man of two-and-sixty, with a fringe of gray hair and a suspicion of side-whisker. His father was a Bombay missionary. The son early showed a desire to succeed. Having learned all that Cambridge could teach him, he took holy orders, and, after holding various minor positions of importance, became head-master of Marlborough College. Then he wrote a Life of Christ, thereby earning something like ten thousand dollars, as well as some reputation among the orthodox. He has since become in turn chaplain to the Queen, canon and archdeacon of Westminster, and chaplain to the House of Commons. As a preacher he is popular, and he is given to proclaiming some strange doctrines of his own on occasion. He declares, among other things, that he does not believe in the expected end of the wicked, and he advocates the establishment of a kind of monastic order of brethren vowed to poverty and celibacy. Yet withal he has a goodly income and is the father of a large family. He is also a good man of business and an apostle of temperance. He is quite self-made.

*M. Crofton.*



# MRS. ROMNEY.

BY

ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY,

AUTHOR OF "NOT LIKE OTHER GIRLS," "QUEENIE'S WHIM," "MARY ST. JOHN,"  
ETC.

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# LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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MAY, 1893.

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## MRS. ROMNEY.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### MISS VAUGHAN OF BANKSLAND.

"You are not like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once, are you?"

SHERIDAN.

MRS. ROMNEY again!

It was too provoking! The reiteration was almost offensive; it was becoming intolerable; it was really more than feminine flesh and blood could bear; it was like the scarifying sting of a small blood-thirsty insect, for it raised troublesome and invidious comparisons.

Elsie was not a patient person,—not one of those docile, tractable, lovable people whom it is a delight to train and discipline,—who can be drilled, exercised, and formed according to the teacher's whim and pleasure. She was as shy and wild as an unbroken colt accustomed to the sweet dews and breezes of an upland pasture and ignorant as yet of snaffle and curb and a future master; she was full of tricks and frolics, and not averse to small tempers, that were as brief and gusty as a storm in a teacup; and then, like most girls, she had such a good opinion of herself!

Her engagement was only four-and-twenty hours old, and she was already repenting it; at least—yes, she was almost sure that she repented it; she was out of humor with herself and Oliver; and Mrs. Romney—tiresome Mrs. Romney—was the stumbling-block, the *casus belli*, the apple of discord!

And yet what had Oliver said, after all? He had made two or three harmless remarks. In the first flush of his joy and triumph, when Elsie had yielded her perverse little self to his impassioned pleading, almost his first words had been, "Darling, how pleased Romney will be to hear this!" and then, as though by an after-thought, "and Mrs. Romney." And by and by, "You will like Mrs. Romney,

Elsie; every one likes my sister-in-law, she has such a big, grand nature. There is nothing little about her. I always tell Romney that he is a fortunate fellow to have such a wife."

Well, she had not minded this; she was glad to have such a favorable report of Oliver's sister-in-law; she was curious to hear all about her new connections; so she had questioned him a little closely and anxiously on the subject of Mrs. Romney's good looks; but here he had disappointed her; she could make nothing of his descriptions: no, certainly Oliver was not good at description.

"Is Mrs. Romney handsome?—I always call her Mrs. Romney: I like the name, somehow,—it pleases me better than Catherine. Well, no, not exactly,—no, certainly not," with greater decision of manner. "My taste leans more to brown hair with a ruddy gleam in it, and eyes that are as blue and soft as—well, what am I saying to make you look so shy, Elsie? Ah, we were talking about Mrs. Romney, were we? Well, if you must have it, she is not handsome; she is dark, and her features are irregular, but she has plenty of expression, and she looks uncommonly well in evening dress. She has magnificent arms and hands,—Thorold asked permission to model them for his *Andromache*,—and she is altogether a very graceful sort of person."

"And your brother fell in love with her?"

"Yes," with marked gravity, "Romney fell in love with her." Oliver had a tiresome habit of repeating his words, as though he delighted in them. "Men will do it, you know, and the disease is very catching. Why, even I, the most sedate and stoical of Her Majesty's officers, was not invulnerable to—to——" and here it must be owned that Mrs. Romney dropped rather suddenly out of the conversation; she fell as heavily as a plummet into a well, as Milton says, "The lazy leaden-stepping hours, whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace;" in fact, she sank like a stone.

But the remark that had incensed Elsie, and that had brought that impatient and very improper exclamation to her lips, "Really, Captain Carfax, I am tired to death of Mrs. Romney before I have seen her!" was this:

"I do hope, dear, that you and Mrs. Romney will be good friends. Her being so many years older is all the better; for, having no mother or sister, you poor child, you must often want a word of advice; and Mrs. Romney is so sensible, and then she has so much more experience!" There was a speech to make to a spoiled heiress,—to Miss Vaughan of Banksland! but it only showed an absolute want of tact on Oliver's part. Certainly Captain Carfax should have known better. For it is a well-known psychological fact, and one that commends itself specially to the female mind, that if a person hitherto unknown be unduly or over-much eulogized and belauded, the auditor at once becomes conscious of secret antagonism and an intense desire to pick holes and find fault with such a piece of perfection, and to view him or her in a bad light. "The white light that beats" upon the throned and sceptred being brings out one's imperfections into stronger relief. If Mrs. Romney were, in her husband's and Oliver's eyes, this paragon of womanhood, this pink and acme of perfection, this chrysolite without

flaw or blemish, then she—Elsie Vaughan—would only seem a very weak, faulty little person, and it behooved her at once to take up sword and spear in her own defence.

The scene, the situation, the accessories of the picture, were simply perfect: an artist might have roved amid the whole thing and laid the foundation of his future success as a R.A., as he painted in the lights and shades of that simple, every-day, and yet wholly idyllic picture. Banksland stood high above the river; in the spring its sloping lawn looked as gay as a ball-room, with its huge horse-chestnut trees loaded with red and white blossoms, and commanded a bewitching view of deep-green meadows, where cranesbill and small yellow rock roses grew, with wild thyme and all manner of dainty herbage; while below, the silver trail of the river gleamed between the trees, with fairy-like sails dotted here and there among the greenery. The sunshine, the blue sky, the red roofs of the boat-houses, and the milky whiteness of geese waddling over the common, gave vivid coloring to the picture; while, in the foreground, the garden at Banksland, Elsie's roses, and her own charming little white-gowned self, her striking personality, and the quiet, languid-looking man stretched at her feet, made up the idyll.

Oliver Carfax was by no means a handsome man; in the opinion of his mother, Lady Carfax, all the beauty of the family had centred in the person of his brother Romney, who was indeed a prince among men, though he had an Englishman's unconsciousness of the fact. If Romney were proud of anything, it was of his keen eye and straight aim and his remarkably good taste in choosing a wife: for the rest, he had plenty of excellent muscle, kept himself in good condition, had a horror of growing stout and of missing a shot, and rather liked to be told that he had a good tailor; men, even the best of them, having their private weakness.

Oliver looked small and pale and a trifle insignificant beside his brother's splendid proportions and magnificent physique; but he had a way with him that people could not overlook. He was a soldier, and he looked the character to the life; and he had no nonsense about him, except a habit of half closing his eyes as though he had weak sight, and a slow, indifferent way of speaking when people were strange to him, that rather aggravated them, because they fancied he was bored and did not like them; and in nine cases out of ten they were right. On Elsie herself he had made a distinctly unfavorable impression. She had seen him for the first time at the Trentham ball: it was the evening of her greatest triumph, for more than one susceptible youth had fallen an easy prey to the young heiress's charm. "An orphan, no encumbrances, and a tidy little fortune of her own,—by Jove! it will just suit me down to the ground: and as for looks, there is not a girl in the place to hold a candle to her; plenty of go, too,—just my sort." These were the inward reflections of more than one young aspirant to Miss Vaughan's favor. Elsie was quite ready to do her part, to smile on them and answer their neat little speeches with the bright intelligence that seemed natural to her: she was outwardly gracious to all her partners, but she preferred the tall handsome ones;

and she was secretly chagrined to find that Captain Carfax had put down his name on her programme for three valse.

Certainly she must own, however, that he danced well, exceedingly well; he had a gliding smoothness of step that suited her to a nicety; but a fair, pale man with half-closed eyes and a quiet drawl that appeared to her a little affected was not to her taste. He seemed half asleep, he was bored, he wanted waking up; she felt inclined to say something rude to him, something that would rouse him from his lethargy, that would make him open his eyes. and—but here Elsie grew suddenly hot, and unturled her fan a little nervously, while she fixed her eyes on a spurred heel before her. She had had a shock; she was just going to open her lips, the first word of the flippant little speech was about to be spoken, when suddenly Captain Carfax's heavy lids had raised themselves of their own accord, and a glance so keen and searching, so full of life, had met hers, that she had become suddenly dumb and confused; and he was speaking, too, with the utmost animation and friendliness: "I knew we should get on awfully; your step just suits mine, Miss Vaughan: shall we have another turn? the last was perfect; if you are not tired,—thanks;" and she was whirled round the room again,—no, not whirled,—that word would hardly convey the smooth firm precision with which Captain Carfax guided her through the maze of dancers; it was the very poetry of motion. He did not say much to her,—Oliver was one who talked by fits and starts,—but somehow his silence was eloquent and pregnant with meaning; a sort of weight attached to his simplest sentences; when he said, later on, "You must have an ice," Elsie somehow felt that that frigid form of refreshment had become an imperative necessity to her. There was quite a crowd round the door when she made her appearance from the cloak-room; she had a bewildering blue hood trimmed with white fur that dazzled the young men's eyes; a blue hood ever after seemed to them the loveliest article of feminine attire that they had ever seen. "There is rather a deep step; let me assist you," and Captain Carfax was by her side; no one had seen him push his way to the front; yet a moment before he had been in the hall. Elsie could have declared that her fan had been in her hand when she left the cloak-room; it was one she greatly prized, for it had belonged to her mother; the loss took away all the pleasure of a successful evening, and she laid down her programme and her gloves on her toilet table with a sense that Solomon was right after all, and that all was vanity and vexation of spirit; and there was certainly a suspicion of moisture in her bright eyes as she arrived at this lugubrious conclusion. Her delight was unbounded, then, when the next afternoon, just as Morgan was setting the tea-table, Captain Carfax was announced, and she saw him entering her drawing-room with the fan in his hand; his moustache twitched a little as he heard her exclaim, "Oh, the dear thing! how good of you to bring it, Captain Carfax! Where did you find it? Did I drop it in the hall or on the steps, or did I leave it in the cloak-room?" Elsie remembered afterwards that none of these questions had been answered: the finding of the fan remained a mystery, until, months afterwards, Oliver informed her that he had quietly taken it out of

her hand as she was getting into the carriage. "I wanted a pretext for calling. It was rather a clever device, eh, Elsie?"

"No, sir, it was nothing of the kind!" she returned, indignantly; "it was an infamous robbery: you stole my fan; and I cried—I actually cried—over the loss."

"Oh, come, now, no exaggeration; exchange is no robbery,—I learned that in the nursery: if I stole your fan, you had stolen my heart already; it was love at first sight; when I wrote my name in your programme I knew it was all up with your humble servant."

Elsie never knew why she had accepted Captain Carfax, which she did quite meekly the moment he asked her; she told him afterwards rather crossly that he had given her no chance,—metaphorically, he had carried her off her feet.

"I did not in the least wish to be engaged," she remarked, thoughtfully, as he was about to bid her good-night that evening, and her tone was a little reproachful; the spoiled child had always been used to speak her mind on every occasion.

Oliver had risen, but he sat down again and caressed his moustache: it was not much of a moustache, being sandy in color and a trifle wiry. "No, I suppose not," he observed, after an interval of silence.

"You put too strong a pressure on me. I always told Uncle George"—Uncle George was Elsie's guardian and sole relative—"that I never intended to be engaged until I was three-and-twenty."

"Ah, we often make a false shot," he returned, cheerfully. "I once told Romney that I was out for an old bachelor, but he did not believe me: so we were both wrong, you see. You will find it awfully jolly, being engaged, when you once get used to it; I like it already." And with this he took his leave. Elsie made up her mind that she would send him a note the next morning releasing him from his engagement. "I promised too quickly," she thought of saying; "I should prefer to have my three years of freedom, after all;" but she somehow lacked courage to send the note; but, being an impulsive girl, she showed it to him when he came, just to see how he took it; but he only read it and screwed it up in his hand smiling, and went on with the conversation. He hoped Romney would ask him to take her down to the Frythe; he would have a month's leave of absence in June, and it would be capital sport driving her in Romney's dog-cart or riding with her about Fordham; and he drew such a pleasant description of the Frythe and Fordham that Elsie quite longed for the invitation, and the talk flowed on smoothly until Oliver's injudicious speech about Mrs. Romney awoke her smouldering ire.

"I am quite sure that I shall detest Mrs. Romney."

Elsie looked provokingly pretty as she made this speech; the sunshine was in her eyes, and she had contrived a screen with Oliver's hat, the truth being that he had offered it to her for the purpose. "My object in life is to get sunburnt," he assured her, solemnly, as she looked apologetically at his closely-cropped head: his hair looked almost bleached in the sunshine: a phrenologist, however, would have been profoundly satisfied with the shape and formation, the bumps of



concentrativeness, cautiousness, firmness, and benevolence being well developed.

Oliver had a pebble in his hand ; the gravel path was behind him and offered him a store of small missiles ; he had made up his mind to hit a knob of wood in a garden chair at some distance. When Elsie had uttered her fractious little speech, he took aim, and the pebble grazed the knob.

"Good," he observed, briefly, and his tone showed self-satisfaction ; then he turned lightly on his side and took Elsie's hand.

"You are very young, dear," he said, in an amused tone, "but you will grow older and wiser every year. I rather admire your downright speeches, they are so thoroughly honest. Poor Mrs. Romney ! well, I will not say any more about her just now ; she shall plead her own cause."

Oliver was really behaving very generously, but he had only been engaged twenty-four hours, and he was far too happy to quarrel with his *fiancée* ; he was more in love with Elsie than the girl knew or even guessed ; she had not the faintest notion of the real nature of the man to whom she had plighted her troth,—of his depth of character, and his strong tenacity of purpose ; his manner was misleading, his assumed languor hid him like a mask. Captain Carfax did not always choose to be understood : he had not yet willed to reveal himself to his young betrothed. But in spite of his generosity Elsie felt herself aggrieved. Miss Vaughan of Banksland was an important person. She did not want to be forgiven and patted on the head like a naughty little girl, so she said, severely, "You talk so much of Mrs. Romney, and so little of your mother. I am more anxious to see Lady Carfax. Miss Dalton told me that she is very handsome."

"She is a good-looking woman," he returned, quietly. "You know my father is an invalid, Elsie, and my mother devotes herself to him ; that is why Romney lives at the Frythe, instead of having a house of his own, that he may be at hand to manage everything : the house is so big, and my mother wished it. She and my father have the east wing to themselves."

"I wonder Mrs. Romney likes such an arrangement," observed Elsie, a little disdainfully. If Oliver had asked her to live with his parents—well, she would have had but one answer to that.

"Mrs. Romney is one who never consults her own wishes," returned Oliver, gravely. "Romney said that it was his duty to consider his parents, and that he would like to live at the Frythe, so she said at once that she wished it too. Now, then, shall I take you for a row on the river?" but he seemed so sure of Elsie's consent that he jumped up from the grass and shook himself, as though to prepare for action. Elsie half thought of saying, "No," by way of testing her power, but she changed her mind, and arrayed herself instead in a smart boating-dress, and a sailor hat that suited her to perfection, and they spent the rest of the afternoon among the swans and sedges.

## CHAPTER II.

## CAPTAIN CARFAX HAS HIS WAY.

MUR. We are men, my liege.

MAC. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men.

*Macbeth.*

ONE lovely afternoon in June, when every winged creature great or small was doing its little best to swell creation's mighty symphony, its "Lieder ohne Worte," as some one has said, and all young things were gambolling on the earth out of mere wantonness and exuberance of life, Elsie Vaughan sat in the corner of a first-class compartment bemoaning her hard fate with silent bitterness and self-pity, and deriving an immense though morbid pleasure from the process.

Elsie was perusing her own feelings and prospects with the same concentration of industry with which Captain Carfax was seemingly studying his *Times*; but she was too engrossed with her own thoughts to notice sundry keen and amused glances levelled in her direction. When Elsie looked at Oliver, which she did occasionally, rather haughtily and with a touch of defiance, he was always engrossed in his leader, and presented a blank and expressionless visage. At such moments Oliver looked decidedly plain. Elsie considered herself the most miserable of girls, because she had been engaged three whole weeks, and had not yet made up her mind whether she liked or detested her bonds, and was now on her way to be interviewed by Oliver's relatives. Being a shy little mortal, in spite of her conceit, Elsie was in a state of nervous collapse,—the thought of Mrs. Romney being the sole irritant. She was more than ever determined that Mrs. Romney would be her *bête noire*, the wolf in sheep's clothing who would ruin all her pleasure at Fordham. Elsie had come to the conclusion that an engaged person resembled a bird with its wings clipped; her flights were curtailed and regulated by a masculine will: Miss Vaughan had at times a humiliating consciousness that she had found her master. Now and then she felt as though she almost hated this quiet smooth-tongued man who made her pretty speeches and told her that she was young. As Elsie was nineteen, she objected to be considered young; besides which, Oliver was only five-and-twenty,—which proved he was not a Methuselah,—and ought not to give himself airs. But on the whole she respected him, and her hatred must have been in embryo, as they had enjoyed a good deal of boating together during his brief visits to Banksland, and his letters had been eagerly read and answered with a great deal of painstaking care, the slightest erasure necessitating a clean copy. How tenderly Captain Carfax had laid aside these neat girlish epistles, with their faint fragrance of rose-leaves, their formal beginnings and small stilted sentences, and the rush of words at the end! Elsie's postscript resembled herself, and revealed her meaning with blunt honesty. When she told Oliver that she was not sure that she wanted to see him, that she was quite happy with Uncle George, but that he might come if he liked, she meant every word she said, and Oliver believed her, but he came all the same, and made himself so agreeable that she was sorry when he returned to

Aldershot. Elsie hardly knew how Oliver managed her, but she was conscious that she was managed: the idea fretted her at times and brought on one of her contradictory humors. On one or two occasions she had behaved very badly to her *fiancé*, but he had never seemed to notice it; once the snub had been publicly administered, and her chaperon, Mrs. Fielding, had given her a sharp reprimand; for she was a determined sort of person and had known Elsie's mother. "How could you treat Captain Carfax so rudely, Elsie? I was quite ashamed of you. You are far too old to sulk like a baby," she had said, so severely that Elsie had first quarrelled with her and had then burst into tears, and in the end had begged Oliver's pardon. Perhaps her worst punishment was the way Oliver received her apology.

"There is no need of this between you and me, darling," he had said, quietly. "I understand you better than you do yourself. But don't try it on at the Frythe, or my mother and Mrs. Romney will think you younger than you are." Self-command is learned later in life; it was in this way Oliver took his revenge. For a day and a half Elsie went about her own house like a whipped kitten, and Captain Carfax and Mrs. Fielding exchanged glances. Oliver knew that the object of his idolatry was only a child woman, and had not grown into her full stature of womanhood; but nothing could exceed his reverence. She was crude, airified, and full of whimseys, but then, as he told Mrs. Romney, her mother had died before Elsie was eight years old. "Mr. Brudenell—Uncle George, as she calls him—is an old bachelor, and does not understand girls; and Mrs. Fielding, good creature as she is and devoted to Elsie, is only a married old maid. Ask Romney what I mean by that, if you do not understand me." But Mrs. Romney thought that she understood Oliver's meaning very well, and put down his letter with a stifled sigh.

"Men of Oliver's calibre like to educate their wives, at least discipline them, before they marry them," she said later on to her husband as they discussed the letter, as they discussed most things, in Romney's smoking-room. "A full-fledged wife would not suit him at all. She is more a child than a woman; I can read that between the lines; but Oliver will love her all the better for the trouble she gives him. Oliver is a Carfax." And somehow the last few words were as soft as a caress.

"I always said you were the cleverest woman I ever knew, Catherine," returned her husband, admiringly. "You ought to have married Oliver, for as far as cleverness goes you two are a match: Oliver, confound the fellow's impudence, has more brains in his little finger than I have in my whole body." But, as usual when Romney made these humble speeches, his wife only looked at him with worshipping eyes: he was a king among men, and yet his Kitty, as he loved to call her, satisfied him.

Elsie's great fault in Captain Carfax's eyes was that she was an heiress; this was a serious blemish, and nearly prevented him from proposing to her; but he learned two or three proverbs by heart, such as "Gold is dross," "Manners makythe man," "Faint heart ne'er won fair lady," and a few others; and when he felt his pride was suffi-

ciently well nourished, and Elsie's filthy lucre had shrunk to its right proportions in the scale of the universe, he made tracks, as the people say, and his chariot-wheels ceased to drive heavily.

So much in life depends on one's own philosophy. If Diogenes had been thin-skinned, and had cared more for people's opinion than for his own stoicism, he would hardly have lived in a tub with contented equanimity: and even Simeon Stylites, unsupported by a supernatural love of asceticism and maceration, might have repented and bemoaned himself on his pillar. No one could long look dignified in the pillory, even before the rotten eggs appeared; dignity requires the use of the limbs, or at least the free carriage of the head. Marcus Aurelius Antoninus remarks somewhat pithily, "Constantly, and, if it be possible, on the occasion of every impression on the soul, apply to it the principles of Physic, of Ethic, and of Dialectic." This is vague, at least to the feminine understanding: he is better where he says, "No man will hinder thee from living according to the reason of thy own nature: nothing will happen to thee contrary to the reason of the universal nature."

Captain Carfax's bumps or rather organs of acquisitiveness and firmness being unusually prominent, nothing, humanly speaking, could hinder him from making love to the young heiress; and as Oliver generally succeeded when he gave his mind to a thing, Elsie's chances of escape were nil.

He was admiring her with all his heart at that moment. If she looked so pretty in the dumps, he was the luckiest fellow in the world; for of course every woman had her little tempers, and so long as she did not look ugly or sour, and the temper was not of the sullen or vindictive kind, he thought he could put up with it; but when Elsie's mouth drooped at the corners in that irresistible way, his stoicism, albeit of the Diogenes or Simeon Stylites sort, vanished in a moment. He was absurd, he was a fool, but he could not bear the child to look unhappy, and so—and so—but any lover over age could predict exactly how Oliver would act, and what he would say.

"Do you feel better now, darling,—just a tiny bit happier?"

"Yes—oh! I don't know," and then, clasping her little gray-gloved hands, which had somehow got mixed up with Oliver's, she continued rather hysterically, "but I have been so dreadfully unhappy,—and you did not care."

"How do you know? Were you looking at me?" Oliver put this atrocious question quite calmly, but Elsie flamed up in a moment:

"No, of course not. Why should I look at you, when you have made me so miserable? I never wanted to come to Fordham; you ought not to have asked me to do such a thing; no girl ought to be put in such a position; and I have been crying. What will Mrs. Romney think of me? Oh, if I were only safe with Uncle George and Aunt Minnie!"—this being Mrs. Fielding's *sobriquet*; and here Elsie dabbed her face with a small modicum of French cambric that she called a handkerchief.

"You poor little tired child," was Oliver's caressing answer, "don't be afraid of Mrs. Romney: she will be very good to you, every one

will be good to you, first for my sake and then for your own. Why," continued Oliver, keeping the *bonne bouche* for the last, "they will fall in love with you the moment they see you; no one could help it," finished the artful young man, as Elsie bridled and a little rose-leaf flush came into her pale cheeks.

"Oh, do you think so?" she gasped, but she never completed her sentence, for, with Oliver still holding her hand as though he had a right to do it, the train suddenly slackened, and a voice that sounded wonderfully familiar said, "Here they are, Kitty, first-class too, and I have won my bet," and the handsomest man she had ever seen in her life was waving a straw hat with a white ribbon around it.

Oliver took it very coolly: he never even dropped Elsie's hand, but the motion of his elbow gave him the appearance of helping her to rise.

"Actually Romney has put in an appearance! How are you, old man? Pretty fit? That's right.—Elsie, this is my big brother, who used to bully me when I was a small boy: people take us for twins now." But here Oliver found himself unceremoniously pushed out of the way.

"Don't listen to him, Miss Vaughan; he was always a precocious little beggar, and told no end of fibs. Well, I am delighted to see you. Where is that wife of mine? Catherine! Kitty! What has happened to the woman? she seems in a fix."

Mrs. Romney was certainly in a fix: she had been following her husband, pressing towards the railway-carriage, when she became entangled with a lady, a boy, and a dog: the lady was leading the dog, a small unhappy-looking pug, and the chain had caught Mrs. Romney's jacket-button; the boy, who was carrying cakes and butter-scotch, collided with them both, and the cakes strewed the platform. Mrs. Romney, who had a kind heart, and was touched by the lad's piteous dismay, had stopped to make herself useful, and all but one piece of butter-scotch had been replaced on the tray. Then she gathered herself up, smiling, and kissed Elsie before every one.

"How nice of you to come! Oliver was a good boy to bring you. We are all going to spoil you dreadfully.—Romney, I can hear Jess is fidgeting. Has Scott collected the luggage?—Oliver, please put Elsie into the wagonette; Romney is going to drive. I must just see if my cake-boy is quite happy in his mind."

"Awfully stiff and conventional, isn't she?" whispered Oliver, as he helped Elsie into the wagonette, and then he went in search of his sister-in-law. The Squire had gathered up the reins, and was looking complacently at the broad brown backs of the handsome pair of horses before him, then he flicked a fly off Jess's left ear. Elsie was too shy to address him; she had never seen such a magnificent man in her life: she was relieved when she saw Oliver and Mrs. Romney hurrying up to them. Mrs. Romney was flushed and out of breath.

"So sorry to keep you waiting, dear, but accidents will happen. A child fell down, and we had to pick her up and console her with some chocolate: such a dear little mite!—Are you quite comfortable in that corner, Elsie? You see I do not mean to be formal. Don't



trouble to talk if you're too tired; I hate people to talk to me when I am tired; and I have a hundred things to say to Oliver: we are tremendous cronies, he and I." And Mrs. Romney beamed on her brother-in-law.

Elsie was thankful to be left in peace for a few moments: her ideas wanted readjusting. This was not the Mrs. Romney she had been picturing to herself, the "graceful sort of person" who was Oliver's paragon, this talkative young woman in an old gray dust-cloak and an unbecoming hat, a hat that quite hid the smooth dark hair and broad forehead. Certainly Mrs. Romney was not handsome, not even pretty; one could almost call her plain. She had a frank mouth and a pleasant voice, but she talked so dreadfully fast and seemed to manage everybody. How could such a handsome man fall in love with such a plain woman? Then she remembered the arms and hands that had been modelled for Andromache, and felt that her criticism was a little premature; no one could look well in an old gray dust-cloak.

"Is this Fordham?" she asked, by way of making herself agreeable. Oliver would like to hear her talk: she must summon up courage and introduce a subject.

Mrs. Romney was ready with her answer in a moment: "Good gracious, no, child: Fordham is a village. This is Draycott, our county town. We have a railway-station, but there are so few suitable trains that my husband thought it would be better to drive from Draycott. Are you fond of the country, Elsie? Can you make yourself happy in a small quiet place? there will be little to amuse you, I fear. At Dene you had the river and boating. Ah, I know Dene well, and it is near London. Fordham will seem quite dead-and-alive after Dene."

"Oh, no, I love the country," returned Elsie, eagerly; but just then, just as she was getting into the swing of conversation, when the ice was beginning to break between her and the formidable Mrs. Romney, the Squire's voice was heard peremptorily ordering Kitty to look sharp and be ready to bow to the Ferards, and a barouche full of smiling nodding young women passed them, and four pairs of inquisitive eyes looked full at Elsie.

"Some neighbors of ours, who live at Castlebank. Romney is devoted to Laura Ferard: aren't you, Romney? What am I to look at next, dear?" for the Squire was signalling vigorously while he gave Jess a cut with the whip for her bad behavior in shying at a tinker's brazier. "Oh, I understand.—Elsie, do you see this gentleman who is following us in the dog-cart and who is trying to overtake us if Romney will let him? This is our next neighbor, Mr. Lockhart: he lives in a pretty little cottage called 'The Hut.'"

"Rab Lockhart is a character," put in Oliver. "Shall we enlighten her, Mrs. Romney, or shall we allow her to find out Rab for herself? Halloo! Black Madge has bolted. Rab means mischief. Hold hard, Romney, old fellow: don't let the browns get excited, or we shall all land in the ditch." And, thus admonished, the Squire reined in his horses.

"I always said Black Madge had the devil in her," shouted Mr.

Lockhart in rather a shrill voice as the dog-cart came alongside the wagonette. "The top of the morning to you, Squire; your humble servant, Mrs. Romney; ah, my friend the Captain—and——" here the triumphant Jehu ceased waving his white hat, and stared hard at Elsie. Mrs. Romney and Oliver exchanged looks, but neither spoke. A close observer would have suggested that both were bent on mischief. The Squire frowned, and drove on in rather a testy manner. Mr. Lockhart, who seemed waiting for an introduction, jerked his reins as a hint to Black Madge, and continued staring.

Elsie felt inclined to laugh, he was such a droll-looking little man; his bald head as he raised his hat was as bare as an ivory ball, save for the fringe of tow-colored hair which with a small stubbly moustache was his only hirsute ornament. He was small of stature, and his face was as round and chubby as a boy's, and had a shining polished look as though soap as well as water were freely used. His gray overcoat, white waistcoat, and large hothouse flower proved that Mr. Lockhart took care of his outer man. Elsie began to feel the persistent gaze of his prominent light blue eyes somewhat oppressive; she drew herself up and made a remark to Oliver.

"How far have we to go?" she asked, but, to her annoyance, Mr. Lockhart answered her:

"How far, Miss—humph, I beg your pardon, but I did not catch your name," meaningly,—a dead silence on Oliver's and Mrs. Romney's part; then, in a baffled and humble manner, "We are only a mile from Fordham; we have just passed the last milestone. We shall be in the Frythe in another quarter of an hour, Miss—humph-humph."

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### CHAPTER III.

#### AN ORDEAL.

Yet do I fear thy nature:  
It is too full of the milk of human kindness.  
*Macbeth.*

"MY name——" began Elsie, haughtily, but just at that moment Mrs. Romney begged her in an excited manner to look behind her at the funny little litter of black pigs in an orchard they were passing. "Do look at them; they cannot be more than three days old. Did you ever see such darling black infants?"

"I am thinking of buying one of them," observed Mr. Lockhart. "Do you like roast sucking-pig, Mrs. Romney?" And as that lady made a gesture of disgust, he continued in a persuasive manner to Elsie, "I have no pig-sty at The Hut; it is a great mistake; but I am intending to build one. Perhaps, Miss—humph-humph—when you and Mrs. Romney do me the honor of a little visit you will allow me to point out the site—— Eh, what, Squire?"

"You might have invited me, Rab," returned the Squire, quite restored to good humor, and entering into the joke. "I never allow Mrs. Romney to go anywhere without me, for fear of her getting into



mischievous. You are not a safe man, Rab : a gay young spark and lady-killer like you—no, no ; I could not trust Mrs. Romney.”

The little man looked delighted at this chaff ; he rubbed his hands together, bringing his whip into such smart collision with his face that the lash stung him. “ You are jesting, Squire. It is just the Squire’s fun, isn’t it, captain ? Not trust Mrs. Romney ! Ha ha ! We know better, don’t we, madam ? How about that meeting over at Draycott at eight o’clock on Thursday evening ? ”

“ How about the inventions of you gentlemen ? ” returned Mrs. Romney, with a light laugh. “ Romney, dear, please do not let the horses go to sleep. Whitefoot is so dreadfully lazy. You must tell Scott to dock his oats : he is growing fat. ”

“ Fat ! ” returned the Squire, irritably, for this was touching him on a sore place. “ What on earth do you mean, Catherine ? Whitefoot is in splendid condition. Look at his glossy coat ; and as for the pace,—why, that mare of Lockhart’s is all in a fret and a foam with keeping up with us. But there is no pleasing you women. ”

“ No, dear, we are troublesome creatures, ” continued Mrs. Romney, gently ; then she stood up in the wagonette, and, steadying herself by laying a hand on her husband’s shoulder, whispered something to him that must have been conciliatory, to judge from his pleased expression.

“ None of your blarney, Kitty, ” they heard him say, and then Mrs. Romney laughed and sat down again, but Elsie thought she looked suddenly very tired.

The dog-cart had dropped behind a moment, as a cart was approaching them, and Elsie, relieved from the admiring gaze of the prominent blue eyes, began to take note of her surroundings. They had just passed a beautiful church and churchyard, and were driving through a trim, bright-looking village. Elsie had a rapid impression of cream-colored cottages with gardens full of roses and tall blue delphiniums and masses of gray and mauve campanulas ; the air was perfumed with honeysuckles and roses, and as they passed the school-house a small round-faced child in a big white sun-bonnet toddled after the wagonette with a large nosegay of honeysuckles and dark-red clover in her hand.

“ For dear ma’ams, ” she gasped, and would have been under the hoofs of Black Madge the next moment, had not Oliver leaned over the wagonette and dexterously hitched up the little one by her petticoats. No one could tell how he did it. Mrs. Romney bit her lips to keep in a shriek, and watched him with paling face, while Black Madge snorted and reared ; and then Oliver, breathing hard, sat down again, with the child in his arms. The Squire had stopped his horses at Elsie’s exclamation, and was waiting for an explanation, but no one gave it to him. Mrs. Romney was on her knees, kissing the child, and crying over the flowers, and Oliver sat languidly fanning himself. Elsie, in spite of her dislike to public demonstration, caught his hand in passing, and gave it a little squeeze.

“ Oh, Oliver, how splendid ! ”

“ Wasn’t it, Miss—humph-humph ! ” exclaimed Mr. Lockhart, with a chuckle. “ Never saw such a thing in my life. The captain

might have spent his life in picking up children ; quite a practised hand, so cool and collected. Gave you a bit of strain, though." But Oliver shook his head ; he was pushing back little Jenny's sun-bonnet to see her curls, a liberty which Jenny, true to her sex, resented. "Don't want gentlemen. I dot the f'owers for dear ma'ams ;" but she ceased struggling, and nestled contentedly up to Mrs. Romney.

"Scene number three," observed the Squire, phlegmatically, when Jenny was safely delivered into her mother's keeping. "I never saw a woman with such a taste for brats as Kitty has. I have seen her kiss even the dirty ones," he continued confidentially to no one in particular.

They had gone through the length and breadth of Fordham, and were just passing a little stream bordered by hart's-tongue ferns and large ox-eyed daisies, when a substantial red brick house with a high-walled garden, and an old clock in the middle of the building, came in view ; a groom was at the gate watching for them, and the next minute they were driving up a broad gravel sweep to the entrance.

"Welcome to Frythe, Miss Vaughan," exclaimed the Squire as he threw down the reins, but his wife said, softly, "You must call her Elsie, Romney, and then she will feel herself at home," and Oliver remarked under his breath, "Hear, hear."

"We shall find Gran and Sir Henry in the drawing-room," observed Mrs. Romney as she led the way through the wide, handsome hall, with its high carved mantel-piece and oak settles, down a corridor full of flowering plants.

"Gran generally has tea in the east wing," observed Mrs. Romney, "but she said that they must be in the drawing-room to welcome you this afternoon. You know, of course, that poor Sir Henry is a sad invalid?"

"Oliver told me so," returned Elsie, with a relapse into shyness. She wanted to stop and look out of the window ; some peacocks were sunning themselves on the terrace among the roses ; a smooth green lawn led to the edge of a small lake, with a delightful clump of trees underneath which some rare water-fowl were disporting themselves : it all looked so peaceful and beautiful. But Mrs. Romney put her hand through the girl's arm and hurried her on.

"We had better get the introductions over," she said, with a smile. "Gran is a little formidable until you get used to her, but she is a dear woman, and one soon gets accustomed to her dignified ways."

As Mrs. Romney spoke, they entered a sunny little anteroom with an arched door-way leading into the drawing-room.

Elsie thought it a charming room, it was full of such delightful nooks and corners. One deep bay-window had a circular cushioned seat, and another was furnished with a low tea-table and cosey-looking chairs. A stately-looking woman with fine aristocratic features and gray curls piled on her forehead after the prevailing fashion was sitting knitting beside her husband's invalid-chair. Sir Henry was a thin, nervous-looking man, many years older than his wife : in his youth he had been handsome, and even now, in his moments of comparative ease from the painful complaint that was slowly bringing him to the

grave, he showed himself a polished and cultured gentleman, though the record of suffering was plainly stamped on his wan face, and there was latent irritability in his pale-blue eyes.

In her earlier days Lady Carfax had been a brilliant and worldly woman, but her husband's affliction had subdued her, and for some years she had simply devoted herself to him.

She rose a little formally to receive her son's *fiancée*, but before Oliver, who was following them, could speak, Mrs. Romney's frank, cheerful voice was again heard :

"Here we are, Gran, punctual to a moment ; and you must be very kind to this poor child, for she is tired out with all the strangeness."

"I hope that Oliver's belongings will not long be strange to you, my dear," returned Lady Carfax, kissing her with calm sedateness, and then Sir Henry held out a cold, shaking hand.

"We are very pleased to see you," he said, with old-fashioned courtesy. "We are quiet people for young folk. I am a sad invalid, as you see, but Lady Carfax takes great care of me.—Oliver, my boy, will you just wheel me out of the sun?—Sit down, young lady, and make yourself comfortable. Catherine will look after you ; she likes looking after people."

"Yes, dear Sir Henry, so I do." And Mrs. Romney passed her hand caressingly over the wrinkled forehead as she passed his chair. "Now, Gran, I am going to give you some tea.—Elsie, take this little chair beside me, and Oliver will wait on you." And as Elsie gratefully slid into the little sheltered nook assigned her, she almost envied Mrs. Romney her power of putting people at their ease.

"How does she do it?" thought Elsie, when ten minutes had elapsed and she found herself listening to an animated discussion between Mrs. Romney and her mother-in-law on some purchases she had made that afternoon. She was even inveigled into giving her opinion on the merits of art serges, though she was a little frightened when she discovered that Lady Carfax differed from her. "I am too old-fashioned to share your modern taste, my dear," she said, with a sort of gentle contempt in her voice. "Catherine is always telling me how old-fashioned I am : are you not, my love?"

"Yes, Gran, and you take all my rude speeches with the patience of an angel.—Elsie, this mother-in-law of mine has the sweetest temper in the world ; but you will soon find this out for yourself.—Does any one know what Romney is doing with himself?—Ah, there you are, my lord and master," as the Squire entered, and Sir Henry's face brightened perceptibly.

"How are you, father?" he asked, as he took his cup of tea from his wife's hand. "We don't often see you on this side of the house ; but I suppose it is in Miss Vaughan's honor.—Ah ! I see Kitty has taken you under her wing, Miss Vaughan ; she always does that sort of thing.—Do you remember, mother, when I introduced Kitty to you, under the same sort of circumstances ? it was three years ago, eh, Kitty?" And a blush came to Mrs. Romney's cheek.

"Only three years ? It seems longer," she said, dreamily.

"You are paying my son a poor compliment, Catherine," returned

Lady Carfax, with a smile; "but we understand her: do we not, Romney?" And the Squire laughed.

"Kitty is very Irish at times, but I have learned to translate her speeches." And Mrs. Romney, who had seemed a little abstracted, roused herself at her husband's speech.

"I only meant that three years seemed too short to hold so much happiness," she said, with a simplicity that seemed natural to her. "Gran, if you will excuse me, I should like to take Elsie to her room.—Come with me, dear." And, as they left the room together, she said, confidentially,—

"I was so sorry for you, you poor child, you looked so frightened when Gran kissed you. Gran is very imposing, and she makes one feel rather small at times; but you will soon get fond of her. You did not like me at first, did you? but you will find me a very comfortable sort of person." And, after this frank speech, Mrs. Romney pointed out to her the various arrangements for her comfort in the spacious, well-furnished room assigned for her use, and then, commending her to the care of a pleasant-looking young woman who was to act as her maid, Mrs. Romney departed, promising to return presently.

Elsie dressed herself quickly, and then, ignoring Mrs. Romney's request that she would remain quietly in her room and rest until she fetched her, she opened her door, and walked quietly down the corridor. A window-recess at the far end attracted her, but as she passed a half-open door Mrs. Romney's voice called to her: "Is that you, Elsie? Will you come and see my boy?" And as Elsie entered the nursery she heard the little ripple of baby laughter.

For a moment she felt bewildered. Could the voluble lady in the gray dust-cloak be transformed into this graceful-looking woman in black, who was standing in the middle of the room, with the fair-haired blue-eyed child in her arms?

Elsie glanced at her doubtfully, at the white unadorned neck that looked so dazzlingly fair, and at the beautifully-shaped head with its smooth coils of dark hair; and she felt Oliver's description had been correct: Mrs. Romney, in spite of her lack of beauty, was certainly an attractive woman.

"Is not Harry a darling?" she exclaimed, as Elsie kissed the child. "He is exactly like Romney; every one says so; he does not take after his mother at all. How pretty you look, Elsie! You ought always to wear white. I dare say Oliver has told you that, he has such taste. Romney never knows what dress I have on, but Oliver always notices one's clothes: if he takes a dislike to a thing, he never lets you have a moment's peace."

"May I have your boy a moment?" pleaded Elsie; but Harry hid his face on his mother's shoulder, and refused to make friends with Aunt Elsie, in spite of all entreaties.

"But you must not call me that," observed Elsie, in rather a distressed tone. "Suppose Oliver were to hear you."

"Nonsense!" returned Mrs. Romney, vigorously; "my baby boy must be taught to love his aunt. What a delicious child you are, Elsie! you answer exactly to Oliver's description; you have not disappointed

me at all. I am quite fond of you already, and yet you do not care for me a bit; but I shall make you like me; if I try, I can always make people care for me. Oliver says I am a regular witch."

"Oliver is always talking about you. He praises you to the skies." Elsie's tone was slightly dubious. Mrs. Romney, who was rocking her boy gently, gave her a quick comprehending glance.

"I shall tell Oliver that he is a goose. Of course you were prejudiced against me; but you must try and forget all his nonsense and take me on my own merits. I have not been disagreeable to you yet, have I?"

"No, indeed; you have been very kind," returned Elsie, in a conscience-stricken tone; she was sensible all at once of a curious revulsion of feeling; she was not quite so sure that she disliked Mrs. Romney. To get rid of her embarrassment she added, hastily, "I am afraid that I shall never feel at my ease with Lady Carfax."

"Oh, yes, you will," returned Mrs. Romney, with one of the sudden brilliant smiles that seemed to light up her face. "Let me tell you something. Three years ago I went through the same terrible ordeal. I did not see Gran until Romney and I were married," and, as Elsie looked rather surprised at this, she continued, a little hurriedly, "I will tell you all about that some day. My husband's people were not pleased with his choice, and Romney refused to take me to the Frythe until he could introduce me as his wife. You see, Elsie," with a sudden proud curl of her lip, "I was not an heiress like you, and both Sir Henry and Lady Carfax thought that Romney had done very badly for himself in marrying me."

"How dreadful it must have been for you!"

"Well, it was pretty bad. I shall never forget Romney's face as he stood there while Gran made her stiff conventional little speeches: 'Mrs. Romney must be tired; had we suffered from the dust? would I go to my room and rest?' and all the time there was such a lump in my throat that I could scarcely answer."

"And Mr. Romney did not help you?"

"No, dear; he was only vexed with me for my awkwardness; he was so uncomfortable himself, poor fellow, that it made him quite cross. At last I could bear it no longer; I wanted to burst out crying, or run out of the room, but I burst out laughing instead. Oh, how horrified Romney looked! But I think I should have died if I had not laughed, and I said, 'Please, please, do not look at me as though you hated me, for I mean to love you with all my heart, because you are Romney's mother,' and I threw my arms round her, and kissed her as though she had been my own darling mother, and—would you believe it, Elsie?—the dear old thing actually cried, and said that she did not mean to be unkind, and Romney got sweet-tempered in a moment, and petted us and said nice things to us both, and Gran and I sat hand in hand for the rest of the evening: what do you think of that, Elsie? Ah, there is the gong, and I can hear Oliver running up three steps at a time to fetch his lady-love."



## CHAPTER IV.

## THE FIRST EVENING AT THE FRYTHE.

Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short.

*Richard II.*

SIR HENRY always took his meals in his own room, and Lady Carfax, who had long ago resigned her place to her daughter-in-law, sat at her son's right hand, while Elsie found herself seated between Mrs. Romney and Oliver.

"I told Romney that we would not stand on ceremony," observed his wife, in a whisper, which was overheard by the Squire's sharp ears, for he remarked, in a discontented tone, as he unfolded his napkin,—

"I wish I had asked Rab to dine with us this evening. It is too bad of you to desert me in this way, Miss Vaughan, and take up with my wife. You will find that Kitty rules us all; even Oliver is under her thumb: so I advise you to look out; you will have no will of your own as long as you are at the Frythe."

"I warn you to take no notice of my son's speech," observed Lady Carfax, in her soft precise manner; "he teases Catherine dreadfully, but you will soon find out for yourself that he can do nothing without her." And she looked affectionately at her daughter-in-law. "We did not want Mr. Lockhart here this evening, did we, Catherine?"

"No, indeed," with energy. "Elsie, I hope you are aware that you have made a conquest: at the risk of making Oliver jealous, I must inform you that poor Rab has lost his heart at first sight."

Elsie looked so mystified at this that there was a general laugh at her expense; but no one enlightened her, until she and Mrs. Romney were taking a turn on the lawn while the gentlemen lighted their cigarettes in the porch, when Mrs. Romney explained the joke:

"I was quite serious when I said poor Rab had lost his heart, Elsie. Rab is a very eccentric character; he is a droll, harmless little man, and we are all very fond of him, for he is the best-natured fellow in the world; but he has a mania for falling in love: to my knowledge he has proposed to three of our guests and has been invariably refused."

"How can he be so absurd?"

"Absurd! there is something pathetic to me in Rab's persevering endeavors to get married. He has a pretty little house, and a good income, and the kindest of natures; but he is so droll-looking, such a bald-headed boy, as Oliver calls him, that no one will have anything to say to him, though I have told Romney over and over again that Rab would make the best husband in the world."

"I thought him very rude to stare at me so," returned Elsie. "Why did you refuse to take his hints? He wanted to find out my name."

"Of course he did, but Oliver and I were bent on playing him a trick. He makes love to all our young lady guests, but he would not venture on such a liberty with Oliver's *fiancée*. Was it not delicious to hear his Miss Humph-humph! Poor Rab, how his face will fall when he hears your name! He wants your advice on the subject of pig-sties, does he not, Elsie?"

"Mr. Lockhart must be very dense not to have understood that you were all laughing at him."

"I don't believe Rab is dense at all. He is quite aware of his own comicality. He makes me his confidante sometimes. He once told me, in a lamentable voice, that he wished he did not look so much like a chubby boy. I could hardly keep my countenance. Grace Carfax, a cousin of my husband, had just refused him most indignantly, and Rab's feelings had been wounded. 'She need not have spurned me as though I were a worm and no man,' he observed, with tears in his eyes."

"I can understand Miss Carfax's indignation," was Elsie's unfeeling observation on this.

"Oh, but I am tender-hearted, and I am sorry for poor little chubby-faced Rab. I will tell you a profound secret, only please do not betray me to my husband or Oliver, or they would circumvent my plan out of sheer malice. I am so sorry for Rab that I am determined to find him a wife, and I think I have some one in my mind who would exactly suit him. There, I will tell you another time, for here come the gentlemen. Elsie, do you mind talking to my husband while I take Oliver away? I have something I want to say to him." Mrs. Romney's manner changed, and she looked so beseechingly at the girl that Elsie could only assent to this.

It was evident that the Squire had no objection to this arrangement. When Elsie begged him to go on smoking he beamed on her, and observed that Oliver was a lucky fellow; and then he proposed a turn round the lake. Elsie chatted to him happily; she was glad that Oliver's brother was such a big, handsome man; he looked so strong, so genial, so thoroughly the contented Englishman, and he had such a happy faith in himself and his own belongings, no wonder his wife adored him.

He began talking about her presently. Belief in the perfections of his Kitty was evidently part of the Squire's creed; her opinions, her cleverness, her management of the boy, were all touched on with enthusiasm.

"My mother thinks that there is no one like her," he observed, presently, "and Oliver agrees with her. By the by, what has become of my wife and Oliver? I caught sight of Kitty's gown between the trees a short time ago. It is getting damp, Miss Vaughan. I propose that we go in."

Elsie agreed to this; her shoes were thin, and the grass was very wet, and the shrubbery paths were dark and damp, and she was growing tired; the Squire's pleasant easy flow of conversation ceased to interest her; she wanted to talk to Oliver; she began to feel it strange that he should desert her on this first evening for Mrs. Romney; she had a hundred questions to ask him; for his sake she had been exerting herself and trying to overcome her natural timidity; she longed for a word of commendation and assurance that he was pleased with her, and he was strolling about with Mrs. Romney and taking no notice of her at all. Elsie began to feel a little hurt and resentful. The Squire unwittingly fanned the flame:



"Upon my word, Miss Vaughan,—excuse me, I should have said Elsie,—you ought to keep Oliver in better order. He and Kitty will have to give up their moonlight prowls, now he has a young lady to look after; that wife of mine spoils him dreadfully."

The Squire made this jesting speech without any malice; he secretly delighted in the fact that his wife and his only brother were such great friends; but Elsie's discontent verged on positive discomfort.

It was too bad. She was just beginning to like Mrs. Romney, at least not to dislike her, but if she had the bad taste to monopolize Oliver and to carry him off for hours on her first evening at the Frythe (a bare hour was the limit of Mrs. Romney's audacity), she should certainly disapprove of her. Why, actually the Squire had got tired of entertaining her, and had gone in quest of his paper and a reading-lamp. Lady Carfax had retired to the east wing; and here she was actually left to herself in a strange house. And Elsie's margin of discontent broke boundaries and overflowed into positive resentment. Elsie was unaware that at that moment two dark forms were ascending the grassy slope that led to the terrace, and that they checked their footsteps involuntarily at the sight of the little white figure sitting so disconsolately under the mellow light of the big standard lamp.

"What a pretty picture, Oliver! Is it not a lovely little face? But she looks dull, poor child. Go in and talk to her while I make myself presentable. What a goose I was to cry! If Romney asks for me, tell him I have gone to see Harry."

"Ah, what? are those the truants? Upon my word, Kitty, you are a cool hand! I wonder what Miss Vaughan thinks of your monopoly of Oliver?" And the Squire, with his paper in his hand, suddenly blocked up the window.

"Is that not Harry crying?—please excuse me, dear; I will come back directly," and Mrs. Romney vanished, but not before Elsie's keen girlish eyes had detected that Mrs. Romney's face was flushed and tear-stained and that Oliver's countenance had a grave abstracted expression. Elsie was conscious of sudden irritation; her little white throat swelled for a moment, as though something choked her. "It is very late," she said, hurriedly, "and I am so tired: may I go to bed, please?"

"Of course you are tired," returned the Squire, kindly. "Kitty is not often forgetful of her guests' comfort. She ought to have taken you off with her."

"I will light your candle, Elsie." Oliver spoke with unusual abruptness: he opened the door for her somewhat gravely, but as soon as they were alone together in the dimly-lighted hall his manner changed.

"Are you very angry with me, darling?" he said, trying to detain her, but she broke away from him, and walked a little haughtily to the window, and after a moment's hesitation he followed her.

"I see you are offended with me, Elsie," he said, quietly, "but indeed I could not help myself. Mrs. Romney wanted me to assist her in a little difficulty, but we had no idea that you had been left so long alone. I was quite shocked when I heard the stable clock just now."

"Don't trouble to apologize to me," returned Elsie, coldly: "your

brother was very pleasant and entertaining, and I was very well amused." But Oliver caught her hands, with sudden irritation.

"For heaven's sake, don't take that tone with me, Elsie. Don't you see I am worried enough without that?" Oliver spoke with unusual excitement. Elsie had never seen him so moved before. What had she said? How had she hurt him? Were they quarrelling this first evening? She glanced at him a little timidly.

"It is not my fault that you have been left to yourself so long," he continued, "and you must not blame Mrs. Romney, either. Do you think I ever wish to leave you?" his voice breaking into tenderness. "Elsie, you are all the world to me, but I think you might trust me a little."

"Trust you! Of course I trust you, Oliver. What can you mean?"

"I hardly know what I do mean, darling. Something has put me out this evening, and I am not quite myself. If you knew how I was longing to talk to you! Elsie, promise me never to be offended with me again for such a little thing."

Was it such a little thing? Elsie's conscience pricked her. Oliver had always laughed at her little tempers before; he had never taken them seriously; he looked tired and worried, and—well, after all, Elsie's heart was in the right place, and there was healing enough in that shy kiss, the first she had ever offered him, for any wound, however deep.

So the treaty of peace was signed, and though Oliver's gratitude for favors received was somewhat overwhelming, and he would not allow her to leave him, Elsie felt happier than she had done since she arrived at the Frythe, and she was hardly damped when Oliver told her that he would have to leave her for a few hours the next day.

"It is a great bore," he observed, discontentedly, "for I wanted to take you for a ride; but we will make up for it in the evening."

"Must the business be done, Oliver?"

"I fear it must, dear, as I am taking the dog-cart into Draycott. Mrs. Romney proposes to accompany me, as she has some shopping to do in the town; but I shall ask my mother to drive you somewhere."

Elsie was just going to say, "Could I not go in the dog-cart too?" but she checked herself, for of course Oliver would take the groom. She was sadly disappointed, however; a ride with Oliver would be so delicious, and a drive with Lady Carfax seemed a very formidable sort of function; but she would not worry him by hinting at this. And she had her reward, for Oliver, who could read her thoughts pretty plainly, was giving her well-deserved praise; she was a dear, unselfish child, and he was ever so much obliged to her for falling in with his plans, and after this he consented to light her candle. Elsie had just taken it from him, and had wished him good-night, when the half-open door of the nursery attracted her notice, and when Oliver had left her she put down her candle and peeped in.

Mrs. Romney, still in her evening dress, was in her low rocking-chair, by the window. Her boy was lying half asleep on her lap, while she crooned a soft little lullaby over him, and one bare dimpled arm

was flung round his mother's neck. As Elsie's footsteps lingered by the door, he joined drowsily in the lullaby.

"Hush, my precious: Harry must go to sleep." Then, as she saw the girl standing beside her, she continued, "Is not Harry a naughty boy, to make poor mother take him out of his cot and sing him to sleep?"

"What a darling he is!" returned Elsie, kneeling down beside him. "How you must love him!" But as she made this very natural speech, Mrs. Romney shivered and sighed.

"I tell Romney that I love him too much. Do you know what it is to love so intensely, Elsie, that the feeling almost amounts to pain? Sometimes when I think of my two blessings I am almost afraid of my own happiness. I wonder whether you will ever feel like that with Oliver?"

"I don't know. I fear not."

"You are so very young, dear," returned Mrs. Romney, gently, and with a sudden impulse she put her arm round the girl and drew the brown head to her shoulder, "such a young motherless creature. Thank God that you have got Oliver to take care of you; never be afraid of trusting him, Elsie: he is so true, so strong, and so brave, that no woman need fear to confide her happiness to his keeping. The more you know him, the more you will love him; with the exception of my Romney, I do not know a man to compare with him."

"I know he is good," returned Elsie, softly. Her cheeks glowed at hearing these praises of her lover; she was glad that she had been nice to him this evening.

"Yes, he is good with a man's goodness; that is a very different sort of goodness from ours; we are so weak, even the best of us; we act on impulse and make mistakes." She checked herself and sighed again. "Elsie, take my advice, never be afraid of Oliver; tell him everything, everything; you will never have cause to repent your confidence. Now I am going to lay Harry in his cot. He is fast asleep. Does he not look sweet? My bonny, bonny boy! Go to your room, Elsie, and I will come directly and wish you good-night."

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## CHAPTER V.

### IN CHURCH STREET.

Keep cool, and you command everybody.

ST.-JUST.

ELSIE felt strangely happy as she laid her head on the pillow that night. For the first time since her engagement, she was quite sure of her own feelings; she was beginning to understand Oliver. The remembrance of that little scene of reconciliation in the dimly-lighted hall still thrilled her; Oliver's singular irritability, so foreign to his usual calm languor, his outburst of tenderness, had surprised and touched her; she had never seen him so unlike himself; and yet she had never liked him so well.

As she dressed herself the next morning, she told herself that

nothing should make her offended with Oliver again ; and she felt a shy undefinable pleasure at the idea of seeing him. It was slightly disappointing, then, when she entered the breakfast-room, to find only the Squire and his wife at the table.

They both welcomed her very kindly, but the girl's shrewdness at once guessed that some conjugal argument was on the *tapis*. Mrs. Romney looked a little flushed and anxious, and there was a shade of discontent on the Squire's brow.

"Am I late, Mrs. Romney? I believe I overslept myself."

A white muscular hand was stretched over Elsie's shoulder as Oliver sauntered into the room ; the next moment some fragrant dewy roses lay on her plate, but his greeting was almost a silent one, and then he strolled leisurely to the side table and began carving some chicken. Meanwhile, the Squire stirred his coffee and went on with his grievance.

For the first time in their married life Mrs. Romney was contumacious ; she had just informed him that she had some shopping to do in Draycott and that Oliver had offered to drive her in the dog-cart ; and she had actually turned a deaf ear to his hints that the plan had better be given up, as her presence was indispensable to him that morning.

The Squire had some letters to write ; and, as his household knew well, the Squire hated letters. His correspondence was invariably of the briefest description ; and it was an old joke between husband and wife that even the longest of his love-letters during the period of their engagement had scarcely exceeded the first page.

Mrs. Romney generally acted as her husband's secretary ; he found it impossible to arrive at any decision without her ; for how was he to be sure what he meant unless Kitty were at his elbow to jog his memory and put things before him in her clear concise way ? But for once Mrs. Romney was obdurate.

"The letters are not of the slightest importance, dear," she said, gently, for, if the truth were known, it was painful for her to refuse him anything. "Why should any one waste their time in-doors on such a lovely morning ? Gran has promised to take Elsie for a drive. They are going across to Thornborough ; we have arranged that between us ; and you know, Romney, that you meant to ride over to Karslake to give your opinion on Colonel Faucit's new mare."

This was a decided stroke of policy. The Squire had forgotten all about his promise to Colonel Faucit ; he was much obliged to Kitty for reminding him, but he had a notion that one day next week was the time mentioned ; but his wife quietly negatived this. No date had been fixed ; Romney was to ride over on the first opportunity. There was a fresh argument on this point, carried on by the Squire rather seriously, and opposed by his wife in a half-jesting manner. Oliver remained neutral during the discussion, and ate his breakfast in silence. Once the Squire appealed to him : had not Colonel Faucit suggested the following week ? but, though Oliver had answered briefly in the affirmative, Mrs. Romney was not convinced.

What did it matter, she observed, cheerfully, which day Romney went ? Colonel Faucit would be delighted to see him at any time ; they

had so much in common, they had always so much to say to each other, that she never could get in a word. The first fine morning, she was sure the colonel meant; and had not Romney just informed her that the weather was breaking? Here an indignant disclaimer on the Squire's part; he had prophesied a shower or two,—nothing more, he would take his oath of that. But Mrs. Romney only shook her head at him smilingly. She had misunderstood him, she supposed, but all the same his correspondence would keep; she had glanced over his letters before breakfast, and not one of them required an immediate answer except Robert Carpenter's, and they had not made up their minds about that.

"I will think it over and let you know this evening, dear; it is no good deciding in a hurry; Oliver and I will talk it over while we drive into Draycott." But here there was another hitch: the Squire was not sure that the dog-cart could be used. Rufus had gone a little lame, and he meant to speak to the veterinary surgeon about him. Mrs. Romney seemed rather taken aback at this fresh obstacle; but Oliver came unexpectedly to her aid.

"I suppose I could drive Bob," he said, quietly; and, after a little more argument, it was finally decided that Bob should be put into the dog-cart and that the Squire should lock up his letters and ride over to Karlake; and then Mrs. Romney rose from the table with a look of relief.

"I hope you and my mother will get on all right," remarked Oliver, as he and Elsie strolled through the conservatory and he picked her some more roses. "You will not see my father: he is never visible until luncheon. It is hard lines my having to leave you, but it is no use grumbling, and we will make up for it in the evening. I will take you over to the east wing now and leave you in my mother's charge." Oliver's quiet decided tone allowed of no appeal, and Elsie reluctantly accompanied him.

They found Lady Carfax writing letters in a large sunny room with a bay-window looking out over the garden and lake. She received Elsie very graciously, and when Oliver had taken himself off she brought out some photographs and bade the girl amuse herself while she finished her letters, as the carriage would not be round for another hour.

Mrs. Romney came in for a moment by and by to bid them good-by. She wore her old gray dust-cloak, and seemed in a great hurry.

"I hope you and Gran will enjoy your drive, Elsie. Luncheon is always a movable feast at the Frythe. Gran is punctual,—you are always punctual, aren't you, dear?—but Romney and I have a knack of turning up at odd times. Well, adieu, dear friends: Oliver is waiting for me." And she nodded and vanished.

"I don't think Catherine seems in her usual spirits," observed Lady Carfax, as she closed her desk and took up her knitting. "She is the life of the house, generally,—Sir Henry calls her his sunbeam,—but she has been a little quieter lately. Romney noticed it the other evening. I hope you and Catherine will be great friends."

"I hope so too," returned Elsie, demurely.



"That is a pretty gown you have on, my dear," continued Lady Carfax, benignly. "I wish Catherine would take a little more pains with herself: she has a charming figure, and looks so well when she is properly dressed, but she is dreadfully careless about her appearance. I have asked her more than once not to wear that old gray dust-cloak, but she always puts me off with a laugh."

Elsie felt that she agreed with Lady Carfax, but she hardly liked to say so. To her relief, Lady Carfax did not seem to expect an answer. She had good old-fashioned notions on the subject of dress, and her daughter-in-law's disregard of appearances was an old grievance: so she proceeded to air her special views for the benefit of her young auditor:

"No one objects to extravagance more than I do, but we all owe a duty to society. As I often tell Catherine, my eldest son's wife has a position to maintain. I once heard a lady say at the County Ball that Mrs. Romney Carfax was the worst-dressed woman in the room; and yet I had begged and prayed Catherine to get a new dress for the occasion, but she flatly refused to do so."

"Perhaps Mrs. Romney doesn't care to spend her money on dress."

"But, my dear, she ought to care for her husband's sake; but Romney never takes my part in this; in his opinion his wife looks well in anything; he is utterly infatuated about her. He certainly makes her a most handsome allowance: so, as I tell her, her stinginess cannot be justified. Why, she actually told me the other day that she could not afford to buy herself a new cloak! Did you ever hear such nonsense? I often ask Catherine how she spends her money, but I never remember her answering me. She is very soft-hearted, and I expect she just flings it away on a number of worthless cases. She never can refuse a beggar."

"I am afraid I am very selfish and spend a great deal on myself," observed Elsie, regretfully: but Lady Carfax would not allow this: her future daughter-in-law was an heiress, and great latitude must be permitted her: besides, as she carefully pointed out to Elsie, Oliver was not like Romney; his wife's appearance would be a matter of importance to him; and all this was very pleasant doctrine to Elsie.

After this they prepared for their drive, and by and by Elsie found herself chatting quite happily to the formidable Lady Carfax. Lady Carfax seemed anxious to draw her out: she questioned her judiciously about her life at Banksland, and Elsie answered with her usual animation.

Presently Mrs. Romney's name came on the *tapis* again. Elsie wanted to know if her engagement had been a long one.

"No, dear, it was a very short one. Romney was in a hurry to be married." And here Lady Carfax hesitated a moment. "You are one of ourselves, Elsie, and perhaps Oliver has already told you that Catherine was a governess."

Elsie started: she was rather surprised to hear this.

"Romney met her at the Traffords': he and Cecil Trafford were great friends, and Romney often stayed at The Firs. I believe he fell in love with her the first time he saw her. Mrs. Trafford told me that

she was never more surprised in her life. Felicia, the eldest daughter, was an exceedingly handsome girl, and it must have seemed strange to her mother that Felicia was passed over and her governess preferred. I don't mind telling you, Elsie, that Sir Henry and I were not at all pleased with our son's choice; though Catherine is now our very dear child, and we would not change her for a dozen Felicias."

"And you did not see her until she was Mrs. Romney?"

"No. Romney was very firm about that. Romney has a strong will, though he seldom exercises it; but when he once makes up his mind it is very difficult to turn him from his purpose. He refused to subject Catherine to such an ordeal. 'You shall see her when she is my wife, mother,' he said to me, 'but not before,' and he kept his word. It was hard on me, was it not, Elsie? Romney was punishing me because I objected to his marriage."

"But you liked Mrs. Romney when you saw her," returned Elsie, who found a strange fascination in the subject.

Lady Carfax smiled as though at some amusing recollection. "I am afraid I shall shock you, but it is an old joke between Catherine and myself, and she often teases me about it: the first moment I saw her I said to myself, 'Can this plain and awkward young woman be my son's choice?' but before the evening was over I quite loved her. 'She is charming, Romney,'—those were my words when I bade him good-night. I can see his pleased look now. Do you know, my dear, when little Harry was born Catherine very nearly died. Romney was almost distracted, and I do not think I ever suffered so much in my life. He was quite haggard with misery. The very doctors were sorry for him. I shall never forget those days." And Lady Carfax shuddered.

"Mrs. Romney, somehow, fascinates me," returned Elsie, slowly. "I was rather prejudiced against her at first, but I see I am mistaken now."

"She certainly endears herself to every one," replied Lady Carfax. "Catherine is so utterly unselfish; she never spares herself if she can give any one pleasure. It was her long walks with Romney that led to the mischief; she never liked to own to him that she was tired, or to ask him to turn back. It was false tenderness, of course, for in the end she caused him great suffering, and I often tell her that it was absurd weakness on her part. 'Suppose you or Harry had died,' I once said to her. But she will never be allowed to expose herself to such risks again. Romney is so careful over her. I think she finds his restrictions a little oppressive: Catherine is such an active person, and really her health is superb, but when Romney takes her out now he is always afraid of tiring her. Catherine gets in quite a pet with him sometimes."

They had reached Thornborough by this time, and Lady Carfax suddenly remembered that she wanted to leave a message with a needlewoman who was doing some plain sewing for her. "It will not take us much longer to drive back by Draycott," she observed, "and it does not matter if we are a little late for luncheon."

When they reached Draycott Lady Carfax directed the coachman



to drive her to Church Street, and when they arrived she prepared to descend from the carriage. "I shall not be long," she observed, "but I know Mrs. Evans wants me to select the trimming. Catherine would have done it for me, but I quite forgot to remind her. I will try not to keep you long waiting."

Elsie made an appropriate answer. She assured Lady Carfax she did not in the least mind waiting; then she leaned back listlessly in the carriage and wondered how people could live in such a dull street; the high narrow houses and their wearisome uniformity oppressed her, and not even the grand tower of Draycott Church at the end of the street could reconcile her to the dulness.

Mrs. Evans's house was made conspicuous by a hanging plant and a canary; a little lower down there was a wire blind and some ugly yellow curtains. How could any one tolerate a wire blind? thought Elsie: and then she started slightly. At an upper window she had caught a momentary glimpse of a face she recognized. It was only for an instant, but Elsie had unusually keen sight, and she was sure it was Mrs. Romney. She had come forward to the window and had immediately drawn back. There had been no sign of recognition at the sight of Elsie and the carriage. A moment later the blind was lowered.

Elsie remained staring at the blind until Lady Carfax returned; but when she mentioned the fact of her seeing Mrs. Romney Lady Carfax smiled a little sceptically. "I think you must be mistaken, my dear. Catherine knows no one in Church Street except Mrs. Evans, and she never employs her. Surely that is Mr. Lockhart, Elsie: no one could mistake him," as the little man approached with a radiant face. He wore a brown velveteen coat and knickerbockers, and had an enormous Maréchal Niel rose in his button-hole.

"I saw the Carfax liveries," he observed, blandly, "and could not resist coming to speak to you.—Good morning, Miss—Humph-humph," with a beaming smile at Elsie, which faded into utter blankness as Lady Carfax ruthlessly dispelled an illusion:

"I thought you were introduced to Miss Vaughan yesterday. My son Oliver, as you know, is engaged to this young lady."

"I was not aware that I was speaking to Miss Vaughan," returned Mr. Lockhart, ruefully. "I am very sorry—I mean, I am very pleased to make your acquaintance, Miss Vaughan. My friend the captain is a lucky man. I must congratulate him when I see him." And here the little man gave vent to a gusty sigh. "Well, well, I must not keep you, Lady Carfax. I wonder what attraction you ladies find in Church Street. I met Mrs. Romney here the other evening. Well, give my respects to Sir Henry." But he remained as though glued to the curb until the carriage was out of sight.

"Is not that the dog-cart, Elsie, that I see across the market-place?" asked Lady Carfax, suddenly, and Elsie answered in the affirmative. Oliver was driving rapidly out of the town; the groom's seat was empty, and Mrs. Romney was not with him.

## CHAPTER VI.

## BY THE LAKE-SIDE.

And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,  
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer.

BURNS.

LADY CARFAX and Elsie had luncheon together, and then Lady Carfax begged the girl to amuse herself until the others returned, as Sir Henry always expected her to read to him in the afternoon. Elsie was not sorry to be left to her own devices. She went in search of a book, and then strolled down the grassy slope towards the little lake. A certain nook had taken her fancy,—a low seat shaded by an acacia. From this seat the house was quite hidden, and only a thick fringe of shrubbery with a narrow winding walk through it skirted the lake round which she and the Squire had paced the preceding evening.

How still and tranquil it looked this afternoon! The rippling surface of the water was flecked by purple shadows; a small fleet of yellow ducklings sailed aimlessly to and fro, while some foreign ducks plumed themselves on the bank, and two majestic swans floated in stately pride with white arching necks and glossy wings outspread in the sunshine.

Elsie's book lay unopened on her lap. She was not a great reader, and how could she read when blue dragon-flies were skimming across the water, and a sudden splash of a water-rat distracted her attention, when blue-tits and green finches darted to and fro among the branches, and the thrush and the blackbird competed like minstrels at a feast?

Elsie fell into a delicious reverie until quick springing steps brought the expectant light to her eyes; and the next moment Oliver was beside her.

"I thought you were never coming back," she observed, reproachfully, as he threw himself at her feet and tossed his straw hat on the grass with the air of a man who feels that he has fairly earned his rest. "What have you done with Mrs. Romney, Oliver?"

"She and Romney are shut up in the library. My dearly beloved brother is in some fuss about a letter which must catch the afternoon post, so Mrs. Romney refused to own that she had a headache, though she is only fit to lie down and have a nap."

"I thought your brother was at Karslake?"

"Oh, he went over there, but Colonel Faucit and the mare had gone to Bolton. After all, he was not expected until next week, so he came in late for luncheon, and Mrs. Romney had a pretty severe lecture for sending him off on such a wild-goose chase."

"Was he angry with her?"

"Angry? Not a bit. Romney is the best tempered fellow in the world, but he dearly loves a grumble. You may be sure that Mrs. Romney was far more vexed than he. She is writing letters for him as a sort of penance: she furnishes all the ideas, and Romney smokes and fancies that he is hard at work. When they have finished they will go up and have a romp with Harry."

"Oh, Oliver, I want to tell you something. I saw Mrs. Romney

at some window in Church Street, and, though she must have seen the carriage, she did not take the slightest notice of me."

"In Church Street? Are you sure?" asked Oliver, in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Quite sure. I saw her distinctly. She had her gray cloak on, and her big Spanish-looking hat. No one wears that sort of hat now: so of course I noticed it."

"Did my mother see her too?"

"No; and she only laughed at me when I mentioned the fact. She says Mrs. Romney knows no one in Church Street."

"Oh, I would not be too sure of that," returned Oliver, indifferently, as though the subject did not interest him. "Mrs. Romney has a large circle of acquaintance, but they do not all belong to the upper classes. They include all sorts and conditions of men. She is very philanthropic in her views."

"Do you know, Lady Carfax told me something about Mrs. Romney that surprised me very much? I had no idea that she had been a governess."

"I wonder why my mother chose to impart that unnecessary piece of information," returned Oliver, rather dryly. "She is perfectly devoted to Mrs. Romney, and so is my father, but they never can forget this fact. I have always respected Romney because he is so free from prejudice. I remember when he told me about his engagement that his words to me were, 'Whatever the home people say, remember I am marrying a thorough gentlewoman. Catherine's poverty has nothing to do with herself. Her father is a gentleman who has known better days. She has had a hard life, poor girl, and yet she has such a happy nature.'"

"Your brother met her at a friend's house?"

"Yes. I will tell you all about it," returned Oliver, who was secretly amused at Elsie's interest in his brother's love-affairs: all women were romantic, he thought. "There was a family dinner-party at the Traffords', and he sat by her. He knew, of course, that she was the governess. A deaf spinster aunt sat at his right hand: so he was glad to talk to Catherine. Her conversation interested him, he thought her so frank and unconscious in manner, but he lost his heart to her a few hours later when he heard her singing little Phoebe to sleep in the dark school-room. Phoebe—poor little soul, she is dead now—was a sad invalid, and at times suffered a good deal."

"Romney told me that he was just running up-stairs to fetch something he had left in his room, and as he walked down the passage he heard a clear sweet voice singing Keble's Evening Hymn; the pure liquid notes arrested him, and after a moment he advanced towards the half-opened door of the school-room. Catherine was standing by the window with the child in her arms. He could see her face distinctly in the moonlight; she was singing with her whole soul, and in his eyes she looked like some radiant young St. Cecilia. As Romney crept from the door he said to himself, in an awed voice, 'That girl shall be my wife,' and before two months were over they were engaged."

"I am so glad you have told me this, Oliver. It is almost as interesting as a novel."

"What a romantic child! I wish Romney could hear you. But Catherine's happiness was rather chequered at first. The Traffords were not pleased with the engagement, and they have been very cold to Romney ever since. They wanted him to fall in love with Felicia, the eldest daughter, a very handsome girl; and Mrs. Trafford accused Catherine of designing underhand ways. The poor girl had rather a life of it; it was all pique and jealousy on their part; but Romney settled matters in an off-hand fashion by marrying Catherine as soon as possible. He would not hear of waiting for an outfit: she could get everything she wanted in Paris. And so he had his way. Now, darling, I think we have talked enough about Mrs. Romney. If you like to put on your hat I will take you for a walk,—unless you would prefer a game of tennis." But Elsie voted for the walk.

Elsie professed herself delighted with Fordham; and she and Oliver stopped for a few minutes to admire the view. Below them lay a green park-like meadow, with trees and browsing cattle, and in the centre Fordham Church, with its fine tower and the sunset clouds behind it. Oliver took her in presently to see the church, and Elsie expressed her admiration of the carved oaken screen and beautiful painted windows; and as they sauntered through the carefully-kept churchyard she observed that in her opinion Fordham was an ideal village.

"It is so bright and cleanly," she continued, "and then the church is so beautiful. I think Mrs. Romney is very fortunate to have such pleasant surroundings. She tells me the vicar and his wife are charming people, and that there is no lack of delightful neighbors."

"Don't you think we shall be just as fortunate at Dene?" observed Oliver, gravely. "Banksland has one advantage over the Frythe—there is the river." And then, with pardonable egotism, he began enlarging on his own prospects. There was some fear that his regiment might be ordered to India. He had been talking to Romney about that last night, and he was very keen about their marrying as soon as possible. "I could not leave you behind, Elsie," he continued, wistfully. But Elsie refused to be drawn into any sort of discussion. "Uncle George would not hear of her marrying yet," she answered, "and if Oliver were ordered to India he must exchange into another regiment: that was all." But Oliver shook his head at this.

"Never mind. I will get Mrs. Romney to talk to you," he returned. "If I go to India,—and go I must before another year is out,—I do not intend to leave my wife behind." But Elsie turned a deaf ear to this. She wanted Oliver to tell her the name of the little speckled bird on the hawthorn bough; and did he see that rabbit sitting up on end and stroking its dear little whiskers with its paws? In fact, there was no end to Elsie's inquisitiveness. Oliver smiled at the girl's wilfulness. He could bide his time. Elsie would not let him go alone, he knew that. She might tease him and argue with him, but her heart was safely in his keeping. When the right time came, the young heiress of Banksland would follow her husband as faithfully as

the wife of any non-commissioned officer. "She has plenty of backbone, in spite of her skittishness, and she is as sweet as she is sound," had been the Squire's criticism the previous night. "Don't leave her behind you, Oliver. India will do her no harm for a year or two. When you have earned your laurels and done your duty to your queen and country, you can take to farming and a country gentleman's life, if you like." And, as Oliver shared this opinion and was a thorough soldier at heart, no amount of coaxing on Elsie's part would have induced him to remain in England. "You have promised to be a soldier's wife, my sweet, and you must not tempt me to desert my post," he said later on when he renewed the subject; and Elsie dropped her pretty little head in silence, for she knew that Oliver was right. The secret of his influence with her was his unswerving truth, and also his deeply-ingrained sense of duty: other men prevaricated; they had principles, but they sought to evade them: their words were uncertain, and their standard was the world's standard. Oliver was absolutely true,—Mrs. Romney had told her that; and she was beginning to find it out for herself: yes, he was true himself, and he demanded truth in others. She must take care not to disappoint him.

"We will have our ride to-morrow," he observed as they turned in at the gate of the Frythe; and Elsie agreed happily to this. Oliver had been charming all the way home: he had dropped the awkward subject of India, and amused Elsie with some of his Aldershot experiences and some humorous stories that his brother officers had told him. Only now and then a word betrayed his confidence about the future:

"You will like our colonel, Elsie. He is a splendid fellow; and Mrs. Fullerton is such a nice motherly woman. She will take you under her wing directly. All the young married ladies go to her for advice. She mothers them all." Or,

"Maxwell is such a useful servant. I find him invaluable: he thinks nothing a trouble; you will find him a handy fellow in packing. Every one envies me such a treasure. And then he loves Indian life."

"You must let me go now, Oliver. There is the dressing-bell. Thank you for taking me for such a delightful walk."

"I will send you up some flowers," was Oliver's answer, as he turned in the direction of the conservatory. "Any color will do, I suppose, as you always wear white in the evening." Nevertheless Oliver made his choice slowly and fastidiously. As he gathered some maidenhair fern, Mrs. Romney came into the conservatory: she was still in her walking-dress, and looked pale and weary; and there was a dark shade under her eyes.

"Well, Oliver?" a little abruptly.

"Oh, yes, she saw you," trying to reach a tempting-looking bud over his head. "Elsie has sharp eyes. It was foolish of you to go to the window. I dare say the servants saw you too."

"Yes, I caught Martin's eye; not that it matters, but Elsie would chatter to Gran about me: did she wonder very much, Oliver, at seeing me in such a poky little house?"

"No, she was only curious for a moment; but of course I took it



as a matter of course. Rab was in the town, too. I came across him once or twice. You will have to be careful, Catherine."

"Yes, I know," sighing, "and by nature I am so incautious. Thank you, Oliver dear, for all you have done for me. I wish I could do something for you in return."

"You can do something, Catherine," in rather a peculiar tone. "Be a brave woman and tell Romney: nothing would please me so well as that."

"Ah, no, not now—not until—oh, you know what I mean. There is no need for me to explain. It is cruel of you to say that, Oliver, when you know how it would pain Romney."

"You are wrong. You are making a grievous mistake." And Oliver's voice was somewhat stern. "You are a good woman, Catherine, but on this point you are lamentably wrong. I told you so last night. You are disappointing me terribly."

"Hush, hush! there is Romney." And the next moment the Squire made his appearance. He was in evening dress, and it was evident that his object was to select his button-hole.

"Why, Catherine," with a surprised glance at her dress, "you will be late for dinner. Why on earth are you wasting your time chattering with Oliver? I never saw such a woman for talking in my life."

"I will be ready in a moment, dear." And she brushed quickly past him. And as Oliver muttered something about being late too, the Squire found himself alone.

"I wonder what has come to Kitty," he mused. "She is not half as bright as usual, and she always seems in a hurry. Her head used not to ache as it does now. I think I will ask Fergusson to have a look at her: only Kitty does so hate fuss and doctoring, and she always says there is nothing the matter with her; but she looked uncommonly queer just now," grumbled the Squire as he adjusted the flower in his coat.

## CHAPTER VII.

### A HEATED ARGUMENT.

Then he will talk,—great gods, how he will talk!

NATHANIEL LEE.

DURING dinner the shower that had been foretold by the Squire pattered lightly against the window-panes, and Elsie observed, in a tone of regret, that they would have to spend the evening in-doors.

"Catherine will have to sing to us," suggested Lady Carfax. "My daughter-in-law is an accomplished musician," she continued, addressing Elsie; "she has a very sweet, well-trained voice, that gives us all a great deal of pleasure."

"You must not praise me too highly, Gran, or Elsie will be disappointed," returned Mrs. Romney, smiling.—"I know you sing too," turning to the girl. "My husband is very fond of music, and Oliver also, so our efforts to amuse them will not be thrown away." And as soon as they returned to the drawing-room, Elsie was coaxed to the piano. Her voice was sweet, though not powerful, and her perform-



ance was warmly praised, and it was with some reluctance that Mrs. Romney consented to take her place.

"I am in no mood for singing to-night," she observed in a low tone to Oliver, who was lingering by the piano.

"Why don't you make your headache an excuse, then? I can see it is pretty bad," was his sensible reply; but Mrs. Romney hesitated and glanced at her husband.

He had seated himself in a large easy-chair by the window, and his whole attitude expressed intense enjoyment. The Squire was passionately fond of music, and his greatest pleasure was to hear his wife sing. In his opinion, Elsie's fresh young voice was nothing in comparison; when Catherine sang, her whole soul seemed wrapped in her song, and as her clear, penetrating voice reached his ears, the Squire's thoughts would travel back to a certain scene that persistently haunted him,—a girl with the face of a St. Cecilia singing to a sick child in the moonlight: how distinctly he could recall that scene, and the sudden strange beating of his heart, as he looked at the graceful figure, and the coils of dark hair against the white neck, and vowed to himself that she, and she only, should be his wife!

"I must not disappoint him," she whispered; and, as usual, she sang for him, and him alone. What did it matter to Catherine if the room were crowded with admiring auditors? To her there was only one listener, the big fair-haired man at the other end of the room. She knew well how those honest blue-gray eyes would glisten as she sang "Auld Robin Gray" or "Home they brought her warrior dead." Indeed, she knew how to play on every sensitive chord in her husband's heart. Sometimes when she sang some stirring ballad or wild warlike strain, Romney would start up from his chair and pace up and down the room, with his head erect, and his eyes shining with enthusiasm.

"Bravo, Kitty! that was splendid," he would say with a long-drawn sigh of excitement. "That makes me feel as though I want to fight. By Jove, if I had a Zulu or two here!" and the Squire's clinched fist was suggestive; but his pugnacity died a natural death, and he grew restful and quiet, as some solemn strain of Handel's floated across the room. "He shall feed His flock," Catherine sang that grandly, or "Let the bright Seraphim," the radiant St. Cecilia look always came into her face then. At such moments Romney almost worshipped his wife.

Elsie listened delightedly, as Mrs. Romney sang that evening; she told Oliver afterwards that she had never heard a more beautiful voice; but the Squire moved a little restlessly in his chair: something was amiss with Catherine's songs to-night; they sounded tame and spiritless, as though the singer's thoughts were far away; once her voice quavered and broke, and she recovered herself with an effort. By and by she stopped abruptly. "I cannot sing more to-night, dear," she said, apologetically. "I feel stupid and tired." Then the Squire was on the alert in a moment. What had tired her? Any one could see she was not herself. He insisted on knowing what ailed her, in rather an authoritative voice. A little headache? was she sure there was nothing more? certain? positive? why had she taken the trouble to sing to them? she was a silly woman, and he desired that she would sit

perfectly quiet until bedtime; he would put a shade on the lamp if the light were too strong for her eyes.

Mrs. Romney accepted the shade with gratitude and took up her knitting; she was sorry to be so stupid, but headaches were stupid things; she begged every one else to be as lively as possible. What was Gran reading? was it an amusing story? and at this question Lady Carfax laid down her book and pince-nez, with a dissatisfied air. With regard to novels, she was a severe critic; in her opinion, her humble opinion, the novels of the present day were remarkably deficient in originality and power; their incidents were far-fetched and impossible; and as Lady Carfax was an inveterate reader, it must be owned that she had a tolerable acquaintance with most of the leading novels. Nothing pleased her better than to point out the defects and weak passages of the last-read work of fiction; and it was just possible that Mrs. Romney knew this, when she so innocently asked if Gran's story were amusing.

"I suppose most people would call it amusing, my dear," she returned, guardedly; "the descriptions are good as a whole, and it is not badly written,"—this was probably the fact, as the book had been written by one of the first novelists of the day,—"but I should never have thought that it had been written by a man."

"Why not, mother?" this question being put rather lazily by the Squire; he was sitting on the couch beside his wife in a regular Darby-and-Joan fashion. Lady Carfax's views on literature always amused her sons.

"Because his hero, the young doctor, is so absurdly quixotic: he actually hesitates for a long time before he proposes to the girl, because she happens to be rich. Most men would think money an advantage to a woman."

"Not in my opinion," returned Romney, looking at his wife with a smile, and totally ignoring the fact that his brother was engaged to an heiress; but Oliver was equal to the occasion.

"Hamerton would agree with you, old fellow: don't you recollect that telling passage?—I read it out to you and Mrs. Romney, because I thought it so good,—'Marriage is a lifelong conversation, and I have never found that conversation with any lady was more interesting because she had money in her purse.'"

"Capital!" chuckled the Squire. "Marriage is a lifelong conversation, eh, Kitty?"

"Hamerton said something equally good," went on Oliver, quietly. "'To marry a woman of whom you know nothing, is to intrust your children to a woman of whom you know as little.'"

"Well, that is true too," observed the Squire, but Mrs. Romney interrupted them rather wickedly:

"A man may spare,"  
she chanted,

"And still be bare,  
If his wife be nowt, if his wife be nowt,  
But a man may spend,  
And have money to lend,  
If his wife be owt, if his wife be owt."

"Hear! hear!" observed the Squire, delighted with the aptness of the quotation; but Lady Carfax, who was deficient in humor, treated this interruption with quiet disdain: her head was still full of her novel.

"A well-told story ought to be true to life," she continued, sententiously. "There is false sentiment, I should say, almost a diseased sentiment, in the doctor's character."

"Bother the doctor!" muttered Oliver, and Elsie laughed at his bored expression, but Romney inquired amiably if the doctor and the heiress had hit it off at last.

"They are married, if you mean that, but the misunderstandings have begun in the second volume; the wife has some secret intrusted to her, which she is unable to tell him, and he has found it out, and in consequence they are on the eve of a separation: the poor girl is not a bit to blame, and it is mere persecution on his part. The fact is, he demands impossibilities. Just listen to this passage, Catherine! 'When I married you, I understood that I was to share your life; that we were to be really and truly united for time and eternity; that is the essence and meaning of marriage. But now you have shut me out from your confidence, there is a part of your life from which I am excluded; as your husband, I have a right to demand thorough confidence: your very thoughts are mine.'"

"The fellow is a prig," murmured Oliver. "Don't be afraid, Elsie; I shall never demand your confidence in that high-flown and despotic manner."

"I don't agree with you," returned his brother. "I take the doctor's part." And the Squire got up from his seat and took possession of the rug, a sure sign that he was disposed for an argument. "It is a foregone conclusion with all sensible people that absolute confidence is imperative between a man and his wife, and I know Catherine holds the same views."

"There are exceptions to every rule," she returned, in rather a low voice. "I have read the book, Romney; it is a painful story, but I took the wife's part throughout; if she deceived her husband, it was for his own good, and she suffered most bitterly."

"Stuff! nonsense!" retorted the Squire, thoroughly annoyed at this. "As though any woman could treat her husband as though he were a child! 'Deceived him for his good'! I wonder at you, Catherine, for going over to the enemy in this fashion; but you are only contradicting me for the sake of argument. In my opinion," still more obstinately, "no circumstances could justify any wife in keeping a secret from her husband; it is absolute disloyalty; she is acting a daily lie, and——"

"Oh, no, Romney," and Catherine dropped her work and spoke in an agitated voice, "please do not say such dreadful things! but of course you do not mean them. A wife may be loyal to her husband in every thought and fibre of her being, and yet she may be so unhappily placed, there may be conflicting duties, troubles that she must keep to herself.—Oh, Oliver," almost passionately, "why do you not take my part? But you are men, and you do not understand."

"Why, Catherine," and the Squire regarded her with surprise,

"how pale you look, and there are actually tears in your eyes! You foolish child, to agitate yourself so over a mere argument!"

"Because I feel it so deeply, and you are all against me, except Gran,—even Oliver."

"Yes, even Oliver." And Captain Carfax looked at her rather meaningly.

"Of course I know that, and it seems so hard, it almost crushes me. Romney, it makes me unhappy even to differ from you in an argument. I want your opinions to be mine; I never willingly disagree with you; but there may be circumstances——"

But it was not easy to silence the Squire; he was singularly tenacious in an argument: Catherine's persistence did not please him.

"Now, look here, Catherine," he said, authoritatively, "if novel-reading is going to infuse those pernicious ideas into your head, the less you read them the better: they would not do me any harm; I should hold my own views all the same, and no amount of brilliant meretricious arguments would influence me. But I will read the book and judge for myself. But I tell you this, you and my mother are both wrong; if I had been that doctor fellow, I should never have had confidence in that woman again. 'You have deceived me once for my good, and perhaps next time you will deceive me for your own,'—I should say that to her; 'and as I value truth before everything, perhaps we had better——' Why, Catherine, my darling, what ails you?" for Mrs. Romney's face was buried in her hands, and she was shivering visibly, but at his touch she started up almost wildly.

"You are cruel, all of you! you have no right to talk so! Let me go, Romney: all this stupid talk has made my head worse." But, though she laughed in a forced manner, her face was very pale. "No, don't come with me," as her husband followed her. "Go back, Romney dear; I would rather be alone."

The Squire returned to the hearth-rug in a crestfallen manner.

"What has come over Catherine? I never saw her like this before. I am sure she must be ill. Mother, don't you think I had better send for Fergusson?" but Lady Carfax shook her head.

"She has a bad headache, and our discussion has excited her. Catherine has very deep feelings; once before she was a little hysterical,—don't you remember, Romney, when that Ferard affair happened? The poor woman was wholly to blame, and no one in their senses would have dreamt of taking her part; but Catherine made herself perfectly miserable about her. You were quite angry with her then."

"Yes, I remember; but that was a very different matter, mother. I could understand Catherine being upset then, but to be hysterical over a novel! Well, I shall go and have a smoke." And there was a cloud on the Squire's brow as he bade the ladies good-night and went off to his den.

"Shall I go up to Catherine, Oliver?" asked Lady Carfax, a little anxiously.

"I think you had better leave her alone," was his cautious reply. "This is a stupid ending to the evening, Elsie," he continued, as he lighted her candle. "Mrs. Romney seldom gives way like this; she

is over-tired, and has had a worrying day. I tell her sometimes that she cultivates the emotional side of her nature too much: she wants more ballast."

Oliver's speech was a little too bracing for Elsie: she felt vaguely sorry for Mrs. Romney: it was unkind to go off to her own room and not bid her good-night. She hesitated for a moment as she passed the door, and then she took courage and knocked.

A faint "Come in" gave her permission to enter. The room was large and full of shadows, but she could dimly discern a dark figure standing by the window. "I could not go to bed without wishing you good-night," observed the girl, apologetically. "Is your head very bad, Mrs. Romney? Can I do anything for you? Oh, dear!" as a low sob reached her ear, "you are fretting about something. That is so wrong: it will make your head worse."

"No, it will relieve me. I do not often cry; my husband hates me to shed a tear. Where is Romney? Was he vexed with me? I have never been so silly before, but—but—I felt as though my heart would break when he said that," leaning her head against Elsie as she stood beside her in the darkness. Mrs. Romney had sunk into a chair as she spoke, as though her strength had failed her.

"Dear Mrs. Romney, you will make yourself quite ill," observed the girl, anxiously. "Why, your hands are like ice! Would you like me to go to Mr. Carfax? He is in the smoking-room with Oliver. Perhaps if you talked to him it would do you good."

"Nothing would do me good to-night, and I would not have my husband see me like this for the world; it would trouble him so, and he would give me no peace; a night's sleep, that is what I want. Oh, Elsie, when you marry Oliver, never keep anything from him, however small and foolish it may be; men are not like us, they have such hard fixed rules; they do not make allowances; truth, they will have that at any cost."

"I shall like to tell Oliver everything," returned Elsie, simply. "I could not hide anything if I tried."

"We are alike in that, Elsie dear. I love truth as dearly as you do. I am a bad actress, whatever Oliver may say. I have always been so frank and outspoken, and I loathe any form of deceit; one's husband is one's self. Oh, you will understand it some day; one does not easily lie to one's self."

"No, of course not." But Elsie was a little bewildered. If Mrs. Romney had anything on her mind, why did she not tell her husband? But had she anything on her mind? Last night she had seemed so bright and radiant, so full of overflowing spirits.

"Do not talk any more to me to-night, Elsie," was Mrs. Romney's next speech. "In some moods I am better alone. My husband will be coming up directly, and I want him to think I am asleep. I must just go and kiss Harry, and then I will go to bed. Don't trouble about me any more, dear child: I shall be all right to-morrow." And Elsie felt herself dismissed.



## CHAPTER VIII.

## A MATCH-MAKER.

Jog on, jog on the foot-path way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a;  
A merry heart goes all the way,  
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

*Winter's Tale.*

WHEN Elsie went down-stairs the next morning she found the family gathered round the breakfast-table. Mrs. Romney greeted her with an affectionate smile: she looked pale and jaded, as though she had passed an unrefreshing night, but she spoke with her usual animation. The Squire had evidently slept off his dissatisfaction, and was in capital spirits: to Elsie's intense surprise, he alluded jestingly to the last night's argument:

"Catherine has recovered her temper, you see. We need not be afraid of saying anything to her this morning. We have had it out, and she has promised to be a better woman for the future, and to allow her husband to have the last word. No more contradiction, eh, Mrs. Kitty?"

"Were you speaking to me, love?" and Mrs. Romney's tone was very gentle. "I was wondering just then what was the matter with the urn: will you help me with it, Romney?" and the Squire rose with the utmost alertness. A domestic emergency always pleased him: he liked to lecture, and find fault, and dominate over his womenkind in a peremptory good-natured way. Kitty was reproved and set on one side and admonished as though she were an infant. Another time she would have laughed in his face and told him that he was a goose and knew nothing about urns; but this morning she listened to him meekly, and as he stooped over her Elsie saw her rest her cheek against his coat-sleeve for a moment, and a great sadness came into her beautiful eyes.

"Elsie and I are going to ride over to Crome this morning," observed Oliver, when the Squire had returned to his seat. "What are you good people going to do with yourselves?"

"Catherine and I are going to drive to Repton," returned his brother. "A drive will do her good; for she looks uncommonly seedy. We shall come back by Draycott, and I shall look in at the club and read the papers while Catherine does her chores: she seems uncommonly fond of shopping just now," finished the Squire, mischievously, and a deep flush rose to his wife's face.

"You proposed the club yourself, dear. My business can very well wait." But the Squire received this remark with good-natured derision; and for the remainder of the meal he seemed bent on teasing his wife and putting her out of countenance.

Elsie enjoyed her ride through the long deep lanes fragrant with honeysuckle and sweet-brier roses. The steep shady banks were lined with hart's-tongue fern; and beyond the wide stretch of meadows rose the dark purple range of hills, casting their shadows over the whole country. They rode slowly with slackened reins under the dark arching trees: the still beauty of the summer morning, with its



freshness and perfume and exuberance of young quivering life, seemed to fill Elsie's nerves with quicksilver ; and Oliver's mood was almost as joyous as hers.

"If we could always be young," sighed Elsie, "and it were always summer. I do so hate getting old, Oliver! Can you fancy me with wrinkles and gray hairs like old Mrs. Spiller at the Lodge?"

"We shall grow old together, darling,—that is one blessing," returned her companion, with an admiring glance at the slight trim figure beside him. Elsie's fair hair was dishevelled, her eyes were bright with youth and happiness. Would those pink cheeks ever grow pallid and lined? would there be crow's-feet under the smiling eyes? Perpetual youth and summer, that was what Elsie wished ; she would have had flowers grow all the year round in that improbable country of her dreams.

Oliver smiled a little gravely over the girl's quaint conceit. He had a notion that life meant something better than unclouded sunshine. Youth at its best was immaturity : the growing instinct that is in all healthy human nature could not be restrained in this fashion : the many-sided aspects of life, its working days and stormy nights, its autumns and winters and brief changeable springs, were more alluring to Oliver than Elsie's perpetual summer.

"I am not afraid of growing old," continued Oliver, thoughtfully, "but I must have my life first ; when I have fought a few battles and done something for my country I will not refuse to lie still on my oars. Nothing lasts in this world ; even our ride, perfect as it has been, must come to an end," as they turned in at the gates.

Mrs. Romney was watching for them at the hall door. She ran down the steps to pet the horses.

"Romney is on the tennis-ground marking out the courts," she said, as she produced some lumps of sugar from her pocket. Jess was already rubbing her arm with soft dainty lips, as though asking for the delicacy. Oliver, who was detaching Elsie's small foot from the stirrup, lifted her down, and then turned to his sister-in-law :

"Surely you have not been to Repton and back in this time?"

"Oh, no ; Romney changed his mind, and after all we only drove in to Draycott. He had to go to the bank and to one or two places ; and neither of us cared for a longer drive.—Elsie dear, do not trouble to change your habit before luncheon. It is just ready. We have some people coming this afternoon to tennis, and you can make yourself smart by three o'clock."

"Catherine did not want to go to Repton," observed Mr. Carfax as he took his seat, "so I just overhauled the papers at the club while she did her errands.—I saw you ordering groceries, Kitty, as Rab and I passed Williams. Who was that young lady to whom you were talking so earnestly?"

"Young lady?" returned his wife, rather hurriedly. "Whom could you mean, Romney?"

"Oh, Rab saw you first : he is a regular ferret, and puts his nose into everything. 'There's your wife, Squire,' he said, 'and she is talking to an overgrown child in pink cotton. Let us go in and speak

to her.' But I was in a hurry, so I could not wait. Who was your friend, Kitty?"

"Romney, do you mind telling me what figure you gave for Jess?" asked Oliver, abruptly. "She carried Elsie splendidly this morning. Excuse me for interrupting you, Mrs. Romney, but I am writing to Malings by this afternoon's post; and he is going to look out for a likely mare. Romney is a good judge of horseflesh, and I want to put Malings up to a trick or two."

"Jess was a regular bargain," returned the Squire, somewhat flattered by this praise, and the next minute they were in eager discussion. Mrs. Romney drew a quick breath, and then turned to Elsie. She wanted to know what she intended to wear that afternoon. "You must make yourself pretty, because the Pollocks are coming, and they are very big people;" but it may be doubted whether she heard the girl's answer. She rose from the table before the gentlemen had finished. "Come, Gran," she said, imperiously, "there is no need to wait for them. When Romney talks about horses, he sits half the afternoon." But the Squire's voice called her back before they had reached the door.

"What a hurry you are in, Kitty! and I forgot to tell you something: Rab has asked us all to dinner to-morrow, and will take no refusal. I made an excuse for you, mother, that you never leave the Pater in the evening, but the rest of us will have to go. How he will seat us all in that room is a problem that Rab must solve; but I am almost suffocated by the prospect beforehand."

"How absurd Mr. Lockhart is with his invitations!" returned Mrs. Romney, with unusual irritation. "You might have refused, Romney: you know we would all much rather stay at home."

"Speak for yourself, Kitty. An evening at The Hut is very good fun, and when you once get into your chair it is not so bad, and, by Jove, he has a capital cook. I respect that woman. Mrs. Brattle has a vocation. The Brattle sauces are not to be despised."

"Don't talk in that ridiculous way, Romney, or Elsie will think you are a gourmand. He does not really mind what he eats, Elsie; bread and cheese would content him: he puts on these epicurean airs to make you believe he is dainty."

"I knew that would fetch Kitty," laughed the Squire. "She thinks Rab a sensualist because he likes a good dinner and is rather fastidious about his wines: she is a bit of a Puritan in her way, and thinks it shocking waste of money to drink good wine. Well, my dear, I am sorry Rab's impromptu feast does not please you, because I told him that we should be delighted to come.—Don't you think it will be great fun?" turning to Elsie; and Elsie could not deny that she thought it would be amusing; she was sure Mr. Lockhart would be a droll host.

"Very well, we will go, then," returned Mrs. Romney, resignedly. "You must put on your oldest gown, for there is hardly space to turn in Rab's rooms, they are so crowded with curiosities. It is a pretty little house," she continued, as they went up-stairs, "but Rab has no idea of arrangement; he buys everything that takes his fancy, and Mrs. Brattle has to find room for it. Oh, you recollect that I told

you I had a little scheme in my head : there is a poor little governess I know, such a harmless gentle little creature, who would make an excellent wife for Rab. Wait a moment : I shall have to take Romney into confidence, after all.—Romney,” as he came up out of the dining-room at that instant with his cigarette-case in his hand, “do you mind if I ask Gussie Poole to-morrow to stay for a day or two? She has not been here for months?”

“Gussie Poole!” in a disgusted tone. “My dear child, what an idea! Oliver always finds her such an infliction; and he hates people being here during his visits.”

“Gussie will not be in his way : she is always with me or Harry,” returned his wife, in a pleading tone. “I had such a forlorn little note from her this morning : she has lost her situation, the people are going abroad, and she is so miserable with that step-mother of hers. She lives in Draycott, Elsie, and we could drive over in the wagonette to-morrow and fetch her.”

“But why to-morrow? You know we are going to dine at The Hut. If you must have her, she could come the next day.”

“Oh, I shall take her to The Hut; you know Rab always expects us to bring our guests,” and now Mrs. Romney’s eyes began to glisten with mischief. “Don’t be tiresome, dear, and thwart my little scheme : I have set my heart on taking Gussie.” Then the Squire burst into a great laugh.

“So that is your little game, Kitty? You silly woman, do you suppose Rab, with all his oddities, will fall in love with that washed-out little creature? Besides, he has seen her.”

“Indeed he has not,” replied Mrs. Romney. “Gussie has only stayed with us once, and Rab was away; and she is a good little thing, and not really plain, if she had enough to eat and her clothes were not so shabby.”

“Pshaw! Well, do as you like.” And the Squire turned on his heel. Catherine’s *protégées* were legion, and they were none of them too well dressed, but he secretly chuckled over the idea that Rab, who was a gentleman in spite of his eccentricities, and came of an old family, should cast admiring eyes on a little pale-faced girl like Gussie.

“I am half in joke and half in earnest,” went on Mrs. Romney, as she followed Elsie into her room. “I have such a fellow-feeling for poor Gussie, she is such a good little soul, such a hard-working, noble little creature, quite a heroine in her small way, and she has one of the typical fairy-tale sort of step-mother; but,” checking herself, “I will not trust myself to speak of that woman.”

“And she is a governess?”

“Yes, a daily governess, a poor little half-educated drudge, for she has been earning her own livelihood ever since she was fifteen. The father was a curate at St. Paul’s; before he married again they were fairly comfortable; but a large young family drained his resources; he only died three years ago, and since then they have been terribly pinched. It really goes to my heart to see Gussie’s shabby frocks. I used to give her a new gown now and then, and you should have seen

the poor girl's gratitude; but this year I have had nothing to spare for Gussie."

"I have a good idea," returned Elsie, who was very generous by nature. "Could I not give her one of my dresses? Holbrook has put in far too many; I shall never want them all, and I should not like Oliver to think me too extravagant, as he notices everything I wear. Shall I show you my dresses, Mrs. Romney? and then you can choose the one you think most suitable, and perhaps your maid could make it fit Miss Poole."

"You are a darling," returned Mrs. Romney, overjoyed at this proposition. "Now I come to think about it, Gussie is just your height, only she is much thinner. You will be a real fairy godmother, Elsie, and my poor Cinderella will be transformed. I should not be surprised if Gussie should look quite pretty, for she has an interesting little face."

"She must be made to believe that the dress is your present," returned Elsie, earnestly: "she could not accept a gift from a perfect stranger." And Mrs. Romney agreed to this.

It was not very easy to make the selection, but at last Mrs. Romney fixed on a dainty white frock trimmed with beautiful embroidery; it was far too good, she observed, but all Elsie's gowns were perfect; but it had one advantage over the others, that it would wash.

"I can spare that blue cotton as well," returned Elsie, magnanimously; "it is very pretty, and I bought it in Paris, but I can easily do without it. There is a hat that matches it. Do take it, Mrs. Romney. I can buy a dozen new gowns if I like, and Uncle George will only call me an extravagant puss. I should love Miss Poole to have them." And, after a great deal of persuasion, Mrs. Romney consented to avail herself of Elsie's generosity.

She mystified Oliver by calling Elsie the fairy godmother all the remainder of the day, though she refused to enlighten him about the origin of the title and teased him unmercifully about Gussie.

A letter was sent by hand to Draycott, and the servant brought back Gussie's reply. Mrs. Romney showed it to Elsie that evening:

"Dear, dear Mrs. Romney," wrote Gussie, "how good you are! I was quite miserable and hopeless when I woke this morning. I could not see the least little bit of comfort anywhere: things have been getting worse lately, and I have cried myself to sleep every night. When I showed your note to mamma, she made no objection to my coming; I dare say that in her heart she is glad to get rid of me for a day or two: so I will be quite ready for you to-morrow morning.

"Yours most gratefully and lovingly,  
"GUSSIE."

## CHAPTER IX.

## A MODERN CINDERELLA.

Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept?  
*Taming of the Shrew.*

THE Squire asked Oliver to ride with him the next morning to see a new barn that had just been erected on the farm: so Mrs. Romney and Elsie went alone to Draycott.

Gussie was to be ready for them by twelve o'clock: so, as there was half an hour to spare, Mrs. Romney proposed that they should utilize the time by laying in a stock of stationery that was needed for household use.

Mrs. Romney had almost completed her purchases at the stationer's, and Elsie was amusing herself at the opposite counter by turning over some pictorial papers, when a young girl entered the shop and took up her position beside her.

Elsie was too much engrossed with the *Graphic* to notice her at first, until a remarkably sweet voice reached her ear, when she turned round and regarded her rather curiously; at the same moment Mrs. Romney rose hastily, and, after a few words spoken in a low tone to the man who was serving her, left the shop without taking any notice of Elsie.

The girl was shabbily dressed in a pink cotton that was evidently outgrown and had been frequently washed. She looked about fourteen, though she was rather tall for that age, and her face was thin and singularly careworn. She had soft, pathetic-looking blue eyes, and a long plait of fair hair fell to her waist. She looked at Elsie in a shy admiring way; probably she had never seen such a dainty little person before; then she gave her attention to a book she was selecting.

"We have had that already. Will you please show me something else?—one of Trollope's or Kingsley's will do——" but at this moment Elsie missed Mrs. Romney.

"Mrs. Carfax is outside," observed the shopman, noticing her surprise, and Elsie found her inspecting some childish garments in the window of the baby-linen shop.

"Do you think those pinafores pretty?" she asked, as Elsie joined her. "Would they do for Harry? Do you mind going in and asking the price while I go back for a moment? I have forgotten something. Get Mrs. Julius to show you her stock, and I will be with you in a moment."

Elsie did as she was bid; the pinafores were very pretty, and she put aside three for Mrs. Romney's inspection; but more than ten minutes elapsed before Mrs. Romney made her appearance. Elsie went to the door once to see if she were coming; to her surprise, she was standing on the pavement talking to the girl in the pink cotton. When she saw Elsie she left off talking, and joined her at once.

"Have I been long?" she said, hurriedly. "I am so sorry to keep you, Elsie, and we shall be late for Gussie. Let me see those pinafores. Yes, they will do very nicely. Please put them up, Mrs. Julius, and we will take them with us."

"Who was that girl?" asked Elsie, rather inquisitively.

"Oh, she is a young *protégée* of mine," returned Mrs. Romney, carelessly. "I have plenty of friends in Draycott," and her tone somehow made Elsie feel that she had been too curious. The next moment she recollected the Squire's speech "about the overgrown child in pink cotton." It must be the same girl that Mr. Lockhart had seen yesterday.

Mrs. Romney was rather quiet until they reached their destination, a small uninviting house, with an untidy garden. As the wagonette stopped, the door opened, and a rough-looking maid-of-all-work brought out a shabby brown portmanteau; a young lady followed her, whom Mrs. Romney welcomed very kindly.

"Jump in, Gussie, or we shall be late for luncheon. This is my little sister-in-law to be,—Elsie Vaughan; she and I are great friends already.—Elsie, I have told you all about Gussie, so you need not treat her as a stranger; we must all be as merry as possible."

"I am very glad to see you, Miss Vaughan," returned Gussie, shyly. What a radiant young princess she looked to Gussie, sitting opposite to her in her shabby brown gown! but Elsie regarded her very kindly.

Miss Poole was certainly a plain little person, she thought, and that old brown frock was hideous; but she had nice eyes, and gentle unassuming manners, and there was something very natural and artless about her; it would not be difficult to get fond of her, she was sure of that.

"I nearly cried with joy when I read your letter," Gussie was saying. "Three whole days at the Frythe with you and dear Lady Carfax and Harry—ah! how happy I shall be!" And a soft color came into the thin girlish cheeks that had lost their roundness.

"And my husband,—you have not forgotten my husband, Gussie?"

"No, indeed," in Gussie's most impressive voice. "Mr. Carfax is always so kind to me; but I am rather afraid of him; he is so grand-looking and splendid altogether that I never know what to say to him." And Mrs. Romney laughed at this.

"Oh, we all know how you admire the Squire; but really, Gussie, you must try and get over your awe of menkind.—She is afraid of Oliver too, Elsie; she is as quiet as a mouse when either of them is in the room, and yet she will chatter to me and Gran for the hour together.—We are all going out to dinner to-night, Gussie," she continued, "and I shall take you under my wing. I have told you about Mr. Lockhart, what a good little man he is. I don't believe Rab was ever out of temper in his life, and he does the kindest and most generous actions; he is not handsome, certainly, but he is as good as gold."

As Mrs. Romney made this laudatory speech, a shade passed over Gussie's face, and a distressed look came into her eyes.

"You are very kind, dear Mrs. Romney," she stammered, "and I should dearly love to go with you, it is so long since I have been to a real party, but—but—" and now there were actual tears in the poor girl's eyes, "you had better leave me behind. I should only disgrace you. I have nothing proper to wear."



"Tut! nonsense!" returned Mrs. Romney, vigorously. "Did you ever hear of Cinderella and the fairy godmother? Just wait a little. I am going to bring out a fresh edition of the dear old tale. I am going to play the part of fairy godmother myself, and you shall be turned into a real princess." And as Gussie looked at her with puzzled eyes, she patted her on the shoulder, and told her to be patient, like a good girl.

Two hours afterwards, as Elsie was swinging lazily in a hammock under the elm-trees, Gussie came in search of her, to tell her a most wonderful piece of news.

"Oh, Miss Vaughan," she burst out, and her cheeks were burning with excitement, "did you ever hear of such kindness!" And thereupon Gussie related to her amused auditor how Mrs. Romney had taken her into her room, and shown her the loveliest and daintiest of gowns that she was to wear to-night, and not only that,—and Gussie's eyes looked twice their ordinary size,—but there were such a beautiful blue dress and hat, prettier than any that she had ever seen in her life, which Mrs. Romney had told her that she was to wear at the tennis-party the following afternoon, "and she was quite angry with me when I could not help crying over such kindness," finished Gussie, little dreaming that the real benefactor was rocking herself to and fro in the hammock before her.

"Little Miss Poole looks dowdier than ever," observed the Squire, when he joined his wife in the drawing-room. "Upon my word, Kitty, you are not showing your usual tact and sense. Fancy putting that pale washed-out little creature in her shabby frock beside Elsie Vaughan! I saw Elsie just now, and she looked perfectly charming. Rab, with all his good nature, will never look twice at Miss Poole."

"Rab is far too much of a gentleman to neglect any of his guests," returned Mrs. Romney, tranquilly.—"So you are ready, Gussie, my dear?" as the door opened, and a slim white figure hesitated on the threshold. Gussie in her humility hardly knew how to comport herself in her new finery.

The Squire checked an exclamation with difficulty; then he coughed slightly and rearranged his button-hole bouquet. This smooth-haired little girl with smiling eyes, who was dressed so prettily, could not be Miss Poole! Cinderella transformed into the princess was hardly a more startling transformation than the poor little governess in her shabby brown frock, changed into this well-dressed young lady.

Gussie's blushes were wonderfully becoming: her little white throat swelled with innocent pride; if only her step-mother could have seen her, and Laura and Connie and the boys, they would not have called her Muff then, the *sobriquet* by which Gussie was known at home.

"Miss Vaughan quite started when she saw me," whispered Gussie to her friend. "Dear, dear Mrs. Romney, how happy you have made me! I know I shall enjoy myself this evening."

"I have taken the liberty of bringing a friend who is staying with me," observed Mrs. Romney, when Rab met them at the door. "You have never seen Miss Poole before." And the little man rubbed his hands and looked excessively pleased.

"The more the merrier, eh, Squire? I am delighted to see you at The Hut, Miss Poole." And Mr. Lockhart beamed all over, while Gussie blushed very prettily. No one had ever blushed before when Rab made his little speeches, and Rab positively thrilled with satisfaction as Gussie looked at him with gentle plaintive eyes.

"You are very kind," she faltered, and as Rab ushered them into the drawing-room and went off in search of Mrs. Brattle he felt two inches taller.

"What a beautiful room!" whispered Gussie as she followed Mrs. Romney into a recess, while the Squire, who had grown wary by experience, piloted Elsie round corners and between cabinets until he reached a massive oak settle, when he seated himself with a sigh of relief. Elsie glanced round her curiously, but she did not echo Gussie's speech: to her the low, quaintly-shaped room was overcrowded with furniture,—Chippendale chairs and tables, carved cabinets loaded perilously with old china, lamps, clocks, pictures on easels, blocking up all available space.

"When I once take my seat," observed the Squire, solemnly, "I never move, on principle. I broke a valuable china dish last time I was here; and the time before I knocked over an easel. How any man can live in such a heap of furniture passes my comprehension. Ah, there goes the gong, and here is our host. I have got to take you in to dinner, Elsie. You must not take my arm: it would be dangerous: follow me closely, and I will get you safely out of the room."

The Squire always took the foot of the table on these occasions, and Elsie sat by him. Gussie, as the stranger, found herself placed on the left hand of her host. She was very shy at first, and talked in monosyllables. Rab in his evening attire with diamond studs, and a flashing ring on his little finger, seemed very grand and formidable in Gussie's eyes, but before dinner was over she was chatting to him in her usual artless way.

Rab was rather curious about his new guest: he plied her with questions,—if she lived in Draycott why had they not met before? he was positive that he had never seen her; where had she hidden herself all this time? and then Gussie with many blushes avowed that she had seen Mr. Lockhart more than once; did he not drive into Draycott in a dog-cart with a beautiful bay mare? Oh, yes, he had passed her more than once as she went to her teaching; did not Mr. Lockhart know that she was a governess,—the daily governess? had not Mrs. Romney told him? And Gussie grew crimson, as though she had been detected in a fault.

Before the evening was out, Rab knew all about Gussie's troubles,—the hard, bitter-tempered step-mother and the mischievous unruly brothers and sisters. "They call her Muff, and tease her most unmercifully, and she is so good to them. Gussie has the sweetest nature; she is the most heroic little creature," continued Mrs. Romney, weaving her harmless little web round clumsy slow-witted Rab. "You must ask her to sing. No, I have not brought any songs to-night; I have left them to the girls." But, as Elsie could not be found, Oliver having decoyed her out into the garden, Gussie sang one song after

another, in a fresh, sweet little voice, that went straight to Rab's heart.

Naughty Arachne got him into her corner again while Elsie and Gussie were putting on their hats.

"We have had a delightful evening. You have been very kind and attentive to poor little Miss Poole, Rab, and I assure you your kindness will not be thrown away. Gussie thinks everything beautiful: she told me just now that Mr. Lockhart had such taste, and that she was sure he was very clever to have so many books. You may be sure that I did not undeceive her. I dare say she thinks that you have read them all. Gussie is such a dear, simple child, and believes everything. Do you think her pretty, Rab? Of course she is not as pretty as Elsie, but she has a nice little face. If Gussie were only happy, and had the chances of other girls, a good, kind husband to take care of her——Oh, are you ready, girls? Please don't wait for me. Rab will walk across with me. You may stay with me, if you like, Gussie, unless you prefer to go with my husband." And, as Gussie chose to remain with her friend, the three walked home very happily in the moonlight.

"Well, Gussie, have you enjoyed yourself? Have you had a happy evening? Poor Mr. Lockhart makes a capital host, does he not? But it is very sad to see that pretty little house without a mistress."

"Why does not Mr. Lockhart marry?" asked Gussie, bashfully, and Mrs. Romney returned an evasive answer: not for worlds would she tell the girl that to her knowledge Rab had made fruitless offers to more than five ladies. She questioned Gussie skilfully, and elicited the fact that Rab was not plain in Gussie's eyes. "He is not handsome," continued Gussie, innocently, "but I think he is very pleasant-looking, and he has so much expression." And Mrs. Romney retailed this speech to the much-flattered Rab: evidently prominent light-blue eyes were quite to Gussie's taste, and hence it was a foregone conclusion in Mrs. Romney's opinion.

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## CHAPTER X.

### ELSIE'S POSY.

When the sea is calm, all boats alike  
Show mastership in floating.  
*Coriolanus.*

THERE was a large garden-party at the Frythe the next afternoon. It was given in Elsie's honor, and people came from a distance to inspect the young heiress: in his friends' opinion Captain Carfax had done remarkably well for himself, and he was making a far better match than his brother had done. Mrs. Romney was a charming woman, but no one knew anything about her people: gossip reported that she had been a governess, and that her poverty had been so great that even her wedding outfit had been paid for by the Squire.

Happily unconscious of these remarks, Mrs. Romney received her guests with her usual large-hearted hospitality. The Squire, who was

very sociable by nature, dearly loved to gather his friends and neighbors round him on every possible occasion, and it was his wife's delight to carry out his wishes. She was an excellent manager, and the dinners and other entertainments at the Frythe were always admirably arranged. Mrs. Romney was an ideal hostess; she was so full of life and spirits, so anxious that her guests should enjoy themselves and feel at home, that no one could feel neglected or out in the cold.

The Squire was a genial host, but he was not equal to his wife; he preferred to talk to his special cronies or to get into snug corners with a favorite guest and admire his wife's graceful figure as she flitted from one group to another. "Look at her," he said once to his mother: "she finds something to say to every one. She is not even bored by that deaf old Lady Martin. Catherine is so human; she declares she likes everybody, and upon my word I believe she does: Jews, Turks, Infidels, she would have a kind speech for them all. I call her my Lady Bountiful sometimes, and the name just fits her." "Well, Kitty," catching hold of her as she was about to pass him with a smile, "what are you after now? You will wear yourself out trying to be in a dozen places at once."

"Please do not keep me, dear," with an anxious glance at a knot of people in the centre of the lawn: "we are going to get up a game of croquet for the elderly people,—married *versus* single,—and I am looking all over the place for old Miss Davison. Have you seen her, Romney?" enforcing her question with an impatient little shake of his arm. "What are you looking at?" petulantly, as he regarded her with tender amusement. "Something is wrong with my dress: I have torn some lace, I suppose?"

"There is nothing the matter with your dress, my Lady Bountiful," returned the Squire. "Don't ask me to go after old Miss Davison: I detest her. She was in the tea-tent five minutes ago." "There, she is off; did you ever see such a piece of quicksilver, mother? Now she has gone to say pretty things to that spiteful old woman, and I have reason to know," dropping his voice and looking cautiously round him, "that she is the little bird who makes all those nasty remarks about Catherine."

"It is a fine gathering. Most of our friends are here," he remarked, complacently, as he and Elsie walked down the lawn later on, after a most exciting set of tennis: Oliver and a certain Miss Waldegrave had been their opponents, and the Squire and Elsie had won. "Catherine said we had better have a large affair while we were about it; and she was right, as usual. We got the band over from Draycott,—a good band always fetches people,—and I should not be surprised if the young people begin dancing presently. Is it not an animated scene,—all those gay dresses, and the tents, and the beds of flowers?"

"It is very pretty," returned Elsie, dreamily. "Look at that boatful of children on the lake, and the swans gliding in their wake, and those dear little things dancing under the trees. Every one looks so happy. Ah! there is little Miss Poole sitting under the acacia with Mr. Lockhart."

"By Jove, yes, and they have been playing three sets: upon my word, Rab is going it."

"Miss Poole is not a good player," returned Elsie, demurely, "but Mr. Lockhart does not seem to mind. I heard him comforting her just now: he was telling her that she only wanted practice and assurance. It was so amusing to hear him; and Miss Poole was so humble and grateful."

"Elsie, we want you to make up another set," observed Oliver, who now joined them. But Elsie demurred: she was tired; she had been playing most of the afternoon; Oliver must find another partner; she would sit down in the shade and rest herself. No, the Squire need not stay with her; she did not mind being alone.

"I don't care about playing myself," was Oliver's reply. "Suppose you take my place, Romney. I will just hunt up Miss Waldegrave,—she was sitting in the veranda,—and then I will come back to you, Elsie." But Elsie pretended not to hear this, and when they were out of sight she got up and strolled down a secluded shrubbery path that led to the gate. She was tired and over-excited, and longed for a few minutes' solitude. Oliver would soon find her. She was weary of listening to pretty speeches, of feeling herself the cynosure of all eyes. It was delicious to find herself alone with the birds who were twittering round her: the music sounded better when it was softened by the distance. And here Elsie's musings were suddenly checked. She had heard no footstep,—not even the rustle of a dress,—but a turn in the shrubbery brought her face to face with a young girl. Elsie's startled exclamation was faintly re-echoed, and the girl pressed nervously against the hedge. She stammered a sort of frightened apology to Elsie.

"The gate was open, and I walked up the path a little way to listen to the music: it sounded so beautiful, and no one stopped me. I meant no harm."

"You are not one of the guests, then? No, of course not," with a glance at the shabby pink cotton. Elsie's quick eyes had recognized her at once: it was the same young girl who had been choosing books at the library: there was no mistaking the thin, anxious face and the large, wistful blue eyes. She was Mrs. Romney's *protégée*.

"You are doing no harm at all," she went on, with sudden animation. "If you come with me a little farther up this path you will have a view of the house and lawn. No one will see you," as the girl shrunk back in manifest alarm, "and it is such a pretty sight: the children are dancing under the trees, and the lawn is covered with people: you can just peep through the bushes and see it all."

"Are you sure no one will see me?" returned the girl, anxiously, and Elsie again noticed the sweetness of her voice. "I do want to see it all dreadfully,—the lake, and the house,—but I am afraid that I am doing wrong."

"What nonsense!" returned Elsie, with peremptory good nature. "Come with me; I am staying in the house, so no one will question us; the view is only a few yards farther: there is a break in the bushes, and you can see everything." And the girl allowed herself to be persuaded.



She followed Elsie closely, almost holding her breath, as she stole after her with noiseless footsteps. When they had gained their hiding-place, she stood beside her as though she were riveted to the spot.

"How beautiful!" she murmured, presently. "It is far more beautiful than I thought. That lovely lake, and the trees dipping their branches into the water, and that long veranda with all those climbing roses, and all those windows shining like gold. What a great house! And then all those fine people, so grandly dressed! It is like a picture."

"I knew you would be pleased," returned Elsie, in a friendly voice. "The Frythe is a very nice old-fashioned house, but I do not call it grand."

"It seems so to me; but perhaps you are used to fine houses." And here the girl looked at her shyly. This beautifully-dressed young lady was very kind to her, but Elsie only laughed, and played with the flowers in her hand: she carried a posy of loosely-tied roses that Oliver had given her, and that harmonized with her dress.

"You are pulling that lovely rose to pieces!" exclaimed the girl, in a distressed tone. "I am so fond of flowers, and——"

"Eva! what on earth are you doing here?" asked a reproachful voice beside them, and both girls started violently. Mrs. Romney was standing in the path with a perturbed look in her eyes; the girl turned perceptibly paler.

"I only walked a little way up the path to listen to the music," she faltered. "I am very sorry. I meant no harm."

"You must not be angry with her," interposed Elsie, for she thought Mrs. Romney's manner was unnecessarily stern, and the poor child looked terribly frightened. "She was only just inside the gate, and I brought her here to have a peep at the gay scene. She has done no harm at all." But Mrs. Romney's displeasure was not lessened.

"You promised me never to come near the place, Eva," was her severe answer. "You have broken your word. How can I trust you again?" But here the poor girl burst into tears.

"I only wanted to see it once; I——"

"Never mind," returned Mrs. Romney, hastily; "you must go now, and I will talk to you another time." And she put her hand on her arm to enforce her words, but Elsie pushed by her.

"There, you shall have my flowers. Please do not cry; you have done nothing wrong. Mrs. Romney has no right to be so hard with you."

"Go away, Elsie, and leave me to manage my own business." But Mrs. Romney's good humor had returned. "Come, Eva, I will walk with you to the gate: quick, or I shall be missed." Elsie hesitated for a moment, and then she followed them more slowly. "I may as well wait for Mrs. Romney," she said to herself, but before she had gone many yards she changed her mind. Mrs. Romney might be vexed with her: she might consider herself watched. She was about to retrace her steps, when she saw Mrs. Romney stop and put her arms round the girl. "Don't do it again," she heard her say. "No, I am not really angry with you; it was thoughtless, but I forgive you;"



and as she spoke Elsie saw her pass a caressing hand down the fair plait of hair. Elsie turned away quickly, and the next minute she met Oliver.

"So I have caught my bird at last," he said, drawing her hand through his arm. "You wanted to escape me, or you would never have taken refuge in these damp shrubberies: no one ever walks in them. Now I am going to punish you for daring to play me such a trick. Why," with a sudden change of tone, "you have dropped your roses, Elsie. I will go back and look for them." But Elsie stopped him.

"Oh, I am so sorry! I ought not to have done it. I have given away your flowers, Oliver." And then Oliver did look a little surprised.

"I did not want to part with them, and they were so lovely," continued Elsie, apologetically, "but I was so sorry for the poor girl, and Mrs. Romney was so hard on her."

"What girl? Have you been talking to any one?" asked Oliver, with sudden suspicion; and then Elsie related what had happened. Oliver listened silently until she had finished.

"I am glad you gave her the flowers, darling; it was a kind thought; but I am going to ask you not to mention this little occurrence to my mother or Romney. Mrs. Romney is peculiar, and likes to keep her *protégées* to herself; she is very generous, and you can understand——" But here Oliver found it difficult to finish his sentence.

"I never meant to tell any one but you, Oliver. I thought I ought to tell you everything." And this reply was so sweet in Captain Carfax's ear that he changed the whole subject abruptly, and Elsie ceased to regret her impulsive generosity when she found Oliver did not mind.

As they were crossing the lawn to the house a few minutes afterwards, they came upon Mrs. Romney. She was organizing a set of Lancers, and seemed full of animation. She flushed for a moment when she saw Elsie. Then she addressed Oliver. "You must be my partner," she said, with peremptory playfulness. "Romney declares I must open the ball and set the young people an example. Will you spare him to me, Elsie?" And Elsie nodded assent.

She seated herself on one of the benches, and watched them. It struck her that between the figures they talked rather gravely together. By and by Oliver relapsed into his old languid manner, but Mrs. Romney looked hot and tired, and her animation seemed gone. She sat down beside Elsie when the dance was over. "Oliver has not been a bit nice to me," she remarked, rather querulously. "Do you think one's brother-in-law has a right to lecture one? Oliver is always scolding me now, and I find it depressing. I like people to be pleased with me." And Mrs. Romney's eyes looked a little plaintive.

The next moment Gussie and Mr. Lockhart came up to them. Gussie's gentle little mouse-like face was beaming with happiness. Rab looked like a boy who was thoroughly enjoying his holiday.

"Have you had a good time?" asked Mrs. Romney, in a sympa-

thetic voice, and then she added, mischievously, "I heard some one admiring your frock just now. It is certainly one of the prettiest here. You must have a good dress-maker, Gussie." And this speech covered Gussie with confusion.

"Dear Mrs. Romney, how can you?" she said, helplessly, and then her eyes began to brighten. "Ah! I have had such a lovely time! I have never enjoyed myself so much in my life. And Mr. Lockhart has been so kind; he did not mind all my stupid mistakes at tennis."

"Miss Poole only needs assurance," returned Rab, gallantly. "By the bye, Mrs. Romney, we witnessed a very pretty little scene just now. Who was that young lady whom you were consoling so kindly down by the gate? She seemed in trouble, poor thing!"

"I suppose you mean a poor little girl whom I know slightly," returned Mrs. Romney, carelessly. "Ah, here comes my husband: I am afraid I must run away." But Mr. Lockhart detained her:

"I suppose she lives in Draycott: I seem always meeting her: she has fair hair, which she wears in a childish fashion, and she is generally dressed in an old pink frock. I followed her to Church Street once, and——"

"Were you looking for me, Romney? I suppose some of the people are going." And Mrs. Romney took her husband's arm.

"Wait a moment, Kitty: there is no hurry. I want to speak to Rab first." And Mrs. Romney made a little gesture of impatience.

"They were your flowers, Miss Vaughan," Rab was saying, a little pertinaciously; "I could swear to them,—a posy of tea-roses, tied with a gold-colored ribbon."

"Have you lost your flowers, Elsie?" asked the Squire, with surprise, but Mrs. Romney did not wait for her answer.

"What a fuss you are making, Mr. Lockhart!" she said, irritably. "It is very simple. Elsie gave her flowers to a poor girl in whom I am interested; it was very sweet of her, but she certainly did not intend her kindness to be made public.—Don't you hate to hear your good deeds flaunted before your face, Elsie? I agree with the French saying, 'Defend me from my friends; I can defend myself from my enemies.'" And Mrs. Romney's tone was a little haughty.

"I don't understand Mrs. Romney as well as I used," confided Rab to his companion presently: "she is uncertain,—very uncertain." But Gussie's loyalty refused to admit this; Mrs. Romney was simply perfect in her eyes.

"She is the dear—the dearest friend I ever had. No one has ever shown me so much kindness. There is nothing that I would not do for her," finished Gussie, with tremulous zeal. To do Gussie justice, she never changed this opinion of her early friend, and in future days young Mrs. Rab Lockhart often declared to her delighted husband that she owed the happiness of her life to her dear Mrs. Romney. "For you would never have seen me, Rab," she would add, pathetically, "if she had not asked me to the Frythe, and to this day I should have been a poor little drudge of a daily governess if you had not made me the happiest woman in the world."

"Never was there a more suitable marriage," Mrs. Romney would

say to herself when she saw Gussie's beaming face. Rab's pride in his wife was intense; any one but Gussie would have been utterly spoiled; in his simple enthusiasm Rab changed the name of his house to The Dovecot, "for it is so much more expressive than The Hut," observed the little man, in a tone of supreme satisfaction.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### THE DOOR IN THE SHRUBBERY.

More water glideth by the mill  
Than wots the miller of.

*Titus Andronicus.*

LATER on that evening Elsie sat out on the veranda enjoying the still fragrance of the night; behind her was the soft yellow glow of the lamps, and in front the lake shone fitfully under the starlight; and a row of tall white lilies glimmered faintly in the darkness.

Oliver had just left her in response to a summons from his brother, and a moment later Mrs. Romney stepped out on the veranda. As she stood in the circle of brightness Elsie thought she looked like a picture.

She wore a dress of soft amber silk, and her arms gleamed ivory-white under the quaintly-cut sleeves; a moment afterwards she raised them to her head with a childish gesture of weariness that was nevertheless full of grace, and then she sank into the hammock-chair that Oliver had just vacated. "Oh, how tired I am!" she murmured.

"No wonder you are tired," was Elsie's reply. "Oliver says you have done the work of half a dozen women to-day. It is late,—nearly eleven: why do you not go to bed?"

"I hate going to bed unless one is sure to sleep, and I should only lie awake for hours. What an awfully complex thing life is, after all!"

"To me it seems perfectly simple," returned Elsie, cheerfully.

"To you!" with a low laugh: "you innocent little creature, what do you know of life? I was envying you this afternoon, Elsie: you looked like a happy child who had no past."

"Do you mean that you would change places with me?"

"No, indeed!" And, in spite of her fatigue, Mrs. Romney's tone was full of energy. "With all my difficulties, I would not change places with any living woman. Do you suppose that Oliver, with all his goodness, can hold a candle to my Romney? Elsie, have you any idea what he has done for me?" And here her manner changed, and her voice was full of emotion. "He brought happiness into my life, and before I knew him it was full of care."

"Were you so very poor then?" asked Elsie, a little curiously; but Mrs. Romney did not seem to resent the question.

"Yes, horribly poor. If I were not as shabby as Gussie, it was only that my self-respect would not permit me to be shabby. I was too proud to allow my poverty to appear. I would rather have sat up all night to turn an old gown than wear it until it became an eyesore.

Romney told me once soon after we were engaged that I always dressed so well; how I laughed to hear him! and yet I could have cried, too, to think of all my miserable little shifts. Do you know, Elsie, that my husband was obliged to pay for my wedding outfit? Most people would be ashamed to own that; but, with all my pride, I am not a bit ashamed. I delight to owe everything to him." And the glow of feeling on Mrs. Romney's face made her positively beautiful.

"I wonder if I could ever feel like that," murmured Elsie, half to herself, but Mrs. Romney heard her.

"No, don't wonder; we are very different people, and our circumstances are too dissimilar for comparisons. Besides, comparisons are odious things. My life has been an ordeal, and yours has rippled on as smoothly as a little brook. I read once in some book that there were no such things as conflicting duties; that the term was an anomaly,—almost an impossibility; but I differ from this; it seems to me that most of the misery of life comes from the effort to reconcile conflicting duties."

"Oliver would disagree with you there," began Elsie, but Mrs. Romney interrupted her almost impatiently:

"Please don't quote Oliver; he is a severe critic; he has such terribly hard-and-fast rules: he declares a well-balanced mind can always discern the right path, that there can be but one right and one wrong, and that it is the endeavor to act Providence that so often leads us astray."

"I almost think Oliver is right."

"He is right in a way, but he does not discriminate. Elsie, I am afraid I shall shock your innocence, but do you think it is possible to be true—absolutely true—in this world?"

"Most certainly I do." And Elsie's tone was somewhat distressed.

"That shows your simplicity, child. I do not want to shock you; I have never told a lie—a real lie—in my life, and I hope that I never shall, but all the same one has to act it sometimes."

"No, no."

"I tell you yes; and then it is not possible to be always strictly accurate. I saw you were a little surprised this afternoon when I told Rab that I knew that child slightly. I am very quick, and I could see from your manner that you thought I was misleading him; but he had no right to be so inquisitive. I was merely on the defensive against unwarrantable curiosity."

"I can understand that."

"Oh, but you thought me hard to her; but you cannot judge, Elsie. I have been very kind to her; I was her best friend, but she was wrong to disobey me. I never allow my *protégées* or pensioners to come to the house; it is really my mother-in-law's house: all my good deeds are done by stealth. She ought to have respected my wishes."

"She is very young," pleaded Elsie.

"She is nearly fifteen, and circumstances should have made her older than she is, but she is lamentably childish: she is a tender plant that needs sunshine to thrive." And here she sighed, and then abruptly changed the subject; but a little later, when Elsie was bidding her

good-night, she looked at her rather pathetically. "Don't distrust me if you can help it, dear. I try to be as good as I can, and I never want to do wrong." And then she gave an odd little laugh and left her.

Two or three days passed. Gussie had gone back to her home, on the understanding that the visit was shortly to be repeated, and Elsie and Oliver spent their time riding about the country or playing tennis with their neighbors.

One wet afternoon they had betaken themselves to the billiard-room for amusement, and had indulged afterwards in a game of shuttlecock and battledoor, in which Mrs. Romney had joined them; and Sir Henry had had his chair wheeled into the corridor, that he might watch the players.

The rain ceased towards evening, and after dinner they all gathered in the veranda while Mrs. Romney sang to them.

By and by the Squire strolled off to his smoking-room, and Oliver went in search of a book he was reading. Elsie, left to herself, went down the veranda step and sauntered aimlessly down one of the paths. The clouds had broken, and a faint watery moon just showed itself; the air was sweet with the scent of lilies, and Elsie was enjoying the freshness, when she suddenly started: a dark figure had glided from the bushes and crossed her path; but the next moment her courage returned: it was a woman, probably one of the servants who had been sent on some errand and was returning to the house, and she was about to pass her, when a gleam of fair hair caught her eyes, and in spite of the disguising waterproof she recognized the young girl whom Mrs. Romney had called Eva.

"Is it you?" she exclaimed, in some natural surprise. "Are you wanting to see any one?"

"Yes, please," in an eager whisper. "I must see Catherine—I mean Mrs. Romney. Would you bring her to me? Oh, I know," clasping her hands with a gesture of distress, "she was very angry when she saw me looking at the dancing the other day; she said I had no right to be here; but—but—I must speak to her. I have walked all this way in the rain to let her know."

"To let her know what? Don't be afraid: I will do anything I can to help you. But how wet you are!—dreadfully wet; and you look so tired! and, oh, dear, you have been crying!" for a sudden gleam of moonlight showed her the poor girl's swollen eyes; but the genuine kindness of Elsie's tone only set the tears flowing again.

"Please forgive me. I cannot help crying, I am so tired and miserable, and I want Catherine: please, please will you tell her when no one is near that I am here, and that I must speak to her? I have been here ever so long listening to her singing, and I could not help crying to think how sorry she would be if she knew I was standing outside in the wet."

"I will go to her at once. Don't fret any more. I will tell her not to be angry. But I hear footsteps: some one is looking for me." And the girl glided swiftly behind some shrubs.

"What are you doing, Elsie, in that damp place?" and Mrs. Rom-

ney's voice was somewhat sharp. "I heard voices. To whom were you talking?—Oh, Eva," with a start, as the girl, reassured, stepped out of her hiding-place. "How can you—how dare you try me in this way?"

"I could not help it, Catherine: you must not be angry; he is very ill, and I was so frightened that I was obliged to come to you. I thought he was dying, and——"

"Elsie, dear," and Mrs. Romney's voice was singularly agitated, "please go back to the house and try and find Oliver; tell him to come to the door in the shrubbery; he will find me there; but on no account let my husband know; he will be angry with me for exposing myself to this damp; but you see for yourself this poor child is in trouble, and I must help her,—I must."

Elsie ran back to the house at once, but, to her dismay, the Squire had reappeared with his cigar, and he and Oliver were having an argument in the veranda. Oliver gave her a nod, as much as to say, "Please do not interrupt us," but the Squire hardly noticed her.

What was to be done? They were in the heat of a political discussion: a remark had brought on the dispute: the Squire had his paper in his hand, and had just quoted a paragraph, and Oliver had retorted contemptuously that the statesman in question was an old woman and that his information was unreliable, and the Squire had fired up in a moment.

Elsie was in despair. Oliver was not generally dense, but the subject interested him, and he was slow to take her hints when she tried to attract his attention. He thought it was girlish coquetry, and only gave her an affectionate smile. She was quite at her wits' end to know what to do, until a happy idea came to her, and five minutes later Oliver found a folded slip of paper between his fingers: in the obscure light she had pushed it unnoticed into his hand.

This had the desired effect, and the next moment Oliver strolled to the window under the pretext of relighting his cigar. When he read Elsie's scrawl, his manner changed:

"Mrs. Romney wants to speak to you. She is by the door in the shrubbery. That girl is with her."

"I have got stiff with sitting. I think I will have a prowl," he observed, casually, when he rejoined them.

"I will take a turn with you," replied his brother, amiably, and Oliver and Elsie exchanged glances. Oliver raised his eyebrows: it was impossible to shake off the Squire when he was in a mood for argument. "There's no help for it," he muttered, as he went down the steps.

Elsie watched them until they were out of sight, and then she ran quickly down the shrubbery path: her footsteps were so light on the grass border that she reached them unperceived.

They were standing beside the half-open door that led into the road. Mrs. Romney's arms were round the girl, and Eva's face was hidden on her shoulder, and Mrs. Romney's voice was as tender as though she were speaking to her child:

"You must not lose courage, darling. Think what a comfort you are to me."



"But there is so little I can do," sobbed the girl. "All day long it is the same thing over and over again: 'Do you think Catherine will come?' 'I want Catherine!'—it breaks my heart to hear him."

"You are breaking mine when you tell me that. Dearest, there is nothing for us but patience.—Ah, Elsie," in a flurried tone, "how you startled me! Have you come to tell us that you cannot find Oliver?"

"Mr. Carfax is with him. I wrote your message on a bit of paper, but he cannot come just yet."

"Then there is only one thing to be done. You must go home, Eva, and trust me to do what I can for you. You will be brave, you will not be afraid," looking at the girl anxiously; but Eva recoiled with visible alarm at the sight of the dark road that lay beyond the gate.

"Oh, how dark it is! I am almost afraid to let go your hand, Catherine. Must I go all that way alone?"

"My darling, there is no help for it. Would I let you go alone if I could help it? But there is nothing to fear; these country roads are so safe. Pluck up your courage, dear; nothing will hurt you. I will stand here until you are safely round that dark corner and you can see the village. Walk out boldly: no one will speak to you."

"If I am frightened I shall run. Don't laugh at me, Catherine: I am not brave like you."

"I am not brave at all, my sweet," kissing her. "Now go, go, or my husband will hear us." She put her gently outside the gate, and stood there listening anxiously to the faltering, uneven footsteps. She had quite forgotten Elsie's existence. "Poor child!" she murmured to herself; "my poor frightened little Eva!" and she quite started when Elsie's voice sounded close to her.

"What does it all mean, Mrs. Romney? How fond you seem of that girl!"

"Yes, I am fond of her," she answered, rather shortly. "I love all young helpless things, and Eva is so terribly sensitive: she had a bad illness once, and a fright, and her nerves have never recovered it. Now help me to regain the house without my husband discovering me, or I shall be lectured severely for my imprudence." But, though Mrs. Romney tried to laugh, there was no mirth in her voice, and the laugh ended in a long-drawn sigh.

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## CHAPTER XII.

"WILL YOU DO ME A FAVOR?"

What, what, what! ill luck, ill luck!

*Merchant of Venice.*

ELSIE returned to her room that night in a sorely perplexed frame of mind.

In spite of her youth and ignorance of the world, she could no longer shut her eyes to the fact that some strange secret was connected with the mysterious visit of this young girl, and that notwithstanding Mrs. Romney's seeming frankness she was not acting in a perfectly

straightforward manner. Eva was no ordinary *protégée*, no mere recipient of a large-hearted bounty, Elsie was quite sure of that: the passionate tenderness of Mrs. Romney's tones still rang in her ears: "You must not lose courage, darling! think what a comfort you are to me!" and again, "Poor child! my poor frightened little Eva!" Why was she so anxious to shield her from her husband's notice? what could all this secrecy mean? and why was Oliver her confidant? It was this latter point that troubled her. Oliver was surely the last person in the world to give his sanction or countenance to any unworthy concealment; in her heart Elsie knew that she could trust him blindly, but all the same the mystery fretted and baffled her.

It was no use going to bed; she was far too wide awake. For a long time she waited, hoping that Mrs. Romney would come to her and offer some sort of explanation for her extraordinary behavior; but more than an hour passed and she gave no sign. She tried to read, but the least sound attracted her attention and made her lay down the book. Why was Oliver sitting up so late? he generally went to bed long before this. She could hear the Squire going his rounds, and then footsteps passed her door; to her relief, Oliver was with him: she could distinctly hear his voice, lowered purposely so as not to disturb her.

"Good-night, old fellow; pleasant dreams to you;" but the Squire's reply was not audible.

Elsie took the book again: she was not sleepy yet, and she might as well finish the chapter; it proved interesting, and she read another, and then she gave a sudden start; footsteps were passing her door again, the door opposite unclosed softly. A sudden overwhelming curiosity made Elsie open hers, and the subdued sound of voices reached her ear. Who could be talking at this late hour? Was Harry ill, and had his nurse summoned Mrs. Romney? This thought made Elsie venture out into the corridor, but the nursery door was fast shut, and the sound proceeded evidently from the staircase. The next moment she was peeping over the balustrade. To her intense chagrin, she saw Mrs. Romney, still in her evening dress, with a shawl thrown over her, talking to Oliver.

But it was Oliver's appearance that surprised her most. He had changed his clothes, and was in his light tweed morning suit, and his hat was in his hand. It was long past midnight, and yet he was going out. Elsie could bear no more, and, without stopping to consider what they would think of her, she ran noiselessly down the stairs. Mrs. Romney gave a faint shriek when she saw the little white figure flash suddenly into sight, but Oliver, with hardly a change of countenance, put out his hand to her. He looked grave and more impassive than ever.

"What is the matter?" asked Elsie, breathlessly. "Why are you going out? Is any one ill?" and then, as Oliver did not at once reply, she turned to Mrs. Romney a little angrily: "Why are you sending him out? It is your fault. You are always making him do things, and he does not like it."

"Why should you interfere, Elsie? You will spoil everything. Go to bed, like a good girl, and leave me to manage my own business.

Oliver is doing me a great kindness: he is a dear good fellow." Mrs. Romney spoke excitedly, but there was no temper in her tone: she was putting Elsie off as though she were a child, and the girl resented it.

"It is cruel of you to send him out in the middle of the night! What is the reason of all this mystery?—Oliver, why don't you answer me? I have a right to know. You are not treating me well, you and Mrs. Romney."

"No, darling, we are not, and you have every right to reprove us." And Oliver tightened his hold of the little hands, and looked at her quietly.—"Catherine, you are making trouble between me and Elsie with these foolish mysteries: you are risking not only your own peace, but ours. Let me put a stop to it by telling her the truth."

"Not to-night! oh, no, Oliver! I have your promise, and I cannot release you to-night! If Elsie loves you she will trust you. Why are you wasting time with all this nonsense? At any moment Romney may wake and miss me." And she almost wrung her hands with impatience.

"You hear what Catherine says, Elsie: she will not allow me to clear myself." But Elsie, touched to the heart by the suppressed pain of his voice, interrupted him:

"Don't look so troubled, Oliver. It is not your fault; I am sure of that. Nothing shall make mischief between us. I trust you; I know you are true as steel. There, go, go, if you must." And she was turning away, but he caught her almost passionately in his arms.

"I will never forget this! Thanks a thousand times, my darling, my loyal darling!—Come and let me out at the conservatory door, Catherine, and let me get this business over.—Go back to your room, Elsie, and sleep as sweetly as you deserve to sleep."

Elsie retraced her steps, and went swiftly to her window: it overlooked the path that led from the conservatory. The next moment Oliver passed, and waved his hand in recognition, but he did not speak. She stood there for a few moments lost in thought, until the sound of her own door opening made her turn her head as Mrs. Romney came hurriedly into the room. She looked pale and worried, and spoke in a hesitating manner:

"I am very sorry, Elsie. I would not pain you or Oliver for worlds, but I cannot help myself to-night. You were very dear and good to him, and he has gone off quite happily. You are a generous-hearted girl."

Elsie drew up her white chin a little proudly.

"Nothing can make me distrust Oliver," she said, coldly.

Mrs. Romney looked at her rather sadly.

"No, you only distrust me; you think I have no right to have secrets from my husband. Ah, you cannot judge. One day perhaps you will be more lenient. I cannot stop now, Elsie; Romney may wake any minute. He thinks I am with Harry; the child was a little feverish to-night, so I told him I should not undress yet. I wish you could have said something kind to me: my heart is heavy enough as it is." And here she suddenly broke down and sobbed in a distressing

manner. "Oh, my poor head!" she said, "my poor tired head!" and she laid it against the dressing-table.

This sudden loss of self-control frightened Elsie, and, forgetting her own grievances, she knelt down by Mrs. Romney and begged her to be calm, and in a few minutes she raised her head and began drying her eyes.

"No, it is no use crying; nothing can relieve me to-night. I have a dead weight here, Elsie," touching her chest, "a sickening dead weight, and it hurts me. Things are coming to a crisis, and I shall be undone. I have done no wrong in my Maker's eyes, but all the same I shall be undone. There, let me go: you are very kind, but it is impossible for you to help me. If it were not for Oliver I should go mad."

"I am very sorry for you," returned Elsie, mechanically; but Mrs. Romney made no answer: she stood for a moment with the shawl dropping from her shoulders and leaving her white neck uncovered, so that Elsie could see the piteous quivering in the muscles of the throat. Then she turned silently to the door, opened and then closed it noiselessly, and Elsie was left alone. The air had become damp and chilly, and the candles were getting in the draught. Elsie hastily undressed, and extinguished them. She meant to lie awake and watch for Oliver's return, but before ten minutes had elapsed she was fast asleep, and only the maid's busy movements about her room roused her the next morning.

The first person she saw when she went down-stairs was Oliver. He came out of the conservatory with some roses, his usual morning offering to his young betrothed, and put them in her hand silently. Elsie looked at him rather anxiously: he seemed fagged and tired.

"Were you out long, Oliver?" she whispered.

"I have only just returned," was his reply. "Don't wait for me, Elsie: I must have my tub before breakfast. Mrs. Romney is in there," pointing to the dining-room; and he hurried off, to prevent further questions.

Mrs. Romney was sorting the letters at the side table. She beckoned quickly to Elsie. She looked as though she had not slept all night, and her voice spoke of some terrible strain. "Elsie, will you do me a favor? It is urgent. Think of something you need in Draycott, that you must have without fail, and ask me to drive you in. Hush! I hear Romney's voice." And she turned again to the letters.

"I must have some more yellow floss silk for my work, and I can only match it myself," returned Elsie, very naturally, as the Squire entered, but she stifled a sudden impatience as she spoke. More mysteries,—more underhand plans: she was growing weary of them. "I suppose one can match silks in Draycott?"

"Oh, dear, yes. I will drive you there as soon as I have given cook her orders."

"Eh, what? shopping again, Mrs. Kitty? Why should you fash yourself with driving into Draycott this hot morning? Elsie can go with me in the dog-cart. I have nothing on earth to do, and you have had a bad night with Harry."

"A drive will do me good, Romney," pleaded his wife,— "will it not, Elsie? There is nothing like fresh air for picking one up."

"That is what I always say," returned Elsie, quickly. "A good ride after a ball does one all the good in the world. I hope you will come with me, Mrs. Romney, for I want your advice about a smock for Harry; I have promised to make him one."

Mrs. Romney flashed a grateful look at her, and her hand trembled as she poured out the coffee. "I should like to come with you, dear," she said, gently; and the Squire, who was in a high good humor over his letters, only rallied her for her obstinacy and self-will, and the subject dropped until Oliver entered the room, when the Squire casually observed that the ladies were driving in to Draycott. Oliver fixed his eyes inquiringly on his sister-in-law, but she gave him a quick sign, and he asked no questions until he found himself alone with Elsie.

"Are you sure you do not mind, Elsie?"

"I mind very much," was her candid answer: "I hate the very name of Draycott; but Mrs. Romney begged me to do her this favor. Oh, I hope we shall not be long."

"I am afraid you will, poor little Elsie. You are being martyred between us. I never loved you as I did last night: I must tell you that now, darling." And Oliver managed to say a good deal more, until Elsie's cheek burnt with his praises, and she drove off blushing like a rose and quite oblivious of Mrs. Romney's harassed looks.

Neither of them felt any inclination for conversation, and not a word was spoken until the tower of St. Mary's came in sight, and then Mrs. Romney leaned forward in the wagonette and said, hurriedly,—

"I have asked Archer to put me down at the corner of Church Street. You can do your shopping without me, I know. Be as long as you can. Why not go to the library and order some new books? Do not come for me for at least an hour. I will join you as soon as I am ready."

Elsie nodded, and proceeded to carry out her instructions; but she never found it so difficult to while away an hour. She matched her silks, and then went to the library; then she discovered that she was hungry and would like a bun, and Archer had orders to drive her to the best confectioner's. She had provided herself with an ice and a Bath bun, when her enjoyment was marred by the entrance of Mr. Lockhart; he spied her at once, and a beaming smile came over his face.

"Well, this is luck!" he said, exultingly, as he shook hands. "I was looking out for you ladies. I called at the Frythe to see if I could do any errands for any one, and the Squire volunteered to drive in with me; he is at the club, reading the papers, but he told me to look out for the wagonette, as he means to drive back with you. What have you done with Mrs. Romney?"

"She has some business. I shall call for her presently," stammered Elsie. "When did you say the Squire would be ready for us?"

"Oh, in about a quarter of an hour. You are to drive to the club for him. By the bye, Miss Vaughan, I met Miss Poole in Hart Street," and here the little man's face became alarmingly pink: "she



looked like a ghost, and seemed as down as possible ; that step-mother of hers had been bullying her. I suppose," clearing his throat with difficulty, " that Mrs. Romney has not invited her again to the Frythe ; it would do her a world of good, I am quite sure of that."

"I will tell Mrs. Romney what you say : Miss Poole is a great favorite of hers, and she is always so sorry for her. She is a very nice girl. I like her very much." Elsie hardly knew what she said ; she was dying to get rid of Mr. Lockhart, but the little man stuck to her pertinaciously. He plied her with questions ; did she not think Miss Poole an exceedingly amiable person, intelligent too ? oh, yes, he was quite sure that she was intelligent ; she read Carlyle and Ruskin, and then she was devoted to poetry, and—well, he must confess he had a sneaking fancy for the old-fashioned poets himself,—Pope's " Rape of the Lock," for example, could anything be more racy and delightful than Belinda's toilet ? He begged pardon ; he feared he was delaying Miss Vaughan ; for Elsie had at last risen in desperation.

"I must go. I shall be late," she said, hurriedly. "Please do not come with me, Mr. Lockhart." But Rab was not to be shunted in that way ; he handed Elsie into the wagonette with elaborate politeness, and stood bareheaded on the pavement until he received her parting smile. Elsie could only hope that her direction to drive to Church Street was not overheard. She looked up at the market clock as they drove past : in six or seven minutes the Squire would be standing in front of the club, looking out for them. There was only one thing to do : she must go herself to No. 27 and warn Mrs. Romney ; there was no other course open to her ; and directly the wagonette stopped she let herself out and ran down the street.

The door was open. Elsie knocked softly, and then louder, but, to her surprise, no one came ; and after a minute's irresolution she stepped into the narrow passage and peeped into the shabby little sitting-room. It was quite empty, and looked as though it had been unoccupied for weeks : the colored antimacassars hung in faultless folds ; some smart-looking books were ranged at equal distances round the centre-table ; no one seemed moving about the kitchen except a black cat, who mewed at Elsie in rather a dismal fashion, but a faint creaking overhead attracted her attention.

Elsie was at her wits' end ; but at last, in desperation, she began to ascend the narrow steep flight of stairs. As she did so, the shabby frayed druggeting attracted her attention : the people who lived here must be dreadfully poor, she thought ; but the next moment she gave a violent start. Mrs. Romney's voice sounded quite close to her : it proceeded from a room just opposite the staircase.

"Give me the wine, Eva : he is getting faint again. Oh, why, why does not Dr. Evans come ? Father, father dear, you must drink this : it is Catherine who is giving it to you."

Elsie held her breath and crept to the door. That agonized voice made her shiver. Mrs. Romney's back was towards her : she was kneeling beside the bed, and supporting a gray-haired man in her arms. Elsie had a glimpse of the worn, emaciated features, then Eva's fair head obstructed her view.



"Drink it, daddy," she said, in a sobbing voice, but a wasted hand waved it away.

"It is poisoned," returned the invalid, in a hollow voice. "She said she would do for me. She is the curse of my life, and she is killing me slowly every day. Catherine," rousing up with fitful energy, "don't let her come here; hide me away from her. And hide Eva, too; she is cruel to Eva; I saw the bruises on the child's arm myself. When she drinks she is like a fury, and she hates us both."

"There is no one here, father, but Eva and your own Kitty. No one shall hurt you, never again, never again. 'He shall wipe the tears off from all faces,'—do you remember those words, dear? from yours,—from mine when in His good time I shall have earned my rest. See, I am tasting the wine, and it is good, for it comes from my husband's cellar. Now you will take it, like a dear good father, for your poor Catherine's sake."

"Mrs. Romney," Elsie's voice almost breathed into her ear, and Mrs. Romney's white face turned on her full of startled indignation.

"You here? How dare you intrude on my privacy?" Her voice was purposely lowered, but her gray eyes flashed with anger. The old man clutched her convulsively:

"Who is that, Catherine? Send her away. I will see no one."

"It is a friend, father," her voice melting into tenderness. "She has a good heart, and will not do us any harm.—Go away, Elsie. You see how it is: I cannot and will not leave my father."

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE SQUIRE IS MASTERFUL.

Thank God, bless God, all ye who suffer not  
More grief than ye can weep for. That is well  
That is light grieving.

E. B. BROWNING.

MRS. ROMNEY pronounced these words with a sort of feverish determination, but Elsie stooped down and whispered in her ear,—

"You must leave him. The Squire is in the town; Mr. Lockhart told me so; he is at the club, expecting us. He intends to drive back in the wagonette."

"Romney at his club?" She gasped out the words with incredulous dismay.

"Yes, and at this very minute he will be looking for us. Mrs. Romney, you must come." And Catherine, with a dazed look, rose from her knees.

"That is why you are here to warn me. Thank you, Elsie.—Father dear, I must leave you for a little while." But the sick man detained her: a terrified expression came into his sunken eyes.

"You must not leave me. I will not be left with the child. What is she to do, if that woman comes? She will take away the doctor's stuff and drink the wine: that is what she did when poor little Eva was ill. Kitty, if you go away you will be an unnatural daughter.

What! leave your poor dying father! Shame, shame on you, Catherine!"

"Hush, father! you are cruel to agitate yourself in this way,—cruel to me and Eva. You shall not be alone long. The nurse Oliver saw will be here directly, and Dr. Evans promised to look in again."

"I will not have them. You know my dislike to strangers. I will have no one about me but you. Why must you leave me, Kitty? Surely your husband is not so unforgiving as to keep us apart now I am dying."

"Father, you are breaking my heart!" And Mrs. Romney kissed the gray head almost despairingly. "You are not dying; you shall not die. Let me go, and I will come soon again." And she tore herself away.

"Must you really go, Catherine?" and Eva stole timidly to her side; "he is really worse, and——"

"No, no; the wine has given him strength. Go back to him and talk to him cheerfully. You have nothing to fear, darling; Nurse Miriam will be with you directly.—Now, Elsie." And she led the way down-stairs.

"We are very late," Elsie murmured, as they took their places.

"Late, are we?" with a sudden look of alarm. "Elsie, you must help me with Romney, for I am almost worn out. Tell me," with sudden agitation, "do you think that he—my father is dying? I have never seen any one die."

"He looks very ill," returned Elsie, cautiously, but in her secret heart she felt the old man's days were numbered; she had no time to say more, for the Squire's tall figure was in sight, and, to Elsie's dismay, Rab Lockhart was with him. The little man seemed ubiquitous.

"Have we kept you waiting, dear?" asked Mrs. Romney, trying to speak in her usual manner, but her voice was hardly under control.

"Kept me waiting?" returned the Squire, wrathfully. "Are you aware I have been kicking up my heels in this blazing sun for the last half-hour? Rab tells me he gave my message to Elsie nearly three-quarters of an hour ago."

"Oh, yes, we got your message, but we had not finished all our business.—How do you do, Mr. Lockhart? are you waiting there in the hope of seeing Gussie pass?—Jump in, Romney; it is no use waiting any longer." But the Squire, who for once was out of temper, considered this speech as only an aggravation of the offence.

"Upon my word, Catherine, you are a cool hand! You might have the grace to say you are sorry for keeping me waiting.—No, thanks," as Rab with good-natured officiousness opened the door: "I shall take the reins from Archer." And with a decidedly sulky look and the air of a martyr the Squire mounted the box.

Catherine drew a long sigh of relief, but she spoke no word, but Rab whispered confidentially, "He'll be as sweet as a nut when he has had his luncheon and a pipe;" but the words were almost jerked out of his mouth, for the Squire had touched up Jess and Jasper so smartly that they curveted wildly and then dashed across the market-place.

Elsie gave a little cry of alarm, and Rab stood in the middle of the

road, looking after them anxiously; but he need not have troubled himself: the Squire was a splendid whip, and his spirited horses were entirely under his control.

Mrs. Romney leaned back in her corner. Her hands were clasped on her lap, and her eyes were full of tears. "He is vexed with me," she said, as though to herself, "and I do not wonder at it."

But the Squire could not long keep up his grievance, and his displeasure soon evaporated. Before many minutes were over he was carrying on a jerky conversation with Elsie over his shoulder, and by and by there was an admonition to Kitty to look out sharp at something. Mrs. Romney, who was crying silently behind her sunshade, tried to answer him, but her words failed to reach him. "Tell him the sun has made my head ache," she whispered, and Elsie repeated the message. But this harmless excuse only fanned the slumbering embers of his wrath again. Any ailment of his Kitty, however trifling, was a serious matter in his eyes.

"Another headache!" he muttered, and then he suddenly checked the horses just as they were passing a large red brick house, and Archer was despatched to the gate with a message.

Mrs. Romney got up from her seat in a hurry:

"Why have you sent Archer to Dr. Fergusson, Romney?"

"Because I wish him to look in some time this afternoon," returned her husband, coolly. "I have heard enough of these headaches, and I intend him to take you in hand properly. You have not been yourself for the last two or three weeks, and I shall ask him to put you to rights."

"You are very absurd, Romney. I am perfectly well, and Dr. Fergusson will only laugh at us both." But the Squire made no answer to this, and Catherine gave a weary little sigh as she went back to her corner. She knew too well that it was useless to contend with Romney when he was in one of these masterful moods, but the idea of being restrained and treated as an invalid was galling in the extreme.

Catherine was in that painful state of intense nervous tension when even a louder voice than usual made her tremble from head to foot: she could eat no luncheon, and made her headache a pretext for retiring from the table.

"I hope you consider that I have done a wise thing in asking Dr. Fergusson to call," observed her husband as he opened the door for her, but a few minutes later he followed her to her room.

Strange to say, the strong big man had the thoughtfulness and light touch of a woman in a sick-room. His irritation had died a natural death the moment he saw Catherine was really suffering, though he had no idea that it was mental and not bodily pain that made her contract her forehead and clench her delicate hands. He shaded the windows carefully, and arranged the pillows on her couch, then he helped her unloosen the heavy braids of hair that seemed to oppress her. As he did so she suddenly drew his hand to her lips. "Oh, my darling," she whispered, "love me, love me always as well as you do now, or I could not live." But the Squire frowned, as though this little outburst displeased him.

"Now you are hysterical again," he said, in rather a repressive voice. "My dear child, I insist on your keeping yourself quiet until Fergusson comes. He will soon put you to rights. Shut your eyes, and try to sleep. I shall go down-stairs and keep the house as quiet as possible." But she caught hold of his coat-sleeve.

"Have you forgiven me, have you quite forgiven me, for keeping you waiting?"

"Forgiven? Nonsense!" and he kissed her forehead; "but I shall be angry with you in earnest if you say another word." And the Squire crept noiselessly out of the room; but his honest heart would have been wrung if he could have seen Catherine lying face downward on the couch, trying to control her sobs.

"If I have done wrong, if I have been weak, cowardly, it was because I loved you too much," she moaned, "because I dared not let you know my disobedience. Oh, God help me, what shall I do, what shall I do if he ever finds out that I have deceived him?"

q Elsie had not yet found herself alone with Oliver. Some visitors had driven over after luncheon, and Lady Carfax had needed their presence in the drawing-room. Before they left Dr. Fergusson paid his visit, but it was some time before Romney joined them.

He seemed in rather a perturbed state of mind. Oliver had just left the room on some errand or other, and Elsie and Lady Carfax were alone.

"Well, Romney, what does Dr. Fergusson say about Catherine?" asked Lady Carfax, tranquilly. She did not herself think that there was much amiss with her daughter-in-law, only if Catherine's finger ached Romney made a fuss.

"He says that her nerves are in a most unsatisfactory state," returned her son, gloomily,— "that she is suffering from some mental pressure or strain. He saw her alone, and he assures me that he questioned her very closely, and that he is convinced that she has something on her mind, and, though she would not allow this, she did not exactly contradict him."

"What an absurd idea!" returned Lady Carfax, impatiently. "I hope you told him that Catherine was the happiest creature in the world. Her spirits are excellent. Why, she is the life of the house. No, no: she has been doing too much, and is a little below par. She wants a tonic to set her up."

"I wish I could agree with you, mother; but it seems to me that Catherine has flagged lately, and her spirits certainly have not been as good as usual. Don't you remember that evening when she was so hysterical? and she has been shedding tears more than once. She is irritable, too. I wonder," with a worried expression, "if anything can be troubling her!"

"Troubling her? Of course not," with the utmost scorn, for Lady Carfax had scant sympathy with nerves. "You are well, and Harry is well, and the servants do their duty: what should trouble a strong, healthy, happy young woman? I always said Dr. Fergusson is an alarmist; he always takes the worst view of your poor father's case. Well, what does he advise? what remedies does he intend to prescribe?"

"Oh, he says there is little to be done. He will send her some quieting medicine and a sleeping-draught for to-night. She is to rest as much as possible, and to avoid fatigue and late hours, and to take a little gentle exercise every day."

"And what made him come so late?"

"Oh, he said Evans wanted him to see a bad case in the town,—a stranger who had lately come to Draycott: it is a singular case of pressure on the brain; besides other complications, he seems to have a fancy that some woman—his wife, I think he said—was poisoning him. Fergusson seems to think it is a case for a lunatic asylum, only he is evidently too ill to be moved."

"Whom on earth are you talking about, Romney?" asked Oliver, who had just entered the room and had overheard the last words.

"Only a patient of Dr. Evans's,—I think the name was Frith, or Smith,—down in Church Street. The saddest part seems to be that there is quite a young daughter, a frightened nervous little creature, not a bit fit to attend such a case; but they are sending a nurse from the hospital."

"Elsie, will you come out for a stroll?" asked Oliver, abruptly, and the girl rose immediately. "Oh, Oliver, I have wanted to speak to you so badly!" she exclaimed, as they descended the grass slope towards the lake, "and I thought those stupid people would never go. I wanted to tell you that I have seen him,—Mrs. Romney's father; and what—what does it all mean?" facing round on the astonished young man.

Oliver uttered an exclamation; then he drew her hand through his arm. "There is no hurry," he said, coolly; "we have two hours before us. I will row you out into the middle of the lake, and you shall tell me everything from the beginning." And Elsie was soon in the midst of her narration. She had an excellent listener; Oliver never interrupted her by word or comment; now and then his oar splashed idly in the water; but when she had finished a look of relief came to his face.

"The secret is out," he said, quietly. "Now there is no irritating mystery between us. Yes, poor Mr. Vincent is very ill. I was sitting up with him last night, so I ought to know."

"But, Oliver——"

"Well, darling?"

"You must begin to talk now. I want to know the reason of all this secrecy. Why does Mrs. Romney keep her father's illness a secret from her husband?"

"I suppose the swans won't betray us if I take you into confidence; you have been a good child, Elsie, and you deserve your reward; Catherine cannot blame me if I tell you things now, as you know the main facts of the case. She has made a great mistake in keeping it dark from Romney. Romney is a generous fellow, and he would have helped her to the best of his ability, and if I do not mistake she will pay dearly for her weakness."

"Oh, Oliver, I hope not."

"I hope so too; but we Carfax men are a stiff-necked generation:

we believe in sturdy old-fashioned honesty and straightforward plain ways. I love you dearly, Elsie, as you know well, and when you are my wife I shall hope to love you a hundred times more, but if you disobeyed my express commands and acted in opposition to my wishes without giving me warning that the pressure of circumstances obliged you to do so, I should consider that my confidence was betrayed and that you were acting in an underhand way, and I fear—I very much fear—that you would forfeit my respect.”

“Oh, no, Oliver! pray do not tell me that there is any fear of Mrs. Romney’s losing her husband’s respect.”

“No, dear, I will tell you nothing; I will just put the circumstances before you, and you shall judge for yourself: there is plenty of sense in that pretty little head. And, mind, although I blame Mrs. Romney, I am heartily sorry for her, too. She has had a hard life of it, poor woman!”

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### CATHERINE.

I am not fair, and therefore  
I pray the gods make me honest.

SHAKESPEARE.

OLIVER paused a moment, as though he were in doubt where to begin, and Elsie seized the opportunity to ask him another question:

“Just tell me one thing. How long have you been Mrs. Romney’s confidant?” but Oliver shook his head at her reprovingly.

“That is so like a woman: the feminine mind always wants to know the end before the beginning. You must allow me to tell my story in my own way, or it will never be told at all.” And, thus rebuked, Elsie held her peace. Oliver could be masterful too when he chose: the Carfax brothers certainly possessed dominant wills.

“I told you how Romney and Catherine first met,” he went on, looking at her inquiringly, and Elsie nodded, “and how my dearly-beloved brother took his own wilful way and disappointed his hosts by declining to fall in love with their handsome daughter, and how he courted the governess instead, but I have not told you that Catherine was hard to win.

“You know what a good-looking fellow Romney is: though I am his own brother, I declare I don’t know a man to compare with him; and he has a kindly chivalrous way with women that wins their hearts. You may imagine his surprise and chagrin, then, at the quietly decided manner in which Catherine repelled his advances. He used to come to my diggings—you know the Firs was only three or four miles from Aldershot—looking quite down and miserable. I never saw a fellow so much in love in my life until I met a certain young person at a certain ball, and then I knew how it felt; but in spite of my want of experience I was very sorry for Romney.

“He used to drop into my favorite hammock-chair with a sigh that almost blew me away.

“‘It is no use,’ he would say; ‘she keeps me at arm’s length and



avoids me as much as possible; she used to be quite friendly at first, but ever since I sent her those flowers she seems afraid to let me come near her; if I speak to her in the drawing-room of an evening she walks off to the piano and asks one of the boys to turn over her leaves for her; she will never let me do that for her if she can help it, ever since the night I told her that her voice haunted me.'

"'You may depend upon it, it is pure cussedness,' I would tell him. 'Miss Vincent may be a very superior young woman, but I dare say she is not different from the rest of her sex: she is just trying it on a bit.'

"'You are quite wrong,' he returned, warmly; 'she has no nonsense of that sort, and—and, in spite of her seeming coldness, I am convinced she is not as indifferent as she would have me believe,' and here Romney grew very red. 'Once or twice I have seen her change color when I have come upon her unexpectedly, and—well, you will know for yourself one day, old fellow, what these little things mean,' but I am afraid I laughed derisively at this.

"The next day he came he brought me an invitation from Mrs. Trafford. I was to dine and sleep at the Firs. They were very hospitable people, and there were other marriageable daughters besides Felicia."

"Oh, Oliver! how can you be so wicked?"

"My dear little girl, I had had all my innocence knocked out of me early in life. I was quite a shy fellow until the young ladies taught me to flirt; and then, I own, I was an apt pupil. I had not quite completed my education in this respect, for I tried to back out, much to Romney's disgust.

"'You might think of me,' he said, reproachfully. 'You are the only brother I have. I want you to see Miss Vincent and to give me your candid opinion how I stand with her. I cannot go on much longer in this way; it is making me quite thin; the Traffords, too, are beginning to be suspicious, and Felicia is growing cold: could you not take her off my hands for one evening? I would do as much for you.' And, as I found it impossible to refuse this touching request, I consented to be victimized, and packed my gladstone.

"I did not see Catherine until we were just going in to dinner; she had entered the room while Miss Angela Trafford was showing me the conservatory: Angela was a pretty, artless little girl, and I rather enjoyed the business." But here there was an indignant remonstrance on Elsie's part.

"You are just saying that to tease me, but I know, I know," with a triumphant tone in her voice, "that you never flirted in your life; Mrs. Romney told me that. I don't care a bit if Angela were as pretty as she could be, I would trust you with a dozen Angelas."

"Should you darling? That is just what I wanted you to say. My bait had a nibble immediately. When we went back to the drawing-room I saw Romney speaking to a young lady in black; she was somewhat pale and unattractive-looking, and I never imagined for a moment it was Miss Vincent. Romney had praised her so enthusiastically that I failed to recognize his description; though she was cer-

tainly very graceful-looking. I was rather taken aback, then, when he said, somewhat eagerly, 'Miss Vincent, this is my brother, Captain Carfax,' in a voice that would have betrayed him to the most indifferent person. 'I want you two to be good friends.'

"I was bound to confess that this was somewhat cool on Romney's part, considering the small encouragement he had received; and I was not at all surprised that Miss Vincent bowed to me rather coldly. I saw then that she had fine eyes, with a great deal of expression in them, and that her hands and arms were unusually beautiful.

"She sat beside me at dinner, but Angela Trafford was on my right hand, and I found no opportunity of speaking to her for some time. When I did so I found her quite ready to converse with me; her brief coldness had vanished, and she was full of animation: before many minutes had passed I thought her charming; she was brimful of intelligence, and her manner was so unconscious and yet so sprightly that I began to understand Romney's infatuation.

"I did not mention his name for some time, and this was quite involuntary on my part, but a marked change came over her at once. She grew pale and seemed to stiffen. I pretended not to notice this, but continued talking about him, and she became more syllabic and still more icy, and seemed almost glad when Mrs. Trafford gave the signal for the ladies to rise.

"When we returned to the drawing-room Catherine was singing. That beautiful voice drew me to the piano at once. Romney followed me, but after an instant he drew back and took up his station beside Felicia's chair; his attitude was somewhat moody; he seemed lost in thought; he was pulling his moustache in a perplexed hopeless sort of way—you know what I mean.

"The corner where I stood was a dark one, and I believe Catherine was unconscious of my presence. When she had finished her song she turned over her music to find another; then I saw her suddenly pause and fix her eyes on Romney. I shall never forget her expression: if ever woman loved a man Catherine loved Romney, I was convinced of that; then I saw a distressed flush come to her face, her lip suddenly quivered, and she bent over her music again.

"I did not speak to her again that evening; neither did Romney; I think he purposely held aloof. When she finished singing, she played chess with Mr. Trafford until the men retired to the smoking-room.

"Romney came to my room late that night.

"'Well,' he said, abruptly, 'what do you think of her? It was evident she liked you. I never saw her so animated.'

"'I thought her very interesting,' was my response. 'She is not handsome, but somehow she impresses her individuality on you. Perhaps it is not too strong to say she has a charming personality.'

"'My dear fellow,' and here Romney positively beamed, 'I knew you would appreciate her, you are both so genuine. And now tell me if you think I have any chance with her?'

"'Go in and win,' was my encouraging reply; 'you shall have my congratulations beforehand;' and I sent him to bed radiant.

"The next morning I encountered Miss Vincent and her pupils in the garden: they were feeding their pets, and she was reading in the fernery. She welcomed me with a smile, and I at once entered into conversation with her. She looked tired and a little sad, and there was a plaintiveness in her voice, but she surprised me very much by asking after Romney:

"He did not seem in spirits last night. I don't think the place suits him. Why don't you advise him to have a thorough change?"

"She spoke impulsively, but she evidently meant what she said.

"I am afraid I should have no influence with him, Miss Vincent: the Firs has too great an attraction for him."

"I suppose my manner was a little pointed. She blushed violently, and seemed agitated for a moment; then she summoned up her courage for another effort:

"We have seen a great deal of Mr. Carfax lately. He has been very kind; I should think it is his nature to be kind. Mrs. Trafford is devoted to him: she is always asking him to stay. It is a pity if the place does not suit him."

"Why do you think it does not suit him? You may depend upon it, my brother would not come if it did not please him. Men are not so unselfish."

"Oh, he is not selfish; no one is less so. I know him very well; we are good friends; that is why I think he needs a change. This sandy soil does not suit everybody: you should tell him so; please do, almost pleadingly; and I could see then what beautiful eyes she had: in spite of the strangeness of her words, there was something so gentle and earnest in her expression that I could not turn them off with a laugh. I felt that she was appealing to me for help, that she had come to some crisis in her life when she wanted a friend.

"I will tell him so, if you wish it, that you consider the place does not suit him, that you are sure he needs a change."

"Yes, tell him that: he is very good-natured; he will not be angry. Thank you very much, Captain Carfax." She sighed, and then abruptly changed the subject by speaking of the book she held in her hand: "It is a good book: it helps me very much; it is sad, but there are such beautiful thoughts in it: the writer was too introspective, and everything discouraged him, and in some sense his life was a failure, but, as the introduction so truly says, 'all thinkers are at home with him.'"

"I took the book from her hand: it was, as I guessed, the 'Journal Intime of Henry Frederick Amiel.' I had seen reviews of it. I read out the first words that caught my eye: 'We dream alone, we suffer alone, we die alone, we inhabit the last resting-place alone,' and then I paused.

"Oh, you have not finished the passage," she said, with quick animation. "Read what he says next: 'There is nothing to prevent us from opening our solitude to God.' Amiel speaks well there; but, after all, is one in any sense alone? even in our solitude we cannot strip ourselves of the thoughts, the memories, of others; we are still guided and governed by invisible monitors; even in our loneliness the

footsteps of our friends leave their mark everywhere.' And when she had said this she closed the book and called the children to her. I found an opportunity to give Miss Vincent's message while they were hurrying my horse round to the stable. When Romney heard it a brightness came into his eyes.

"'Did she say that? I will speak to her to-night; she knows already that I love her, but to-night I will ask her to be my wife.'

"'All right,' was my response. After all, Romney was at liberty to choose his own wife: Miss Vincent was a gentlewoman, it was easy to see that, and what did her poverty matter? Romney had money enough for both. I had always been democratic in my views on social questions, and it did not in the least shock me that my future sister-in-law was a governess.

"There were some military manoeuvres the next day, and it was late in the afternoon when I returned to my hut, heated and jaded: when I opened the door I saw Romney extended in the hammock-chair, looking cool and comfortable. He jumped up and grasped my hand.

"'Wish me joy, lad!' he said, excitedly. 'Catherine is mine, after all: she has accepted me; but it was a hard tussle. You must drink our health in some hock and seltzer water. I have taken the liberty to give some orders in your absence.'

"'I congratulate you heartily,' was my reply, 'but I refuse to hear another word until I have had my tub and got into some fresh garments;' and, though Romney grumbled, only my fox-terrier Wasp was the recipient of his growls; but when I returned refreshed and in excellent temper he took his revenge. Oh, ye gods, how he did talk! but my pipe consoled me: dear as the charms of young love was that pipe to my soul! Well, Elsie,"—another reproachful look,—“have you not got reconciled to your all-powerful rival yet?”

"Oh, go on with your story," she returned, in a vexed voice. "I understand your jokes, and they do not in the least trouble me, but all the same you are incorrigible."

"I have not half educated her yet, you see," returned Oliver, apostrophizing the swans, "but there is plenty of time. Tobacco certainly supported me that afternoon under the torrent of Romney's eloquence; and I do not mind confessing to you that I was a bit interested.

"Catherine had refused him at first, but with such tears and agitation that he had declined to take her answer, and had at last compelled her to acknowledge that she was far from indifferent to him.

"'But I must not—I ought not to marry you,' she kept saying, and then at last it all came out: she loved him, but she was proud, and she could not endure that his people should consider her beneath him.

"'We are poor, dreadfully poor,' she went on; and then, with the openness and candor that seemed natural to her, she told him about her life.

"It was rather a pitiful story. Her father was of good family, but he had been unfortunate; nothing seemed to prosper with him: he had begun life as a barrister, but had never succeeded in holding a brief;

then he had taken pupils and married a pretty, penniless girl, very gentle and amiable, but she had died when Catherine was about twelve years old, leaving her with a baby sister.

"During the fourteen years of his married life Mr. Vincent had tried many things and failed in all. He had been journalist, reporter, a literary hack, and had hardly been able to keep his head above water: he had no want of brain, but he was deficient in ballast, and he lacked backbone. Even Catherine, who adored her father, owned that he was lamentably weak: 'unstable as water, thou shalt not excel,' might have been written of Stephen Vincent. And yet the man had influential friends: one of these educated Catherine, and at fourteen she was sent to a good finishing-school at Brighton. The lady who was her benefactress died a few years afterwards, but while she lived Catherine never wanted a friend.

"At this time Mr. Vincent was doing some desultory literary work, and he and the child Eva were lodging at a house at Hendon, kept by a widow, a Mrs. Stewart. During her brief visits Catherine took a great dislike to this woman. She had beauty of a certain coarse type, and an easy good-natured manner that imposed on people, but Catherine, who was older than her years, was not deceived by Mrs. Stewart's plausible speeches, and she saw signs that warned her that she had a hard, sensual nature.

"More than once she entreated her father to change his lodgings; but, in spite of his weakness, Mr. Vincent had an obstinate will: the place suited him, he said, and Eva thrived under Mrs. Stewart's care; she was very good to them both, and he had never been more comfortable; and Catherine was obliged to yield the point; but if she had guessed the extent of her father's danger she would never have left him.

"Alas! before two months were over Mr. Vincent had taken the fatal step of making Mrs. Stewart his wife, and when it was too late he found he had united himself for life to a coarse-minded and evil woman.

"With what arts she had beguiled him must be left to the imagination; but, her object obtained, she almost at once threw off her disguise. When Catherine paid her next visit she was almost heart-broken at the sight of her father's wretchedness: his wife had become a terror to him; she ruled him with a rod of iron, and Eva was neglected and even ill-treated.

" 'She frightens me with her violence, Catherine,' he said: 'she is cruel to me and the child. She drinks, I know she drinks, and then she loses all control. You must stay and take care of us both.' But, alas, that was just what Catherine could not do; her step-mother hated her, she knew that, and during those brief visits she had to put up with many an insult. The poor girl, with all her courage, was no match for her.

" 'Why did you marry him if you meant to make him so wretched?' she exclaimed once, unable to bear the sight of her father's misery.

" 'I had my own reasons, you may be sure of that,' returned the woman, defiantly, 'or do you think I would have saddled myself



with a poor creature like Vincent, and a brat of a child as well, who never had chicks of my own? Oh, I had my reasons, though I am not going to tell you them, miss. Perhaps I wished to marry a gentleman; perhaps I was tired of my own name and wanted to get rid of it. Anyhow, I have made a poor bargain of it. Why, your father hardly earns his own victuals: I am keeping him and the child. "Write, why don't you write?" I say to him, when I bring him his pens and paper; "it is brains you are wanting, I expect," though he has the audacity to say that I prevent him from putting pen to paper!"

"Poor Catherine! she told Romney that every farthing she could spare was spent in procuring little comforts for her father and Eva; and what she suffered on their account was known only to herself. When her education was finished she had obtained a good situation as a governess; and since then she had clothed Eva as well as herself. It was the thought of this miserable home, with the consciousness that her father and Eva depended upon her for all their comforts, that made her think that she had no right to marry; but Romney soon convinced her that this was sheer pride and morbidness, and he had at last gained her promise to become his wife."

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## CHAPTER XV.

### WOMAN'S WEAKNESS.

*By and by is easily said.*

AT this point Oliver took out his watch.

"I must hurry up, child, if I am to finish before dinner-time. You know all about Romney's brief courtship, and the Traffords' coolness, and how my mother never saw Catherine until she was Romney's wife.

"A little while before their marriage they went down to Hendon. He gave me an account of his visit afterwards.

"'Mr. Vincent is a gentleman,' he said to me, 'but he is utterly broken down and at his wife's mercy: she is a loud-voiced, brazen-faced woman, and her tongue must be a terrible scourge: there is no doubt that she drinks, but she was sober enough on this occasion, and perfectly civil to Catherine and myself; but it made my blood boil to hear her sneering innuendoes over her husband's helplessness and shiftless ways: he hardly dared open his mouth, for fear of some retort, and the poor child Eva looked utterly cowed.

"'I did my best for them. I promised Mr. Vincent that he should receive an allowance from the date of our marriage, on the understanding that Eva should be sent to a good school; for really it was terrible to think of the poor child being left to the tender mercies of her step-mother, and certainly her father was no protector. But, to my surprise, Mr. Vincent objected to this arrangement; he could not part with the child, he said; they had never been separated; the very idea seemed to agitate him. But Mrs. Vincent interrupted him.

"'I have no patience to hear you, Vincent!' she said, rudely.



"I wonder you aren't ashamed to expose your weakness before strangers. Not part with Missy? And who do you suppose is going to educate her?—He does not mean it, Mr. Carfax: he will come to his senses and thank you kindly for providing for the child, or I'll know the reason why," she muttered.

"“Father, it will be for Eva's good,” pleaded Catherine; and then at last he consented. “She is my only comfort,” he groaned, when his wife had left the room for a moment. “I shall never be able to live without her! it is cruel to take her from me!” but for the child's sake we were obliged to be firm. He was only reaping the result of his own fatal weakness: why should the innocent be sacrificed? He is selfish as well as weak,” went on Romney. ‘I dare not tell Catherine so, for, with all his faults, she believes in him; but he is a man I could never respect.’

“For the first year after their marriage, things went on fairly well: the quarterly allowance was paid and acknowledged, and when they went to town Catherine always saw her father: they had moved to Notting Hill then.

“Catherine always returned in low spirits from these visits: in her opinion things were becoming worse. Eva had not yet been sent to school, and only carried on a few desultory studies with her father's help, and even these had been discontinued of late. Catherine noticed a lamentable change in her father: a strange listlessness and lethargy seemed creeping over him, as though some numbing influence were clouding his faculties: at times he was excited and irritable, and his fear of his wife seemed to have increased to a nervous dread.

“‘I dare not thwart her,’ he said: ‘if I do, she visits it on Eva: she makes me suffer through the child. The spirits madden her, and then I am in terror of my life. I am always afraid of something dreadful happening. I dare not trust Eva out of my sight; it is she who will not let her go to school: she says we want the money; but she keeps it all.’ Catherine used to carry home sorrowful tales to Romney, but he once told me in confidence that he distrusted Mr. Vincent. ‘He has not a straightforward look about him: you know what I mean. I dare say circumstances are too hard for him, poor beggar: one ought not to judge him harshly; that woman is his master. Don't you wish, Oliver, that we could lock up such creatures? they are the plague and pestilence of our civilized life; and, upon my word, it is a form of madness.’

“One day I went down to Frythe unexpectedly, and found Catherine in terrible trouble. Romney's banker had sent for him: a cheque for a large amount, payable to Stephen Vincent, had been detained; the cheque was genuine and in Romney's handwriting, but the figures had been evidently altered, but so clumsily that suspicion had been excited. ‘We did not like the look of the affair,’ observed the cashier: ‘the young lady who brought it could give no information, so we thought it best to send for you, Mr. Carfax, as the ordinary quarterly amount was more than quadrupled.’

“Romney thanked them, and explained that some one had certainly been tampering with the cheque, but that he had no wish to convict the

offender ; he would settle the matter in his own way ; and, without returning home, he went at once to Notting Hill.

“ ‘It was an abominable business,’ he said to me afterwards : ‘it sickens me to think of it. That woman was in the room, and refused to leave me alone with her husband. When I threw the cheque on the table I saw Mr. Vincent turn ashy pale and throw up his hands. ‘If one of us has to be sent to prison it ought to be my wife,’ he cried. ‘It was she who tempted me to do it, who stood looking over my shoulder all the time. I have been an honest man all my life, in spite of my misfortunes ; and she has been my curse!’ And the poor wretch burst into tears.’

“ Catherine was almost beside herself when she told me what had happened. ‘My poor, poor father,’ she sobbed, ‘who was the soul of honor, and never owed a penny even in his worst straits ! I do not believe that he did it ; or, if he did, he was not himself. I have told Romney more than once that I am sure that his intellect is becoming clouded with misery ; but he does not believe me : he thinks that he has done this thing. And now he has forbidden me to go near him ; he says it is not safe for us to have dealings with them. The allowance is to be paid in a different way ; for my sake he will not discontinue it ; but he says it is only on the understanding that I will never have anything more to do with them during that woman’s lifetime.’

“ ‘And Eva ?’

“ ‘He has promised that all possible efforts shall be made to withdraw Eva from her step-mother. Oh, he was very kind ; he said my visits did more harm than good,—that Mrs. Vincent merely traded upon us, and that, even if I differed from him in opinion, I owed him a wife’s obedience, and that he had every right on his side ;’ and of course I took Romney’s part.

“ Romney was perfectly open with me.

“ ‘It is spoiling Catherine’s life,’ he said : ‘they give her no peace, between them. To satisfy her, I make the old man a sufficient allowance. I can and will do no more. She can write to them, but I will not allow her to enter that woman’s house.’

“ I heard nothing more for eighteen months or so. Harry was born, and Catherine remained in a delicate state for some time. She wrote to her father from time to time, but he seldom answered ; but Eva wrote pathetic little letters, which were always shown to Romney.

“ Three months ago, I had come down here for a flying visit. Romney had been suddenly called up to London to attend a friend’s funeral, and meant to sleep two or three nights in town. I thought Catherine in wonderfully good spirits, considering his absence ; and we had a very pleasant evening. I remember I had just been to a certain ball, and what must Catherine do but pounce upon my secret ? ‘You have fallen in love, you naughty boy,’ she said, immediately she saw me : ‘you are not a bit yourself. Now tell me all about her.’ And—would you believe it, Elsie ?—I was fool enough to fall into the trap. I do not know which of us enjoyed ourselves most ; for Catherine is like you,—she dearly loves a love-story. But my pleasure was not of long continuance. The very next day a note was brought to Catherine that

seemed to agitate her ; she said nothing at the time, but a little while afterwards she told me that she had business that would oblige her to go to Draycott.

“I offered to drive her there, but she hesitated visibly ; when I persisted, she begged me to set her down at that big draper’s,—Willcox’s, isn’t it ?—telling me that she would meet me in the market-place at twelve o’clock ; but I waited for her a full hour before she joined me. She had her veil down, but I noticed at once that her eyes were red and swollen as though she had been crying ; but it was impossible to question her, as Reynolds would have overheard every word : so I talked to her on indifferent subjects, and she answered me at random.

“She did not appear at luncheon, and my mother told me that she had a bad headache and was lying down ; but she had recovered herself by dinner-time, and, though she looked wretchedly ill, she made an effort to talk as usual.

“I intended to find out the reason of this sudden fit of depression ; but I bided my time until my mother had left us, and then I questioned her very closely. Her answers were decidedly evasive, and more than once she contradicted herself ; but I persevered, and her agitation increased, and at last she burst into tears and told me everything. Her father and Eva were in Draycott. Mr. Vincent, driven to desperation by the misery of his home, had formed the singular resolution of escaping from his wife and putting himself and Eva under Catherine’s protection ; he had taken a few sovereigns out of his wife’s purse while she lay in one of her heavy stupors, and Eva had willingly accompanied him. Her step-mother’s evil tempers made the poor girl’s life a perfect torment to her, and in her innocence and inexperience she thought that Catherine would approve of this step.

“A pencilled note sent by hand informed Catherine that they were at the Temperance Hotel in Cannon Street, and on her arrival she found, to her dismay, that these two helpless creatures were looking to her as their sole refuge. The pitiful story that Eva told her nearly broke her heart, and the girl’s thin wan looks alarmed her,—she had evidently outgrown her strength ; and her education was almost wholly neglected. Latterly they had kept no servant ; and Eva’s rough and coarsened hands told their own tale.

“But Catherine’s chief fear was for her father : he was evidently out of health, and the signs of clouded intellect were clearly apparent : he seemed to have a fixed idea that his wife meant to compass his and Eva’s death, and he declared no power on earth would induce him to return to her ; and Eva assured her sister that all persuasions and arguments would be fruitless.

“Catherine was at her wits’ end ; and then she remembered a tidy hard-working woman whose child she had once befriended and who let lodgings in Church Street. Mrs. Tilsit was a kind-hearted person and thoroughly honest : she would represent the case to her, only keeping back the fact that Mr. Vincent was her father ; and she thought if she changed the name to Smith it would be safer on all accounts.

“She started at once for Church Street, and, to her relief, found that the rooms were unoccupied. Mrs. Tilsit expressed herself perfectly

willing to care for the poor gentleman, and the moderate sum she named was quite within Catherine's means.

"Mr. Vincent—or rather Mr. Smith, as he consented to call himself—seemed quite satisfied with the look of the rooms: they were small, and the furniture humble, but they were exquisitely clean; and Eva took a great fancy to the buxom, cheerful-looking landlady.

"'I will make the old gentleman as comfortable as comfortable. Don't say another word, Mrs. Carfax: it is enough for me that they are friends of yours. Don't I remember all your kindness to Johnnie when he had his leg cut off in the hospital! ah, well, the dear lamb is better off, isn't he? though I do crave sadly after him still.' And the good woman wiped her eyes gently with her apron.

"Catherine had left them looking fairly cheerful, but you may imagine the feelings with which I listened to her. I had promised to keep her confidence, little thinking what she had to tell me.

"My first words were to entreat her to write to Romney, or to tell him immediately on his return. I understood her to say that she intended to do so, and this at once relieved me.

"I left the next day, and you know what happened then, darling: was it any wonder that my own affairs so entirely absorbed me that I scarcely remembered Mr. Vincent's existence? now and then a feeling of surprise crossed me that Catherine did not write; when her letter came it was full of sisterly congratulation on my engagement, but she never mentioned her father.

"You remember I went down from Friday to Monday, as my mother wished to see me. I found Catherine apparently cheerful, but it struck me once or twice that she avoided being alone with me. This excited my suspicion, and I determined to watch my opportunity.

"As we were walking home from church together,—Romney was in front, with Mrs. Vickars,—Catherine was telling me an anecdote about Harry, but I interrupted her:

"'I will hear that presently. I want to know why you have not written to me, Catherine. Was Romney vexed when he heard your father was in Draycott?' But at this question she turned pale and hung her head.

"'He does not know yet,' she faltered. 'Oh, Oliver, don't look at me in that way, as though you blamed me! I have tried a dozen times to tell him, and I cannot, I dare not! Oh, I am a pitiful coward, but I dare not make him angry.'

"'Why do you suppose he would be angry?' I replied. 'You are very wrong, Catherine. I never thought you could be so weak. Do you mean to tell me that for six weeks you have kept this secret from your husband?'

"'Yes, and it is killing me. I suffer—oh, what I suffer! but I dare not tell him: when I try my lips seem glued together. What would he say if he knew I had disobeyed and deceived him?'

"'Of course he would be angry; but at least you can be sure of his forgiveness;' but Catherine shook her head.

"'He would never trust me again; and yet what am I to do, Oliver?' wringing her hands. 'My father is dying: it is only a ques-

tion of weeks; Dr. Evans says so: his brain is affected, and at times he suffers terribly.'

"'Do you think that Romney would be hard on a dying man? What has become of your good sense, Catherine? If you had trusted your husband six weeks ago you would have had no reason to dread his anger. Why did you not write to him, as I bade you? why did you not say to him, "I have disobeyed you; my father is at Draycott, and I am taking care of him"? Do you suppose Romney would have been hard on you?"

"'Oh, I was wrong, very wrong,' she sobbed, 'but you do not understand. Where Romney is concerned I am a coward. I see my mistake as plainly as you do; but you must not think it was intentional: every day I meant to tell Romney. I have tried to do so over and over again, but my courage failed: "I will tell him to-morrow; I shall be stronger to-morrow,"—that is what I would say to myself.'

"'But, Catherine, this is sheer madness. Romney will find it out for himself the next time the allowance is paid.'

"'It has been paid,' she returned, quickly. 'Mrs. Vincent signed the receipt: she said her husband was ill in bed. She did not wish Romney to know that he had left her.'

"'Did Romney tell you this?"

"'Yes. Oh, don't look at me so sternly, Oliver! I really was beginning to tell him then, only Lady Carfax came into the room, and Romney changed the subject.'

"'There is one other thing, Catherine. Are you not afraid that Romney will come face to face with Eva?"

"'He has done so, but he has not recognized her. Eva was a child when he saw her last. There is no danger of that sort: my father is confined to his room.'

"'Shall I tell Romney for you?' but she negatived this with great agitation.

"'No: I will tell him myself. I will,—indeed I will. I will humble myself to him and ask his pardon, and then—oh, yes, he will be good to me.'

"'Come, that is spoken like yourself, Catherine.'

"And then Romney turned back to meet us, and we could say no more. When I went away the next morning she told me of her own accord that she meant to speak to Romney that night, but she would not promise to write to me; she said such a letter would be very painful, and that when I brought you down to the Frythe she would tell me all about it.

"You can understand, Elsie, my disgust and disappointment, on that first evening when I left you so long alone, when Catherine informed me that Romney was still in ignorance, and that as her father could not last many days she should not tell him until all was over. I was very angry, and accused her of purposely breaking her promise to me, but she assured me with tears that she fully meant to keep her word, but that her courage always failed.

"'You cannot feel the contempt I feel for myself,' she exclaimed, bitterly. 'I loathe myself for my cowardice. Oh, you were right,



Oliver: if I had told Romney at once he would have helped me; but now I cannot, I dare not; he would put my father in a lunatic asylum: he is not sane, I know, but he is so weak, and he cannot live.'

"I tried to reason her out of this idea; but this morbid fancy had taken possession of her, and she said Eva had the same terror. Romney was always praising up the Draycott asylum and saying what a skilful and clever doctor managed it and how admirably everything was arranged.

"'Dr. Evans proposed it too,' she went on: 'he said he would have every comfort there, and the best of nursing; but, Oliver, I want him to die in peace. If Mrs. Tilsit cannot manage, I will get a nurse. He shall have everything that I can give him.'

"I asked her if he was violent, and she said very seldom, and that he was growing weaker. When I questioned her about money arrangements she hesitated, and then confessed that she had recently parted with a handsome bracelet that Sir Henry had given her, and she thankfully accepted my offer to help her.

"You can guess the rest for yourself, Elsie. You know now why I spent the night out. Mrs. Tilsit was worn out, and needed help. Catherine still obstinately refuses to tell Romney until her father's death, and then she means to plead with him for Eva; she wants her to live at the Frythe. I do not wish you to be too hard on Catherine, though I own I have lost patience with her. Listen, dear: is not that the gong? I must put you ashore at once. And, for pity's sake, don't look so miserable, or my mother will think we have quarrelled." But, though Elsie laughed hysterically at this idea, her eyes were wet. "Poor Mrs. Romney!" she sighed as she crossed the lawn; "but how can any one act so foolishly?"

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### ELSIE'S DILEMMA.

I give him joy that's awkward at a lie.  
YOUNG.

OLIVER's narrative made a painful impression on Elsie which she found it impossible to shake off.

She was perplexed by this sudden revelation of weakness: that a woman so naturally frank and upright as Catherine Carfax should indulge in morbid fears and moral cowardice would have puzzled a wiser and older head; and yet who could blame her? was it not the strength and piety of her filial love that made the idolizing wife stoop to deceive her husband? Granted that her fears were groundless and that she had no real cause to dread Romney's treatment of her father, yet was there no nobility, however mistaken, in that secret watching beside a dying bed, in those stolen interviews when she was as a ministering angel to him and Eva?

"Let him die in peace," was her inward cry. "What will anything matter afterwards? Let me close his eyes,—and then—then Romney shall learn everything."



When Elsie entered the drawing-room, she was surprised to see Mrs. Romney lying on the couch by the open window, talking to her mother-in-law: she greeted Elsie with a faint smile and held out a hot hand to her. "I am in the hands of the Philistines," she said, with an attempt at playfulness. "Dr. Fergusson and Romney are as disagreeable as possible, and are determined to treat me as an invalid; but I mean to fight for my freedom."

"You are the worst patient I ever knew," returned Romney, who seemed to have recovered his spirits. "Is she not a bit of quicksilver, mother?" And Lady Carfax gave an assenting smile.

"Are you not coming to dinner?" asked Elsie, as the Squire offered his arm to his mother, and Catherine did not rise.

"No: my lord and master has decided that I am to remain here," replied Mrs. Romney, but there was a vexed chord in her voice. "Go in with Oliver, my dear. All men are tyrants: you will find that out for yourself some day." But Romney only shook his head indulgently at this rebellious speech. "She is as weak and shaky as possible," he observed, *sotto voce*: "she is only fit to lie there. Elsie, I think I shall make you head nurse to-morrow. You will have to carry out my orders most stringently."

"Is to-morrow your day at Winton?" asked Oliver.

"Yes; I have to see Hudson about the short-horns; I think I shall take the ten-fifty train: that will give me plenty of time."

"And you will come back by the five-thirty as usual?"

"Yes; I could not possibly catch the two-forty-five, and there is no other train.—So mind, Elsie, I leave you in charge. Catherine is to go no farther than the garden; if she wants a walk I will take her myself when I return: she exposes herself too much to the sun; a stroll between six and seven will do her far more good. And don't let Harry tire her. She is to have entire rest for a few days: those are Fergusson's orders."

"I will do my best," returned Elsie, rather nervously, but her heart sank a little at the task imposed upon her. Supposing Mrs. Romney chose to be contumacious? but at least Oliver would help her; but, to her dismay, she heard him say the next minute that he meant to accompany his brother, a proposition that seemed to please the Squire.

"You are sure you will take that train back?" he asked, a little anxiously.

"Quite sure, my dear fellow. Have you any idea of the heaps of business I have to transact? Why, I have not been over to Winton for the last three months." And so the matter was settled.

When dinner was over, Elsie found herself alone with Mrs. Romney for ten minutes.

"Have you had your orders, Elsie?" asked Catherine, in a queer voice, as the girl came up to her; and Elsie nodded assent.

"Ah! I thought so," leaning back a little wearily on her cushions. "I have had mine too. Let me see,"—checking the items off on her fingers,—“breakfast in bed, a thing I hate,—but we will let that pass—poor Romney! he means well,—Harry for half an hour, but no longer, a stroll in the garden, a nap after luncheon,—can naps be fur-

nished to order, Elsie?—and very weak tea, a decoction I loathe. There, I have forgotten the rest.”

“I hope you mean to be good, or you will get me into trouble.” But Mrs. Romney made no answer to this, and directly her husband came into the room she pleaded fatigue and retired.

“I wish you were not going to Winton,” observed Elsie, rather wistfully, as she and Oliver wandered about in the summer twilight. “You are always leaving me now.”

“I proposed it, dear, because Romney thinks I neglect him: he does so dearly love a companion. If Catherine had been stronger she would have gone with him, but she certainly does not look fit for much. I don’t think you will have much trouble with her, Elsie, for she will not dare to take out the horses, as it would reach Romney’s ears.”

“Then she will not want to go to Draycott?” returned Elsie, brightening up visibly at this.

“I dare say that in her heart she will be longing to go, but she knows Reynolds would tell his master that the horses had been out, as mother wants them in the afternoon. No, no; set your mind at rest; there will be no drive to Draycott.” And Elsie was much relieved to hear this.

“Be a good girl, Elsie, and take care of Catherine,” were Romney’s parting words, as he and Oliver drove off from the door: from an upper window the hand that Romney thought the fairest in the world waved him a farewell.

Elsie stood on the steps watching them. Her eyes rested a little wistfully on the brothers; their expression was soft and dreamy: the young fair-haired officer, with his grave face and quiet ways, had taken possession of her and her life. Did Elsie any longer regret her lost freedom? did her bonds continue to gall her? The sweet, smiling brightness of her face contradicted such a notion. “Loyal and true, true and loyal,” was the Vaughan motto.

A peal of baby laughter roused her from her abstraction, and soon she and Harry were pelting each other with daisies on the lawn. Now and then Catherine stood by her window to watch them: the limp crushed flowers in the little fat hand, the joy with which each frail blossom was hurled at his play-fellow, the exulting shout when one reached her, formed a lovely sight to the mother’s heart.

Elsie had forgotten all about her charge. Harry was clamoring to see the water-fowl, and she carried him herself to the lake, while his nurse went back to the house to fetch some needlework. Directly she returned Elsie put down the stuttering, remonstrating boy and bade him pick some more daisies, and then she went in search of Mrs. Romney.

“She must be dressed by this time,” thought she, “and I shall coax her down to the shady seat by the water;” but as she knocked briskly at the door of Catherine’s room, no answering voice bade her enter. The room was in disorder, and Eliza, the deaf housemaid, was making the bed. Elsie ran down-stairs again, but the drawing-room and the library were empty, and the white Persian cat was the sole tenant of

the morning room. In the hall she encountered Emma, the under-housemaid. "Is Mrs. Romney in the east wing?" she asked.

"No, ma'am; she has gone out," returned the girl, "and she asked me to give you this note, as she would not be back to luncheon."

Elsie suppressed an exclamation with difficulty.

"Gone out? Are you sure, Emma?" she asked, as she took the note.

"Oh, yes, ma'am; she left the house ten minutes ago, when you and Master Baby were down by the lake. She went down the shrubbery path, and let herself out by the green gate."

Elsie made no answer, and as soon as Emma was out of sight she tore open the note; it only contained a few sentences: "Forgive me, Elsie dear, for giving you the slip, but it was the best thing to do. I am going to Draycott by train; there is only a mile to walk, and I shall take the four-fifteen train back; that will bring me home long before Romney returns from Winton. Put Gran off the scent; but it is just possible that she will have luncheon with Sir Henry. Adieu. Do not be vexed with me, little one."

Elsie could have sat down and cried hot tears of indignation and alarm. Was Mrs. Romney mad, to walk to the station in this broiling heat,—for it was a sultry, airless morning,—and in her weak state, too? She meant to be absent for hours; she would time herself to arrive just before her husband's train was due. "Oh, it is madness, sheer madness!" raged Elsie. "What am I to do if Lady Carfax questions me? I have never told a lie in my life, and I never will. She has gone to Draycott by train,—can I say anything else? and it will all come out before the Squire. Oh, if only Oliver had not gone! I had a misgiving last night, but he only laughed at me: he said she would never dare to go to Draycott."

Elsie was working herself up to fresh indignation, when Lady Carfax's voice sounded from the east wing. The window of her sitting-room opened on the terrace where Elsie was standing.

"Elsie, my dear." And Elsie slipped the note into her pocket, and hurried to the window.

"I am sorry to trouble you, my love," explained Lady Carfax, with her old-fashioned courtesy, "but will you kindly give Catherine a message? The Turners have just sent me a note to ask me to go up to the Rowans' to luncheon, and they will drive me in to Draycott: so I have told Reynolds that I shall not want the horses after all. Will you kindly tell Catherine this, as I am somewhat pressed for time?"

"Are you going there at once?" asked Elsie, with nervous anxiety; but Lady Carfax was too short-sighted to notice the girl's expression.

"As soon as I have finished reading the paper to Sir Henry. Will you come in and see him, my dear?" But Elsie made a lame excuse and hurried away: she would go down to the lake and hide herself until Lady Carfax was safely off the premises, and then there would be no awkward questions. "It is not right of Mrs. Romney to put me in such a painful position," she thought, with another wave of indignation: "she sacrifices every one, Oliver, and me, and her own husband, to this horrid mystery. I feel I can bear no more. I shall

ask Oliver to let me go back to Banksland." And with this resolution Elsie opened her book. Presently Emma came in search of her to tell her that luncheon was ready.

"No one seemed to know where to find you, ma'am," she explained, "but I saw you from an upper window. I think Roberts has gone to the east wing."

"And Lady Carfax has gone out?"

"Oh, yes, an hour ago: she left her love, and hoped Mrs. Romney felt brighter, and that she would eat a good luncheon."

"But you told her that Mrs. Romney was out?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, but she was in too great a hurry to hear me, for she only said, 'Give my love to her, and tell her I shall be home by six.'"

"What a piece of good luck, the Turners sending that invitation!" thought Elsie, as she sat down to her solitary meal. Roberts was very attentive to her, though he was evidently perplexed by the absence of his young mistress, and Elsie, feeling somewhat relieved, made an excellent meal.

Her spirits were beginning to rise: after all, things were not so bad as she imagined; it was nearly half-past two, and in another two hours Mrs. Romney would be at Fordham: she would reach home nearly an hour before the Squire could put in an appearance. Elsie began to feel as though enjoyment were possible. She smoothed her hair, and, fetching her embroidery, seated herself in the veranda. She had made up her mind to be at Fordham Station in time to meet the train, so that Mrs. Romney should not have a long, lonely walk.

Elsie's thoughts began to stray happily to the future, and to the Indian bungalow that awaited her: she was trying to recall what a friend of hers had told her about Indian life and its pleasures, when she heard the green door in the shrubbery shut, and a moment afterwards quick footsteps crunching the gravel.

"She has come back earlier than she expected," thought the girl, joyfully, as she sprang up from her chair. "It cannot be half-past three yet." But Elsie's bright look of expectation changed to absolute dismay as the Squire's tall figure emerged from the shrubbery.

Elsie would have turned and fled, but he had seen her, and waved his hand gayly. He had walked fast, and looked hot and tired, and he flung himself down in a hammock-seat in the cool veranda with a sigh of relief. "Upon my word, it is the hottest day we have had this year, and there has not been a yard of shade the whole way. How delightfully cool and comfortable you look!"

"Where is Oliver?" faltered Elsie, who felt anything but cool that moment.

"Oh, Spiers got hold of him and carried him off to luncheon at the Hall. He will come by the next train. I got through all my business quicker than I expected: so I thought I might as well come home. Is Catherine lying down?"

"No," rather faintly. "Oh, how tired you look! Shall Roberts bring you anything? Would you like tea earlier?"

"If he would bring me some hock and seltzer I should be deeply

grateful ; no, nonsense ! where are you going, Elsie ? Do you think I am too far gone to ring the dining-room bell and give my orders ?" But Elsie turned a deaf ear to this : she would ring for Roberts, and make her escape.

She looked at the clock as she passed it : twenty minutes to four : nearly another hour before Mrs. Romney's train was due at Fordham !

"I will not go near him," she said to herself, as she locked herself into her room. "He will think me unkind and neglectful, but it is the only course to pursue." But a few minutes later there was a knock at her door.

It was Emma, with a disturbed look on her rosy face.

"If you please, ma'am, will you go down to master, Roberts says. He wants to speak to you a moment."

"Very well, Emma," was the reply ; but poor Elsie was some minutes before she could summon up her courage to face the Squire.

He was still in the veranda, and had evidently had his refreshment, but he looked decidedly put out.

"What a time you have been !" he said, a little irritably. "Why did you go away, Elsie ? I wanted to talk to you. What is this Roberts tells me, that Catherine is out ? Surely she and you could not have misunderstood my orders. Out in this sun ! Roberts says that, to the best of his belief, she has been out most of the day." And there was an ominous frown on the Squire's face.

"It is not my fault," began Elsie, rather lamely, but he interrupted her :

"When did she leave the house ?"

"I do not know,—not the exact time, I mean. I was playing with Harry down by the lake, and when I looked for her, Emma told me that she had gone out."

"And have you no idea of the time ?"

"It was before eleven. I was going back to the house to tell her how cool and shady it was by the water, and I was very troubled when I could not find her."

"Did she leave no message ? Good heavens, Elsie ! she must surely have told some one where she was going."

"She left a note to say that she was going to Draycott by train, and would be back by the four-thirty train."

An alarmed look came into the Squire's face. "Do you mean to tell me that she walked to Fordham Station ?"

"Oh, yes, she walked," returned Elsie, wishing with all her heart that she were anywhere else. "She thought Lady Carfax wanted the horses, but the Turners are driving her in to Draycott. I know she means to walk back."

"We shall see about that," returned Mr. Carfax, abruptly, and he rang the drawing-room bell with a peal that brought Roberts without delay.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## ROMNEY.

I will instruct my sorrow to be proud.

*King John.*

"TELL Reynolds to put the mare into the victoria and to meet the four-thirty train at Fordham."

"It is ten minutes past four now, sir," replied Roberts, respectfully; "by the stable clock it is near the quarter."

"Tell him to drive fast and overtake me," was the curt answer: "he is to look sharp about it, mind." And the Squire took up his straw hat.

"Let me go with you," pleaded Elsie, terrified at the sternness of his manner: in spite of his easy good nature, the Squire was never disobeyed with impunity.

"I must go with you," she continued, as he shook his head: "I see you are angry with us both, and I must explain things. Poor Mrs. Romney! oh, I know she cannot help herself."

"Get your hat, then," was his curt reply. Romney was not quite pleased with Elsie: he fancied that her answer had been evasive, and if there was one thing that the Squire detested with all his honest heart, it was want of straightforwardness: if she were free from blame, why had she left him, and why did she seem so nervous when he questioned her about Catherine's movements? There was something beneath all this, and he meant to get to the bottom of it.

And Catherine, his own Kitty, had disobeyed him! Too well he remembered all those tender injunctions of his, how he had begged her as a favor to him not to exert herself in any way, and she had smiled in his face as she answered him. "You foolish, tiresome old man," she had called him.

Not exert herself; and she had walked in this sun, not an inch of shade anywhere, and had spent the whole day at Draycott! "It is enough to try a saint's patience," he thought, angrily. No wonder Elsie looked at him with wide, frightened eyes as they walked down the shrubby path together; but he kept silence until they were in the road.

"Well," he observed, abruptly, as he tried to adapt his long strides to his companion's tripping steps,— "well, Elsie, what is this that you have to tell me?"

"I want to tell you why Mrs. Romney is so ill," she replied, in a breathless voice. "I have only just found it out for myself. It is because she is keeping something from you, and it makes her dreadfully unhappy. You and Dr. Fergusson think she is ill; but no, it is only fretting because she feels she is deceiving you."

"Do you know what you are saying?" returned Romney; and then he actually laughed. "Catherine deceive me! Why, the idea is utterly absurd!"

"She could not help herself. That is why I am telling you, because it is no use her trying to hide it any longer. She has bound Oliver to secrecy, but she has not bound me, and I have never told a



lie in my life, and I never will; and I want to help her, because she is so good and I love her."

"Bound Oliver to secrecy?" Romney began to feel a little giddy. What did the girl mean? why did she not speak out? Of course his Kitty was good, every one knew that, but all the same she had disobeyed him to-day.

"When you know all about it, you will not blame her in the least," went on Elsie, in the same breathless way. "You will be far too sorry for her. No one can help loving one's own father, especially when he is old and dying and broken-hearted." But here Romney laid a strong hand on the girl's slight shoulder.

"She has gone to see her father? What do you mean by this prevarication, Elsie? Just now when we were in the house you told me that Catherine had gone to Draycott."

"It is no prevarication," returned Elsie, indignantly. "You will make me angry with you if you say that. Mr. Vincent is at Draycott; he is hiding there from his wicked wife; and Eva is with him; and he is dying, and his poor brain is confused, and that is why Mrs. Romney has gone to him."

The Squire's hand dropped from her shoulder.

"Tell me all you know about this business," he said, sternly. "I was wrong in accusing you of prevarication. You are a good little soul, Elsie; but I think I am stupid with all this heat, for I do not seem to follow you. Mr. Vincent is at Draycott, you say, and the child Eva, and Catherine is with them, and Oliver, not her husband, is in her confidence?"

"Oh, I will explain that." And to the best of her ability Elsie did explain it, but it may be doubted how much the Squire understood.

The shock that staggered him was that Catherine had deceived him, that she had not ventured to trust her husband; for weeks, for months, she had kept this secret from him, from him who had never concealed a thought from her; she had deceived him for his own good, of course, but still she had deceived him.

"And Oliver was in her confidence!" He repeated this aloud, to Elsie's dismay.

"It was not Oliver's fault. Mr. Carfax, you do not understand: it has made Oliver so wretched; he hated the whole thing; he kept begging her to tell you everything, but she was afraid."

"Oh, she was afraid!" And the Squire laughed again, only it was not a pleasant laugh to hear. He began to think that he was dreaming, that Elsie must be talking to some one else. Kitty afraid of him! what a droll idea! untrue, too, on the face of it.

"There is Mrs. Romney coming towards us," exclaimed Elsie, suddenly. "Oh, how wan and ill she looks! Dear Mr. Carfax, do be good to her." But Romney turned impatiently from her: would the girl never cease her chattering? And yet Elsie had done her poor little best, and bravely too: with her ready girlish fingers she had cut the Gordian knot. "What was the use of deceiving him any more?" she said to Oliver afterwards. "It was the safest plan to tell him everything: only I made such a muddle of it."

The Squire stopped short when he saw his wife, but Catherine did not at first perceive them: she was walking in rather an unsteady way, her dress trailing in the dust behind her, and a dazed, far-off look in her eyes. She would have passed them in that strange abstraction, but Romney's voice arrested her: "Catherine." Never had he said that beloved name in such a tone.

She started violently, and the blood ebbed away from her face, with the sudden surprise.

"I did not see you. Have you come to meet me, you and Elsie?" Then, as she saw his face more clearly, "Oh, Romney, do not be angry with me! I know I have disobeyed you, but indeed, indeed——"

"I have told him everything," whispered Elsie. "It was the only thing to do."

"Yes, I know everything," replied her husband, with forced calm. "There is the victoria coming: we may as well go back and meet it." And he was turning away; but Catherine caught him by the arm.

"No, not everything, Romney," in a voice that was agonized and yet triumphant. "He is at rest; my poor father is at rest; he will never know sorrow and pain again. Listen to me, dear: by and by I will ask you to forgive me for my cowardice and deceit, but this moment I can only think of him. He died in my arms an hour ago; died?—nay, he slept away like a little child, and I kissed his dear eyes, and thanked God. Romney!" in a voice of despair,—“oh, he is not listening to me, and I am tired, so tired!” And, to Elsie's alarm, she swayed forward, and Romney caught her in his arms.

Poor Catherine! that dark irresponsive look on Romney's face was the last drop in her cup of sorrow. Worn out by heat, fatigue, her own weakness, and the tension of the last few hours, nothing could be more natural than that long fainting-fit, which alarmed Elsie nearly out of her senses and drove Romney to desperation.

He lifted her into the carriage, and supported her himself, and the moment they reached the house Reynolds was sent off to fetch Dr. Fergusson. Consciousness soon returned, however, and in a little while she was able to thank Elsie for her kindly attentions.

"Where is Romney?" she whispered, faintly, as Elsie kissed her and hoped she was better.

"He has shut himself up in the library, and Dr. Fergusson is to go to him there, and he has asked for Oliver. He only left the room just now: he waited until he heard you speak." But this evidently failed to give Catherine any comfort, for she closed her eyes with a deep sigh.

"He cannot trust himself to speak to me," she thought, and the slow tears of utter weakness rolled down her face. "He is angry with me, or he would not have left me."

Elsie read her thoughts. "He has only just left the room," she said, soothingly. "I dare say he will be back directly. He was dreadfully anxious: he would not let any one but himself carry you up-stairs, and he looked so white and frightened that I felt quite sorry for him." But Catherine made no reply to this: some old refrain was ringing in her ears with dizzy persistence, "And to be wroth with one

we love,"—how did it go on?—"to be wroth," "to be wroth," beat like tiny hammers in her brain, but it was some time before the next line occurred to her.

"Oh, I have got it!" she said presently, to Elsie's alarm, for she thought Mrs. Romney was delirious: "and to be wroth with one we love doth work like madness on the brain: but my Romney, God bless him, is not mad."

When Dr. Fergusson had paid his visit, he went down to the library with rather a grave face. Oliver had just come in, and was talking to his brother. Romney listened gloomily to the doctor's opinion.

"A medical man has sharp eyes," Dr. Fergusson said, presently. "Mrs. Carfax is evidently suffering from some painful shock. I told you yesterday that her nerves were overstrained, and now I must repeat my orders, perfect quiet and no agitated discussion: body and mind must have entire rest, or I will not answer for the consequences. The quieter you keep her the better."

"You heard what Fergusson said," observed Romney, dryly, when the doctor left them. "If Catherine escapes a nervous illness I shall be much surprised." "What is the use of your telling me to go up to her?" he continued, irritably, when some further conversation had passed between them: "it will only excite Catherine and do no good."

"My dear fellow, if you could bring yourself to say a kind word to her, it would do all the good in the world. I have explained the whole thing to you. Even if Catherine has deceived you, as you say, surely she has been sufficiently punished. You must remember that those poor things put themselves under her protection. It was not Catherine's fault that her father came to Draycott."

"I know all about that," returned the Squire, sharply. "Elsie told me. Do you imagine that I blame Catherine for sheltering her own father, and when the old man was dying, too? Do you think I am made of adamant? Good heavens, if she had only trusted me, if she had come to me and said, 'Romney, my father and Eva are at Draycott, and I want you to help me to take care of them,' why, I would have helped with all my heart."

"I know that as well as you do, old man."

"And yet my wife misunderstands me. Look here, Oliver, I am an easy-going sort of fellow, as long as people take me the right way, but I have an obstinate temper when I am roused. It is Catherine's want of trust that cuts me to the heart. I did not think she had a thought hidden from me, and all these months she has practised this deception. Somehow I feel as though I were dreaming," continued the Squire, drawing his hand across his eyes: "it cannot possibly be Kitty who is afraid of her husband."

Lady Carfax wondered what was amiss when she saw her son's gloomy face at the dinner-table. The account of Catherine's fainting-attack had reached her on her return home, and she had gone up at once to her daughter-in-law's room to pet and condole with her.

"She looks flushed and weak, and her eyes are far too bright," she observed, but, to her surprise, Romney made no response: he was

evidently in a bad humor, a very rare occurrence with the Squire; but Lady Carfax with much tact held her peace, and resolved to question Oliver afterwards, but directly after dinner Catherine sent for him.

She was lying on her couch by the open window, and looked ill and depressed.

"Is he very angry with me, Oliver?" she asked, as he sat down by her.

"He is more hurt than angry. Oh, Catherine, if you had only taken my advice and trusted him, all this trouble would have been averted. There is not a more generous fellow living than Romney."

"Do you think I do not know that,—I who adore him?" in a voice of strong emotion. "Oh, how miserably weak I have been! And yet—and yet—if it were all to come over again, I should do the same."

"I am sorry to hear you say that." And Oliver's tone was somewhat repressive.

"Why should I not say it, if it be true? I was a coward on my father's account, and as long as he lived I should have acted like one. Oliver, what is to become of Eva? I cannot bear to leave her in that house, she is such a nervous little creature."

"Romney has arranged for her to come here: Elsie and I are to fetch her to-morrow." Then Catherine burst into passionate tears.

"Oh, how good he is, Oliver! Do beg him to come to me. I cannot rest until I ask his forgiveness. I will humble myself to him, and he shall say what he likes to me, if he will only forgive me in the end."

"Oh, he will forgive you right enough," returned Oliver, with assumed cheerfulness, "but if I were you I would leave all these explanations until to-morrow. Romney is a bit down to-night: you must give him time." But Catherine interrupted him:

"Do you mean that he will not come near me,—that no message, however urgent, will bring him to me?"

"Oh, that is putting it too strongly," returned Oliver, kindly. "You are too emotional, Catherine. There is no use working yourself into a fever. Look at it like a sensible woman: you have offended your husband by your want of confidence, and he feels himself badly used; he is not inclined to make it up to-night, but to-morrow he will be more like himself. Now, what is the most sensible line of conduct to pursue? Why, to send him a nice affectionate message by me, and then go to bed and take your sleeping-draught. Don't you agree with me, Catherine?"

"No," she replied, and a strange look came into her beautiful eyes, "no, I do not agree with you; but you mean well, Oliver, and you have been very kind to me, my dear brother. Now go down-stairs to Elsie, for I cannot talk any more, and wish Gran good-night for me."

"And you will go to bed?"

"Oh, yes, I shall go to bed," in a dreary voice, "but I am not ready just yet." But as she put out her hand to dismiss him he felt it was burning.

"She looks on the brink of a nervous attack," thought Oliver, as he went down-stairs, "but it is no use trying to turn Romney from his purpose, and he absolutely refused to go near her: if he would only give her a good blowing up and settle it that way, it would be far better for Catherine; she is such an impetuous creature, she will never give him time to come round of his own accord."

No, indeed: Oliver was perfectly right there. Even as he closed the drawing-room door behind him, Catherine was standing by her couch smoothing her dark hair with nervous fingers, and a minute later she crept with soft cautious steps to the library. The lamp was unlighted, but the clear moonlight shone full on Romney's face as he sat in his high-backed chair by the window; his pipe was still unlighted, and there was something forlorn and unrestful in his attitude that touched the wife's heart very keenly.

The next moment her arms were round his neck and she was leaning over him.

"You would not come to me,—Oliver told me so. You were quite right, love; it was for me to come to you. Do you think I could sleep until I asked you to forgive me?"

"Catherine, what madness is this?" he said, hastily. "Do you want to drive me crazy with your inconsiderate conduct? Do you know you are ill, that Dr. Fergusson says that you are to be kept perfectly quiet, that you are on no account to leave your room? and yet you are guilty of this folly."

"I am guilty of no folly in asking my husband's forgiveness," she said, sadly, for this repulse frightened her. "If I were dying, I would try and reach you somehow. Oh, Romney, let me stay with you a moment! let me speak to you!" for he had taken her up in his arms and was carrying her swiftly to the door.

"Not one word," he said, between his teeth. "I will not be disobeyed like this. I told Oliver there should be no talk to-night: to-morrow I will tell you what I think: if you wish me to forgive you, you will respect my wishes to-night."

"Very well," she said, faintly, and he laid her down carefully on her couch. She averted her face with a sob. He stood beside her a moment, hesitated, and then stooped down and kissed her forehead.

"Try to sleep," he said, in a gentler voice. "I shall be sitting up late, and I shall not disturb you." And then he left the room.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

### A HARD LESSON.

Hang there like fruit, my soul,  
Till the tree dies.

*Cymbeline.*

"TRY to sleep." Only a man could have said that.

Sleep, when every pulse was beating and every nerve quivering! when the shooting pain in her temples amounted to positive agony! when thought was confused and yet active, and still the tiny hammers

in her brain beat incessantly to the refrain "and to be wroth with one we love"—but again the last line failed her.

Mind and body were alike worn out by the strange tension of the last few weeks, and in her weakness and despondency Catherine was no longer able to discriminate or judge with any degree of calmness. For the moment she seemed utterly forsaken and desolate: Romney had put her away from him; he refused to listen to her explanation; the weight of his anger had crushed her, and in her morbid self-abandonment she fancied that he had ceased to love her.

"I have disappointed him," she thought; "he will never think the same of me again: to-morrow he will forgive me, at least he will bring himself to tell me so, but he will never trust his Kitty again."

All her life long Catherine never looked back on that hour without shuddering: her disordered fancies made even the clear white moonlight a terror to her; she felt as though she were possessed by some nightmare; she had no strength to leave her couch; a numbness seemed creeping over her; the cold pitiless light weighed down her heavy eyelids; she shivered and longed for darkness.

A timid knock at the door failed to arouse her: it was repeated, and then a little white figure glided between her and the moonlight, and the comforting touch of cool human hands was laid on her burning temples.

"Is that you, Elsie?"

"Yes, dear. I have come to wish you good-night. Why are you lying here? Do you know how late it is? eleven; and you have not begun to undress."

"I have no strength to move," she returned, faintly. "I have tried to rise, and I cannot. Elsie, I think my heart is broken. If Romney changes to me I cannot live."

A footstep that had followed Elsie down the corridor paused outside the half-open door. Catherine's weak tones reached the unseen auditor.

"You must be dreaming, my poor dear," returned Elsie, in a compassionate voice. "Do you know what you are saying? It is absurd: you will think so yourself to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" in the same strange stifled voice; "but there is the night to come first. Elsie, listen to me: I feel I must talk. Do you know, I went down to Romney just now,—was it just now, or hours ago?—I wanted to kneel by him and to ask his pardon as though I were a little child. 'If I did wrong it was for my father's sake; but I will never hide a thought from you again,—never,—never!' that is what I would have said to him; but at my first word he silenced me."

"Oh, no! impossible!"

"Ah, but he did! he told me that I was ill, and that I ought not to have left my room. I was too weak to argue with him; but when he carried me back and told me to try and sleep, I could have laughed aloud in my agony. Sleep! with this sickness at my heart!"

"I will go down to the Squire: he has no right to be so hard to you. Let me go, dear Mrs. Romney." But Catherine held her fast.

"No, you shall not go: he has every right to be hard with me, and I will bear my punishment meekly. Do you know that he has



never before spoken an angry word to me,—never, since I have been his wife, his most happy wife? To-morrow he will tell me that I have grieved him to the heart, that my want of trust has been a sin and shame, and I shall not answer him a word: he shall say what he will to me, and I shall only love him more.”

“He will certainly forgive you: he knows now all that you have suffered for your father’s sake.”

“Yes, he knows it all now. Elsie, do you know that my poor father blessed me? he called me ‘his good faithful daughter,’ and bade God bless me, over and over again.”

“And you were with him when he died?”

“Yes: I held him in my arms. Just at the last he wandered, and did not know us, but his words were very sweet. ‘Where the wicked cease from troubling,’—we heard him murmur that,—‘and where the weary are at rest.’ Do you think Romney will let me put those words over his tomb?” But as Elsie was about to answer her, a dark figure stood in the door-way.

“I am here, Catherine.—Elsie, thank you for taking care of her.” And as Elsie rose, Romney took her place.

When the door closed behind the girl he knelt down beside his wife’s couch. “The door was open, and I heard my name,” he whispered. “Darling, I was too hard to you; but we must forgive each other.” And as Catherine’s weak arms drew his face down to hers his reconciling kiss spoke more than words.

“I do not deserve to be so happy,” were Catherine’s last words that night when she had ended her child-like confession and Romney had again and again assured her of his forgiveness. “Dear, it has been a hard lesson; but if you will trust your Kitty again she will never disappoint you.”

“That is well,” he returned, with his old kindly smile. “But now you are utterly exhausted: go to sleep, like a good child.” And Catherine obediently closed her eyes.

After all, Catherine paid dearly for her lesson. Not even her husband’s generous forgiveness or the consciousness of his undiminished love could avert the threatened mischief. When morning came, Catherine could not rise from her bed: a low nervous fever had laid hold of her, and as Romney listened to her confused wanderings as she lived through those miserable hours again, his honest heart was full of pity and remorse.

Catherine believed herself still under the cloud of her husband’s displeasure, and would entreat his forgiveness over and over again. “If you love me less I shall die,” she would say to him. “I will not live without your love.”

When she grew better, it was touching to see her utter weakness and dependence on him. “I thought I was going to die,” she said to him once, “but God has been very good to us. When I get well I mean to be a better wife to you: you shall never again have cause to complain of me.”

“The old Kitty is good enough for me,” he would say, wistfully, for the look of pain in her eyes saddened him: it was a new thing to

hear Catherine accusing herself; he longed with a longing that surprised himself to hear her frank laugh again and the droll merry speeches that had gladdened his daily life.

This gentle saddened Catherine was a new development; but his mother comforted him.

"Catherine is too weak to throw off her sad thoughts," she said, very sensibly. "You must take her away: you know Dr. Fergusson recommended a thorough change. Elsie has offered to take Eva back with her to Banksland and will keep her willingly until her marriage. Why not take Catherine abroad? Harry will be quite safe with me." And, after some demur, Romney acted on this advice. The plan answered well, and Catherine soon recovered tone and spirits among snow mountains and Swiss valleys, and her sensitive nature gathered new strength. Romney always called it their second honey-moon; and though he sometimes remarked that his old Kitty had never come back, one thing was certain, that he never loved his wife so well as he did now when he saw returning health and peace stamped on her sweet face and knew in his heart of hearts that the new Kitty was a dearer and a wiser woman.

THE END.

## THE SOCIETY OF THE CINCINNATI.

THE diligent reader of newspapers in some of our Eastern cities may observe, on the dates following the Fourth of July and Washington's Birthday, some account of the stated meetings of the Society of the Cincinnati. These reports are invariably brief, and they usually occupy but an obscure position in the list of proceedings and celebrations incident to these national holidays. To most young readers the name of the Society and its objects are alike unintelligible. During other days of the year one may observe no calls for special meetings, no outward indications that the Cincinnati have an existence. There is little, indeed, connected with the present status of the Society to recall a time when the fact of its establishment was deemed of sufficient importance to claim the abilities of orators and pamphleteers in three kingdoms for its attack or defence.

The Society of the Cincinnati dates its birth in that perilous period for our country which occurred between the cessation of hostilities with England and the adoption of a national constitution. The victorious but poverty-stricken army under General Washington lay encamped at Newburg, on the steep slopes that overlook the Hudson. At their feet flowed the historic river which was to be forever associated with the triumphs and the treason of their cause, and its waters washed the shores of their chief city, where ten thousand of the enemy's troops still lay intrenched. The expected treaty with Great Britain was delayed by such interminable lengths of red tape that even the patience of Franklin was sorely tested. John Adams lingered for eight months in the anterooms of Louis before the preliminary articles for the treaty of Paris were signed on November 30, 1782. The last blood of the Revolution was shed shortly after that date.

What should be the future of this devoted army? To the members of those thinned ranks the present, indeed, was of more immediate concern. Very many of them were in extreme destitution. No pension-list was thought of. The men looked in vain to Congress for arrears of pay already earned. A proposition to allow the officers half-pay after disbanding was vigorously opposed by the new saviors of the country who had sprung into notice after the war was over. The military expenditures for the seven preceding years had averaged twenty million dollars per annum. The war estimate for 1782 was eight million dollars. Yet in the first five months of the year the whole sum raised by the States was only twenty thousand dollars,—less than one day's expenses. Washington wrote to Congress in October, "The long-suffering army is almost exhausted. Their patriotism and distress have seldom been paralleled, never been surpassed. It is high time for peace."

Privations like these were common to officers and men. But associated with the former were foreigners of rank and culture who had joined their fortunes with those of the Continental army. The pros-

pect of disbanding was, to these transatlantic heroes, a prospect of final separation. A common danger had riveted their friendships. A common success had united their fame. But with the great work finished the time was near at hand when they should be called upon to say farewell to the sturdy heroes whom they had aided in creating a new empire. From this sentiment sprang the idea of forming a fraternal league by which they should be united in membership, however widely separated by fortune, and by which the memory of their deeds and of their friendships might be conveyed to their children. Who first suggested the Society has been considered uncertain. Some suppose that the original idea came from Washington himself. The active work of calling a preliminary meeting was done by General Knox. But there is much about the foundation of the Society and the framing of its original declarations which suggests the mind and methods of Baron Steuben. This brilliant and distinguished man is a fair type of the modern crusader whose errand is the promotion of freedom. Born in Magdeburg, Prussia, in 1730, Steuben was a veteran soldier, and had served with Frederick the Great in several wars. His interest in the American cause amounted to a passion. At the age of forty-seven, when enthusiasm in most natures has cooled, he surrendered a life-position under his own government, with an assured competency, to engage in our war as a volunteer. He joined the American army during the horrors of Valley Forge, and every school-boy knows the story of his work there. He served for years without pay, and received tardily from Congress, in 1790, an insignificant annuity.

A knightly spirit such as Steuben naturally exerted an influence over his companions. Moved by his cogent arguments, they held frequent deliberations on the subject of a social organization. These took definite shape in the election of delegates, one officer from each regiment of the army. They convened at Newburg, May 10, 1783. After very little had been done, there was an adjournment until the 13th, when the representatives again assembled at General Steuben's head-quarters. At this meeting, which continued in session for more than a month, Steuben was chosen president. Articles of a constitution, three in number, were finally adopted, and read as follows: "First: An incessant attention to preserve inviolate those exalted rights and liberties of human nature for which they had fought and bled, and without which the high rank of a rational being is a curse instead of a blessing. Second: An unalterable determination to promote and cherish between the respective States that union and national honor so essentially necessary to their happiness and the future dignity of the American Empire. Third: To render permanent the cordial affection subsisting among the officers; this spirit will dictate brotherly kindness in all things, and particularly extend to the most substantial acts of beneficence, according to the ability of the Society, towards those officers and their families who, unfortunately, may be under the necessity of receiving it."

As the best method by which to illustrate the sincerity of the sentiment expressed in the third article, it was decided that an initiation-fee should be fixed to the amount of one month's pay from each

member. The monthly pay, at that time, varied according to rank, from major-general, one hundred and eighty dollars, to lieutenant of infantry, twenty-six dollars and sixty cents. The young association at once acknowledged the danger of maintaining a standing military force in a free civil government. From this acknowledgment arose the title of the Society, and the clause which adopted it is thus worded: "The members, holding in high veneration the character of that illustrious Roman, Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus, whose example they follow by returning to their citizenship, think they may with propriety denominate themselves the Society of the Cincinnati."

In order that members in widely-severed localities might have more ready communication, it was determined that State Societies should be formed, to be officered and conducted in the same manner as the general Society, and to report thereto at its regular meetings. One of the earliest motions which was adopted directed the President-General of the Society to transmit a badge of the order to various foreign officers, among whom were named Counts Rochambeau and D'Estaing. The designs for this and other decorations were intrusted to Major L'Enfant. This gentleman came to America as aide to Steuben. After the Revolution he remained in this country, following the calling of civil engineer, and the plan of the city of Washington was made by him. His designs for the medal and eagle of the Cincinnati are thus described: "A displayed bald eagle in gold, the head, neck, legs, and tail-feathers of white enamel flecked with gold. The eyes of precious stones. Upon its breast is a medallion, in white and blue enamel, charged as follows. On the obverse the principal figure is Cincinnatus reclining upon his plough. On the reverse the sun rises over a city with open gates. Below, hands joined support a heart, with the motto '*Esto perpetua*.'" There was also a certificate of membership with a very curious design drawn by Aug. Le Belle. Copies of this document, lithographed on parchment in France, are still to be found in the hands of descendants of the original members.

As soon as the initiatory business of the meeting was completed, a committee of three, Generals Heath, Steuben, and Knox, was appointed to wait upon General Washington with a copy of the constitution and request him to honor the Society by placing his name at the head of the list. The meeting remained in session until the 19th of June, on which day Washington was elected President and a general meeting was ordered to be held in the following year.

MEDAL OF THE SOCIETY OF  
THE CINCINNATI.

It may seem strange even at this day, and it was still more strange to that honest group of undoubted patriots, that their motto, "*Esto perpetua*," became a veritable millstone about their necks. It had been decided that the membership of the Cincinnati should descend to the eldest son or next of kin surviving. We need not pause here to dis-

cuss the question whether this was unjust or unwise. It was simply un-American. The extreme opposition which was thus aroused against the Society on the threshold of its career, at a period when nearly every custom and tradition was in keeping with their proposition, indicates that a high ideal of liberal government was already firmly fixed in the minds of our people.

The controversy raged with unexpected fervor throughout the States. It even extended to the restless lovers of liberty beyond the Atlantic. Mirabeau, then an exile, sojourning in London, published a volume of several hundred pages, the first printed work of the great agitator which bore his name, in which he vigorously protested against the Order of the Cincinnati. He declared the Society, as now constituted, more dangerous than the Order of the Garter or that of the Golden Fleece. He likened it to the Society of St. Stephen of Tuscany, which, he asserts, "was founded by Cosmo de Médicis to celebrate the overthrow of liberty in Italy."

The legislatures of the several States became alarmed by the contention, and appointed committees to inquire into the actual powers and intentions of the Society. Without an exception, the reports of these committees were unfavorable to its existence under the provisions then in force. Rhode Island's Assembly passed an act disfranchising the members of the Cincinnati. That of Massachusetts declared it "dangerous to the peace, liberty, and safety of the Union." In France the objections were made light of, and the Society was warmly advocated. There sprang up a rivalry among officers entitled to membership as to who might first obtain their medals. The original institutes comprehended only officers of the army. But in France those of the navy presented their claims for membership. French officers in both branches of the service started a subscription which reached the sum of one hundred and twenty thousand livres. This amount was offered to the general Society in America, but was respectfully declined. The French navy, after having been pronounced eligible, caused to be made a magnificent copy of the decorations of the Order, set in diamonds. This costly emblem was sent as a tribute of respect to the President-General, Washington, and has since been worn by his successors in office on every public occasion of importance in the history of the Society.

Amid the excitements of the controversy concerning it, the embryo Society approached with anxiety the date of its first general meeting. This had been called for May 5, 1784, at the State-House in Philadelphia. In the mean time the formalities necessary to the termination of the war were at last concluded. The treaty of peace was signed at Paris September 3, 1783. The British army evacuated New York on the 25th of November, and on the 23d of December Washington delivered his farewell address to the army. As the time for the general meeting of the new Society drew near, the mind of Washington was seriously disturbed. He was personally unfriendly to hereditary descent, yet he disliked to oppose the wishes of fellow-members. Many of these clung tenaciously to the idea. Alexander Hamilton spoke and wrote eloquently in its behalf. Colonel Winthrop Sargent



observed, with grim humor, that "most of the members would have very little else to leave to their children." It may be well to mention, in passing, that the metropolis of Ohio owes its name to this Colonel Sargent, of Massachusetts. Being stationed in 1789 at a little settlement of three log houses then known as Losanteville, he took the responsibility of naming the future city after his beloved medal of Cincinnatus.

Washington spared no pains to ascertain both individual and gen-

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**BADGE OF THE SOCIETY OF THE CINCINNATI, PRESENTED BY OFFICERS OF THE NAVY OF FRANCE TO GENERAL WASHINGTON. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. H. ROSE & SON, PRINCETON, N.J.)**

eral opinion. He corresponded with Lafayette, Jefferson, and others on the subject. When he asked Thomas Jefferson for suggestions, that radical revolutionist answered in no uncertain tones. "No modification of its constitution would be unobjectionable," was his reply, "excepting such as would amount to annihilation." John Adams also wrote from Paris, "The formation of the Society was the first step taken to deface the beauty of our temple of liberty." A still more important and menacing note of opposition was sounded from the general Congress of the States, then in session at Annapolis. A

measure was there considered to deprive members of the Cincinnati of citizenship unless the obnoxious clause were withdrawn entirely from the articles.

Under this lowering cloud of distrust the first general meeting assembled, on the 5th of May, at Philadelphia. A consultation had been held the day before at the City Tavern, on Second Street near Walnut. As nothing was there accomplished, the delegates, fifty in number, and representing all of the thirteen States, assembled according to the call. The opinions of the various communities represented were inquired for, and great variance of opinion was developed. The South Carolina delegation reported "general dissatisfaction and distrust," while their near neighbors from Georgia submitted an exactly contrary report. On the first day Washington vacated the chair and spoke to the subject. He said that but for the very distinguished foreign element in the Society he would advise them to make "one great sacrifice more to the world" and abolish the Order, retaining only its charitable provisions. He had already contributed to the Society the amount of seven individual subscriptions, and, in a private letter to the secretary, proposed to make a gift of five hundred dollars. On the following day Washington was still more emphatic. "In a very long speech, and with much warmth and agitation," says Colonel Sargent's journal of proceedings, "he declared his determination to resign from membership." The whole subject, however, was ultimately smothered in committee. On the 15th of May General Washington was unanimously chosen as President-General, General Gates as Vice-President, and General Knox as Secretary.

From so stormy a beginning the Society drifted speedily into placid waters. Few subsequent events in its history have been recorded. The general Society, which meets triennially, has had before it no business of national importance for many years. Washington continued to hold the presidency until his death. Alexander Hamilton succeeded him, but his own tragic death soon followed. The arrangements for Hamilton's public funeral in New York were placed in the hands of the Society. An inscription still remains in the robing-room of old Trinity Church attesting in pathetic terms the feelings of the members towards their lamented chief. For a long series of years the Hon. Hamilton Fish has been the President-General. The last general meeting was held at Baltimore in 1890.

The ominous reception given to the Order discouraged a continuance of the smaller organizations. As early as 1804 the State societies of Delaware and Connecticut had been abandoned. The latter was refused a charter by the State legislature. In 1822 the Virginia society was dissolved. Its funds, amounting to fifteen thousand dollars, were contributed to Washington College. The continued falling off in membership of the remaining societies indicated a decay of interest. At the formation of the Order the largest lists of members were—Massachusetts, 333; Pennsylvania, 268; and New York, 234. In 1890 these figures had declined—Massachusetts to 84, New York to 62, and Pennsylvania to 40. The last original member, Major Robert Burnett, died in 1854, at Newburg, not far from the spot where the

Society had its birth. The occasional election of honorary members to the State organizations connects them with some distinguished names. General W. T. Sherman became an honorary member in 1879, and Horatio Seymour in 1885.

The Pennsylvania society was organized in October, 1783. It was chartered by the State Assembly in 1791. The most important enterprise thus far connected with its history has been the proposed erection of a monument to Washington. A fund for this purpose was started by its members as far back as 1819 with an appropriation of three thousand dollars. A few years ago, the fund having increased by that time to about a quarter of a million dollars, designs were solicited. An equestrian statue by Professor Siemering, of Berlin, was the one accepted. The monument is now so near completion that the members recently obtained consent of Councils to place it in

#### PROPOSED WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

Independence Square. The controversy which sprang up on this subject is still fresh in the memory of many readers. By order of the court, this permission was rescinded, and the monument is likely to be erected in Fairmount Park, where its artistic design and noble proportions may be seen to greater advantage. The model of the statue suggests Rauch's famous memorial to Frederick the Great on the Unter den Linden in Berlin. But the treatment of the accessories has sufficiently nationalized the Washington statue, and the four groups of figures which surround the base, while they add little to the artistic strength of the composition, will greatly enhance its popular interest. The city will possess in this memorial one of the most beautiful works of art that have ever been erected for out-door decoration.

It is interesting to note, in reviewing the history of the Cincinnati, the great stride which has been made towards true republicanism. A glance backward into the early days of the Society summons up a vision of powdered wigs and cocked hats and gold-laced costumes and

glistening shoe-buckles and sumptuous equipages. The old Continentals did what they felt called to do for liberty. They upheld honor, they kept faith, they protected the weak, they provided for the widow and the orphan. In all these ways they strengthened the foundations of the government which their good swords had won. But it was still too soon to ignore the claims of rank and privilege. To the membership of the Cincinnati only officers of the line were eligible, men of consequence and authority. A goodly number of them were slaveholders. It has been a chief blessing of our day that liberty came to mean more than it ever meant before; when privileges of the few became rights for the many; when the army that freed the slave and cemented afresh the crumbling pillars of the state should form a new order of the Cincinnati in that Grand Army of the Republic where the lowest soldier from the ranks is as welcome as the loftiest chief, and the national ensign spreads its benediction alike over all.

*John Bunting.*

### A CRY FROM THE DARK.

COME to my grave, Beloved; pause here beside me;  
     Gather these posies!  
 Out of my heart they grew,—fed on my spirit.  
 Long have I lain here,—lain here and waited,—  
 Long, yet you came not: where have you lingered?  
 Blithe winds have whispered you, glad birds have carolled,  
 So you missed nothing, though I was silent:  
 Yet once you loved me,—Love is immortal,—  
 How my heart aches with it, here where I wait for you!

Bend low and listen! Do you not hear me?  
 Long time you said that my voice was the music  
 Heart-beats were set to,—Heaven sang its chorus:  
 Do you not hear, now the grass grows above me?

Gather these posies  
 Sprung from my grave-sod! Will they not bring you  
 Breath of my kisses,—thrill as when fingers  
 Death's clasp has stiffened clung to you, held you?

Nay, you pass by me,—bound on what errand?  
 Glad Life ensnares you: vainly I call you:  
 I must wait longer.

To-day and to-morrow—  
 Countless to-morrows—may find me without you,  
 But Death *will* befriend me,—kind Death will bring you  
 Home to this grave-house,—here where I wait you.  
 We *shall* take hands again: Love is immortal!

*Louise Chandler Moulton.*

## A PASTEL.

[LIPPINCOTT'S NOTABLE STORIES, NO. III.\*]

HE Comte de Paris was coming to America. Madame Céleste read the news in the *Morning Record*, and then pressed it rapturously to her heart, calling it an event among newspapers.

"You'll miss it," said Angèle, always practical, and Madame, suddenly reminded that it was only borrowed, smoothed it out over her knee with fluttering hands.

Angèle calmly continued her stitching: she cared not a whit about the Comte de Paris.

"I shall present you, my daughter?" cried Madame Céleste, excitedly; "you shall kiss the hand of our prince——"

"I don't kiss any man's hand," interrupted Angèle brusquely. "What do Americans want with princes? Sam says——"

Madame Céleste raised her delicate hand with a little gesture of entreaty.

"Spare me the wisdom of Monsieur Sam!" she cried. "Of course my daughter has no sympathy with me in my happiness: I forgot."

\* With the March number began the issue of this series of short stories, one of which is to appear each month during the current year. On the completion of the series the stories will be reprinted in a small volume, and the royalty on the sale of this book will belong to the author of that one of the ten tales which receives the popular verdict.

To determine this choice, our readers are invited to signify each month, by postal card addressed to the editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*, their opinions as to the merits of the short story in the last issue. Those who thus report as to each of the ten tales, from March to December inclusive, will receive, free of charge, a copy of the collected edition of "Notable Stories."

There was a pathetic note in Madame's voice.

Angèle pulled her needle jerkily through her work, and broke her thread. She rocked nervously to and fro as she broke off a new thread, drawing it out to arm's length, and biting it with her strong white teeth. The rocking-chair creaked noisily.

"If you could but cultivate a little repose!" sighed Madame Céleste.

She herself sat gracefully erect in her straight-backed chair, her white hands placidly folded. Gradually a smile began to play about her lips: her thoughts had left Angèle, and rocking-chairs, and all such small ills of life, and were travelling, as Madame's thoughts were apt to travel, back into the past.

There was a stately, exquisite dignity about Madame Céleste, which must have emanated from within, as it certainly was not the result of inches, though she wore her white hair pompadour and piled it high into elaborate coils and puffs to increase her stature. This coiffure was a thing of always; it rose as elegantly behind the tin coffee-pot of a morning as it did of an evening behind the tureen of thin soup. Madame Céleste was an anachronism: put a touch of rouge on the thin cheeks, and a tiny patch beneath the bright, sunken eyes, and before you would stand the court lady of a hundred years ago, in the thin disguise of a shabby black gown, shiny on the back, white at the seams, and patched at the elbows. Madame was like a pastel, soft, delicate, faintly colored: Angèle, her daughter, called Angy by every one except her mother, was the oil-color. No amount of rouge or patches would ever deceive people into thinking her anything but the daughter of her father, the late Luke Mullins, dealer in hides and tallow.

Madame Céleste had been untiring in her efforts to polish Angy into at least the semblance of a high-born demoiselle, but when after a struggle of twenty years she remained still a commonplace miss, with a gauche manner and awkward carriage, Madame Céleste bowed to the inevitable,—gracefully, of course, as it was Madame who bowed,—laid down her polishing-tools, and accepted Angy as a failure. It was a bitter moment, however, when she finally acknowledged to herself that her jewel was incapable of polish: she did not care for diamonds in the rough, and at times she even doubted whether hers was really a precious stone after all: could it be a common pebble? or at best a bit of quartz?

Madame's mind was capable of the most metaphysical distinctions: she disliked her daughter's personality, but she loved her daughter. Both Angy's faults and virtues irritated her; chiefly, perhaps, because they were like her late husband's, and about her husband Madame had never drawn any distinctions at all.

Perhaps if he had made a fortune out of his hides and tallow her judgment of him might have grown more tolerant with years, but all he left her was his name, and that she immediately consigned to oblivion, emerging as Madame Céleste from her quickly-discarded widow's weeds.

The old countess, her mother, had considered rough, vulgar, big-hearted Luke a lesser evil than starvation, so Madame had married



him. She herself would have preferred the other alternative. She dutifully accepted her plebeian lover, however, was distantly civil to him for twenty years, and then buried him. Possibly Luke was not sorry to be buried: hides and tallow had played him false towards the end, and life by Madame's side was a cheerless thing; besides, there was some one waiting for him up above, a gentle, girlish little wife, underbred, but loving. No, on the whole Luke was not sorry to be buried. Nobody was sorry but Angy: Angy broke her heart.

Madame Céleste was enthusiastically French, though it was forty years since her father, a visionary soul, and the last leaf on the dying family tree, had migrated to America in search of fortune and found a grave. Madame was twenty at the time.

She left a lover behind vines and the crumb teaux, but she went question: what que could there be when of them were poor? Madame's heart, however, remained in France, and she had to do without one after that, which was of little consequence to her, but of a great deal to Luke Mullins.

France kept her allegiance, too, as well as her heart: she was more royalist than the Comte de Paris himself. He, good soul,

THE DAUGHTER OF HER FATHER, THE LATE LUKE MULLINS.

after a fifty-years' acquaintance with his royal self, may have had some doubts as to his own absolute perfection; Madame had none. The thought of actually seeing him thrilled her loyal heart. It would be, she felt, like a bit of the old life she had been starving for so long. Madame's smile grew dreamier as she dwelt upon it, and a tender dimness softened her bright eyes. The past came back to her, fresh and clear as yesterday. The old gray château rose before her, its sweet, quaint garden about it, its broad, low fields beyond; there were the prim poplars stretching away in stiff lines along the white, straight road, and coming through the dust beneath them Monsieur le Curé, his soutane flapping in the wind. Old mère Marcelle's crooning reached her faintly, and the noise of her sabots, as she clattered to and fro with water from the well. Then, blotting out all else, rose her lover's face, and Madame's lips ceased smiling, but her eyes grew softer still.

"Perhaps I may get news of him now," she mused.

Madame dreamed happily on, living her youth over again, while in the window opposite, pressing close to catch the fading light, Angy worked patiently on at her stitching, which, if she were very diligent, would bring them in as much as four shillings a day.

Suddenly Madame Céleste roused herself and smoothed the paper on her knees again, nervously.

"Have you a little money to spare, Angèle *chérie*?" she said. "I shall want a few dollars soon."

"We'll only just make out with the rent as it is," said Angy, reluctantly. "My being sick that time put us back so."

"Oh, well, a few little economies!" said Madame, airily. She was hopelessly unpractical.

Angy kept the purse, and, as far as she could see, there were no more economies left to be made. However, if her mother, whom she held in secret, timid adoration, needed it, she was prepared to try.

"I shall, of course, go to welcome the prince," Madame Céleste went on, "and I should wish to carry him a bunch of lilies,—lilies of France; a little offering of loyalty."

Angy dropped her sewing.

"Lilies! Why, they cost I don't know how much!"

"Yes," assented Madame, gently.

Angy was tired: she had been sewing all day, and her head ached. "I can't work any harder," she cried, desperately. "When it's anything in reason, I'm sure I'm ready and willing, but as to killing myself just to give a silly bunch of lilies to a man I don't care a rap about, I—well, I just can't!"

Madame's lip trembled. She was hurt to the heart. It was unreasonable of her, but it was Madame's way to be unreasonable.

"I shall not ask you to work any harder," she said. "I am sorry I spoke. It is no matter. There are many little things I can quite well do without: one gets to think some things necessities which are really only luxuries."

"I didn't mean it!" cried Angy, already repentant. "Of course if you want them I will help."

"No," said Madame, in a quivering voice: "they shall be bought with no unwilling sacrifice."

After dinner, when Angy had lighted the lamp, Madame Céleste brought out her sewing,—a dainty piece of embroidery, learned from the nuns in her early convent days. Angy was stitching shirts.

Somebody knocked shortly, with a brisk, business-like rap.

"It's Sam!" cried Angy, flushing prettily.

A small, trim, sandy-haired man entered thereupon, with a brisk, decided little step. Everything about Sam Sladen was on a small scale, except his self-confidence and his heart, but these left nothing to be desired. A thorough American in his irreverence and self-sufficiency, Sam stood in awe of nothing on earth save only Madame Céleste. In her stately presence he trembled and grew conscious of his insignificance.

Angy and he had been lovers ever since their public-school days,

and Madame Céleste two years before had given her formal consent. She had cherished a dream of marrying Angy as befitted the Comte de Bernannes's grandchild. It was her last dream, and she saw it fade as they had all faded. Sam was the reality, and he endured. It was hard to accept Sam Sladen, the book-agent, in the place of the titled son-

wince visibly when  
he crushed them in  
his hearty grasp.

THE OLD GRAY CHÂTEAU.

"Well, how-dy-do, mother-in-law?" said Sam.

Madame could not suppress a little shiver at this familiarity: she thought the English phrase crude and vulgar.

"Think I'm a bit previous, don't you, ma'am?" said Sam, with quick perception, flushing under Madame's cold gaze.

Madame's shoulders answered him, but enigmatically, he not being versed in shrugs.

"Just back this afternoon," Sam ventured again. "I've been canvassing in Jersey. Did well, too, considering the book I had: 'Our Dusky Brother' it was this time."

Sam and Angy looked at one another and smiled. Every piece of good luck brought the wedding-day a little nearer. Madame Céleste, however, did not smile. Sam waited for her to say she was pleased at his success, but she only lifted her eyes for an instant, and said, indifferently,—  
"Ah!"

Sam, chilled, turned to Angy for support, and Angy, in the shadow of the table-top, stretched out an encouraging hand, which he held for a short, happy moment before he said good-by.

The day of the Comte de Paris's arrival Madame Céleste went to her room and locked the door, turning the key softly in order not to attract Angy's attention. Then, still softly, she took down two small looking-glasses from the wall, glasses of that wavy, distorting type which might have been circulated instead of tracts by a society for the suppression of vanity. Madame stood them up against the wall, placing them one upon the other. She put a couple of flat-irons on the floor against the lower one, to keep it from slipping, and the upper one she braced with two chair-backs. Then she took her stand before this extemporized pier-glass. Madame was small, but the pier-glass was smaller: she was obliged to choose between viewing her feet or her head. Madame laid her hand on her heart, placed her feet in the second position, and with an expression of earnest gravity, watching the result anxiously in the two sections of wavy mirror, she courtesied low to the reflection of her rusty black petticoat.

Her knees trembled under her; they were very old and stiff, but they were very loyal; bend to their prince they must, and it behooved them to make ready. Up and down they went, the poor old knees, getting very weary and very shaky, but Madame was not to be satisfied until she could see the topmost puff of her stately white head below the pine frame of the mirror. So far only her eyes had appeared: the stiff old knees must bend lower.

"I am sadly out of practice!" sighed Madame Céleste.

She was much thinner and frailer than she had been six weeks before. Her pale lips had a pinched look, and there were darker lines beneath her eyes, which made them seem brighter and more sunken than ever. Madame had made her economies.

When she had at last succeeded in making her knees renew the days of their youth, she carefully brushed her plain black bonnet, smoothed out its well-worn strings, and inked the seams of her only gown. She laid the bonnet and an old-fashioned silk mantle over the back of a chair; the mantle was very shiny; Madame held it up to the light, and sighed; then she placed a pair of much-mended gloves and a fresh pocket-handkerchief beside it. Her heart beat with expectation as she made her simple preparations.

The rain was coming heavily down, making treacherous puddles in the uneven flagging, when she started on her pilgrimage the next morning. Angy had insisted upon her wearing rubbers, and had lent her her own, which were much too large and kept slipping off at the

heels. In one hand she carried the lilies for which she had saved and pinched, and in the other a very large umbrella; one of its ribs had become loosened from its rusty cotton covering, and stuck nakedly out, like a long skeleton finger. It mortified Madame greatly; she had not noticed it when she started. It tried her, too, being a dainty, tidy soul, that, having no hand with which to hold them, her skirts grew bedraggled and flapped damply about her ankles. It was a long walk, and the lilies and the umbrella were very heavy.

In the Comte de Paris's anteroom she took off her rubbers and left the umbrella.

"Madame Céleste, *née* de Berna nounced the attendant, opening the door to the hotel suite devoted to the prince.

Madame advanced up the room with stately grace: one quite forgot the shabby bonnet and the dragged skirt. She was *grande dame* now always; nothing could alter that. As she approached, the Comte de Paris stepped out from among the little group of gentlemen at the farther end of the room, and Madame Céleste began long-practised courtesy. But, alas! tired knees failed her, they had come so far, they were such stiff old knees: faltered, swayed, and dropped the lady. As she would have fallen, had the prince caught her and lifted her to her feet.

For the next half-hour Madame Céleste truly lived. Like a flower blossoms only in its native air, she bloomed into sudden radiance and color. Her bearing, her manner, took on new and exquisite dignity and grace. She grew witty, spirituelle, epigrammatic. Her voice, her smile, her mien, all breathed a rare, delicate charm, like a fine subtle fragrance, a breath from out the stately drawing-rooms of the past. It was Madame Céleste who held court for that half-hour, not the prince.

MONSIEUR SAM.

But a half-hour is so short! Madame heard the door swing open again, and felt that hers was over. It was only one of the prince's suite who entered, however, a distinguished-looking man, white-headed, but erect and soldierly.

"Ah, de Courvalles, back already?" said the prince.

"I have been gone an hour, monsieur," answered the old man. "I feared I was late."

"Time in Madame's presence has flown!" said the prince, gallantly.

But for once Madame Céleste was ready with no graceful response.

"De Courvalles!" she cried, tremulously. She stood as if in a dream. Monsieur de Courvalles's voice and face awakened in her a vague, sweet recollection. The past seemed to sweep back, and she was young again: the shadow of the château walls fell on her once more as of old, its garden-odors reached her, the poplars rustled, and mère Marcelle's sabots clattered on the stones. Again it was the day when she and Raoul had said good-by. A faint, lovely flush stole into Madame's thin cheek, a soft, almost youthful light quivered over her worn old face, and her lips fell again into their old tender curves. Forgetting the eyes fixed upon her, the prince, etiquette, all, she stretched out her trembling hands in their shabby, ill-fitting gloves.

"Raoul! Raoul!" she cried.

But there was no answering light in Monsieur de Courvalles's eyes.

"You do not know me," said Madame, gently, her hands still outstretched. "It is no wonder, it is so many years since we met. I am Céleste, Raoul."

"Ah!" said Monsieur de Courvalles, vaguely, "I am charmed,—charmed, madame."

The far-away spring-time idyl had faded from his mind; it was buried under the roses of many summers and many winters' snows.

Madame Céleste dropped her hands. For one long, silent moment the old eyes met. Monsieur de Courvalles was troubled; it annoyed him to find his memory at fault,—respecting a lady, too! It was unpardonable.

A chill stole over Madame Céleste's heart. Slowly the expectation died out of her eyes, and the tender light, which had lent her face a sudden semblance of youth, faded away. Raoul had forgotten! Madame withdrew her eyes.

"It is pleasant to see a familiar face in a strange land, monsieur, and your name recalls memories of my childhood," she said, and smiled.

The rain was falling still when Madame started homeward. She had a free hand now, but she did not hold her skirts; they grew soaked and heavy, and her rubbers still slipped at the heels; but Madame did not care. She did not even think to turn the naked umbrella rib discreetly out of view. The umbrella was very heavy, but Madame's heart was heavier; it felt cold and still, like a dead thing. Raoul had forgotten her, forgotten even her name!

"You are quite wet, *ma mère*," said Angy, as she received the umbrella and took off the rubbers.

"It does not matter," said Madame Céleste.

"The soup is ready," said Angy. "I have been expecting you this hour."

It was a silent meal: something in Madame's face checked Angy's usual cheery commonplaces. When the lamp was lighted, Madame took her embroidery as usual: it was nearly finished. Angy glanced at her uneasily now and then, and wished that Sam would come in.



At last Madame put away her needle, and laid her worn thimble in its corner of her work-box. Then she folded her work carefully. It was finished. "Everything is finished," thought Madame.

She was not sorry: she was only very tired. She was like a child who had stayed through the play, had seen the end, and watched the curtain fall, and wanted to go home to bed. The play had been a sad one; the child was glad it was over; it

MADAME ADVANCED UP THE ROOM WITH STATELY GRACE. hair waving softly now about her wasted face, was babbling happily of childish sports, or laughing again with mère Marcelle, or crying that she was waiting in the château garden and that Raoul had forgotten to come. And Sam would lean forward, and lay his rough plebeian hand softly on Madame's, and say, gently, "Poor mother-in-law!" stroking the frail old hand with a tender touch, half surprised at himself the while for the liberty he took.

When the fever broke, the doctor said that Madame Céleste was doing well.

"You will soon be better!" Angy cried, kissing her weak hands.

Madame smiled: she knew so much better than that. What more was there? Everything was finished.

"Angèle, *ma mie*," she said, one day, "you will be happy, I think; he is *bourgeois*, but he has a good heart, your Monsieur Sam." And Madame sighed.

Then by and by, with her hand in Angèle's, she fell asleep: she was very tired; she was glad to fall asleep.

*Cornelia Kane Rathbone.*

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### TRIUMVIRATE.

THREE things are great,—  
 Conscience and will,  
 And courage to fulfil  
 The duties they create.  
 The guarded gate  
 To freedom opens wide  
 To him who heeds  
 The voice which speaks within.  
 His will is strengthened, fortified,  
 Against the power of sin,  
 And unto victory leads.  
 The end crowns all.  
 No matter what betide,  
 Him nothing shall befall.

*Arthur D. F. Randolph.*

## NEW ST. LOUIS.

“**WE** went to a large hotel, called the Planters’ House, a building like an English hospital, with long passages and bare walls, and skylights above the room doors for the free circulation of air. There were a great many boarders in it, and as many lights sparkled and glistened from the windows down into the street below, when we drove up, as if it had been illuminated on some occasion of rejoicing. It is an excellent house, and the proprietors have most bountiful notions of providing the creature comforts. Dining alone with my wife in our own room one day, I counted fourteen dishes on the table at once.”

It is just fifty years since Charles Dickens wrote this description of his hotel experience in St. Louis, and the Planters’ House of which he

PLANTERS’ HOUSE, ST. LOUIS, 1833-1842.

speaks with such quaint candor has been torn down to make room for a new Planters’ House, which cannot by any parity of reasoning be likened to an “English hospital,” nor, indeed, to any building to be found in the country which Dickens helped to make famous. The new Planters’ House, now in course of erection, will be one of the finest

hotels in America, and as much unlike the house in which the fourteen dishes were counted, as New St. Louis is unlike the city which the great novelist describes in "American Notes," and for which he, stern critic as he was, predicted even in the forties a grand future.

If the spirit of Charles Dickens pays a visit to St. Louis this year, it will be as astonished at the changes that have been brought about in the half-century as the thousands of travellers and visitors who, visiting St. Louis after an absence of a few years, look in vain for the landmarks which were then pointed out to them, and marvel at the complete manner in which the old has been swallowed up by the new in every feature and detail. The railroad facilities to and from St. Louis are unsurpassed, and as a result the city is already entertaining a large number of European and Eastern tourists on their way to the World's Fair.

It is as amusing as it must certainly be gratifying to St. Louisians to note the astonishment and indeed bewilderment of some of these visitors. Those who come to St. Louis for the first time are more than pleased with the undoubted evidences of substantial progress and prosperity, especially in manufacturing, and nearly all admit that their preconceived notions of the city did it a distinct injustice; but it is the man who thought he knew all about it and finds that he knew nothing, who realizes most fully the self-evident fact that the old has given way to the new, and that the St. Louis of to-day bears scarcely any resemblance to the St. Louis of thirty, or even fifteen, years ago. Indeed, some of those who have seen the city as recently as ten years ago are the loudest in their expressions of wonderment at the strides which have been made in the way of progress in general and architectural progress in particular.

Early last month a gentleman who spent several months in St. Louis during the war arrived at the Union Dépôt and directed the hackman who solicited his patronage to drive him to the Prairie House. The driver, who claimed to know every hotel in the city, expressed his regret at not being able to locate the house, and it was only after he had consulted with a competitor, who had been in the business more years than he had lived, that he was able to get at the location of the desired hostelry. Even then the information tendered did not console the visitor, who was loath to believe that what in his time had been a fashionable hotel a mile or two out of the city on the only rock road leading into the county, had long since been hemmed in by buildings, and that one-half of the ancient landmark had been actually cut down to enable a street to be constructed through it. But the fact remains that what was practically a country hotel within the memory of many besides the proverbial oldest inhabitant has long since ceased to be a hotel at all, and that the cable cars which run past its door carry passengers two or three miles farther before they reach the city limits.

This is merely an instance which can be duplicated a hundred times over, for the expansion of the city has been so remarkable that what was country during the war is city now, while the suburbs have extended into territory the bare existence of which was scarcely realized at that time by any save excursionists and hunters. One gentleman

who visited St. Louis this spring after an absence abroad of nearly thirty years asked to be taken to Camp Jackson, where, as he explained, his son was shot during the "late unpleasantness."

"To tell you the truth, I really don't know where Camp Jackson was," his guide explained. "I have lived here a good many years, and

ST. LOUIS MERCANTILE CLUB.

heard Camp Jackson spoken of repeatedly, but never had the curiosity to inquire as to its exact location."

"I can find it easily enough," was the reply. "It's in the woods on the Olive Street road, five or six blocks west of the old city limits at Nineteenth Street."

"There are no woods on Olive Street within four or five miles of Nineteenth Street," the guide promptly explained, "and if you are right as to location, Camp Jackson is the site of some of the best

residences in St. Louis, with several merchant millionaires residing in them."

Inquiries proved that the visitor knew more about the topography of the city than his guide, for what was Camp Jackson during the war is now a thickly-settled residence-section, three or four miles east of the city limits, and with tens of thousands of houses beyond it.

The same disappointments have met nearly every landmark- and relic-hunter who has "taken in" St. Louis this spring on his way to the World's Fair. An English gentleman who had for many years been a friend of Henry Shaw, the millionaire botanist, turned his steps soon after his arrival towards the corner of Seventh and Locust Streets, where Mr. Shaw many years ago built himself a sombre-looking but very comfortable residence, in which he entertained friends on the most lavish scale. In place of "Henry Shaw's house" the visitor found the New Mercantile Club, a building very different in appearance and elevation, and one of the handsomest business-men's clubs in the country. The spot is still the scene of continued hospitality, for the club is in the habit of obeying very literally the scriptural injunction as to the entertainment of strangers; but Henry Shaw's house has been pulled down, and reconstructed, out of the same material, in the splendid botanical gardens which he bequeathed to the city, and which have few equals in extent or magnificence in the entire world.

"I can well remember," remarked a manufacturer, "when the old University on Ninth Street and Washington Avenue was entirely in the country, Sixth Street being at that time regarded as the practical building limit. The policy of the university in building so far out into the woods was ridiculed when I was a boy, and it is amusing to recollect some of the remarks that were made, in view of the fact that the university has since been moved three miles farther from the river, and that it is now very much more down-town on Thirty-Sixth Street than it was on Ninth Street at the time I am mentioning."

Every old St. Louisian applied to has similar reminiscences; and perhaps the most interesting of all is that of one who has not yet attained the period of life allotted by the Psalmist, but who talks entertainingly of the time when he skated on a lake which covered a portion of ground on which the new Union Dépôt is now in course of erection. This lake, known as Chouteau's Pond, occupied a large area of the Mill Creek Valley, along which has been built one of the largest main sewers in the world. At the northwest corner of where the old pond was, and right at the old city limits, is located the magnificent new Union Dépôt of the Terminal Railroad Association, which will be available for traffic almost immediately.

A better type of New St. Louis than this magnificent structure it would be difficult to find, and the fact that it has been erected on what was once the very boundary of the city, but which is now the most central semi-down-town location that could possibly be found, is eloquent in the extreme of the progress made. Over four million bricks, twenty thousand square feet of marble, and twelve hundred tons of iron have been used on this structure, while two million three hundred and fifty thousand blocks of mosaic were used in the floors.



The train-shed is the largest and most convenient in the world. Its roof forms an arch of six hundred feet radius, and the height from the base to the centre span of the arch is one hundred feet. The shed is seven hundred feet long, and is so enormous in all its proportions that six million pounds of steel, one million square feet of hard-wood, and twenty thousand square feet of glass were required to complete it.

The grand waiting-room measures one hundred and twenty by sixty feet, and is sixty feet high. Its appointments are magnificent in every detail, and no less than three thousand incandescent lamps are used to secure perfect illumination. Externally the *dépôt* is handsome to a degree, and its massive tower with a grand clock lighted at night

#### FEDERAL BUILDING, ST LOUIS.

by electricity will not be easily duplicated even in a month's journey. So elaborate and careful have been the plans of this structure that all trains will be backed into it, so that the locomotives will never enter the sheds, and there will be an absence of that unpleasant suggestion of sulphur which one looks for in a railroad *dépôt* of even moderate size. The *dépôt* will cost, by the time the last bill is paid, considerably over two million dollars, and the best railroad experts are of opinion that every dollar has been well and profitably spent.

Another building which will cost about the same amount of money, but which is not in quite so advanced a stage of construction, is the new City Hall, which will probably be completed in the fall of this year.

It stands on an old pleasure-ground and park known as Washington Square, within two or three blocks of the old Union Dépôt, which has been useful if not ornamental for years, but which is about to be

NEW CITY HALL, ST. LOUIS.

relegated to freight traffic and other less high-toned purposes than fell to its lot while it was in its prime. It is difficult to estimate how many millions of visitors to the St. Louis Exposition and festivities have arrived at and departed from the old dépôt, but each of them

A GROUP OF NEW ST. LOUIS RESIDENCES.

will probably remember the small park with fountains in the centre which they passed in driving to their hotels.

This park is the home of the New City Hall, one of the best-planned municipal buildings in America; indeed, its fame while in actual course of construction is so great that a very large number of delegations from other cities have from time to time visited St. Louis to glean actual information concerning the new home for the city's governors. The building has a frontage of three hundred and eighty feet and a depth of about two hundred and twenty feet. It is, or will be, five stories high, with a fine bell-tower some two hundred feet above the sidewalks. The general style of architecture is of the Louis XIV. order, and the building is in appearance an enlargement on a very liberal scale of the town halls which the traveller through Northern France sees to-day in some of the more prosperous cities.

The basement and first story of the building are constructed of Missouri granite, the upper stories are of buff Roman brick with sandstone trimmings, and the roof is of black glazed Spanish tile. The interior courts are lined with white glazed brick, and the structure, which is absolutely fire-proof throughout, is being equipped with eight elevators so arranged as to be convenient to each of the numerous entrances. A portion of this handsome and massive building is under roof, and a few offices are already occupied by municipal departments. The site on which the old City Hall stands is about to be sold and the building torn down to make room for another lofty commercial structure. The hall is a substantial-looking building, and answered its purpose well for years, but neither in size nor in elegance is it up to the requirements of New St. Louis.

The same remark applies to another municipal institution,—the water-works. These rank among the very best in the West, and have for years been supplying pure Missouri River water. But the works have become too small to supply the needs of the people in the event of emergency, and, moreover, the city has encroached so rapidly on outlying territory that new works, farther removed from the crowded streets and manufactories, were determined upon some few years ago. These are now well-nigh completed, after an expenditure bordering upon eight millions.

Nothing really indicates in a more interesting manner the steady growth of St. Louis, and the absorption of the old by the new, than the experience of the city authorities in the provision of water for the inhabitants. The work has been one constant round of development and evolution. It is on record that the City Council of a Southern burg, as the result of a frantic effort to compromise and please all parties, deliberately came to the following unique if illogical conclusion: "*Resolved*, (1) That we build a new jail;

"(2) That the new jail be built out of the materials of the old jail; and

"(3) That the old jail be used until the new jail is finished."

The policy in St. Louis with regard to its water-works has been more business-like and practical than this, for, while the old works have performed their task in each instance until the completion of the new ones,

nothing but the newest and best material and machinery has been used in the latter. The water-works have been beating a graceful, though forced, retreat from the business section of St. Louis for generations. The first works on an extensive scale were but little more than a mile north of the court-house, and the action of the authorities of the day in going so far up the river was criticised with considerable vigor and assurance. The next move was about a mile farther north, and it was then supposed that the problem of the water-works location had been definitely settled. Again, however, the city overtook the works, and the splendid pumping-stations at Bissel's Point, close to where the Merchants' Bridge has since been erected, were constructed and equipped.

NEW HIGH SCHOOL, GRAND AVENUE, ST. LOUIS.

These new works did nobly, and for years they have been supplying the city with water of absolute purity and in apparently unlimited quantity. But when they were constructed New St. Louis had not reared its head above the traditions of the past, and the idea of a city with a population rapidly approaching a million was not dreamed of. About the year 1880 the engineers in charge of the works began to call attention to the danger of a water-famine in the event of the breakdown of a single engine, the great increase in consumption taxing the machinery to its fullest capacity; and as a result of these warnings legislation was obtained authorizing the construction of the magnificent water-works, settling-basins, and conduits at a point known as the Chain of Rocks, some twelve miles north of the centre of the city, and but a few miles south of the junction of the Missouri with the Mississippi River. It is a fact well known and often commented upon that the waters of these two mighty rivers are very slow in intermingling, and hence the St. Louis water-supply will be drawn entirely from the Missouri, whose water has been proved by analysis year after year, and indeed month after month, to be absolutely free from any matter injurious to health or in any degree objectionable.

Every visitor to St. Louis, or indeed to the West, should make a point of visiting these new works in person. They are now practically completed, and present a variety of engineering triumphs which it is impossible to describe adequately in a few lines. Suffice it to say that the capacity will be ample to supply the wants of over a million inhabitants, and that the water will be conveyed from enormous settling-tanks, through a conduit seven miles long, to the old water-works which have done such yeoman service for years, but which will no longer be used for the purpose for which they were designed. A special feature of the new works is an inlet tower built out in the river far enough from the shore to secure absolute purity of water; and indeed the plans and proportions of the new works are so elaborate that there exists an absolute certainty that no matter how rapidly the city may grow for the next ten years there will be an ample supply of good, wholesome, and clear water for all its inhabitants and their guests.

To imagine, however, that the water question has been settled for all time would be foolish, in view of the wholesale growth of New St. Louis, and already the question of tapping the Missouri River prior to its junction with the Mississippi, eighteen miles north of St. Louis, is being discussed as a live question.

The expression "wholesale growth" as applied to New St. Louis is in no sense an exaggerated one, for during the last three years one hundred miles of street frontage have been covered with new buildings in the city. These figures are not guessed at, but are taken carefully from returns filed in the office of the Building Commissioner, whose records show the number and foot frontage not only of every building authorized, but also of every building completed and occupied. Last year alone, five thousand four hundred and ninety-seven buildings were erected in St. Louis. The figures established a record, but those for 1891 and 1890 were also remarkable to a degree, the average number of buildings erected in each of those years being in excess of four thousand five hundred. There were thus fourteen thousand five hundred buildings actually erected in the city during the thirty-six months ending last Christmas, and if any justification were needed for the term "New St. Louis," these figures would more than give it. Placed side by side, the buildings erected last year alone would extend thirty-nine miles, and the buildings for the three years, similarly placed, would occupy every foot front on both sides of a street fifty miles long.

This building activity shows no sign of abating, and all through the past winter contractors and builders have been defying the elements and rearing massive structures in every direction. It is, of course, the quality as much as the quantity of new buildings that is an index of a city's prosperity and growth, and it is hence of special interest to note the character and value of the fourteen thousand buildings which have been completed in St. Louis in the brief space of three years. It is not even necessary to turn to the official records of cost to be convinced that the character of these structures is as significant as their number, for a complete transformation scene has been enacted on block after block in the down-town section, as well as in that portion of the city given over to residences. Jay Gould is credited with the statement



that in building it is advisable to make the number of stories as great as safety and convenience permit, on the unanswerable theory that ground costs money and air does not. He himself set a good example in St. Louis in this respect, and since then space has been encroached upon more and more, until now twelve-story buildings are not high enough to excite comment, and fourteen stories have begun to be regarded as the correct thing.

These lofty office buildings are as characteristic of New St. Louis as the four- and five-story buildings of half a generation ago were of the old city. The new buildings, with their rapid elevators and modern equipments, are a source of wonderment to country visitors, some of whom have a deep-rooted antipathy to these aids to locomotion in an upward direction.

"It's no use, a man must ride in one of them chutes now," explained a visitor whose attire and speech betrayed his connection with agriculture. "Ten years ago there wasn't a building in St. Louis a man couldn't walk all over and use the stairs, but it's no use thinking of doing that now. Time a man has climbed fourteen flights of stairs there's no breath left in him to ask his way round the passages, and all you can do is to let yourself be locked in and trust to luck and the boy in buttons to land you safe where you want to go, if so be you're lucky enough to make him understand where that is."

UNION TRUST BUILDING, ST. LOUIS.

There is considerably more truth than poetry in this philosophy, for the elevator has long since become a necessity instead of a luxury down-town. In the year 1885 the Equitable Building, on the corner of Sixth and Locust Streets, was regarded as one of the finest office buildings in the city. It was six stories high, and the demand for office buildings in fire-proof structures was so enormous that the proprietors had the walls examined carefully and finally determined to add four stories more. The work was carried out successfully, and the

building is still one of the most popular in the city, although it has been somewhat dwarfed in appearance by the erection of so many still loftier buildings close to it. Illustrations are given of a few of the most conspicuous of the new fire-proof "sky-scrapers," and it is only necessary to add that these are merely types of thirty other buildings of similar character which are either just completed or actually in course of erection. A better justification of the expression "wholesale growth" could scarcely be found, and it is doubtful if any city in the Union can duplicate this showing. At least twenty of the new buildings cost, or will cost, more than half a million each to erect, at least three will average more than a million and a half, and about five more will pass the million mark.

These figures, remarkable as they appear, were being discussed one day last month at an informal dinner at one of the local clubs, given to some of the many outside capitalists who visit St. Louis and invest their money freely in a city whose attainments and prospects convince them that a better field could not be found.

"The only question that arises in my mind," remarked an Eastern visitor, "is, what are you going to do with all these office buildings? You must be increasing the number of office rooms for rent twenty-five if not fifty per cent. per annum, and what I would like to know is, where are the new tenants to come from?"

"I can't tell you where they come from," was the reply of the real-estate man addressed, "but I can prove to you very easily that they do come. The moment the fact leaks out that a new fire-proof building is to be erected there is a demand for leases of the best offices, and more especially those on the ground-floor. In several instances leases have been signed before the first contract has been let, calling for sufficient rent in the aggregate to more than pay the interest on the entire cost of construction. When the building is on a corner the competition for the best ground-floor office is so great that it sometimes leads to hard feeling, and even with the up-stairs offices, numerous as they are becoming, the problem of renting them to good tenants is far easier than it was five or six years ago, when the number of rooms was comparatively small."

"That's easily enough accounted for," explained a manufacturer who was dining with the visitors. "The manufacturing interests of St. Louis ten years ago were insignificant compared with what they are now, and if we go on building factories and office buildings at the present rate of progress for the next ten years we shall find it practically impossible even then to keep up with the inevitable increased demand for business accommodations."

The capitalist did not say whether he was convinced or not, but before returning home the following evening he had invested a sum of money running into six figures in St. Louis realty, which he has since declined to dispose of at a profit of nearly twenty thousand dollars.

For every effect there must be a cause, and a careful survey of New St. Louis and its interests indicates very plainly that the cause of its magnificent progress is to be found in the growth of its manufactures and commerce. Hence it is strictly accurate to state that there is no

"boom" in St. Louis. Prices of real estate are increasing rapidly, but the increase is not the result of speculation. It is rather the legitimate outcome of a steady demand for investment purposes, and of a wise determination on the part of a large percentage of real-estate owners to hold on to the good things they have been fortunate enough to secure.

Continuing the same line of thought, the basis of the demand for St. Louis investments is the magnitude of its manufacturing interests, for the census of 1890, and still later returns which careful inquiry from impartial sources has more than verified, show that St. Louis is in every sense of the word the manufacturing centre of the great West and Southwest. The census for 1880 showed an annual

SECURITY BUILDING, ST. LOUIS.

manufacturing product for St. Louis of \$114,533,375; the census for 1890 showed a manufacturing product of just double that sum; and the returns for 1892, compiled with great care and with distinct leanings towards conservatism, show a total of \$270,000,000. In other words, the manufactures of the city have increased just one hundred and thirty-six per cent. in twelve years, and the word "impossible"

has been expunged from the dictionary of the local manufacturer and financier.

St. Louis is thoroughly cosmopolitan, and almost all European nations are well represented in it. But it is even more cosmopolitan in its manufactures than in the *personnel* of its inhabitants, and it is almost impossible to state in what line of manufacture the city most

WAINWRIGHT BUILDING, ST. LOUIS.

excels. It now manufactures more boots and shoes than any other city in the United States, and in addition it receives and distributes a larger number of these useful articles from the Eastern factories than any other town or even State. Last year alone it manufactured five million pair of shoes, and, great as was its output in this line, that in men's clothing was even greater.

To pass from the useful to the luxurious, the government returns show that St. Louis manufactured more tobacco last year than any other city in the Union, and that it really produced nearly one-fourth of the total tobacco output of the country. Its breweries have been subjects of comment for years, and larger establishments of this kind cannot be found on this side the Atlantic. Twelve million dollars' worth of agricultural implements and eight million dollars' worth of carriages

and vehicles were made in the city last year, while the sales of hardware approximated eighteen millions. About twenty million dollars were received for furniture, and considerably over twelve millions for drugs, while street-cars worth more than ten million dollars were manufactured and shipped out to all parts of the world. At the present time the largest single order ever given out by a railroad company for freight- and passenger-cars is being executed by a St. Louis establishment.

The transactions in what may be termed general merchandise were colossal last year, the receipts for groceries exceeding eighty-five million dollars, or ten millions more than in 1891, while forty millions were expended in the city on dry-goods and nearly five millions more on hats and caps. More than half the wooden-ware used in the United States is now made in St. Louis, and the manufactures of saddlery exceed three and a half millions a year. Altogether, nearly sixty-five million dollars were paid in wages to factory employees last year, and the number of factories and of employees has increased considerably during the first quarter of 1893.

If it be asked whether there is danger of New St.

RIALTO BUILDING, ST. LOUIS.

Louis having to follow the example of Alexander the Great and weep because there are no more worlds for it to conquer, the answer must be that so far as its manufactures are concerned the city is but on the threshold of its greatness. Its location is such that every advance in wealth and population in the Southwest and South must inevitably be reflected upon its commerce, while there are few Western States which do not regard it as their legitimate manufacturing centre. Its Autumnal Festivities Association, besides spending half a million dollars in carnival and kindred attractions, maintains a Bureau of Information, which, besides fostering enterprise of every description, keeps a record of the references to the city in the press of the United States, and a

perusal of the clippings shows that in more than half the States and Territories of the Union the pre-eminence of New St. Louis in all things manufacturing and commercial is cheerfully, nay, proudly, conceded.

Nor are the predictions of the city's future overdrawn or unduly optimistic. Of the eight hundred miles of territory between St. Louis and the Gulf of Mexico, the former is monarch of all it surveys, not one manufacturing city rearing its head to dispute its right. On the west there is little in the way of competition clear out to the Pacific coast, and both east and north nearly three hundred miles have to be traversed before a manufacturing city of any prominence is reached. It is usual in the East to speak of St. Louis as a "Western" city, but, as a matter of fact, St. Louis is much nearer the Atlantic than the Pacific seaboard. Too far north to be a Southern city, too far south to be a Northern one, too far east to be Western, and too far west to be Eastern, St. Louis is central in every sense of the word, and is uniquely situated as the distributing point for the grandest, most fertile, and most prosperous region of the New World.

Oklahoma is practically a commercial suburb of St. Louis, and this Territory has in three short years become thoroughly settled and distinctly progressive. The opening up of the remainder of the Indian Territory is but a question of time, and there is so much elbow-room in St. Louis territory generally that, no matter how rapidly the manufacturing output of the city increases, the demand for its products outgrows the supply. And everything combines to help the manufacturer. Coal is cheaper in St. Louis than in any other large city outside of Pennsylvania, and raw material of every description is obtainable close to the city's very gates. Over sixty thousand miles of railroad are tributary to St. Louis, increased terminal and transportation facilities are being provided in every direction, and the hand of fate seems to point with unwavering decision to New St. Louis as the coming metropolis of the mid-continent.

*James Cox.*

### THE SOUL OF MAN.

SAY, in a hut of mean estate  
A light just glimmers and then is gone,  
Nature is seen to hesitate,—

Put forth and then retract her pawn ;

Say, in the alembic of an eye  
Haughty is mixed with poor and low ;  
Say, Truth herself is not so high  
But Error laughs to see her so ;

Say, all that strength failed in its trust ;  
Say, all that wit crept but a span ;  
Say, 'tis a drop spilled in the dust,—  
And then say *brother*—then say *man* !

*Dora Read Goodale.*



## KÜHNE BEVERIDGE.

**K**ÜHNE BEVERIDGE at the age of seventeen not only has the distinction of being the most talked-of woman sculptor of the day, but of her an eminent sculptor has said that in all the essentials of her art she is more largely endowed than any woman who has ever lived.

The essential quality of sculpture—which is so simple an art, so limited in its diversity of expression—is gravity, weight. A painting may be bad in color, in composition, even in drawing, but may still have some quality of atmosphere, of tone, which will be a source of pleasure, the picture itself always capable of improvement. Thus, painting has a wider range of expression than sculpture, and women, for this reason, have achieved more in the hospitable art and less in the sterner. For this quality of gravity is the one in which all women, according to the best authorities, have fallen short. No woman, in fact, up to this time has done anything in sculpture which demands or commands more than ephemeral notice. In the case of Miss Beveridge this quality, according to these same authorities, is so noticeable that the crudest of her work compels the respect alike of men grown gray and famous in the art and of those who are ignorant of technique, but responsive to power in any form.

This quality is exemplified in all that she has done,—in the busts of Cleveland, Stevenson, Jefferson, W. G. Harrison, Senator Fair, George Bromley, and John Drew,—noticeably in the last-named. Here is the portrait of a serious capable man,—of an actor whose weight of personality would compel and hold the attention of any audience. And in it are suggestions of reach, of high possibilities that may yet prove prophetic. Two other of Miss Beveridge's essentials, striking in any woman, in a young girl more particularly, are the instinctive recognition of the ideal, of the spiritual possibilities in her model, and the power of giving them expression.

The most remarkable piece of work which Miss Beveridge has yet done is her *Sprinter*,—of which but a poor idea is given in the accompanying cut, so badly foreshortened is the subject. Here is the nude figure of a man seven feet high, modelled with anatomical exactness, so instinct with life that the very clay seems no longer a fit synonyme for death, yet striking the most unlessoned beholder with its dignity, its power, and the "gravity" which, following some eccentric deflection, has found its way into the dreamy brain and delicate fingers of a girl. The figure is that of the typical athlete, modelled from two representative sprinters; but the face is that of the highest type of man which civilization has yet developed: a face refined, intellectual, passionate, determined, even a little cruel, and with just a hint of weakness. That at her age Miss Beveridge should be capable of conceiving such an ideal, of grasping and expressing the strange forces which go to make the man of the higher civilization, is but another instance of the intuitive faculty of her mind.

It may be added that this Sprinter was modelled under every circumstance which is discouraging to the plastic art. In a cold room, with no north light, no turning-table, no one even to help her mix her clay, Miss Beveridge built up this large and difficult piece of work from toe to crown. When it was finished she went to bed, dangerously ill, and the figure was half ruined in the casting. She has been obliged to remodel half of it.

"In short," said a sculptor the other day, "we have in this young girl a personality of gravity, of refinement, of volume, and of a truth-

feeling quality, which no one of her sex hitherto has turned into the art of sculpture. With time, and the experience and enlargement that come with time, we may predict almost anything of her, place no limitations on our hopes of her future, of what may be achieved by this remarkably endowed personality; and personality, after all, is genius."

The Beveridge family is a very old one, wealthy and prominent. The subject of this sketch was born in the Executive Mansion at Springfield, Illinois, while her grandfather, John L. Beveridge, was

governor of the State. During her childhood she was taken abroad and educated in three languages, residing most of the time in Dresden. She grew up in an atmosphere of art and of the best society in Europe. In addition to a great deal of hard studying, she learned to play the violin, and read more than the frivolous woman reads in a lifetime. At present she is living in New York with her mother, the Baroness von Wrede. She seems never to have had any youth or to have wanted any, but has lived at a mental strain in an ideal world, independent of her fellows, and, from the time she was old enough to reason, acknowledging no master-spirit but ambition. On the other hand, she is as sensible as the most prosaic, and utterly without affectation or conceit. It may also be mentioned here that she possesses something more than talent for the stage, and that she is a tall, graceful girl, with a face which under less lovely coloring would be almost too strong for beauty. But of her beauty there has been no dispute, and her expression is one of marked spirituality.

Altogether, one can say, without enthusiasm and with cold regard for truth, that in Kühne Beveridge we have one of the most extraordinarily endowed girls that America has yet produced. Only a few years of hard study are required to place her unassailably in the front rank of the world's great women.

*Gertrude Atherton.*

### IN QUIET BAYS.

IN quiet bays by storms unspent  
I moor my boat with calm content.

I sought of yore the deep, wide sea :  
The tempest set my spirit free ;

I loved to match my puny power  
With Nature in her stormiest hour.

But now I bring my little boat  
In quiet bays, to drift and float

Idly upon the idle tide :  
The sea for me is all too wide :

I seek no more my spirit's mate,  
The awful, wind-swept sea of fate.

*Charlotte Pendleton.*

*COLONEL POPE AND GOOD ROADS.*

**T**HE agitation for good roads has not abated, but grows apace and gathers force as it increases. It has passed the stage of the county convention and cross-road conference, and has reached the legislative chambers of the States and the general government. This stage has been brought about, however, largely through the instrumentalities of the press: secular, religious, technical, urban and rural, daily and periodical, all have conspired to maintain the interest in the economics of and necessity for better roads. The inspiration of the writers has been an intelligent comprehension of the enormous waste which is entailed by a mud embargo and the general constriction on all lines of travel due to the inability to haul freight over country roads in wet seasons. To remove this waste economists have entered upon a crusade of education which they are determined to maintain until those most interested shall realize the absolute necessity for better highways and shall cease to believe that every attempt made to improve the roads is an effort to rob the farmer of his property and rights that the rich may enjoy a drive in the country or secure possession of a coveted retreat from the turmoil of the city. The recent action of a farmers' convention in opposing road legislation in Pennsylvania reveals a lamentable ignorance of the purposes of a road, and a suspicion based upon demagogism which would forever bar any progress in this direction.

Almost every State in the Union is now moving to secure revised laws and better roads, and in each may be found a long list of distinguished and public-spirited men who, at great personal sacrifice, have given much time to this educational measure. Foremost among these in the East may be mentioned Colonel Albert A. Pope, of Boston, Massachusetts, who is indefatigable in his efforts to secure results in every possible way and by the most impressive and practicable methods,—viz., object-lessons. To this end he has not only endowed a chair at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology with special reference to instruction in all matters pertaining to roads, but he has delivered numerous lectures, published many speeches, distributed circulars, petitions, and memorials, all bearing upon the question of the establishment of a better condition of our public ways. One of his latest papers is an appeal to editors and publishers urging them to sustain the movement and to correct the erroneous impression which seems to prevail that it is intended or desired to have the national government interfere in any way with the sovereign rights of the several States, by assuming to build national roads. Such is not his purpose, which is distinctly stated to be the establishment of a bureau of roads for educational purposes,—to collect statistics and to disseminate information about roads to the general public, somewhat in the manner of the recent consular reports on Roads and Streets of foreign countries, but to have it worked up by specialists and put in such form as to be of much greater practical utility. There is no more fear that such a bureau would trench upon the rights of States than that the Bureau of Agriculture would undertake the province of farming. But we would go even further, and believe that there should be not only a bureau of roads, but also a department of public works, to include within its jurisdiction all the ways of communication by land and water, domestic and foreign. The collection of statistics concerning our railways and water-ways, commerce and

navigation, rivers and harbors, and even the construction of the improvements in this latter sphere, might very properly be assigned to such a civil department.

The success of all popular movements is undoubtedly dependent upon the amount of interest which the individual not only feels, but on the energy which he is willing to exert upon those who have been elected to execute such measures. Hence it is that stress is laid upon the importance of individual and personal appeals to legislators by petition, by private letter, by interviews, and in every other legitimate way, to impress upon them the great need and desirability of reform or of revision in our road laws, that we may be enabled to secure better results, as it is evident that our present laws do not give us good roads, and that no improvement can be expected until the present system of working out the taxes be abolished for one that will give intelligent and skilful supervision and which will convert the present narrow-tired road-destroyers into broad-gauge road-preservers.

Colonel Pope's petitions should receive the immediate and personal attention of every one interested in good roads.

*L. M. Haupt.*

## MEN OF THE DAY.

**WILLIAM MORRIS**, the poet, is a short-set, broad-shouldered man of robust build, with keen lustrous eyes, a curly mane of tangled gray hair, and a full flowing beard. He waxes his moustache, and wears spectacles. He habitually affects the roughest apparel, his general get-up being decidedly nautical. His friends declare that nothing pleases him so much as to be mistaken for a sailor. Not very long since, while he was sauntering through one of the crooked river-side streets in the old part of London, he was overhauled by a seafaring man. "Avast there!" cried the stranger: "don't I know you? Weren't you once mate of the brig Sea Swallow?" To be taken for a sailor was delightful, but to be mistaken for the mate of a ship with so poetic a name was simply glorious. "Yes, I am he," replied Morris; and, locking arms with the stranger, he piloted him to the nearest public house and filled him with meat and drink. The poet is now eight-and-fifty, and is a graduate of Oxford. He early turned his attention to the study of architecture, and in 1868 together with Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Burne Jones endeavored to set on foot a movement for elevating the artistic taste of the public by starting an "art fabrics" concern for the manufacture of wall-paper, stained glass, tiles, and other household decorations. Though undertaken as an artistic venture rather than as a business speculation, the concern has proved extremely successful. His leisure moments are devoted to the composition of poetry. "The Earthly Paradise," which is perhaps his best-known work, appeared just a quarter of a century ago. He has recently translated the *Odyssey* of Homer and rendered into English verse a number of Icelandic legends. He declares that hereafter he intends to do his own printing, and announces that his forthcoming volume will be issued from the press he has established in a cottage near his house. He is quite an enthusiastic antiquarian, and, as is well known, has long been one of the leaders of the socialist movement in England. His wife, who is said to be a singularly beautiful woman, lives a remarkably secluded life, hardly any of the poet's closest intimates having ever seen her.

Secretary of War Lamont, familiarly known as "Dan," is a short-necked, thick-set, semi-bald-headed man of middling height, with a broad shrewd face adorned by a stubborn reddish moustache, and is rising one-and-forty. He began life as a clerk in his father's cross-roads store at McGrawville, New York. He attended the village school, where he was fitted for the Central Academy, and after finishing his academic course entered Union College. He took to politics as a duck does to water, being appointed one of the clerks of the Assembly at the age of nineteen. This was in 1871. In the following year he was sent as a delegate to the State Convention at Rochester, where he attracted the attention of Samuel J. Tilden, who was ever after a warm personal and political friend. He next ran for county clerk, and then for the Assembly, but was defeated in each case by a narrow majority. He was subsequently appointed chief clerk of the State Department, and was secretary of the State Committee during the campaign of 1875. Then he drifted into journalism, and, through the good offices of Dan Manning, afterwards Secretary of the Treasury, obtained a position on the staff of the *Albany Argus*, of which in the fulness of time he became managing editor. He was appointed private secretary to Mr. Cleveland when the latter was elected governor, and subsequently accompanied the President to Washington in that capacity. He soon became enormously popular at the national capital with everybody in general, and with the newspaper correspondents in particular. After General Harrison's inauguration he settled in New York, and became connected with the surface railroad and other projects of William C. Whitney, and as a result he has waxed exceedingly rich and broken down his health. He neither smokes nor drinks, but he reads the papers as religiously as Senator Hill, and he can tell a story without missing the point. It is pretty generally conceded that he will be the "power behind the throne" during the present administration.

Archbishop Satolli, the "American Pope," as he has now come to be called, is a lean-built, firm-featured man, of ascetic manner, with a bald high forehead and deep-set penetrating eyes, and in general appearance is a typical Italian cleric. He is a special friend and *protégé* of Leo XIII., who calls him "one of his boys," although he is well over fifty years of age. He is a native of Perugia, the see over which Pope Leo presided for thirty-one years before his accession to the Papacy, and was for some time Professor of Dogmatic Theology in the Propaganda. In 1888 he was created Archbishop of Lepanto; but, this being only a titular diocese, he served as President of the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics in Rome. He is a man of ripe monastic scholarship, and is esteemed one of the leading masters in that school of philosophy. He was sent to the United States to represent the Pope at the dedication of the World's Fair, and also incidentally for the purpose of investigating the controversies arising out of the school question and to straighten out some of the tangles of policy and discipline that had been obtruding themselves into public notice. His subsequent appointment as permanent Apostolic Delegate was hailed with mingled feelings of delight and disapproval in Catholic ecclesiastical circles. He is generally recognized as a level-headed, broad-minded, up-to-date prelate; but, although he cannot speak a word of English, he manipulates the type-writer like a professional.

*M. Crofton.*



# THE TRANSLATION OF A SAVAGE.

BY

GILBERT PARKER,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHIEF FACTOR," "PIERRE AND HIS PEOPLE,"  
"MRS. FALCHION," ETC.

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JUNE, 1893.

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## THE TRANSLATION OF A SAVAGE.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### HIS GREAT MISTAKE.

**I**T appeared that Armour had made the great mistake of his life. When people came to know, they said that to have done it when sober had shown him possessed of a kind of maliciousness and cynicism almost pardonable, but to do it when tipsy proved him merely weak and foolish. But the fact is, he was less tipsy at the time than was imagined; and he could have answered to more malice and cynicism than was credited to him. To those who know the world it is not singular that, of the two, Armour was thought to have made the mistake and had the misfortune, or that people wasted their pity and their scorn upon him alone. Apparently they did not see that the woman was to be pitied. He had married her; and she was only an Indian girl from Fort Charles of the Hudson's Bay Company, with a little honest white blood in her veins. Nobody, not even her own people, felt that she had anything at stake, or was in danger of unhappiness, or was other than a person who had ludicrously come to bear the name of Mrs. Francis Armour. If any one had said in justification that she loved the man, the answer would have been that plenty of Indian women had loved white men, but had not married them, and yet the population of half-breeds went on increasing.

Frank Armour had been a popular man in London. His club might be found in the vicinity of Pall Mall, his father's name was high and honored in the Army List, one of his brothers had served with Wolseley in Africa, and himself, having no profession, but with a taste for business and investment, had gone to Canada with some such intention as Lord Selkirk's in the early part of the century. He owned large shares in the Hudson's Bay Company, and when he travelled through the North-West country, prospecting, he was received

most hospitably. Of an inquiring and gregarious turn of mind, he went as much among the half-breeds—or *métis*, as they are called—and Indians as among the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company and the white settlers. He had ever been credited with having a philosophical turn; and this was accompanied by a certain strain of impulsiveness or daring. He had been accustomed all his life to make up his mind quickly, and, because he was well enough off to bear the consequences of momentary rashness in commercial investments, he was not counted among the transgressors. He had his own fortune; he was not drawing upon a common purse. It was a different matter when he trafficked rashly in the family name, so far as to marry the daughter of Eye-of-the-Moon, the Indian chief.

He was tolerably happy when he went to the Hudson's Bay country; for Miss Julia Sherwood was his promised wife, and she, if poor, was notably beautiful and of good family. His people had not looked quite kindly on this engagement; they had, indeed, tried in many ways to prevent it; partly because of Miss Sherwood's poverty, and also because they knew that Lady Agnes Martling had long cared for him and was most happily endowed with wealth and good looks also. When he left for Canada they were inwardly glad (they imagined that something might occur to end the engagement),—all except Richard, the wiseacre of the family, the book-man, the drone, who preferred living at Greyhope, their Hertfordshire home, the year through, to spending half the time in Cavendish Square. Richard was very fond of Frank, admiring him immensely for his buxom strength and cleverness, and not a little, too, for that very rashness which had brought him such havoc at last. Richard was not, as Frank used to say, "perfectly sound on his pins,"—that is, he was slightly lame,—but he was right at heart. He was an immense reader, but made little use of what he read. He had an abundant humor, and remembered every anecdote he ever heard. He was kind to the poor, walked much, talked to himself as he walked, and was known by the humble sort as "a 'centric." But he had a wise head, and he foresaw danger to Frank's happiness when he went away. While others had gossiped and manœuvred and were busily idle, he had watched things. He saw that Frank was dear to Julia in proportion to the distance between her and young Lord Haldwell, whose father had done something remarkable in guns or torpedoes and was rewarded with a lordship and an uncommonly large fortune. He also saw that, after Frank left, the distance between Lord Haldwell and Julia became distinctly less—they were both staying at Greyhope. Julia Sherwood was a remarkably clever girl. Though he felt it his duty to speak to her for his brother,—a difficult and delicate matter,—he thought it would come better from his mother.

But when he took action it was too late. Miss Sherwood naïvely declared that she had not known her own heart, and that she did not care for Frank any more. She wept a little, and was soothed by motherly Mrs. Armour, who was inwardly glad, though she knew the matter would cause Frank pain; and even General Armour could not help showing slight satisfaction, though he was innocent of any delib-

erate action to separate the two. Straightway Miss Sherwood despatched a letter to the wilds of Canada, and for a week was an unengaged young person. But she was no doubt consoled by the fact that for some time past she had had complete control of Lord Haldwell's emotions. At the end of the week her perceptions were justified by Lord Haldwell's proposal; which, with admirable tact and obvious demureness, was accepted.

Now, Frank was wandering much in the wilds, so that his letters and papers went careering about after him, and some that came first were last to reach him. That was how he received a newspaper announcing the marriage of Lord Haldwell and Julia Sherwood at the same time that her letter, written in estimable English and with admirable feeling, came, begging for a release from their engagement, and, towards its close, assuming, with a charming regret, that all was over and that the last word had been said between them.

He was sitting in the trader's room at Fort Charles when the carrier came with the mails. He had had some successful days hunting buffalo with Eye-of-the-Moon and a little band of métis, had had a long *pow-wow* in Eye-of-the-Moon's lodge, had chatted gayly with Lali the daughter, and was now prepared to enjoy heartily the arrears of correspondence and news before him. He ran his hand through the letters and papers, intending to classify them immediately, according to such handwriting as he recognized and the dates on the envelopes. But, as he did so, he saw a newspaper from which the wrapper was partly torn. He also saw a note in the margin directing him to a certain page. The note was in Richard's handwriting. He opened the paper at the page indicated, and saw the account of the marriage! His teeth clinched on his cigar, his face turned white, the paper fell from his fingers. He gasped, his hands spread out nervously, then caught the table and held it as though to steady himself.

The trader rose. "You are ill," he said. "Have you bad news?" He glanced towards the paper.

Slowly Armour folded the paper up, and then rose unsteadily. "Gordon," he said, "give me a glass of brandy." He turned towards the cupboard in the room. The trader opened it, took out a bottle, and put it on the table beside Armour, together with a glass and some water. Armour poured out a stiff draught, added a very little water, and drank it. He drew a great sigh, and stood looking at the paper.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Mr. Armour?" urged the trader.

"Nothing, thank you, nothing at all. Just leave the brandy here, will you? I feel knocked about, and I have to go through the rest of these letters."

He ran his fingers through the pile, turning it over hastily, as if searching for something. The trader understood. He was a cool-headed Scotsman; he knew that there were some things best not inquired into, and that men must have their bad hours alone. He glanced at the brandy debatingly, but presently turned and left the room in silence. In his own mind, however, he wished he might have taken the brandy without being discourteous. Armour had discovered Miss

Sherwood's letter. Before he opened it he took a little more brandy. Then he sat down and read it deliberately. The liquor had steadied him. The fingers of one hand even drummed on the table. But the face was drawn, the eyes were hard, and the look of him was altogether pinched. After he had finished this, he looked for others from the same hand. He found none. Then he picked out those from his mother and father. He read them grimly. Once he paused as he read his mother's letter, and took a great gulp of plain brandy. There was something very like a sneer on his face when he finished it. He read the hollowness of the sympathy extended to him; he understood the far from adroit references to Lady Agnes Martling. He was very bitter. He read no more letters, but took up the *Morning Post* again, and read it slowly through. The look of his face was not pleasant. There was a small looking-glass opposite him. He caught sight of himself in it. He drew his hand across his eyes and forehead, as though he was in a miserable dream. He looked again: he could not recognize himself.

He then bundled the letters and papers into his despatch-box. His attention was drawn to one letter. He picked it up. It was from Richard. He started to break the seal, but paused. The strain of the event was too much. He winced. He determined not to read it then; to wait until he had recovered himself. He laughed now painfully. It had been better for him—it had, maybe, averted what people were used to term his tragedy—had he read his brother's letter at that moment. For Richard Armour was a sensible man, notwithstanding his peculiarities; and perhaps the most sensible words he ever wrote were in that letter thrust unceremoniously into Frank Armour's pocket.

Armour had received a terrible blow. He read his life backward. He had no future. The liquor he had drunk had not fevered him, it had not wildly excited him; it merely drew him up to a point where he could put a sudden impulse into practice, without flinching. He was bitter against his people; he credited them with more interference than was actual. He felt that happiness had gone out of his life and left him hopeless. As we said, he was a man of quick decisions. He would have made a dashing but reckless soldier; he was not without the elements of the gamester. It is possible that there was in him also a strain of cruelty, undeveloped but radical. Life so far had developed the best in him; he had been cheery and candid. Now he travelled back into new avenues of his mind and found strange aboriginal passions, fully adapted to the present situation. Vulgar anger and reproaches were not after his nature. He suddenly found sources of refined retaliation. He drew upon them. He would do something to humiliate his people and the girl who had spoiled his life. Some one thing! It would be absolute and lasting, it would show how low had fallen his opinion of women, of whom Julia Sherwood had once been chiefest to him. In that he would show his scorn of her. He would bring down the pride of his family, who, he believed, had helped, out of mere selfishness, to tumble his happiness into the shambles.

He was older by years than an hour ago. But he was not without the faculty of humor. That was why he did not become very excited;



it was also why he determined upon a comedy which should have all the elements of tragedy. Perhaps, however, he had not carried his purposes to immediate conclusions, were it not that the very gods seemed to play his game with him. For, while he stood there, looking out into the yard of the fort, a Protestant missionary passed the window. The Protestant missionary, as he is found at such places as Fort Charles, is not a strictly superior person. A Jesuit might have been of advantage to Frank Armour at that moment. The Protestant missionary is not above comfortable assurances of gold. So that when Armour summoned this one in, and told him what was required of him, and slipped a generous gift of the queen's coin into his hand, he smiled vaguely and was willing to do what he was bidden. Had he been a Jesuit, who is sworn to poverty, and more often than not a man of birth and education, he might have influenced Frank Armour and prevented the notable mishap and scandal. As it was, Armour took more brandy.

Then he went down to Eye-of-the-Moon's lodge. A few hours afterwards the missionary met him there. The next morning Lali, the daughter of Eye-of-the-Moon, and the chieftainess of a portion of her father's tribe, whose grandfather had been a white man, was introduced to the Hudson's Bay country as Mrs. Frank Armour. But that was not all. Indeed, as it stood, it was very little. He had only made his comedy possible as yet; now the play itself was to come. He had carried his scheme through boldly so far. He would not flinch in carrying it out to the last letter. He brought his wife down to the Great Lakes immediately, scarcely resting night or day. There he engaged an ordinary but reliable woman, to whom he gave instructions, and sent the pair to the coast. He instructed his solicitor at Montreal to procure passages for Mrs. Francis Armour and maid for Liverpool. Then, by letters, he instructed his solicitor in London to meet Mrs. Francis Armour and maid at Liverpool and take them to Greyhope in Hertfordshire,—that is, if General Armour and Mrs. Armour, or some representative of the family, did not meet them when they landed from the steamship.

Presently he sat down and wrote to his father and mother, and asked them to meet his wife and her maid when they arrived by the steamer *Aphrodite*. He did not explain to them in precise detail his feelings on Miss Julia Sherwood's marriage, nor did he go into full particulars as to the personality of Mrs. Frank Armour; but he did say that, because he knew they were anxious that he should marry "acceptably," he had married into the aristocracy, the oldest aristocracy, of America; and because he also knew they wished him to marry wealth, he sent them a wife rich in virtues—native, unspoiled virtues. He hoped that they would take her to their hearts and cherish her. He knew their firm principles of honor, and that he could trust them to be kind to his wife until he returned to share the affection which he was sure would be given to her. It was not his intention to return to England for some time yet. He had work to do in connection with his proposed colony; and a wife—even a native wife—could not well be a companion in the circumstances. Besides, Lali—his wife's name was

Lali—would be better occupied in learning the peculiarities of the life in which her future would be cast. It was possible they would find her an apt pupil. Of this they could not complain, that she was untravelled; for she had ridden a horse, bareback, half across the continent. They could not cavil at her education, for she knew several languages—aboriginal languages—of the North. She had merely to learn the dialect of English society, and how to carry with acceptable form the costumes of the race to which she was going. Her own costume was picturesque, but it might appear unusual in London society. Still, they could use their own judgment about that.

Then, when she was gone beyond recall, he chanced one day to put on the coat he wore when the letters and paper declaring his misfortune came to him. He found his brother's letter; he opened it and read it. It was the letter of a man who knew how to appreciate at their proper value the misfortunes, as the fortunes, of life. While Frank Armour read he came to feel for the first time that his brother Richard had suffered, maybe, from some such misery as had come to him through Julia Sherwood. It was a dispassionate, manly letter, relieved by a gentle wit, and hinting with careful kindness that a sudden blow was better for a man than a life-long thorn in his side. Of Julia Sherwood he had nothing particularly bitter to say. He delicately suggested that she acted according to her nature, and that in the seesaw of life Frank had had a sore blow; but this was to be borne. The letter did not say too much; it did not magnify the difficulty, it did not depreciate it. It did not even directly counsel; it was wholesomely, tenderly judicial. Indirectly it dwelt upon the steadiness and manliness of Frank's character; directly, lightly, and without rhetoric, it enlarged upon their own comradeship. It ran over pleasantly the days of their boyhood when they were hardly ever separated. It made distinct, yet with no obvious purpose, how good were friendship and confidence—which might be the most unselfish thing in the world—between two men. With the letter before him Frank Armour saw his act in a new light.

As we said, it is possible if he had read it on the day when his trouble came to him, he had not married Lali, nor sent her to England on this—to her—involuntary mission of revenge. It is possible, also, that there came to him the first vague conception of the wrong he had done this Indian girl, who undoubtedly married him because she cared for him after her heathen fashion, while he had married her for nothing that was commendable; not even for passion, which may be pardoned, nor for vanity, which has its virtues. He had had his hour with circumstance; circumstance would have its hour with him in due time. Yet there was no extraordinary revulsion. He was still angry, cynical, and very sore. He would see the play out with a consistent firmness. He almost managed a smile when a letter was handed to him some weeks later, bearing his solicitor's assurance that Mrs. Frank Armour and her maid had been safely bestowed on the Aphrodite for England. This was the first act in his tragic comedy.

## CHAPTER II.

## A DIFFICULT SITUATION.

WHEN Mrs. Frank Armour arrived at Montreal she still wore her Indian costume of clean well-broidered buckskin, moccasins, and leggings, all surmounted by a blanket. It was not a distinguished costume, but it seemed suitable to its wearer. Mr. Armour's agent was in a quandary. He had had no instructions regarding her dress. He felt, of course, that, as Mrs. Frank Armour, she should put off these garments, and dress, as far as possible, in accordance with her new position. But when he spoke about it to Mackenzie, the elderly maid and companion, he found that Mr. Armour had said that his wife was to arrive in England dressed as she was. He saw something ulterior in the matter, but it was not his province to interfere. And so Mrs. Frank Armour was a passenger by the *Aphrodite* in her buckskin garments.

What she thought of it all is not quite easy to say. It is possible that at first she only considered that she was the wife of a white man,—a thing to be desired,—and that the man she loved was hers forever,—a matter of indefinable joy to her. That he was sending her to England did not fret her, because it was his will, and he knew what was best. Busy with her contented and yet somewhat dazed thoughts of him,—she was too happy to be very active mentally, even if it had been the characteristic of her race,—she was not at first aware how much notice she excited and how strange a figure she was in this staring city. When it did dawn upon her she shrank a little, but still was placid, preferring to sit with her hands folded in her lap, idly watching things. She appeared oblivious that she was the wife of a man of family and rank; she was only thinking that the man was hers, all hers. He had treated her kindly enough in the days they were together, but she had not been a great deal with him, because they travelled fast, and his duties were many, or he made them so; but the latter possibility did not occur to her. When he had hastily bidden her farewell at Port Arthur he had kissed her and said, "Good-by, my wife." She was not acute enough yet in the inflections of Saxon speech to catch the satire—almost involuntary—in the last two words. She remembered the words, however, and the kiss, and she was quite satisfied. To what she was going she did not speculate. He was sending her: that was enough.

The woman given to her as maid had been well chosen. Armour had done this carefully. She was Scotch, was reserved, had a certain amount of shrewdness, would obey instructions and do her duty carefully. What she thought about the whole matter she kept to herself; even the solicitor at Montreal could not find out. She had her instructions clear in her mind; she was determined to carry them out to the letter,—for which she was already well paid, and was like to be better paid; because Armour had arranged that she should continue to be with his wife after they got to England. She understood well the language of Lali's tribe, and because Lali's English was limited she would be indispensable in England.

Mackenzie, therefore, had responsibility, and, if she was not elated over it, she still knew the importance of her position, and had enough practical vanity to make her an efficient servant and companion. She already felt that she had got her position in life, from which she was to go out no more forever. She had been brought up in the shadow of Alnwick Castle, and she knew what was due to her charge—by other people; herself only should have liberty with her. She was taking Lali to the home of General Armour, and that must be kept constantly before her mind. Therefore, from the day they set foot on the *Aphrodite*, she kept her place beside Mrs. Armour, sitting with her,—they walked very little,—and scarcely ever speaking, either to her or to the curious passengers. Presently the passengers became more inquisitive, and made many attempts at being friendly; but these received little encouragement. It had become known who the Indian girl was, and many wild tales went about as to her marriage with Francis Armour. Now it was maintained she had saved his life at an outbreak of her tribe; again, that she had found him dying in the woods and had nursed him back to life and health; yet again, that she was a chieftainess, a successful claimant against the Hudson's Bay Company—and so on.

There were several on board who knew the Armours well by name, and two who knew them personally. One was Mr. Edward Lambert, a barrister of the Middle Temple, and the other was Mrs. Townley, a widow, a member of a well-known Hertfordshire family, who, on a pleasant journey in Scotland, had met, conquered, and married a wealthy young American, and had been left alone in the world, by no means portionless, eighteen months before. Lambert knew Richard Armour well, and when, from Francis Armour's solicitor, whom he knew, he heard, just before they started, who the Indian girl was, he was greatly shocked and sorry. He guessed at once the motive, the madness, of this marriage. But he kept his information and his opinions mostly to himself, except in so far as it seemed only due to friendship to contradict the numberless idle stories going about. After the first day at sea he came to know Mrs. Townley, and when he discovered that they had many mutual friends and that she knew the Armours, he spoke a little more freely to her regarding the Indian wife and told her what he believed was the cause of the marriage.

Mrs. Townley was a woman—a girl—of uncommon gentleness of disposition, and, in spite of her troubles, inclined to view life with a sunny eye. She had known of Frank Armour's engagement with Miss Julia Sherwood, but she had never heard the sequel. If this was the sequel—well, it had to be faced. But she was almost tremulous with sympathy when she remembered Mrs. Armour, and Frank's gay, fashionable sister, Marion, and contemplated the arrival of this Indian girl at Greyhope. She had always liked Frank Armour, but this made her angry with him; for, on second thoughts, she was not more sorry for him and for his people than for Lali, the wife. She had the true instinct of womanhood, and she supposed that a heathen like this could have feelings to be hurt and a life to be wounded as herself or another. At least she saw what was possible in the future when this Indian girl

came to understand her position,—only to be accomplished by contact with the new life, so different from her past. Both she and Lambert decided that she was very fine-looking, notwithstanding her costume. She was slim and well built, with modest bust and shapely feet and ankles. Her eyes were large, meditative, and intelligent, her features distinguished. She was a goodly product of her race, being descended from a line of chiefs and chieftainesses—broken only in the case of her grandfather, as we have said. Her hands (the two kindly inquirers decided) were almost her best point. They were perfectly made, slim yet plump, the fingers tapering, the wrist supple. Mrs. Townley then and there decided that the girl had possibilities. But here she was, an Indian, with few signs of civilization or that breeding which seems to white people the only breeding fit for earth or heaven.

Mrs. Townley did not need Lambert's suggestion that she should try and approach the girl, make friends with her, and prepare her in some slight degree for the strange career before her.

Mrs. Townley had an infinite amount of tact. She knew it was best to approach the attendant first. This she did, and, to the surprise of other lady-passengers, received no rebuff. Her advance was not, however, rapid. Mackenzie had had her instructions. When she found that Mrs. Townley knew Francis Armour and his people, she thawed a little more, and then, very hesitatingly, she introduced her to the Indian wife. Mrs. Townley smiled her best,—and there were many who knew how attractive she could be at such a moment. There was a slight pause, in which Lali looked at her meditatively, earnestly, and then those beautiful wild fingers glided out, and caught her hand, and held it; but she spoke no word. She only looked inquiringly, seriously, at her new-found friend, and presently dropped the blanket away from her, and sat up firmly, as though she felt she was not altogether an alien now, and had a right to hold herself proudly among white people, as she did in her own country and with her own tribe, who had greatly admired her. Certainly Mrs. Townley could find no fault with the woman as an Indian. She had taste, carried her clothes well, and was superbly fresh in appearance, though her hair still bore very slight traces of the grease which even the most aristocratic Indians use.

But Lali would not talk. Mrs. Townley was anxious that the girl should be dressed in European costume, and offered to lend and rearrange dresses of her own, but she came in collision with Mr. Armour's instructions. So she had to assume a merely kind and comforting attitude. The wife had not the slightest idea where she was going, and even when Mackenzie, at Mrs. Townley's oft-repeated request, explained very briefly and unpicturesquely, she only looked incredulous or unconcerned. Yet the ship, its curious passengers, the dining-saloon, the music, the sea, and all, had given her suggestions of what was to come. They had expected that at table she would be awkward and ignorant to a degree. But she had at times eaten at the trader's table at Fort Charles, and had learned how to use a knife and fork. She had also been a favorite with the trader's wife, who had taught her very many civilized things. Her English, though far from abundant, was good.



Those, therefore, who were curious and rude enough to stare at her were probably disappointed to find that she ate like "any Christom man."

"How do you think the Armours will receive her?" said Lambert to Mrs. Townley, of whose judgment on short acquaintance he had come to entertain a high opinion.

Mrs. Townley had a pretty way of putting her head to one side and speaking very piquantly. She had had it as a girl; she had not lost it as a woman,—any more than she had lost a soft little spontaneous laugh which was one of her unusual charms,—for few women can laugh audibly with effect. She laughed very softly now, and, her sense of humor supervening for the moment, she said, "Really, you have asked me a conundrum. I fancy I see Mrs. Armour's face when she gets the news,—at the breakfast-table, of course,—and gives a little shriek, and says, 'General, oh, general!' But it is all very shocking, you know," she added, in a lower voice. "Still, I think they will receive her and do the best they can for her; because, you see, there she is, married hard and fast. She bears the Armour name, and is likely to make them all very unhappy indeed, if she determines to retaliate upon them for any neglect."

"Yes? But how to retaliate, Mrs. Townley?" Lambert had not a suggestive mind.

"Well, for instance, suppose they sent her away into seclusion,—with Frank's consent, another serious question,—and she should take the notion to fly her retirement, and appear inopportunely at some social function, clothed as she is now! I fancy her blanket would be a wet blanket in such a case—if you will pardon the little joke."

Lambert sighed. "Poor Frank! poor devil!" he said, almost beneath his breath.

"And wherefore poor Frank? Do you think he or the Armours of Greyhope are the only ones at stake in this? What about this poor girl? Just think why he married her,—if our suspicions are right,—and then imagine her feelings when she wakes to the truth over there, as some time she is sure to do!"

Then Lambert began to see the matter in a different light, and his sympathy for Francis Armour grew less as his pity for the girl increased. In fact, the day before they got to Southampton he swore at Armour more than once, and was anxious concerning the reception of the heathen wife by her white relatives.

Had he been present at a certain scene at Greyhope a day or two before, he would have been still more anxious. It was the custom, at breakfast, for Mrs. Armour to open her husband's letters and read them while he was engaged with his newspaper, and hand to him afterwards those that were important. This morning Marion noticed a letter from Frank among the pile, and, without a word, pounced upon it. She was curious—as any woman would be—to see how he took Miss Sherwood's action. Her father was deep in his paper at the time. Her mother was reading other letters. Marion read the first few lines with a feeling of almost painful wonder, the words were so curious, cynical, and cold.



Richard sat opposite her. He also was engaged with his paper, but, chancing to glance up, he saw that she was becoming very pale, and that the letter trembled in her fingers. Being a little short-sighted, he was not near enough to see the handwriting. He did not speak yet. He watched. Presently, seeing her grow more excited, he touched her foot under the table. She looked up, and caught his eye. She gasped slightly. She gave him a warning look and turned away from her mother. Then she went on reading to the bitter end. Presently a little cry escaped her against her will. At that her mother looked up, but she only saw her daughter's back, as she rose hurriedly from the table, saying that she would return in a moment. Mrs. Armour, however, had been startled. She knew that Marion had been reading a letter, and, with a mother's instinct, her thoughts were instantly on Frank. She spoke quickly, almost sharply: "Marion, come here."

Richard had risen. He came round the table, and, as the girl obeyed her mother, took the letter from her fingers and hastily glanced over it. Mrs. Armour came forward and took her daughter's arm. "Marion," she said, "there is something wrong—with Frank. What is it?"

General Armour was now looking up at them all, curiously, questioningly, through his glasses, his paper laid down, his hands resting on the table.

Marion could not answer. She was sick with regret, vexation, and shame: at the first flush death—for Frank—had been preferable to this. She had a considerable store of vanity; she was not very philosophical. Besides, she was not married; and what Captain Vidall, her devoted admirer and possible husband, would think of this heathenish alliance was not a cheerful thought to her. She choked down a sob, and waved her hand towards Richard to answer for her. He was pale too, but cool. He understood the case instantly; he made up his mind instantly also as to what ought to be—must be—done.

"Well, mother," he said, "it is about Frank. But he is all right; that is, he is alive and well—in body. But he has arranged a hateful little embarrassment for us. . . . He is married."

"Married!" said his mother, faintly. "Oh, poor Lady Agnes!"

Marion sniffed a little viciously at this.

"Married! Married!" said his father. "Well, what about it? eh? what about it?"

The mother wrung her hands. "Oh, I know it is something dreadful—dreadful! he has married some horrible wild person, or something."

Richard, miserable as he was, remained calm. "Well," said he, "I don't know about her being horrible; Frank is silent on that point; but she is wild enough,—a wild Indian, in fact!"

"Indian! Indian! Good God, a red nigger!" cried General Armour, harshly, starting to his feet.

"An Indian! a wild Indian!" Mrs. Armour whispered, faintly, as she dropped into a chair.

"And she'll be here in two or three days!" fluttered Marion, hysterically.

Meanwhile Richard had hastily picked up the *Times*. "She is due here the day after to-morrow," he said, deliberately. "Frank is as decisive as he is rash. Well, it is a melancholy tit-for-tat."

"What do you mean by tit-for-tat?" cried his father, angrily.

"Oh, I mean that—that we tried to hasten Julia's marriage—with the other fellow, and he is giving us one in return; and you will all agree that it's a pretty permanent one."

The old soldier recovered himself, and was beside his wife in an instant. He took her hand. "Don't fret about it, wife," he said; "it's an ugly business, but we must put up with it. The boy was out of his head. We are old now, my dear, but there was a time when we should have resented such a thing as much as Frank,—though not in the same fashion, perhaps,—not in the same fashion!" The old man pressed his lips hard to keep down his emotion.

"Oh, how could he! how could he!" said his mother: "we meant everything for the best."

"It is always dangerous business meddling with lovers' affairs," rejoined Richard. "Lovers take themselves very seriously indeed, and—well, here the thing is! Now, who will go and fetch her from Liverpool?—I should say that both my father and my mother ought to go." Thus Richard took it for granted that they would receive Frank's Indian wife into their home. He intended that, so far as he was concerned, there should be no doubt upon the question from the beginning.

"Never! she shall never come here!" said Marion, with flashing eyes; "a common squaw, with greasy hair, and blankets, and big mouth, and black teeth, who eats with her fingers and grunts! If she does, if she is brought to Greyhope, I will never show my face in the world again. Frank married the animal: why does he ship her home to us? Why didn't he come with her? Why does he not take her to a home of his own, and not send her here to turn our house into a menagerie?"

Marion drew her skirt back, as if the common squaw, with her blankets and grease, was at that moment near her.

"Well, you see," continued Richard, "that is just it. As I said, Frank arranged this little complication with a trifling amount of malice. No doubt he didn't come with her, because he wished to test the family loyalty and hospitality; but a postscript to this letter says that his solicitor has instructions to meet his wife at Liverpool and bring her on here in case we fail to show her proper courtesy."

General Armour here spoke. "He has carried the war of retaliation very far indeed, but men do mad things when their blood is up, as I have seen often. That doesn't alter our clear duty in the matter. If the woman were bad, or shameful, it would be a different thing; if——"

Marion interrupted: "She has ridden bareback across the continent like a jockey,—like a common jockey,—and she wears a blanket, and she doesn't know a word of English, and she will sit on the floor!"

"Well," said her father, "all these things are not sins, and she must be taught better."

"Joseph, how can you!" said Mrs. Armour, indignantly. "She

cannot, she shall not come here. Think of Marion! think of our position!" She hid her troubled tear-stained face behind her handkerchief. At the same time she grasped her husband's hand. She knew that he was right. She honored him in her heart for the position he had taken, but she could not resist the natural impulse of a woman, where her taste and convention were shocked.

The old man was very pale, but there was no mistaking his determination. He had been more indignant than any of them at first, but he had an unusual sense of justice when he got face to face with it, as Richard had here helped him to do. "We do not know that the woman has done any wrong," he said. "As for our name and position, they, thank God! are where a mad marriage cannot unseat them. We have had much prosperity in the world, my wife; we have had neither death nor dishonor; we——"

"If this isn't dishonor, father, what is?" Marion flashed out.

He answered calmly, "My daughter, it is a great misfortune, it will probably be a life-long trial, but it is not necessarily dishonor."

"You never can make a scandal less by trying to hide it," said Richard, backing up his father. "It is all pretty awkward, but I dare say we shall get some amusement out of it in the end."

"Richard," said his mother through her tears, "you are flippant and unkind!"

"Indeed, mother," was his reply, "I never was more serious in my life. When I spoke of amusement, I meant comedy merely, not fun,—the thing that looks like tragedy and has a happy ending. That is what I mean, mother, nothing more."

"You are always so very deep, Richard," remarked Marion, ironically, "and care so very little how the rest of us feel about things. You have no family pride. If you had married a squaw, we shouldn't have been surprised. You could have camped in the grounds with your wild woman, and never have been missed—by the world," she hastened to add, for she saw a sudden pain in his face.

He turned from them all a little wearily, and limped over to the window. He stood looking out into the limes where he and Frank had played when boys. He put his finger up, his unhandsome finger, and caught away some moisture from his eyes. He did not dare to let them see his face, nor yet to speak. Marion had cut deeper than she knew, and he would carry the wound for many a day before it healed.

But his sister felt instantly how cruel she had been, as she saw him limp away, and caught sight of the bowed shoulders and the prematurely gray hair. Her heart smote her. She ran over, and impulsively put her hands on his shoulder. "Oh, Dick," she said, "forgive me, Dick! I didn't mean it. I was angry and foolish and hateful." He took one of her hands as it rested on his shoulder, she standing partly behind him, and raised it to his lips, but he did not turn to her; he could not.

"It is all right, it is all right," he said; "it doesn't make any difference. Let us think of Frank and what we have got to do. Let us stand together, Marion; that is best."

But her tears were dropping on his shoulder, as her forehead

rested on her hand. He knew now that, whatever Frank's wife was, she would not have an absolute enemy here; for when Marion cried her heart was soft. She was clay in the hands of the potter whom we call Mercy,—more often a stranger to the hearts of women than of men. At the other side of the room also the father and mother, tearless now, watched these two; and the mother saw her duty better, and with less rebelliousness. She had felt it from the first, but she could not bring her mind to do it. They held each other's hands in silence. Presently General Armour said, "Richard, your mother and I will go to Liverpool to meet our son's wife."

Marion shuddered a little, and her hands closed on Richard's shoulder, but she said nothing.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### OUT OF THE NORTH.

It was a beautiful day,—which was so much in favor of Mrs. Frank Armour in relation to her husband's people. General Armour and his wife had come down from London by the latest train possible, that their suspense at Liverpool might be short. They said little to each other, but when they did speak it was of things very different from the skeleton which they expected to put into the family cupboard presently. Each was trying to spare the other. It was very touching. They naturally looked upon the matter in its most unpromising light, because an Indian was an Indian, and this unknown savage from Fort Charles was in violent contrast to such desirable persons as Lady Agnes Martling. Not that the Armours were zealous for mere money and title, but the thing itself was altogether *à propos*, as Mrs. Armour had more naïvely than correctly put it. The general, whose knowledge of character and the circumstances of life was considerable, had worked out the thing with much accuracy. He had declared to Richard, in their quiet talk upon the subject, that Frank must have been anything but sober when he did it. He had previously called it a policy of retaliation; so that now he was very near the truth. When they arrived at the dock at Liverpool, the *Aphrodite* was just making into the harbor.

"Egad," said General Armour to himself, "Sebastopol was easier than this; for fighting I know, and being peppered I know, by Jews, Greeks, infidels, and heretics; but to take a savage to my arms and do for her what her godfathers and godmothers never did, is worse than the devil's dance at Delhi."

What Mrs. Armour, who was not quite so definite as her husband, thought, it would be hard to tell; but probably grief for, and indignation at, her son, were uppermost in her mind. She had quite determined upon her course. None could better carry that high neutral look of social superiority than she.

Please heaven, she said to herself, no one should see that her equanimity was shaken. They had brought one servant with them, who had been gravely and yet conventionally informed that his young

master's wife, an Indian chieftainess, was expected. There are few family troubles but find their way to servants' hall with an uncomfortable speed; for, whether or not stone walls have ears, certainly men-servants and maid-servants have eyes that serve for ears and ears that do more than their bounden duty. Boulter, the footman, knew his business. When informed of the coming of Mistress Francis Armour, the Indian chieftainess, his face was absolutely expressionless; his "Yessir" was as mechanical as usual. On the dock he was marble—indifferent. When the passengers began to land, he showed no excitement. He was decorously alert. When the crucial moment came, he was imperturbable. Boulter was an excellent servant. So said Edward Lambert to himself after the event; so, likewise, said Mrs. Townley to herself when the thing was over; so declared General Armour many a time after, and once very emphatically, just before he raised Boulter's wages.

As the boat neared Liverpool, Lambert and Mrs. Townley had grown very nervous. The truth regarding the Indian wife had become known among the passengers, and most were very curious,—some in a well-bred fashion, some intrusively, vulgarly. Mackenzie, Lali's companion, like Boulter, was expressionless in face. She had her duty to do, paid for liberally, and she would do it. Lali might have had a more presentable and dignified attendant, but not one more worthy. It was noticeable that the captain of the ship and all the officers had been markedly courteous to Mrs. Armour throughout the voyage, but, to their credit, not ostentatiously so. When the vessel was brought to anchor and the passengers were being put upon the tender, the captain came and made his respectful adieus, as though Lali were a lady of title in her own right, and not an Indian girl married to a man acting under the influence of brandy and malice. General Armour and Mrs. Armour were always grateful to Edward Lambert and Mrs. Townley for the part they played in this desperate little comedy. They stood still and watchful as the passengers came ashore one by one. They saw that they were the centre of unusual interest, but General Armour was used to bearing himself with a grim kind of indifference in public, and his wife was calm, and so somewhat disappointed those who probably expected the old officer and his wife to be distressed. Frank Armour's solicitor was also there, but, with good taste, he held aloof. The two needed all their courage, however, when they saw a figure in buckskin and blanket step upon the deck, attended by a very ordinary, austere, and shabbily-dressed Scotswoman. But immediately behind them were Edward Lambert and Mrs. Townley, and these, with their simple tact, naturalness, and freedom from any sort of embarrassment, acted as foils, and relieved the situation.

General Armour advanced, hat in hand. "You are my son's wife," he said courteously to this being in a blanket.

She looked up and shook her head slightly, for she did not quite understand; but she recognized his likeness to her husband, and presently she smiled up musingly. Mackenzie repeated to her what General Armour had said. She nodded now, a flash of pleasure lighting up her face, and she slid out her beautiful hand to him. The general



took it and pressed it mechanically, his lips twitching slightly. He pressed it far harder than he meant, for his feelings were at tension. She winced slightly, and involuntarily thrust out her other hand, as if to relieve his pressure. As she did so the blanket fell away from her head and shoulders. Lambert, with excellent intuition, caught it, and threw it across his arm. Then, quickly, and without embarrassment, he and Mrs. Townley greeted General Armour, who returned the greetings gravely, but in a singular confidential tone, which showed his gratitude. Then he raised his hat again to Lali, and said, "Come and let me introduce you—to your husband's mother."

The falling back of that blanket had saved the situation, for when the girl stood without it in her buckskin garments there was a dignity in her bearing which carried off the bizarre event. There was timidity in her face, and yet a kind of pride too, though she was only a savage. The case, even at this critical moment, did not seem quite hopeless. When they came to Mrs. Armour, Lali shrank away timidly from the look in the mother's eyes, and, shivering slightly, looked round for her blanket. But Lambert had deftly passed it on to the footman. Presently Mrs. Armour took both the girl's hands in hers (perhaps she did it because the eyes of the public were on her, but that is neither here nor there—she did it), and kissed her on the cheek. Then they moved away to a closed carriage.

And that was the second act in Frank Armour's comedy of errors.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

##### IN THE NAME OF THE FAMILY.

THE journey from Liverpool to Greyhope was passed in comparative silence. The Armours had a compartment to themselves, and they made the Indian girl as comfortable as possible, without self-consciousness, without any artificial politeness. So far, what they had done was a matter of duty, not of will; but they had done their duty naturally all their lives, and it was natural to them now. They had no personal feelings towards the girl one way or another, as yet. It was trying to them that people stared into the compartment at different stations. It presently dawned upon General Armour that it might also be trying to their charge. Neither he nor his wife had taken into account the possibility of the girl having feelings to be hurt. But he had noticed Lali shrink visibly and flush slightly when some one stared harder than usual; and this troubled him. It opened up a possibility. He began indefinitely to see that they were not the only factors in the equation. He was probably a little vexed that he had not seen it before; for he wished to be a just man. He was wont to quote with more or less austerity—chiefly the result of his professional life—this:

For justice, all place a temple, and all season summer.

And, man of war as he was, he had another saying which was much in his mouth; and he lived up to it with considerable sincerity:



Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
To silence envious tongues.

He whispered to his wife. It would have been hard to tell from her look what she thought of the matter, but presently she changed seats with her husband, that he might, by holding his newspaper at a certain angle, shield the girl from intrusive gazers.

At every station the same scene was enacted. And inquisitive people must have been surprised to see how monotonously ordinary was the manner of the three white people in the compartment. Suddenly, at a station near London, General Armour gave a start, and used a strong expression under his breath. Glancing at the "Marriage" column, he saw a notice to the effect that on a certain day of a certain month, Francis Gilbert, the son of General Joseph Armour, C.B., of Greyhope, Hertfordshire, and Cavendish Square, was married to Lali, the daughter of Eye-of-the-Moon, chief of the Bloods, at her father's lodge in the Saskatchewan Valley. This had been inserted by Frank Armour's solicitor, according to his instructions, on the day that the *Aphrodite* was due at Liverpool. General Armour did not at first intend to show this to his wife, but on second thought he did, because he knew she would eventually come to know of it, and also because she saw that something had moved him. She silently reached out her hand for the paper. He handed it to her, pointing to the notice.

Mrs. Armour was unhappy, but her self-possession was admirable, and she said nothing. She turned her face to the window, and sat for a long time looking out. She did not turn to the others, for her eyes were full of tears, and she did not dare to wipe them away, nor yet to let them be seen. She let them dry there. She was thinking of her son, her favorite son, for whom she had been so ambitious, and for whom, so far as she could, and retain her self-respect, she had delicately intrigued, that he might happily and befittingly marry. She knew that in the matter of his engagement she had not done what was best for him, but how could she have guessed that this would be the result? She also was sure that when the first flush of his anger and disappointment had passed, and he came to view this thing with cooler mind, he would repent deeply—for a whole lifetime. She was convinced that he had not married this savage for anything which could make marriage endurable. Under the weight of the thought she was likely to forget that the young alien wife might have lost terribly in the event also.

The arrival at Euston and the departure from St. Pancras were rather painful all round, for, though there was no waiting at either place, the appearance of an Indian girl in native costume was uncommon enough, even in cosmopolitan London, to draw much attention. Besides, the placards of the evening papers were blazoned with such announcements as this:

"A RED INDIAN GIRL  
MARRIED INTO  
AN ENGLISH COUNTY FAMILY."

Some one had telegraphed particulars—distorted particulars—over from Liverpool, and all the evening sheets had their portion of extravagance and sensation. General Armour became a little more erect and austere as he caught sight of these placards, and Mrs. Armour groaned inwardly; but their faces were inscrutable, and they quietly conducted their charge, *minus* her blanket, to the train which was to take them to St. Albans, and were soon wheeling homeward.

At Euston they parted with Lambert and Mrs. Townley, who quite simply and conventionally bade good-by to them and their Indian daughter-in-law. Lali had grown to like Mrs. Townley, and when they parted she spoke a few words quickly in her own tongue, and then immediately was confused, because she remembered that she could not be understood. But presently she said in halting English that the face of her white friend was good, and she hoped that she would come one time and sit beside her in her wigwam, for she would be sad till her husband travelled to her.

Mrs. Townley made some polite reply in simple English, pressed the girl's hand sympathetically, and hurried away. Before she parted from Mr. Lambert, however, she said, with a pretty touch of cynicism, "I think I see Marion Armour listening to her sister-in-law issue invitations to her wigwam. I am afraid I should be rather depressed myself if I had to be sisterly to a wigwam lady."

"But I say, Mrs. Townley," rejoined Lambert, seriously, as he loitered at the steps of her carriage, "I shouldn't be surprised if my lady Wigwam—a rather apt and striking title, by the way—turned out better than we think. She carried herself rippingly without the blanket, and I never saw a more beautiful hand in my life—but one," he added, as his fingers at that moment closed on hers, and held them tightly, in spite of the indignant little effort at withdrawal. "She may yet be able to give them all points in dignity and that kind of thing, and pay Master Frank back in his own coin. I do not see, after all, that he is the martyr."

Lambert's voice got softer, for he still held Mrs. Townley's fingers,—the footman not having the matter in his eye,—and then he spoke still more seriously on sentimental affairs of his own, in which he evidently hoped she would take some interest. Indeed, it is hard to tell how far the case might have been pushed, if she had not suddenly looked a little forbidding and imperious. For even people of no notable height, with soft features, dark-brown eyes, and a delightful little laugh, may appear rather regal at times. Lambert did not quite understand why she should take this attitude. If he had been as keen regarding his own affairs of the affections as in the case of Frank Armour and his Indian bride, he had known that every woman has in her mind the occasion when she should and when she should not be wooed; and nothing disappoints her more than a declaration at a time which is not *her* time. If it does not fall out as she wishes it, retrospect, a dear thing to a woman, is spoiled. Many a man has been sent to the right-about because he has ventured his proposal at the wrong time. What would have occurred to Lambert it is hard to tell; but he saw that something was wrong, and stopped in time.

When General Armour and his party reached Greyhope it was late in the evening. The girl seemed tired and confused by the events of the day, and did as she was directed indifferently, limply. But when they entered the gates of Greyhope and travelled up the long avenue of limes, she looked round her somewhat eagerly, and drew a long sigh, maybe of relief or pleasure. She presently stretched out a hand almost caressingly to the thick trees and the grass, and said aloud, "Oh, the beautiful trees and the long grass!" There was a whirr of birds' wings among the branches, and then, presently, there rose from a distance the sweet gurgling whistle of the nightingale. A smile as of reminiscence crossed her face. Then she said as if to herself, "It is the same. I shall not die. I hear the birds' wings, and one is singing. It is pleasant to sleep in the long grass when the nights are summer, and to hang your cradle in the trees."

She had asked for her own blanket, refusing a rug, when they left St. Albans, and it had been given to her. She drew it about her now with a feeling of comfort, and seemed to lose the horrible sense of strangeness which had almost convulsed her when she was put into the carriage at the railway-station. Her reserve had hidden much of what she really felt; but the drive through the limes had shown General Armour and his wife that they had to do with a nature having capacities for sensitive feeling; which, it is sometimes thought, is only the prerogative of certain well-bred civilizations.

But it was impossible that they should yet, or for many a day, feel any sense of kinship with this aboriginal girl. Presently the carriage drew up to the door-way, which was instantly open to them. A broad belt of light streamed out upon the stone steps. Far back in the hall stood Marion, one hand upon the balustrade of the staircase, the other tightly held at her side, as if to nerve herself for the meeting. The eyes of the Indian girl pierced the light, and, as if by a strange instinct, found those of Marion, even before she left the carriage. Lali felt vaguely that here was her possible enemy. As she stepped out of the carriage, General Armour's hand under her elbow to assist her, she drew her blanket something more closely about her, and so proceeded up the steps. The composure of the servants was, in the circumstances, remarkable. It needed to have been, for the courage displayed by Lali's two new guardians during the day almost faltered at the threshold of their own home. Any sign of surprise or amusement on the part of the domestics would have given them some painful moments subsequently. But all was perfectly decorous. Marion still stood motionless, almost dazed. The group advanced into the hall, and there paused, as if waiting for her.

At that moment Richard came out of the study at her right hand, took her arm, and said, quietly, "Come along, Marion; let us be as brave as our father and mother."

She gave a hard little gasp and seemed to awake as from a dream. She quickly glided forward ahead of him, kissed her mother and father almost abruptly, then turned to the young wife with a scrutinizing eye. "Marion," said her father, "this is your sister." Marion stood hesitating, confused.

"Marion, dear," repeated her mother, ceremoniously, "this is your brother's wife.—Lali, this is your husband's sister, Marion."

Mackenzie translated the words swiftly to the girl, and her eyes flashed wide. Then in a low voice she said in English, "Yes, Marion, *How!*"

It is probable that neither Marion nor any one present knew quite the meaning of *How*, save Richard, and he could not suppress a smile, it sounded so absurd and aboriginal. But at this exclamation Marion once more came to herself. She could not possibly go so far as her mother did at the dock, and kiss this savage, but, with a rather sudden grasp of the hand, she said, a little hysterically,—for her brain was going round like a wheel,—“Wo-won’t you let me take your blanket?” and forthwith laid hold of it with tremulous politeness.

The question sounded, for the instant, so ludicrous to Richard that, in spite of the distressing situation, he had to choke back a laugh. Years afterwards, if he wished for any momentary revenge upon Marion (and he had a keen sense of wordy retaliation), he simply said, “Wo-won’t you let me take your blanket?”

Of course the Indian girl did not understand, but she submitted to the removal of this uncommon mantle, and stood forth a less trying sight to Marion’s eyes; for, as we said before, her buckskin costume set off softly the good outlines of her form.

The Indian girl’s eyes wandered from Marion to Richard. They wandered from anxiety, doubt, and a bitter kind of reserve, to cordiality, sympathy, and a grave kind of humor. Instantly the girl knew that she had in eccentric Richard Armour a frank friend. Unlike as he was to his brother, there was still in their eyes the same friendliness and humanity. That is, it was the same look that Frank carried when he first came to her father’s lodge.

Richard held out his hand with a cordial little laugh, and said, “Ah, ah, very glad, very glad! Just in time for supper. Come along. How is Frank, eh? how is Frank? Just so; just so; pleasant journey, I suppose!” He shook her hand warmly three or four times, and, as he held it, placed his left hand over it and patted it patriarchally, as was his custom with all the children and all the old ladies that he knew.

“Richard,” said his mother, in a studiously neutral voice, “you might see about the wine.”

Then Richard appeared to recover himself, and did as he was requested, but not until his brother’s wife had said to him in English as they courteously drew her towards the staircase, “Oh, my brother, Richard, *How!*”

But the first strain and suspense were now over for the family, and it is probable that never had they felt such relief as when they sat down behind closed doors in their own rooms for a short respite, while the Indian girl was closeted alone with Mackenzie and a trusted maid, in what she called her wigwam.

## CHAPTER V.

## AN AWKWARD HALF-HOUR.

It is just as well, perhaps, that the matter had become notorious. Otherwise the Armours had lived in that unpleasant condition of being constantly "discovered." It was simply a case of aiming at absolute secrecy, which had been frustrated by Frank himself, or bold and unembarrassed acknowledgment and an attempt to carry things off with a high hand. The latter course was the only one possible. It had originally been Richard's idea, appropriated by General Armour, and accepted by Mrs. Armour and Marion with what grace was possible. The publication of the event prepared their friends, and precluded the necessity for reserve. What the friends did not know was whether they ought or ought not to commiserate the Armours. It was a difficult position. A death, an accident, a lost reputation, would have been easy to them; concerning these there could be no doubt. But an Indian daughter-in-law, a person in moccasins, was scarcely a thing to be congratulated upon; and yet sympathy and consolation might be much misplaced: no one could tell how the Armours would take it. For even their closest acquaintances knew what kind of delicate hauteur was possible to them. Even the "'centric" Richard, who visited the cottages of the poor, carrying soup and luxuries of many kinds, accompanying them with the most wholesome advice a single man ever gave to families and the heads of families, whose laugh was so cheery and spontaneous,—and face so uncommonly grave and sad at times,—had a faculty for manner. With astonishing suddenness he could raise insurmountable barriers; and people, not of his order, who occasionally presumed on his simplicity of life and habits, found themselves put distinctly ill at ease by a quiet curious look in his eye. No man was ever more the recluse and at the same time the man of the world. He had had his bitter little comedy of life, but it was different from that of his brother Frank. It was buried very deep; not one of his family knew of it: Edward Lambert, and one or two others who had good reason never to speak of it, were the only persons possessing his secret.

But all England knew of Frank's *mésalliance*. And the question was, what would people do? They very properly did nothing at first. They waited to see how the Armours would act; they did not congratulate; they did not console; that was left to those papers which chanced to resent General Armour's politics, and those others which were emotional and sensational on every subject,—particularly so where women were concerned.

It was the beginning of the season, but the Armours had decided that they would not go to town. That is, the general and his wife were not going. They felt that they ought to be at Greyhope with their daughter-in-law,—which was to their credit. Regarding Marion they had nothing to say. Mrs. Armour inclined to her going to town for the season, to visit Mrs. Townley, who had thoughtfully written to her, saying that she was very lonely, and begging Mrs. Armour to let her come, if she would. She said that of course Marion would see



much of her people in town just the same. Mrs. Townley was a very clever and tactful woman. She guessed that General Armour and his wife were not likely to come to town, but that must not appear, and the invitation should be on a different basis—as it was.

It is probable that Marion saw through the delicate plot, but that did not make her like Mrs. Townley less. These little pieces of art make life possible ; these tender fictions !

Marion was, however, not in good humor ; she was nervous and a little petulant. She had a high-strung temperament, a sensitive perception of the fitness of things, and a horror of what was *gauche* ; and she would, in brief, make a rather austere person, if the lines of life did not run in her favor. She had something of Frank's impulsive-ness and temper ; it would have been a great blessing to her if she had had a portion of Richard's philosophical humor also. She was at a point of tension—her mother and Richard could see that. She was anxious—though, for the world, she would not have had it thought so—regarding Captain Vidall. She had never cared for anybody but him ; it was possible she never would. But he did not know this, and she was not absolutely sure that his evident but as yet informal love would stand this strain,—which shows how people very honorable and perfect-minded in themselves may allow a large margin to other people who are presumably honorable and perfect-minded also. There was no engagement between them, and he was not bound in any way, and could, therefore, without slashing the hem of the code, retire without any apology ; but they had had that unspoken understanding which most people who love each other show even before a word of declaration has passed their lips. If he withdrew because of this scandal there might be some awkward hours for Frank Armour's wife at Greyhope ; but, more than that, there would be a very hard-hearted young lady to play her part in the deceitful world ; she would be as merciless as she could be. Naturally, being young, she exaggerated the importance of the event, and brooded on it. It was different with her father and mother. They were shocked and indignant at first, but when the first scene had been faced they began to make the best of things all round. That is, they proceeded at once to turn the North American Indian into a European ; a matter of no little difficulty. A governess was discussed ; but General Armour did not like the idea, and Richard opposed it heartily. She must be taught English and educated, and made possible "in Christian clothing," as Mrs. Armour put it. Of the education they almost despaired,—all save Richard ; time, instruction, vanity, and a dress-maker might do much as to the other.

The evening of her arrival, Lali would not, with any urging, put on clothes of Marion's which had been sent in to her. And the next morning it was still the same. She came into the breakfast-room dressed still in buckskin and moccasins, and though the grease had been taken out of her hair it was still combed flat. Mrs. Armour had tried to influence her through Mackenzie, but to no purpose. She was placidly stubborn. It had been unwisely told her by Mackenzie that they were Marion's clothes. They scarcely took in the fact that the



girl had pride, that she was the daughter of a chief, and a chieftainess herself, and that it was far from happy to offer her Marion's clothes to wear.

Now, Richard, when he was a lad, had been on a journey to the South Seas, and had learned some of the peculiarities of the native mind, and he did not suppose that American Indians differed very much from certain well-bred Polynesians in little matters of form and good taste. When his mother told him what had occurred before Lali entered the breakfast-room, he went directly to what he believed was the cause, and advised tact with conciliation. He also pointed out that Lali was something taller than Marion, and that she might be possessed of that general trait of humanity,—vanity. Mrs. Armour had not yet got used to thinking of the girl in another manner than an intrusive being of a lower order, who was there to try their patience, but also to do their bidding. She had yet to grasp the fact that, being her son's wife, she must have, therefore, a position in the house, exercising a certain authority over the servants, who, to Mrs. Armour, at first seemed of superior stuff. But Richard said to her, "Mother, I fancy you don't quite grasp the position. The girl is the daughter of a chief, and the descendant of a family of chiefs, perhaps, through many generations. In her own land she has been used to respect, and has been looked up to pretty generally. Her garments are, I fancy, considered very smart in the Hudson's Bay Country; and a finely-decorated blanket like hers is expensive up there. You see, we have to take the thing by comparison: so please give the girl a chance."

And Mrs. Armour answered wearily, "I suppose you are right, Richard; you generally are in the end, though why you should be I do not know, for you never see anything of the world any more, and you moon about among the cottagers. I suppose it's your native sense and the books you read."

Richard laughed softly, but there was a queer ring in the laugh, and he came over stumblingly and put his arm round his mother's shoulder. "Never mind how I get such sense as I have, mother; I have so much time to think, it would be a wonder if I hadn't some. But I think we had better try to study her, and coax her along, and not fob her off as a very inferior person, or we shall have our hands full in earnest. My opinion is, she has got that which will save her and us too,—a very high spirit, which only needs opportunity to develop into a remarkable thing; and, take my word for it, mother, if we treat her as a chieftainess, or princess, or whatever she is, and not simply as a dusky person, we shall come off better and she will come off better in the long run.—She is not darker than a Spaniard, anyhow."

At this point Marion entered the room, and her mother rehearsed briefly to her what their talk had been. Marion had had little sleep, and she only lifted her eyebrows at them at first. She was in little mood for conciliation. She remembered all at once that at supper the evening before her sister-in-law had said *How!* to the butler, and had eaten the mayonnaise with a dessert-spoon. But presently, because she saw they waited for her to speak, she said, with a little flutter of maliciousness, "Wouldn't it be well for Richard—he has plenty of

time, and we are also likely to have it now—to put us all through a course of instruction for the training of chieftainesses? And when do you think she will be ready for a drawing-room—Her Majesty Queen Victoria's, or ours?"

"Marion!" said Mrs. Armour, severely; but Richard came round to her, and with his fresh child-like humor put his arm round her waist, and added, "Marion, I'd be willing to bet (if I were in the habit of betting) my shaky old pins here against a lock of your hair that you may present her at any drawing-room—ours or Queen Victoria's—in two years, if we go at it right; and it would serve Master Frank very well if we turned her out something after all!"

Mrs. Armour said almost eagerly, "I wish it were only possible, Richard. And what you say is true, I suppose, that she is of rank in her own country, whatever value that may have!"

Richard saw his advantage. "Well, mother," he said, "a chieftainess is a chieftainess, and I don't know but to announce her as such, and——"

"And be proud of it, as it were," put in Marion, "and pose her, and make her a prize,—a Pocahontas, wasn't it?—and go on pretending world without end!" Marion's voice was still slightly grating, but there was in it too a faint sound of hope. "Perhaps," she said to herself, "Richard is right."

At this point the door opened and Lali entered, shown in by Colvin, her newly-appointed maid, and followed by Mackenzie, and, as we said, dressed still in her heathenish garments. She had a strong sense of dignity, for she stood still and waited. Perhaps nothing could have impressed Marion more. Had Lali been subservient simply, an entirely passive unintelligent creature, she would probably have tyrannized over her in a soft persistent fashion and despised her generally. But Mrs. Armour and Marion saw that this stranger might become very troublesome indeed, if her temper were to have play. They were aware of capacities for passion in those dark eyes, so musing yet so active in expression, which moved swiftly from one object to another and then suddenly became resolute.

Both mother and daughter came forward, and held out their hands, wishing her a pleasant good-morning, and were followed by Richard, and immediately by General Armour, who had entered soon after her. She had been keen enough to read (if a little vaguely) behind the scenes, and her mind was awakening slowly to the peculiarity of the position she occupied. The place awed her, and had broken her rest by perplexing her mind, and she sat down to the breakfast-table with a strange hunted look in her face. But opposite to her was a window opening to the ground, and beyond it were the limes and beeches and a wide perfect sward, and far away a little lake, on which swans and wild fowl fluttered. Presently, as she sat silent, eating little, her eyes lifted to the window. They flashed instantly, her face lighted up with a weird kind of charm, and suddenly she got to her feet with Indian exclamations on her lips, and, as if unconscious of them all, went swiftly to the window and out of it, waving her hands up and down once or twice to the trees and the sunlight.

"What did she say?" said Mrs. Armour, rising with the others.

"She said," replied Mackenzie, as she hurried towards the window, "that they were her beautiful woods, and there were wild birds flying and swimming in the water, as in her own country."

By this time all were at the window, Richard arriving last, and the Indian girl turned on them, her body all quivering with excitement, laughed a low bird-like laugh, and then, clapping her hands above her head, she swung round and ran like a deer towards the lake, shaking her head back as an animal does when fleeing from his pursuers. She would scarcely have been recognized as the same placid, speechless woman in a blanket who sat with folded hands day after day on the Aphrodite.

The watchers turned and looked at each other in wonder. Truly, their task of civilizing a savage would not lack in interest. The old general was better pleased, however, at this display of activity and excitement than at yesterday's taciturnity. He loved spirit, even if it had to be subdued, and he thought on the instant that he might possibly come to look upon the fair savage as an actual and not a nominal daughter-in-law. He had a keen appreciation of courage, and he thought he saw in her face, as she turned upon them, a look of defiance or daring, and nothing could have got at his nature quicker. If the case had not been so near to his own hearth-stone he would have chuckled. As it was, he said good-humoredly that Mackenzie and Marion should go and bring her back. But Mackenzie was already at that duty. Mrs. Armour had had the presence of mind to send for Colvin, but presently, when the general spoke, she thought it better that Marion should go, and counselled returning to breakfast and not making the matter of too much importance. This they did, Richard very reluctantly, while Marion, rather pleased than not at the spirit shown by the strange girl, ran away over the grass towards the lake, where Lali had now stopped. There was a little bridge at one point where the lake narrowed, and Lali, evidently seeing it all at once, went towards it, and ran up on it, standing poised above the water about the middle of it. For an instant an unpleasant possibility came into Marion's mind: suppose the excited girl intended suicide! She shivered as she thought of it, and yet——! She put *that* horribly cruel and selfish thought away from her with an indignant word at herself! She had passed Mackenzie, and came first to the lake. Here she slackened, and waved her hand playfully to the girl, so as not to frighten her,—and then with a forced laugh came up panting on the bridge, and was presently by Lali's side. Lali eyed her a little furtively, but, seeing that Marion was much inclined to be pleasant, she nodded to her, said some Indian words hastily, and spread out her hands towards the water. As she did so, Marion noticed again the beauty of those hands and the graceful character of the gesture, so much so that she forgot the flat hair, and the unstayed body, and the rather broad feet, and the delicate duskiness, which had so worked upon her in imagination and in fact the evening before. She put her hand kindly on that long slim hand stretched out beside her, and, because she knew not what else to speak, and because the tongue is

very perverse at times,—saying the opposite of what is expected,—she herself blundered out "*How! How! Lali.*"

Perhaps Lali was as much surprised at the remark as Marion herself, and certainly very much more delighted. The sound of those familiar words, spoken by accident as they were, opened the way to a better understanding, as nothing else could possibly have done. Marion was annoyed with herself, and yet amused too. If her mind had been perfectly assured regarding Captain Vidall, it is probable that then and there a peculiar, a genial, comradeship would have been formed. As it was, Marion found this little event more endurable than she expected. She also found that Lali, when she laughed in pleasant acknowledgment of that *How!* had remarkably white and regular teeth. Indeed, Marion Armour began to discover some estimable points in the appearance of her savage sister-in-law. Marion remarked to herself that Lali might be a rather striking person, if she were dressed, as her mother said, in Christian garments, could speak the English language well—and was somebody else's sister-in-law.

At this point Mackenzie came breathlessly to the bridge, and called out a little sharply to Lali, rebuking her. In this Mackenzie made a mistake; for not only did Lali draw herself up with considerable dignity, but Marion, noticing the masterful nature of the tone, instantly said, "Mackenzie, you must remember that you are speaking to Mrs. Francis Armour, and that her position in General Armour's house is the same as mine. I hope it is not necessary to say anything more, Mackenzie."

Mackenzie flushed. She was a sensible woman, she knew that she had done wrong, and she said very promptly, "I am very sorry, miss; I was flustered, and I expect I haven't got used to speaking to—to Mrs. Armour as I'll be sure to do in the future."

As she spoke, two or three deer came trotting out of the beeches down to the lake side. If Lali was pleased and excited before, she was overwhelmed now. Her breath came in quick little gasps; she laughed; she tossed her hands; she seemed to become dizzy with delight; and presently, as if this new link with, and reminder of, her past, had moved her as one little expects a savage heart is moved, two tears gathered in her eyes, then slid down her cheek unheeded, and dried there in the sunlight, as she still gazed at the deer. Marion, at first surprised, was now touched, as she could not have thought it possible concerning this wild creature, and her hand went out and caught Lali's gently. At this genuine act of sympathy, instinctively felt by Lali,—the stranger in a strange land, husbanded and yet a widow,—there came a flood of tears, and, dropping on her knees, she leaned against the low railing of the bridge and wept silently. So passionless was her grief it seemed the more pathetic, and Marion dropped on her knees beside her, put her arm round her shoulder, and said, "Poor girl! Poor girl!"

At that Lali caught her hand, and held it, repeating after her the words, "Poor girl! Poor girl!"

She did not quite understand them, but she remembered that once just before she parted from her husband at the Great Lakes he had

said those very words. If the fates had apparently given things into Frank Armour's hands when he sacrificed this girl to his revenge, they were evidently inclined to play a game which would eventually defeat his purpose, wicked as it had been in effect if not in absolute motive. What the end of this attempt to engraft the Indian girl upon the strictest convention of English social life would have been had her introduction not been at Greyhope, where faint likenesses to her past surrounded her, it is hard to conjecture. But, from present appearances, it would seem that Richard Armour was not wholly a false prophet; for the savage had shown herself that morning to possess, in their crudeness, some striking qualities of character. Given character, many things are possible, even to those who are not of the elect.

This was the beginning of better things. Lali seemed to the Armours not quite so impossible now. Had she been of the very common order of Indian "pure and simple," the task had resolved itself into making a common savage into a very common European. But, whatever Lali was, it was abundantly evident that she must be reckoned with at all points, and that she was more likely to become a very startling figure in the Armour household than a mere encumbrance to be blushed for, whose eternal absence were preferable to her company.

Years after that first morning Marion caught herself shuddering at the thought that came to her when she saw Lali hovering on the bridge. Whatever Marion's faults were, she had a fine dislike of anything that seemed unfair. She had not ridden to hounds for nothing. She had at heart the sportsman's instinct. It was upon this basis, indeed, that Richard appealed to her in the first trying days of Lali's life among them. To oppose your will to Marion on the basis of superior knowledge was only to turn her into a rebel; and a very effective rebel she made; for she had a pretty gift at the retort courteous, and she could take as much, and as well, as she gave. She rebelled at first at assisting in Lali's education, though by fits and starts she would teach her English words, and help her to form long sentences, and was, on the whole, quite patient. But Lali's real instructors were Mrs. Armour and Richard; her best, Richard.

The first few days she made but little progress, for everything was strange to her, and things made her giddy,—the servants, the formal routine, the handsome furnishings, Marion's music, the great house, the many precise personal duties set for her, to be got through at stated times, and Mrs. Armour's rather grand manner. But there was the relief to this, else the girl had pined terribly for her native woods and prairies; this was the park, the deer, the lake, the hares and birds. While she sat saying over after Mrs. Armour words and phrases in English, or was being shown how she must put on and wear the clothes which a dress-maker from Regent Street had been brought to make, her eyes would wander dreamily to the trees and the lake and the grass. They soon discovered that she would pay no attention and was straightway difficult to teach if she was not placed where she could look out on the park. They had no choice, for though her resistance was never active it was nevertheless effective.



Presently she got on very swiftly with Richard. For he, with instinct worthy of a woman, turned their lessons upon her own country and Frank. This cost him something, but it had its reward. There was no more listlessness. Previously Frank's name had scarcely been spoken to her. Mrs. Armour would have hours of hesitation and impotent regret before she brought herself to speak of her son to his Indian wife. Marion tried to do it a few times and failed; the general did it with rather a forced voice and manner, because he saw that his wife was very tender upon the point. But Richard, who never knew self-consciousness, spoke freely of Frank when he spoke at all; and it was seeing Lali's eyes brighten and her look earnestly fixed on him when he chanced to mention Frank's name, that determined him on his new method of instruction. It had its dangers, but he had calculated them all. The girl must be educated at all costs. The sooner that occurred the sooner would she see her own position and try to adapt herself to her responsibilities, and face the real state of her husband's attitude towards her.

He succeeded admirably. Striving to tell him about her past life, and ready to talk endlessly about her husband, of his prowess in the hunt, of his strength and beauty, she also strove to find English words for the purpose, and Richard supplied them with uncommon willingness. He humored her so far as to learn many Indian words and phrases, but he was chary of his use of them, and tried hard to make her appreciative of her new life and surroundings. He watched her waking slowly to an understanding of the life, and of all that it involved. It gave him a kind of fear, too, because she was sensitive, and there was the possible danger of her growing disheartened or desperate, and doing some mad thing in the hour that she awakened to the secret behind her marriage.

His apprehensions were not without cause. For slowly there came into Lali's mind the element of comparison. She became conscious of it one day when some neighboring people called at Greyhope. Mrs. Armour, in her sense of duty, which she had rigidly set before her, introduced Lali into the drawing-room. The visitors veiled their curiosity and said some pleasant casual things to the young wife, but she saw the half-curious, half-furtive glances, she caught a sidelong glance and smile, and when they were gone she took to looking at herself in a mirror, a thing she could scarcely be persuaded to do before. She saw the difference between her carriage and others', her manner of wearing her clothes and others', her complexion and theirs. She exaggerated the difference. She brooded on it. Now she sat downcast and timid, and hunted in face, as the first evening she came; now she appeared restless and excited.

If Mrs. Armour was not exactly sympathetic with her, she was quiet and forbearing, and General Armour, like Richard, tried to draw her out,—but not on the same subjects. He dwelt upon what she did; the walks she took in the park, those hours in the afternoon when, with Mackenzie or Colvin, she vanished into the beeches, making friends with the birds and deer and swans. But most of all she loved to go to the stables. She was, however, asked not to go unless Richard or



General Armour was with her. She loved horses, and these were a wonder to her. She had never known any but the wild ungroomed Indian pony, on which she had ridden in every fashion and over every kind of country. Mrs. Armour sent for a riding-master, and had riding-costumes made for her. It was intended that she should ride every day as soon as she seemed sufficiently presentable. This did not appear so very far off, for she improved daily in appearance. Her hair was growing finer and was made up in the modest prevailing fashion; her skin, not now exposed to an inclement climate, and subject to the utmost care, was smoother and fairer; her feet encased in fine well-made boots looked much smaller, her waist was shaped to fashion, and she was very straight and lissome. So many things she did jarred on her relatives, that they were not fully aware of the great improvement in her appearance. Even Richard admitted her trying at times.

Marion went up to town to stay with Mrs. Townley, and there had to face a good deal of curiosity. People looked at her sometimes as if it was she and not Lali that was an Indian. But she carried things off bravely enough, and answered those kind inquiries, which one's friends make when we are in embarrassing situations, with answers so calm and pleasant that people did not know what to think.

"Yes," she said, in reply to Lady Balwood, "her sister-in-law might be in town later in the year, perhaps before the season was over: she could not tell. She was tired after her long voyage, and she preferred the quiet of Greyhope; she was fond of riding and country-life; but still she would come to town for a time." And so on.

"Ah, dear me, how charming! And doesn't she resent her husband's absence—during the honey-moon? or did the honey-moon occur before she came over to England?" And Lady Balwood tried to say it all playfully, and certainly said it something loudly. She had daughters.

But Marion was perfectly prepared. Her face did not change expression. "Yes, they had had their honey-moon on the prairies, Frank was so fascinated with the life and the people. He had not come home at once, because he was making she did not know how great a fortune over there in investments, and so Mrs. Armour came on before him, and, of course, as soon as he could get away from his business he would follow his wife."

And though Marion smiled, her heart was very hot, and she could have slain Lady Balwood in her tracks. Lady Balwood then nodded a little patronizingly, and babbled that "she hoped so much to see Mrs. Francis Armour. She must be so very interesting, the papers said so much about her."

Now, while this conversation was going on, some one stood not far behind Marion, who seemed much interested in her and what she said. But Marion did not see this person. She was startled presently, however, to hear a strong voice say softly over her shoulder, "What a charming woman Lady Balwood is! And so ingenuous!"

She was grateful, tremulous, proud. Why had he—Captain Vidall—kept out of the way all these weeks, just when she needed him most, just when he should have played the part of a man? Then

she was feeling twinges at the heart too. She had seen Lady Agnes Martling that afternoon, and had noticed how the news had worn on her. She felt how much better it had been had Frank come quietly home and married her, instead of doing the wild scandalous thing that was making so many heart-burnings. A few minutes ago she had longed for a chance to say something delicately acid to Lady Haldwell, once Julia Sherwood, who was there. Now there was a chance to give her bitter spirit tongue. She was glad, she dared not think how glad, to hear that voice again ; but she was angry too, and he should suffer for it,—the more so because she recognized in the tone, and afterwards in his face, that he was still absorbingly interested in her. There was a little burst of thanksgiving in her heart, and then she prepared a very notable commination service in her mind.

This meeting had been deftly arranged by Mrs. Townley, with the help of Edward Lambert, who now held her fingers with a kind of vanity of possession whenever he bade her good-by or met her. Captain Vidall had, in fact, been out of the country, had only been back a week, and had only heard of Frank Armour's *mésalliance* from Lambert at an At Home forty-eight hours before. Mrs. Townley guessed what was really at the bottom of Marion's occasional bitterness, and, piecing together many little things dropped casually by her friend, had come to the conclusion that the happiness of two people was at stake.

When Marion shook hands with Captain Vidall she had herself exceedingly well under control. She looked at him in slight surprise, and casually remarked that they had not chanced to meet lately in the run of small-and-earlies. She appeared to be unconscious that he had been out of the country, and also that she had been till very recently indeed at Greyhope. He hastened to assure her that he had been away, and to lay siege to this unexpected barrier. He knew all about Frank's affair, and, though it troubled him, he did not see why it should make any difference in his regard for Frank's sister. Fastidious as he was in all things, he was fastidiously deferential. Not an exquisite, he had all that vanity as to appearance, so usual with the military man ; himself of the most perfect temper and sweetness of manner and conduct, the unusual disturbed him. Not possessed of a vivid imagination, he could scarcely conjure up this Indian bride at Greyhope.

But face to face with Marion Armour he saw what troubled him, and he determined that he would not meet her irony with irony, her assumed indifference with indifference. He had learned one of the most important lessons of life : never to quarrel with a woman. Whoever has so far erred has been foolish indeed. It is the worst of policy, to say nothing of its being the worst of art ; and life should never be without art. It is absurd to be perfectly natural ; anything, anybody, can be that. Well, Captain Hume Vidall was something of an artist, more, however, in principle than by temperament. He refused to recognize the rather malicious adroitness with which Marion turned his remarks again upon himself, twisted out of all semblance. He was very patient. He inquired quietly, and as if honestly interested, about Frank,

and said—because he thought it safest as well as most reasonable—that, naturally, they must have been surprised at his marrying a native; but he himself had seen some such marriages turn out very well,—in Japan, India, the South Sea Islands, and Canada. He assumed that Marion's sister-in-law was beautiful, and then disarmed Marion by saying that he thought of going down to Greyhope immediately, to call on General Armour and Mrs. Armour, and wondered if she was going back before the end of the season.

Quick as Marion was, this was said so quietly that she did not quite see the drift of it. She had intended staying in London to the end of the season, not because she enjoyed it, but because she was determined to face Frank's marriage at every quarter, and have it over, once for all, so far as herself was concerned. But now, taken slightly aback, she said, almost without thinking, that she would probably go back soon,—she was not quite sure; but certainly her father and mother would be glad to see Captain Vidall at any time.

Then, without any apparent relevancy, he asked her if Mrs. Frank Armour still wore her Indian costume. In any one else the question had seemed impertinent; in him it had a touch of confidence, of the privilege of close friendship. Then he said, with a meditative look and a very calm retrospective voice, that he was once very much in love with a native girl in India, and might have become permanently devoted to her, were it not for the accident of his being ordered back to England summarily.

This was a piece of news which cut two ways. In the first place it lessened the extraordinary character of Frank's marriage, and it roused in her an immediate curiosity,—which a woman always feels in the past "affairs" of her lover, or possible lover. Vidall did not take pains to impress her with the fact that the matter occurred when he was almost a boy; and it was when her earnest inquisition had drawn from him, bit by bit, the circumstances of the case, and she had forgotten many parts of her commination service and to preserve an effective neutrality in tone, that she became aware he was speaking ancient history. Then it was too late to draw back.

They had threaded their way through the crowd into the conservatory, where they were quite alone, and there with only a little pyramid of hydrangeas between them, which she could not help but notice chimed well with the color of her dress, he dropped his voice a little lower, and then suddenly said, his eyes hard on her, "I want your permission to go to Greyhope."

The tone drew her eyes hastily to his, and, seeing, she dropped them again. Vidall had a strong will, and, what is of more consequence, a peculiarly attractive voice. It had a vibration which made some of his words organ-like in sound. She felt the influence of it. She said a little faintly, her fingers toying with a hydrangea, "I am afraid I do not understand. There is no reason why you should not go to Greyhope without my permission."

"I cannot go without it," he persisted. "I am waiting for my commission from you."

She dropped her hand from the flower with a little impatient motion.

she was feeling twinges at the heart too. She had seen Lady Agnes Martling that afternoon, and had noticed how the news had worn on her. She felt how much better it had been had Frank come quietly home and married her, instead of doing the wild scandalous thing that was making so many heart-burnings. A few minutes ago she had longed for a chance to say something delicately acid to Lady Haldwell, once Julia Sherwood, who was there. Now there was a chance to give her bitter spirit tongue. She was glad, she dared not think how glad, to hear that voice again; but she was angry too, and he should suffer for it,—the more so because she recognized in the tone, and afterwards in his face, that he was still absorbingly interested in her. There was a little burst of thanksgiving in her heart, and then she prepared a very notable commination service in her mind.

This meeting had been deftly arranged by Mrs. Townley, with the help of Edward Lambert, who now held her fingers with a kind of vanity of possession whenever he bade her good-by or met her. Captain Vidall had, in fact, been out of the country, had only been back a week, and had only heard of Frank Armour's *metalliance* from Lambert at an At Home forty-eight hours before. Mrs. Townley guessed what was really at the bottom of Marion's occasional bitter-



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When Marion shook hands with Captain Vidall she had herself exceedingly well under control. She looked at him in slight surprise, and casually remarked that they had not chanced to meet lately in the run of small-and-earlies. She appeared to be unconscious that he had been out of the country, and also that she had been till very recently indeed at Greyhope. He hastened to assure her that he had been away, and to lay siege to this unexpected barrier. He knew all about Frank's affair, and, though it troubled him, he did not see why it should make any difference in his regard for Frank's sister. Fastidious as he was in all things, he was fastidiously deferential. Not an exquisite, he had all that vanity as to appearance, so usual with the military man; himself of the most perfect temper and sweetness of manner and conduct, the unusual disturbed him. Not possessed of a vivid imagination, he could scarcely conjure up this Indian bride at Greyhope.

But face to face with Marion Armour he saw what troubled him, and he determined that he would not meet her irony with irony, her assumed indifference with indifference. He had learned one of the most important lessons of life: never to quarrel with a woman. Whoever has so far erred has been foolish indeed. It is the worst of policy, to say nothing of its being the worst of art; and life should never be without art. It is absurd to be perfectly natural; anything, anybody, can be that. Well, Captain Hume Vidall was something of an artist, more, however, in principle than by temperament. He refused to recognize the rather malicious adroitness with which Marion turned his remarks again upon himself, twisted out of all semblance. He was very patient. He inquired quietly, and as if honestly interested, about Frank,



and said—because he thought it safest as well as most reasonable—that, naturally, they must have been surprised at his marrying a native; but he himself had seen some such marriages turn out very well,—in Japan, India, the South Sea Islands, and Canada. He assumed that Marion's sister-in-law was beautiful, and then disarmed Marion by saying that he thought of going down to Greyhope immediately, to call on General Armour and Mrs. Armour, and wondered if she was going back before the end of the season.

Quick as Marion was, this was said so quietly that she did not quite see the drift of it. She had intended staying in London to the end of the season, not because she enjoyed it, but because she was determined to face Frank's marriage at every quarter, and have it over, once for all, so far as herself was concerned. But now, taken slightly aback, she said, almost without thinking, that she would probably go back soon,—she was not quite sure; but certainly her father and mother would be glad to see Captain Vidall at any time.

Then, without any apparent relevancy, he asked her if Mrs. Frank Armour still wore her Indian costume. In any one else the question had seemed impertinent; in him it had a touch of confidence, of the privilege of close friendship. Then he said, with a meditative look and a very calm retrospective voice, that he was once very much in love with a native girl in India, and might have become permanently devoted to her, were it not for the accident of his being ordered back to England summarily.

This was a piece of news which cut two ways. In the first place it lessened the extraordinary character of Frank's marriage, and it roused in her an immediate curiosity,—which a woman always feels in the past "affairs" of her lover, or possible lover. Vidall did not take pains to impress her with the fact that the matter occurred when he was almost a boy; and it was when her earnest inquisition had drawn from him, bit by bit, the circumstances of the case, and she had forgotten many parts of her commination service and to preserve an effective neutrality in tone, that she became aware he was speaking ancient history. Then it was too late to draw back.

They had threaded their way through the crowd into the conservatory, where they were quite alone, and there with only a little pyramid of hydrangeas between them, which she could not help but notice chimed well with the color of her dress, he dropped his voice a little lower, and then suddenly said, his eyes hard on her, "I want your permission to go to Greyhope."

The tone drew her eyes hastily to his, and, seeing, she dropped them again. Vidall had a strong will, and, what is of more consequence, a peculiarly attractive voice. It had a vibration which made some of his words organ-like in sound. She felt the influence of it. She said a little faintly, her fingers toying with a hydrangea, "I am afraid I do not understand. There is no reason why you should not go to Greyhope without my permission."

"I cannot go without it," he persisted. "I am waiting for my commission from you."

She dropped her hand from the flower with a little impatient motion.

She was tired, her head ached, she wanted to be alone. "Why are you enigmatical?" she said. Then quickly, "I wish I knew what is in your mind. You play with words so."

She scarcely knew what she said. A woman who loves a man very much is not quick to take in the absolute declaration of that man's love on the instant; it is too wonderful for her. He felt his cheek flush with hers, he drew her look again to his. "Marion! Marion!" he said. That was all.

"Oh, hush! some one is coming," was her quick, throbbing reply. When they parted a half-hour later, he said to her, "Will you give me my commission to go to Greyhope?"

"Oh, no, I cannot," she said, very gravely; "but come to Greyhope—when I go back."

"And when will that be?" he said, smiling, yet a little ruefully too.

"Oh, ask Mrs. Townley," she replied: "she is coming also."

Marion knew what that commission to go to Greyhope meant. But she determined that he should see Lali first, before anything irrevocable was done. She still looked upon Frank's marriage as a scandal. Well, Captain Vidall should face it in all its crudeness. So, in a week or less Marion and Mrs. Townley were in Greyhope.

Two months had gone since Lali arrived in England, and yet no letter had come to her, or to any of them, from Frank. Frank's solicitor in London had written him fully of her arrival, and he had had a reply, with further instructions regarding money to be placed to General Armour's credit for the benefit of his wife. Lali, as she became Europeanized, also awoke to the forms and ceremonies of her new life. She had overheard Frank's father and mother wondering, and fretting as they wondered, why they had not received any word from him. General Armour had even called him a scoundrel; which sent Frank's mother into tears. Then Lali had questioned Mackenzie and Cowan, for she had increasing shrewdness, and she began to feel her actual position. She resented General Armour's imputation, but in her heart she began to pine and wonder. At times, too, she was fitful, and was not to be drawn out. But she went on improving in personal appearance and manner and in learning the English language. Mrs. Townley's appearance marked a change in her. When they met she suddenly stood still and trembled. When Mrs. Townley came to her and took her hand and kissed her, she shivered, and then caught her about the shoulders lightly, but was silent. After a little she said, "Come—come to my wigwam, and talk with me."

She said it with a strange little smile, for now she recognized that the word *wigwam* was not to be used in her new life. But Mrs. Townley whispered, "Ask Marion to come too."

Lali hesitated, and then said, a little maliciously, "Marion, will you come to my wigwam?"

Marion ran to her, caught her about the waist, and replied, gayly, "Yes, we will have a *pow-wow*—is that right? is *pow-wow* right?"

The Indian girl shook her head with a pretty vagueness, and vanished with them. General Armour walked up and down the room

briskly, then turned on his wife and said, "Wife, it was a brutal thing: Frank doesn't deserve to be—the father of her child."

But Lali had moods—singular moods. She indulged in one three days after the arrival of Marion and Mrs. Townley. She had learned to ride with the side-saddle, and wore her riding-dress admirably. Nowhere did she show to better advantage. She had taken to riding now with General Armour on the country roads. On this day Captain Vidall was expected, he having written to ask that he might come. What trouble Lali had with one of the servants that morning was never thoroughly explained, but certain it is, she came to have a crude notion of why Frank Armour married her. The servant was dismissed duly, but that was after the *contre-temps*.

It was late afternoon. Everybody had been busy, because one or two other guests were expected besides Captain Vidall. Lali had kept to herself, sending word through Richard that she would not "be English," as she vaguely put it, that day. She had sent Mackenzie on some mission. She sat on the floor of her room, as she used to sit on the ground in her father's lodge. Her head was bowed in her hands, and her arms rested on her knees. Her body swayed to and fro. Presently all motion ceased. She became perfectly still. She looked before her, as if studying something.

Her eyes immediately flashed. She rose quickly to her feet, went to her wardrobe, and took out her Indian costume and blanket, with which she could never be induced to part. Almost feverishly she took off the clothes she wore, and hastily threw them from her. Then she put on the buckskin clothes in which she had journeyed to England, drew down her hair as she used to wear it, fastened round her waist a long red sash which had been given her by a governor of the Hudson's Bay Company when he had visited her father's country, threw her blanket round her shoulders, and then eyed herself in the great mirror in the room. What she saw evidently did not please her perfectly, for she stretched out her hands and looked at them; she shook her head at herself and put her hand to her cheeks and pinched them,—they were not so brown as they once were,—then she thrust out her foot. She drew it back quickly in disdain. Immediately she caught the fashionable slippers from her feet and threw them among the discarded garments. She looked at herself again. Still she was not satisfied, but she threw up her arms, as with a sense of pleasure and freedom, and laughed at herself. She pushed out her moccasined foot, tapped the floor with it, nodded towards it, and said a word or two in her own language. She heard some one in the next room, possibly Mackenzie. She stepped to the door leading into the hall, opened it, went out, travelled its length, ran down a back hall-way, out into the park towards the stables, her blanket, as her hair, flying behind her.

She entered the stables, made for a horse that she had ridden much, put a bridle on him, led him out before any one had seen her, and, catching him by the mane, suddenly threw herself on him at a bound, and, giving him a tap with a short whip she had caught up in the stable, headed him for the main avenue and the open road. Then a stableman saw her and ran after, but he might as well have tried to

follow the wind. He forthwith proceeded to saddle another horse. Boulter also saw her as she passed the house, and, running in, told Mrs. Armour and the general. They both ran to the window and saw dashing down the avenue—a picture out of Fenimore Cooper; a saddleless horse with a rider whose fingers merely touched the bridle, riding as on a journey of life and death.

“My God! it’s Lali! She’s mad! she’s mad! She is striking that horse! It will bolt! It will kill her!” said the general.

Then he rushed for a horse to follow her. Mrs. Armour’s hands clasped painfully. For an instant she had almost the same thought as had Marion on the first morning of Lali’s coming; but that passed, and left her gazing helplessly after the horsewoman. The flying blanket had frightened the blooded horse, and he made desperate efforts to fulfil the general’s predictions.

Lali soon found that she had miscalculated. She was not riding an Indian pony, but a crazed, high-strung horse. As they flew, she sitting superbly and tugging at the bridle, the party coming from the railway-station entered the great gate, accompanied by Richard and Marion. In a moment they sighted this wild pair bearing down upon them with a terrible swiftness.

As Marion recognized Lali she turned pale and cried out, rising in her seat. Instinctively Captain Vidall knew who it was, though he could not guess the cause of the singular circumstance. He saw that the horse had bolted, but also that the rider seemed entirely fearless. “Why, in heaven’s name,” he said between his teeth, “does she not let go that blanket?”

At that moment Lali did let it go, and the horse dashed by them, making hard for the gate. “Turn the horses round and follow her,” said Vidall to the driver. While this was doing, Marion caught sight of her father riding hard down the avenue. He passed them, and called to them to hurry on after him.

Lali had not the slightest sense of fear, but she knew that the horse had gone mad. When they passed through the gate and swerved into the road, a less practised rider would have been thrown. She sat like wax. The pace was incredible for a mile, and though General Armour rode well, he was far behind.

Suddenly a trap appeared in the road in front of them, and the driver, seeing the runaway, set his horses at right angles to the road. It served the purpose only to provide another danger. Not far from where the trap was drawn, and between it and the runaway, was a lane, which ended at a farm-yard in a *cul-de-sac*. The horse swerved into it, not slacking its pace, and in the fraction of a mile came to the farm-yard.

But now the fever was in Lali’s blood. She did not care whether she lived or died. A high hedge formed the *cul-de-sac*. When she saw the horse slacking she cut it savagely across the head twice with a whip, and drove him at the green wall. He was of too good make to refuse it, stiff as it was. He rose to it magnificently, and cleared it; but almost as he struck the ground squarely, he staggered and fell,—the girl beneath him. He had burst a blood-vessel. The ground was

soft and wet; the weight of the horse prevented her from getting free. She felt its hoof striking in its death-struggles, and once her shoulder was struck. Instinctively she buried her face in the mud, and her arms covered her head.

And then she knew no more.

When she came to, she was in the carriage within the gates of Greyhope, and Marion was bending over her. She suddenly tried to lift herself, but could not. Presently she saw another face,—that of General Armour. It was stern, and yet his eyes were swimming as he looked at her.

“*How!*” she said to him; “*How!*” and fainted again.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### THE PASSING OF THE YEARS.

LALI’S recovery was not rapid. A change had come upon her. With that strange ride had gone the last strong flicker of the desire for savage life in her. She knew now the position she held towards her husband: that he had never loved her; that she was only an instrument for unworthy retaliation. So soon as she could speak after her accident, she told them that they must not write to him and tell him of it. She also made them promise that they would give him no news of her at all, save that she was well. They could not refuse to promise; they felt she had the right to demand much more than that. They had begun to care for her for herself, and when the months went by, and one day there was a hush about her room, and anxiety, and then relief, in the faces of all, they came to care for her still more for the sake of her child.

As the weeks passed, the fair-haired child grew more and more like his father; but if Lali thought of her husband they never knew by anything she said, for she would not speak of him. She also made them promise that they would not write to him of the child’s birth. Richard, with his sense of justice, and knowing how much the woman had been wronged, said that in all this she had done quite right; that Frank, if he had done his duty after marrying her, should have come with her. And because they all felt that Richard had been her best friend as well as their own, they called the child after him. This also was Lali’s wish. Coincident with her motherhood there came to Lali a new purpose. She had not lived with the Armours without absorbing some of their fine social sense and dignity. This, added to the native instinct of pride in her, gave her a new ambition. As hour by hour her child grew dear to her, so hour by hour her husband grew away from her. She schooled herself against him. At times she thought she hated him. She felt she could never forgive him, but she would prove to him that it was she who had made the mistake of her life in marrying him; that she had been wronged, not he; and that his sin would face him with reproach and punishment one day. Richard’s prophecy was likely to come true: she would defeat very perfectly indeed Frank’s intentions. After the child was born, so soon as



she was able, she renewed her studies with Richard and Mrs. Armour. She read every morning for hours; she rode; she practised all those graceful arts of the toilet which belong to the social convention; she showed an unexpected faculty for singing, and practised it faithfully; and she begged Mrs. Armour and Marion to correct her at every point where correction seemed necessary. When the child was two years old, they all went to London, something against Lali's personal feelings, but quite in accord with what she felt her duty.

Richard was left behind at Greyhope. For the first time in eighteen months he was alone with his old quiet duties and recreations. During that time he had not neglected his pensioners,—his poor, sick, halt, and blind,—but a deeper, larger interest had come into his life in the person of Lali. During all that time she had seldom been out of his sight, never out of his influence and tutelage. His days had been full, his every hour had been given a keen responsible interest. As if by tacit consent, every incident or development of Lali's life was influenced by his judgment and decision. He had been more to her than General Armour, Mrs. Armour, or Marion. Schooled as he was in all the ways of the world, he had at the same time a mind as sensitive as a woman's, an indescribable gentleness, a persuasive temperament. Since, years before, he had withdrawn from the social world and become a recluse, many of his finer qualities had gone into an indulgent seclusion. He had once loved the world and the gay life of London, but some untoward event, coupled with a radical love of retirement, had sent him into years of isolation at Greyhope.

His tutelar relations with Lali had reopened many an old spring of sensation and experience. Her shy dependency, her innocent inquisitiveness, had searched out his remotest sympathies. In teaching her he had himself been re-taught. Before she came he had been satisfied with the quiet usefulness and studious ease of his life. But in her presence something of his old youthfulness came back, some reflection of the ardent hopes of his young manhood. He did not notice the change in himself. He only knew that his life was very full. He read later at nights, he rose earlier in the morning. But, unconsciously to himself, he was undergoing a change. The more a man's sympathies and emotions are active, the less is he the philosopher. It is only when one has withdrawn from the more personal influence of the emotions that one's philosophy may be trusted. One may be interested in mankind and still be philosophical,—may be, as it were, the priest and confessor to all comers. But let one be touched in some vital corner in one's nature, and the high faultless impartiality is gone. In proportion as Richard's interest in Lali had grown, the universal quality of his sympathy had declined. Man is only man. Not that his benefactions as lord bountiful in the parish had grown perfunctory, but the calm detail of his interest was not so definite. He was the same, yet not the same.

He was not aware of any difference in himself. He did not know that he looked younger by ten years. Such is the effect of mere personal sympathy upon a man's look and bearing. When, therefore, one bright May morning the family at Greyhope, himself excluded, was



ready to start for London, he had no thought but that he would drop back into his old silent life as it was before Lali came and his brother's child was born. He was not conscious that he was very restless that morning; he scarcely was aware that he had got up two hours earlier than usual. At the breakfast-table he was cheerful and alert. After breakfast he amused himself in playing with the child till the carriage was brought round. It was such a morning as does not come a dozen times a year in England. The sweet moist air blew from the meadows and up through the lime-trees with a warm insinuating gladness. The lawn sloped delightfully away to the flowered embrasures of the park, and a fragrant abundance of flowers met the eye and cheered the senses. While Richard loitered on the steps with the child and its nurse, more excited than he knew, Lali came out and stood beside him. At the moment Richard was looking into the distance. He did not hear her when she came. She stood near him for a moment, and did not speak. Her eyes followed the direction of his look, and idled tenderly with the prospect before her. She did not even notice the child. The same thought was in the mind of both—with a difference. Richard was wondering how any one could choose to change the sweet dignity of that rural life for the flaring hurried delights of London and the season. He had thought this a thousand times, and yet, though he would have been little willing to acknowledge it, his conviction was not so impregnable as it had been.

Mrs. Francis Armour was stepping from the known to the unknown. She was leaving the precincts of a life in which, socially, she had been born again. Its sweetness and benign quietness had all worked upon her nature and origin to change her. In that it was an out-door life, full of freshness and open-air vigor, it was not antagonistic to her past. Upon this sympathetic basis had been imposed the conditions of a fine social decorum. The conditions must still exist. But how would it be when she was withdrawn from this peaceful activity of nature and set down among "those garish lights" in Cavendish Square and Piccadilly? She hardly knew to what she was going as yet. There had been a few social functions at Greyhope since she had come, but that could give her, after all, but little idea of the swing and pressure of London life.

At this moment she was lingering over the scene before her. She was wondering with the *naïve* wonder of an awakened mind. She had intended many times of late saying to Richard all the native gratitude she felt; yet somehow she had never been able to say it. The moment of parting had come.

"What are you thinking of, Richard?" she said now.

He started and turned towards her. "I hardly know," he answered. "My thoughts were drifting."

"Richard," she said, abruptly, "I want to thank you."

"Thank me for what, Lali?" he questioned.

"To thank you, Richard, for everything,—since I came, over three years ago."

He broke out into a soft little laugh, then, with his old good-natured manner, caught her hand as he did the first night she came to

Greyhope, patted it in a fatherly fashion, and said, "It is the wrong way about, Lali: I ought to be thanking you, not you me. Why, look, what a stupid old foggy I was then, toddling about the place with too much time on my hands, reading a lot and forgetting everything; and here you came in, gave me something to do, made the little I know of any use, and ran a pretty gold wire down the rusty fiddle of life. If there are any speeches of gratitude to be made, they are mine, they are mine."

"Richard," she said, very quietly and gravely, "I owe you more than I can ever say—in English. You have taught me to speak in your tongue enough for all the usual things of life, but one can only speak from the depths of one's heart in one's native tongue. And see," she added, with a painful little smile, "how strange it would sound if I were to tell you all I thought in the language of my people,—of my people, whom I shall never see again. Richard, can you understand what it must be to have a father whom one is never likely to see again?—whom if one did see again, something painful would happen? We grow away from people against our will; we feel the same towards them, but they cannot feel the same towards us; for their world is in another hemisphere. We want to love them, and we love, remember, and are glad to meet them again, but they feel that we are unfamiliar, and, because we have grown different outwardly, they seem to miss some chord that used to ring. Richard, I—I——" She paused.

"Yes, Lali," he assented, "yes, I understand you so far; but speak out."

"I am not happy," she said. "I never shall be happy. I have my child, and that is all I have. I cannot go back to the life in which I was born: I must go on as I am, a stranger among a strange people, pitied, suffered, cared for a little,—and that is all."

The nurse had drawn away a little distance with the child. The rest of the family were making their preparations inside the house. There was no one near to watch the singular little drama.

"You should not say that," he added: "we all feel you to be one of us."

"But all your world does not feel me to be one of them," she rejoined.

"We shall see about that, when you go up to town. You are a bit morbid, Lali. I don't wonder at your feeling a little shy; but then you will simply carry things before you,—now you take my word for it! For I know London pretty well."

She held out her ungloved hands. "Do they compare with the white hands of the ladies you know?" she said.

"They are about the finest hands I have ever seen," he replied. "You can't see yourself, sister of mine."

"I do not care very much to see myself," she said. "If I had not a maid I expect I should look very shiftless, for I don't care to look in a mirror. My only mirror used to be a stream of water in summer," she added, "and a corner of a looking-glass got from the Hudson's Bay fort in the winter."

"Well, you are missing a lot of enjoyment," he said, "if you do not use your mirror much. The rest of us can appreciate what you would see there."

She reached out and touched his arm. "Do you like to look at me?" she questioned; with a strange simple candor. For the first time in many a year, Richard Armour blushed like a girl fresh from school. The question had come so suddenly, it had gone so quickly into a sensitive corner of his nature, that he lost command of himself for the instant, yet had little idea why the command was lost. He touched the fingers on his arm affectionately.

"Like to look at you?—like to look at you? Why, of course we all like to look at you. You are very fine and handsome—and interesting."

"Richard," she said, drawing her hands away, "is that why you like to look at me?"

He had recovered himself. He laughed in his old hearty way, and said, "Yes, yes: why, of course! Come, let us go and see the boy," he added, taking her arm and hurrying her down the steps. "Come and let us see Richard Joseph, the pride of all the Armours."

She moved beside him in a kind of dream. She had learned much since she came to Greyhope, but yet she could not at that moment have told exactly why she asked Richard the question that had confused him, nor did she know quite what lay behind the question. But every problem which has life works itself out to its appointed end, if fumbling human fingers do not meddle with it. Half the miseries of this world are caused by forcing issues, in every problem of the affections, the emotions, and the soul. There is a law working with which there should be no tampering, lest in foolish interruption come only confusion and disaster. Against every such question there should be written the one word, Wait.

Richard Armour stooped over the child. "A beauty," he said, "a perfect little gentleman. Like Richard Joseph Armour there is none," he added.

"Whom do you think he looks like, Richard?" she asked. This was a question she had never asked before since the child was born. Whom the child looked like every one knew; but within the past year and a half Francis Armour's name had seldom been mentioned, and never in connection with the child. The child's mother asked the question with a strange quietness. Richard answered it without hesitation.

"The child looks like Frank," he said. "As like him as can be."

"I am glad," she said, "for all your sakes."

"You are very deep this morning, Lali," Richard said, with a kind of helplessness. "Frank will be pretty proud of the youngster when he comes back. But he won't be prouder of him than I am."

"I know that," she said. "Won't you be lonely without the boy—and me, Richard?"

Again the question went home. "Lonely? I should think I would," he said. "I should think I would. But then, you see, school is over, and the master stays behind and makes up the marks.

You will find London a jollier master than I am, Lali. There'll be lots of shows, and plenty to do, and smart frocks, and no end of feeds and frolics; and that is more amusing than studying three hours a day with a dry old stick like Dick Armour. I tell you what, when Frank comes——"

She interrupted him. "Do not speak of that," she said. Then, with a sudden burst of feeling, though her words were scarcely audible, "I owe you everything, Richard,—everything that is good. I owe him nothing, Richard,—nothing but what is bitter."

"Hush, hush," he said; "you must not speak that way. Lali, I want to say to you——"

At that moment General Armour, Mrs. Armour, and Marion appeared on the door-step, and the carriage came wheeling up the drive. What Richard intended to say was left unsaid. The chances were it never would be said.

"Well, well," said General Armour, calling down at them, "escort his imperial highness to the chariot which awaits him, and then ho! for London town. Come along, my daughter," he said to Lali, "come up here and take the last whiff of Greyhope that you will have for six months. Dear, dear, what lunatics we all are, to be sure! Why, we're as happy as little birds in their nests out in the decent country, and yet we scamper off to a smoky old city by the Thames to rush along with the world, instead of sitting high and far away from it and watching it go by. God bless my soul, I'm old enough to know better. Well, let me help you in, my dear,"—he added to his wife,—“and in you go, Marion, and in you go, your imperial highness,”—he passed the child awkwardly in to Marion,—“and in you go, my daughter,” he added, as he handed Lali in, pressing her hand with a brusque fatherliness as he did so. He then got in after them.

Richard came to the side of the carriage and bade them all good-by one by one. Lali gave him her hand, but did not speak a word. He called a cheerful adieu, the horses were whipped up, and in a moment Richard was left alone on the steps of the house. He stood for a time looking, then he turned to go into the house, but changed his mind, sat down, lit a cigar, and did not move from his seat until he was summoned to his lonely luncheon.

Nobody thought much of leaving Richard behind at Greyhope. It seemed the natural thing to do. But still he had not been left alone—entirely alone—for three years or more.

The days and weeks went on. If Richard had been accounted eccentric before, there was far greater cause for the term now. Life dragged. Too much had been taken out of his life all at once; for, in the first place, the family had been drawn together more during the trouble which Lali's advent had brought; then the child and its mother, his pupil, were gone also. He wandered about in a kind of vague unrest. The hardest thing in this world to get used to is the absence of a familiar footstep and the cheerful greeting of a familiar eye. And the man with no chick or child feels even the absence of his dog from the hearth-rug when he returns from a journey or his day's work. It gives him a sense of strangeness and loss. But when it is the voice

of a woman and the hand of a child that is missed, you can back no speculation upon that man's mood or mind or conduct. There is no influence like the influence of habit, and that is how, when the minds of people are at one, physical distances and differences, no matter how great, are invisible, or at least not obvious.

Richard Armour was a sensible man; but when one morning he suddenly packed a portmanteau and went up to town to Cavendish Square, the act might be considered from two sides of the equation. If he came back to enter again into the social life which for so many years he had abjured, it was not very sensible, because the world never welcomes its deserters: it might if men and women grew younger instead of older. If he came to see his family, or because he hungered for his god-child, or because—but we are hurrying the situation. It were wiser not to state the problem yet. The afternoon that he arrived at Cavendish Square all his family were out except his brother's wife. Lali was in the drawing-room, receiving a visitor who had asked for Mrs. Armour and Mrs. Francis Armour. The visitor was received by Mrs. Francis Armour. The visitor knew that Mrs. Armour was not at home. She had by chance seen her and Marion in Bond Street, and was not seen by them. She straightway got into her carriage and drove up to Cavendish Square, hoping to find Mrs. Francis Armour at home. There had been house-parties at Greyhope since Lali had come there to live, but this visitor, though once an intimate friend of the family, had never been a guest.

The visitor was Lady Haldwell, once Miss Julia Sherwood, who had made possible what was called Francis Armour's tragedy. Since Lali had come to town Lady Haldwell had seen her, but had never met her. She was not at heart wicked, but there are few women who can resist an opportunity of anatomizing and reckoning up the merits and demerits of a woman who has married an old lover. When that woman is in the position of Mrs. Francis Armour, the situation has an unusual piquancy and interest. Hence Lady Haldwell's journey of inquisition to Cavendish Square.

As Richard passed the drawing-room door to ascend the stairs, he recognized the voices.

Once a sort of heathen as Mrs. Francis Armour had been, she still could grasp the situation with considerable clearness. There is nothing keener than one woman's instinct regarding another woman, where a man is concerned. Mrs. Francis Armour received Lady Haldwell with a quiet stateliness which, if it did not astonish her, gave her sufficient warning that matters were not, in this little comedy, to be all her own way.

Thrown upon the mere resources of wit and language, Mrs. Francis Armour must have been at a disadvantage. For Lady Haldwell had a good gift of speech, a pretty talent for epithet, and no unnecessary tenderness. She bore Lali no malice. She was too decorous and high for that. In her mind the wife of the man she had discarded was a mere commonplace catastrophe, to be viewed without horror, maybe with pity. She had heard the alien spoken well of by some people; others had seemed indignant that the Armours should try to push "a



red woman" into English society. Truth is, the Armours did not try at all to push her. For over three years they had let society talk. They had not entertained largely in Cavendish Square since Lali came, and those invited to Greyhope had a chance to refuse the invitations if they chose. Most people did not choose to decline them. But Lady Haldwell was not of that number. She had never been invited. But now in town, when entertainment must be more general, she and the Armours were prepared for social interchange.

Behind Lady Haldwell's visits curiosity chiefly ran. She was in a way sorry for Frank Armour, for she had been fond of him, after a fashion, always fonder of him than of Lord Haldwell. She had married with her fingers holding the scales of advantage; and Lord Haldwell dressed well, was immensely rich, and the title had a charm.

When Mrs. Francis Armour met her with her strange, impressive dignity, she was the slightest bit confused, but not outwardly. She had not expected it. At first Lali did not know who her visitor was. She had not caught the name distinctly from the servant.

Presently Lady Haldwell said, as Lali gave her hand, "I am Lady Haldwell. As Miss Sherwood I was an old friend of your husband."

A scornful glitter came into Mrs. Armour's eyes,—a peculiar touch as of burnished gold, an effect of the light at a certain angle of the lens. It gave for the instant an uncanny look to the face, almost something malicious. She guessed why this woman had come. She knew the whole history of the past, and it touched her in a tender corner. She knew she was had at an advantage. Before her was a woman perfectly trained in the fine social life to which she was born, whose equanimity was as regular as her features. Herself was by nature a creature of impulse, of the woods and streams and open life. The social convention had been engrafted. As yet she was used to thinking and speaking with all candor. She was to have her training in the charms of superficiality, but that was to come; and when it came she would not be an unskilful apprentice. Perhaps the latent subtlety of her race came to help her natural candor at the moment. For she said at once, in a slow, quiet tone,—

"I never heard my husband speak of you. Will you sit down?"

"And Mrs. Armour and Marion are not in?—No, I suppose your husband did not speak much of his old friends."

The attack was studied and cruel. But Lady Haldwell had been stung by Mrs. Armour's remark, and it piqued her that this was possible.

"Oh, yes, he spoke of some of his friends, but not of you."

"Indeed! That is strange."

"There was no necessity," said Mrs. Armour, quietly.

"Of discussing me? I suppose not. But by some chance——"

"It was just as well, perhaps, not to anticipate the pleasure of our meeting."

Lady Haldwell was surprised. She had not expected this cleverness. They talked casually for a little time, the visitor trying in vain to delicately give the conversation a personal turn. At last, a little foolishly, she grew bolder, with a needless selfishness.



"So old a friend of your husband as I am, I am hopeful you and I may be friends also."

Mrs. Armour saw the move. "You are very kind," she said, conventionally, and offered a cup of tea.

Lady Haldwell now ventured unwisely. She was nettled at the other's self-possession. "But, then, in a way I have been your friend for a long time, Mrs. Armour."

The point was veiled in a vague tone, but Mrs. Armour understood. Her reply was not wanting.

"Any one who has been a friend to my husband has, naturally, claims upon me."

Lady Haldwell, in spite of herself, chafed. There was a subtlety in the woman before her, not to be reckoned with lightly.

"And if an enemy?" she said, smiling.

A strange smile also flickered across Mrs. Armour's face, as she said, "If an enemy of my husband called, and was penitent, I should—offer her tea, no doubt."

"That is, in this country; but in your own country, which, I believe, is different, what would you do?"

Mrs. Armour looked steadily and coldly into her visitor's eyes. "In my country enemies do not compel us to be polite."

"By calling on you?" Lady Haldwell was growing a little reckless. "But then that is a savage country. We are different here. I suppose, however, your husband told you of these things, so that you were not surprised. And when does he come? His stay is protracted. Let me see, how long is it? Ah, yes, near four years." Here she became altogether reckless, which she regretted afterwards, for she knew, after all, what was due herself. "He *will* come back, I suppose."

Lady Haldwell was no coward, else she had hesitated before speaking in that way before this woman, in whose blood was the wildness of the heroical north. Perhaps she guessed the passion in Lali's breast, perhaps not. In any case she would have said what she listed at the moment.

Wild as were the passions in Lali's breast, she thought on the instant of her child, of what Richard Armour would say; for he had often talked to her about not showing her emotions and passions, had told her that violence of all kinds was not wise or proper. Her fingers ached to grasp this beautiful, exasperating woman by the throat. But after an effort at calmness she remained still and silent, looking at her visitor with a scornful dignity. Lady Haldwell presently rose,—she could not endure the furnace of that look,—and said good-by. She turned towards the door. Mrs. Armour remained immovable. At that instant, however, some one stepped from behind a large screen just inside the door. It was Richard Armour. He was pale, and on his face was a sternness the like of which this and perhaps only one other woman had ever seen on him. He interrupted her.

"Lady Haldwell has a fine talent for irony," he said, "but she does not always use it wisely. In a man it would bear another name, and from a man it would be differently received." He came close to her. "You are a brave woman," he said, "or you would have been

more careful. Of course you knew that my mother and sister were not at home."

She smiled languidly. "And why 'of course'?"

"I do not know that; only I know that I think so; and I also think that my brother Frank's worst misfortune did not occur when Miss Julia Sherwood trafficked without compunction in his happiness."

"Don't be oracular, my dear Richard Armour," she said; "you are trying, really. This seems almost melodramatic; and melodrama is bad enough in Drury Lane."

"You are not a good friend even to yourself," he answered.

"What a discoverer you are! And how much in earnest! Do come back to the world, Mr. Armour: you would be a relief, a new sensation."

"I fancy I shall come back, if only to see the 'engineer hoist with his own'—torpedo."

He paused before the last word to give it point, for her husband's father had made his money out of torpedoes. She felt the sting in spite of her, and she saw the point.

"And then we will talk it over at the end of the season," he added, "and compare notes. Good-afternoon."

"You stake much on your hazard," she said, glancing back at Lali, who still stood immovable. "*Au revoir!*"

She left the room. Richard heard the door close after her and the servant retire. Then he turned to Lali.

As he did so, she ran forward to him with a cry. "Oh, Richard, Richard!" she said, with a sob, threw her arms over his shoulder, and let her forehead drop on his breast. Then came a sudden impulse in his blood. Long after he shuddered when he remembered what he thought at that instant; what he wished to do; what rich madness possessed him. He knew now why he had come to town; he also knew why he must not stay, or, if staying, what must be his course.

He took her gently by the arm and led her to a chair, speaking cheerily to her. Then he sat down beside her, and all at once again, her face wet and burning, she flung herself forward on her knees beside him, and clung to him.

"Oh, Richard, I am glad you have come," she said. "I would have killed her if I had not thought of you. I want you to stay; I am always better when you are with me. I have missed you, and I know that baby misses you too."

He had his cue. He rose, trembling a little. "Come, come," he said heartily, "it's all right, it's all right—my sister. Let us go and see the youngster. There, dry your eyes, and forget all about that woman. She is only envious of you. Come, for his imperial highness!"

She was in a tumult of feeling. It was seldom that she had shown emotion in the past two years, and it was the more ample when it did break forth. But she dried her eyes, and together they went to the nursery. She dismissed the nurse, and they were left alone by the sleeping child. She knelt at the head of the little cot and touched the child's forehead with her lips. He stooped down also beside it.

"He's a grand little fellow," he said. "Lali," he continued,

presently, "it is time Frank came home. I am going to write for him. If he does not come at once, I shall go and fetch him."

"Never! never!" Her eyes flashed angrily. "Promise that you will not. Let him come when he is ready. He does not care." She shuddered a little.

"But he will care when he comes, and you—you care for him, Lali."

Again she shuddered, and a whiteness ran under the hot excitement of her cheeks. She said nothing, but looked up at him, then dropped her face in her hands.

"You do care for him, Lali," he said, earnestly, almost solemnly, his lips twitching slightly. "You must care for him; it is his right: and he will—I swear to you I know he will—care for you."

In his own mind there was another thought, a hard, strange thought; and it had to do with the possibility of his brother not caring for this wife.

Still she did not speak.

"To a good woman, with a good husband," he continued, "there is no one—there should be no one—like the father of her child. And no woman ever loved her child more than you do yours." He knew that this was special pleading.

She trembled, and then dropped her cheek beside the child's. "I want Frank to be happy," he went on: "there is no one I care more for than for Frank."

She lifted her face to him now, in it a strange light. Then her look ran to confusion, and she seemed to read all that he meant to convey. He knew she did. He touched her shoulder.

"You must do the best you can every way, for Frank's sake, for all our sakes. I will help you—God knows I will—all I can."

"Oh, yes, yes," she said, from the child's pillow. He could see the flame in her cheek. "I understand." She put out her hand to him, but did not look up. "Leave me alone with my baby, Richard," she pleaded.

He took her hand and pressed it again and again in his old, unconscious way. Then he let it go, and went slowly to the door. There he turned and looked back at her. He mastered the hot thought in him.

"God help me!" she murmured from the cot.

The next morning Richard went back to Greyhope.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### A COURT-MARTIAL.

It was hard to tell, save for a certain deliberateness of speech and a color a little more pronounced than that of a Spanish woman, that Mrs. Frank Armour had not been brought up in England. She had a kind of grave sweetness and distant charm which made her notable at any table or in any ball-room. Indeed, it soon became apparent

that she was to be the pleasant talk, the interest of the season. This was tolerably comforting to the Armours. Again Richard's prophecy had been fulfilled, and as he sat alone at Greyhope and read the *Morning Post*, noticing Lali's name at distinguished gatherings, or, picking up the *World*, saw how the lion-hunters talked extravagantly of her, he took some satisfaction to himself that he had foreseen her triumph where others looked for her downfall. Lali herself was not elated: it gratified her, but she had been an angel, and a very unsatisfactory one, if it had not done so. As her confidence grew (though outwardly she had never appeared to lack it greatly), she did not hesitate to speak of herself as an Indian, her country as a good country, and her people as a noble if dispossessed race; all the more so if she thought reference to her nationality and past was being rather conspicuously avoided. She had asked General Armour for an interview with her husband's solicitor. This was granted. When she met the solicitor, she asked him to send no newspaper to her husband containing any reference to herself, nor yet to mention her in his letters.

She had never directly received a line from him but once, and that was after she had come to know the truth about his marriage with her. She could read in the conventional sentences, made simple as for a child, the strained politeness, and his absolute silence as to whether or not a child had been born to them, the utter absence of affection for her. She had also induced General Armour and his wife to give her husband's solicitor no information regarding the birth of the child. There was thus apparently no more inducement for him to hurry back to England than there was when he had sent her off on his mission of retaliation, which had been such an ignominious failure. For the humiliation of his family had been short-lived, the affront to Lady Haldwell nothing at all. The Armours had not been human if they had failed to enjoy their daughter-in-law's success. Although they never, perhaps, would quite recover the disappointment concerning Lady Agnes Martling, the result was so much better than they in their cheerfullest moments dared hope for, that they appeared genuinely content.

To their grandchild they were devotedly attached. Marion was his faithful slave and admirer, so much so that Captain Vidall, who now and then was permitted to see the child, declared himself jealous: he and Marion were to be married soon. The wedding had been delayed owing to his enforced absence abroad. Mrs. Edward Lambert, once Mrs. Townley, shyly regretted in Lali's presence that the child, or one as sweet, was not hers. Her husband evidently shared her opinion, from the extraordinary notice he took of it when his wife was not present. Not that Richard Joseph Armour, Jr., was always *en évidence*, but when asked for by his faithful friends and admirers he was amiably produced.

Meanwhile, Frank Armour across the sea was engaged with many things. His business concerns had not prospered prodigiously, chiefly because his judgment, as his temper, had grown somewhat uncertain. His popularity in the Hudson's Bay country had been at some tension since he had shipped his wife away to England. Even the ordinary

savage mind saw something unusual and undomestic in it, and the general hospitality declined a little. Armour did not immediately guess the cause; but one day, about a year after his wife had gone, he found occasion to reprove a half-breed, by name Jacques Pontiac; and Jacques, with more honesty than politeness, said some hard words, and asked how much he paid for his English hired devils to kill his wife. Strange to say, he did not resent this startling remark. It set him thinking. He began to blame himself for not having written oftener to his people—and to his wife. He wondered how far his revenge had succeeded. He was most ashamed of it now. He knew that he had done a dishonorable thing. The more he thought upon it the more angry with himself he became. Yet he dreaded to go back to England and face it all: the reproach of his people; the amusement of society; his wife herself. He never attempted to picture her as a civilized being. He scarcely knew her when he married her. She knew him much better, for primitive people are quicker in the play of their passions, and she had come to love him before he had begun to notice her at all.

Presently he ate his heart out with mortification. To be yoked forever to—a savage! It was horrible! And their children? It was strange he had not thought of that before. Children?—He shrugged his shoulders. There might possibly be a child, but children—never! But he doubted even regarding a child, for no word had come to him concerning that possibility. He was even most puzzled at the tone and substance of their letters. From the beginning there had been no reproaches, no excitement, no railing, but studied kindness and conventional statements, through which Mrs. Armour's solicitous affection scarcely ever peeped. He had shot his bolt, and got—consideration, almost imperturbability. They appeared to treat the matter as though he were a wild youth who would yet mend his ways. He read over their infrequent letters to him; his to them had been still more infrequent. In one there was the statement that "she was progressing favorably with her English;" in another, that "she was riding a good deal;" again, that "she appeared anxious to adapt herself to her new life."

At all these he whistled a little to himself, and smiled bitterly. Then, all at once, he got up and straightway burned them all. He again tried to put the matter behind him for the present, knowing that he must face it one day, and staving off its reality as long as possible. He did his utmost to be philosophical and say his *quid refert*, but it was easier tried than done; for Jacques Pontiac's words kept rankling in his mind, and he found himself carrying round a vague load which made him abstracted occasionally, and often a little reckless in action and speech. In hunting bear and moose he had proved himself more daring than the oldest hunter, and proportionately successful. He paid his servants well, but was sharp with them. He made long hard expeditions, defying the weather as the hardiest of prairie and mountain men mostly hesitate to defy it; he bought up much land, then, dissatisfied, sold it again at a loss, but subsequently made final arrangements for establishing a very large farm. When he once became actually interested in this he shook off something of his



moodiness and settled himself to develop the thing. He had good talent for initiative and administration, and at last, in the time when his wife was a feature of the London season, he found his scheme in working order, and the necessity of going to England was forced upon him.

Actually he wished that the absolute necessity had presented itself before. There was always the moral necessity, of course—but then! Here now was a business need; and he must go. Yet he did not fix a day or make definite arrangements. He could hardly have believed himself such a coward. With liberal emphasis he called himself a sneak, and one day at Fort Charles sat down to write to his solicitor in Montreal to say that he would come on at once. Still he hesitated. As he sat there thinking, Eye-of-the-Moon, his father-in-law, opened the door quietly and entered. He had avoided the chief ever since he had come back to Fort Charles, and practically had not spoken to him for a year. Armour flushed slightly with annoyance. But presently with a touch of his old humor he rose, held out his hand, and said, ironically, “Well, father-in-law, it’s about time we had a big talk, isn’t it? We are not very intimate for such close relatives.”

The old Indian did not fully understand the meaning or the tone of Armour’s speech, but he said, “*How!*” and, reaching out his hand for the pipe offered him, lighted it, and sat down, smoking in silence. Armour waited; but, seeing that the other was not yet moved to talk, he turned to his letter again. After a time, Eye-of-the-Moon said, gravely, getting to his feet, “Brother!”

Armour looked up, then rose also. The Indian bowed to him courteously, then sat down again. Armour threw a leg over the corner of the table and waited.

“Brother,” said the Indian, presently, “you are of the great race that conquers us. You come and take our land and our game, and we at last have to beg of you for food and shelter. Then you take our daughters, and we know not where they go. They are gone like the down from the thistle. We see them not, but you remain. And men say evil things. There are bad words abroad. Brother, what have you done with my daughter?”

Had the Indian come and stormed, begged money of him, sponged on him, or abused him, he had taken it very calmly,—he, in fact, had been superior. But there was dignity in the chief’s manner; there was solemnity in his speech; his voice conveyed resoluteness and earnestness, which the stoic calm of his face might not have suggested; and Armour felt that he had no advantage at all. Besides, Armour had a conscience, though he had played some rare tricks with it of late, and it needed more hardihood than he possessed to face this old man down. And why face him down? Lali was his daughter, blood of his blood, the chieftainess of one branch of his people, honored at least among these poor savages, and the old man had a right to ask, as asked another more famous, “Where is my daughter?”

His hands in his pockets, Armour sat silent for a minute, eying his boot, as he swung his leg to and fro. Presently he said, “Eye-of-the-Moon, I don’t think I can talk as poetically as you, even in my own



language, and I shall not try. But I should like to ask you this: Do you believe any harm has come to your daughter—to my wife?"

The old Indian forgot to blow the tobacco-smoke from his mouth, and, as he sat debating, lips slightly apart, it came leaking out in little trailing clouds and gave a strange appearance to his iron-featured face. He looked steadily at Armour, and said, "You are of those who rule in your land,"—here Armour protested,—"you have much gold to buy and sell. I am a chief,"—he drew himself up,—"I am poor: we speak with the straight tongue; it is cowards who lie. Speak deep as from the heart, my brother, and tell me where my daughter is."

Armour could not but respect the chief for the way this request was put, but still it galled him to think that he was under suspicion of having done any bodily injury to his wife, so he quietly persisted: "Do you think I have done Lali any harm?"

"The thing is strange," replied the other. "You are of those who are great among your people. You married a daughter of a red man. Then she was yours for less than one moon, and you sent her far away, and you stayed. Her father was as a dog in your sight. Do men whose hearts are clear act so? They have said strange things of you. I have not believed; but it is good I know all, that I may say to the tale-bearers, You have crooked tongues."

Armour sat for a moment longer, his face turned to the open window. He was perfectly still, but he had become grave. He was about to reply to the chief, when the trader entered the room hurriedly with a newspaper in his hand. He paused abruptly when he saw Eye-of-the-Moon. Armour felt that the trader had something important to communicate. He guessed it was in the paper. He mutely held out his hand for it. The trader handed it to him hesitatingly, at the same time pointing to a paragraph, and saying, "It is nearly two years old, as you see. I chanced upon it by accident to-day."

It was a copy of a London evening paper, containing a somewhat sensational account of Lali's accident. It said that she was in a critical condition. This time Armour did not ask for brandy, but the trader put it out beside him. He shook his head. "Gordon," he said presently, "I shall leave here in the morning. Please send my men to me."

The trader whispered to him: "She was all right, of course, long ago, Mr. Armour, or you would have heard."

Armour looked at the date of the paper. He had several letters from England of a later date, and these said nothing of her illness. It bewildered him, made him uneasy. Perhaps the first real sense of his duty as a husband came home to him there. For the first time, he was anxious about the woman for her own sake. The trader had left the room.

"What a scoundrel I've been!" said Armour between his teeth, oblivious, for the moment, of Eye-of-the-Moon's presence. Presently, bethinking himself, he turned to the Indian. "I've been debating," he said. "Eye-of-the-Moon, my wife is in England, at my father's home. I am going to her. Men have lied in thinking I would do her any injury; but, but—never mind, the harm was of another kind. It

isn't wise for a white man and an Indian to marry, but when they are married—well, they must live as man and wife should live, and, as I said, I am going to my wife—your daughter.”

To say all this to a common Indian, whose only property was a half-dozen ponies and a couple of tepees, required something very like moral courage; but then Armour had not been exercising moral courage during the last year or so, and its exercise was profitable to him. The next morning he was on his way to Montreal, and Eye-of-the-Moon was the richest chief in British North America, at that moment, by five thousand dollars or so.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### TO EVERY MAN HIS HOUR.

It was the close of the season: many people had left town, but festivities were still on. To a stranger the season might have seemed at its height. The Armours were giving a large party in Cavendish Square before going back again to Greyhope, where, for the sake of Lali and her child, they intended to remain during the rest of the summer, in preference to going on the Continent or to Scotland. The only unsatisfactory feature of Lali's season was the absence of her husband. Naturally there were those who said strange things regarding Frank Armour's stay in America; but it was pretty generally known that he was engaged in land-speculations, and his club friends, who perhaps took the pleasantest view of the matter, said that he was very wise indeed, if a little cowardly, in staying abroad until his wife was educated and ready to take her position in society. There was one thing on which they were all agreed: Mrs. Frank Armour either had a mind superior to the charms of their sex, or was incapable of that vanity which hath many suitors, and says, “So far shalt thou go, and——” The fact is, Mrs. Frank Armour's mind was superior. She had only one object,—to triumph over her husband grandly, as a woman righteously might. She had vanity, of course, but it was not ignoble. She kept one thing in view; she lived for it. Her translation had been successful. There were times when she remembered her father, the wild days on the prairies, the buffalo-hunt, tracking the deer, tribal battles, the long silent hours of the winter, and the warm summer nights when she slept in the prairie grass or camped with her people in the trough of a great land-wave. Sometimes the hunger for its freedom, and its idleness, and its sport, came to her greatly; but she thought of her child, and she put it from her. She was ambitious for him; she was keen to prove her worth as a wife against her husband's unworthiness. This perhaps saved her. She might have lost had her life been without this motive.

The very morning of this notable reception, General Armour had received a note from Frank Armour's solicitor, saying that his son was likely to arrive in London from America that day or the next. Frank had written to his people no word of his coming; to his wife, as we

have said, he had not written for months; and before he started back he would not write, because he wished to make what amends he could in person. He expected to find her improved, of course, but still he could only think of her as an Indian, showing her common prairie origin. His knowledge of her before their marriage had been particularly brief; she was little more in his eyes than a thousand other Indian women, save that she was better-looking, was whiter than most, and had finer features. He could not very clearly remember the tones of her voice, because after marriage, and before he had sent her to England, he had seen little or nothing of her.

When General Armour received the news of Frank's return, he told his wife and Marion, and they consulted together whether it were good to let Lali know at once. He might arrive that evening. If so, the position would be awkward, because it was impossible to tell how it might affect her. If they did tell her, and Frank happened not to arrive, it might unnerve her so as to make her appearance in the evening doubtful. Richard, the wiseacre, the inexhaustible Richard, was caring for his cottagers and cutting the leaves of new books—his chiefest pleasure—at Greyhope. They felt it was a matter they ought to be able to decide for themselves, but still it was the last evening of Lali's stay in town, and they did not care to take any risk. Strange to say, they had come to take pride in their son's wife; for even General and Mrs. Armour, high-minded and of serene social status as they were, seemed not quite insensible to the pleasure of being an axle on which a system of social notoriety revolved.

At the opportune moment Captain Vidall was announced, and, because he and Marion were soon to carry but one name between them, he was called into family consultation. It is somewhat singular that in this case the women were quite wrong and the men were quite right. For General Armour and Captain Vidall were for silence until Frank came, if he came that day, or for telling her the following morning, when the function was over. And the men prevailed.

Marion was much excited all day; she had given orders that Frank's room should be made ready, but for whom, she gave no information. While Lali was dressing for the evening, something excited and nervous she entered her room. They were now the best of friends. The years had seen many shifting scenes in their companionship; they had been as often at war as at peace; but they had respected each other, each after her own fashion; and now they had a real and mutual regard. Lali's was a slim, lithe figure, wearing its fashionable robes with an air of possession, and the face above it, if not entirely beautiful, had a strange warm fascination. The girl had not been a chieftainess for nothing. A look of quiet command was there, but also a far-away expression which gave a faint look of sadness even when a smile was at the lips. The smile itself did not come quickly; it grew; but above it all was hair of perfect brown,—most rare,—setting off her face as a plume does a helmet. She showed no surprise when Marion entered. She welcomed her with a smile and outstretched hand, but said nothing.

"Lali," said Marion, somewhat abruptly,—she scarcely knew why she said it,—“are you happy?”

It was strange how the Indian girl had taken on those little manners of society which convey so much by inflection. She lifted her eyebrows at Marion, and said presently, in a soft, deliberate voice, "Come, Marion, we will go and see little Richard; then I shall be happy."

She linked her arm through Marion's. Marion drummed her fingers lightly on the beautiful arm, and then fell to wondering what she should say next. They passed into the room where the child lay sleeping; they went to his little bed, and Lali stretched out her hand gently, touching the curls of the child. Running a finger through one delicately, she said, with a still softer tone than before, "Why should not one be happy?"

Marion looked up slowly into her eyes, let a hand fall on her shoulder gently, and replied, "Lali, do you never wish Frank to come?"

Lali's fingers came from the child, the color mounted slowly to her forehead, and she drew the girl away again into the other room. Then she turned and faced Marion, a deep fire in her eyes, and said, in a whisper almost hoarse in its intensity, "Yes; I wish he would come to-night."

She looked harder yet at Marion; then, with a flash of pride and her hands clasping before her, she drew herself up, and added, "Am I not worthy to be his wife now? Am I not beautiful—for a savage?"

There was no common vanity in the action. It had a noble kind of wistfulness, and a serenity that entirely redeemed it. Marion dated her own happiness from the time when Lali met her accident, for the evening of that disastrous day she issued to Captain Hume Vidall a commission which he could never, wished never to, resign. Since then she had been at her best,—we are all more or less selfish creatures,—and had grown gentler, curbing the delicate imperiousness of her nature, and frankly, and without the least pique, taken a secondary position of interest in the household, occasioned by Lali's popularity. She looked Lali up and down with a glance in which many feelings met, and then, catching her hands warmly, she lifted them, put them on her own shoulders, and said, "My dear beautiful savage, you are fit and worthy to be Queen of England; and Frank, when he comes——"

"Hush!" said the other, dreamily, and put a finger on Marion's lips. "I know what you are going to say, but I do not wish to hear it. He did not love me then. He used me——" She shuddered, put her hands to her eyes with a pained, trembling motion, then threw her head back with a quick sigh. "But I will not speak of it. Come, we are for the dance, Marion. It is the last, to-night. To-morrow——" She paused, looking straight before her, lost in thought.

"Yes, to-morrow, Lali?"

"I do not know about to-morrow," was the reply. "Strange things come to me."

Marion longed to tell her then and there the great news, but she was afraid to do so, and was, moreover, withheld by the remembrance that it had been agreed she should not be told. She said nothing.

At eleven o'clock the rooms were filled. For the fag end of the season, people seemed unusually brilliant. The evening itself was not

so hot as common, and there was an extra array of distinguished guests. Marion was nervous all the evening, though she showed little of it, being most prettily employed in making people pleased with themselves. Mrs. Armour also was not free from apprehension. In reply to inquiries concerning her son she said, as she had often said during the season, that he might be back at any time now. Lali had answered always in the same fashion, and had shown no sign that his continued absence was singular. As the evening wore on, the probability of Frank's appearance seemed less; and the Armours began to breathe more freely.

Frank had, however, arrived. He had driven straight from Euston to Cavendish Square, but, seeing the house lighted up, and guests arriving, he had a sudden feeling of uncertainty. He ordered the cabman to take him to his club. There he put himself in evening dress, and drove back again to the house. He entered quietly. At the moment the hall was almost deserted: people were mostly in the ball-room and supper-room. He paused a moment, biting his moustache as if in perplexity. A strange timidity came on him. All his old dash and self-possession seemed to have forsaken him. Presently, seeing a number of people entering the hall, he made for the staircase, and went hastily up. Mechanically he went to his own room, and found it lighted. Flowers were set about, and everything was made ready as for a guest. He sat down, not thinking, but dazed. Glancing up, he saw his face in a mirror. It was bronzed, but it looked rather old and care-worn. He shrugged a shoulder at that. Then, in the mirror he saw also something else. It startled him so that he sat perfectly still for a moment looking at it. It was some one laughing at him over his shoulder; a child! He got to his feet and turned round. On the table was a very large photograph of a smiling child—with *his* eyes, *his* face. He caught the chair-arm, and stood looking at it a little wildly. Then he laughed a strange laugh, and the tears leaped to his eyes. He caught the picture in his hands, and kissed it,—very foolishly, men not fathers might think,—and read the name beneath: Richard Joseph Armour; and again, beneath that, the date of birth. He then put it back on the table and sat looking at it; looking, and forgetting, and remembering.

Presently the door opened, and some one entered. It was Marion. She had seen him pass through the hall; she had then gone and told her father and mother, to prepare them, and had followed him up-stairs. He did not hear her. She stepped softly forward. "Frank," she said, "Frank,"—and laid a hand on his shoulder. He started up and turned his face on her. Then he caught her hands and kissed her. "Marion!" he said, and he could say no more. But presently he pointed towards the photograph.

She nodded her head. "Yes, it is your child, Frank. Though, of course, you don't deserve it. . . . Frank, dear," she added, "I am glad—we shall all be glad—to have you back; but you are a wicked man." She felt she must say that.

Now he only nodded, and still looked at the portrait. "Where is—my wife?" he added, presently.



"She is in the ball-room." Marion was wondering what was best to do.

He caught his thumb-nail in his teeth. He winced in spite of himself. "I will go to her," he said, "and then, the baby."

"I am glad," she replied, "that you have that much sense of justice left, Frank: the wife first, the baby afterwards. But do you think you deserve either?"

He became moody, and made an impatient gesture. "Lady Agnes Martling is here, and also Lady Haldwell," she persisted, cruelly. She did not mind, because she knew he would have enough to compensate him afterwards.

"Marion," he said, "say it all, and let me have it over. Say what you like, and I'll not whimper. I'll face it. But I want to see my child."

She was sorry for him. She had really wanted to see how much he was capable of feeling in the matter. "Wait here, Frank," she said. "That will be best; and I will bring your wife to you."

He said nothing, but assented with a motion of the hand, and she left him where he was. He braced himself for the interview. Assuredly a man loses something of natural courage and self-confidence when he has done a thing of which he should be, and is, ashamed.

It seemed a long time (it was in reality but a couple of minutes) before the door opened again, and Marion said, "Frank, your wife!" and then retreated.

The door closed, leaving a stately figure standing just inside it. The figure did not move forward, but stood there, full of life and fine excitement, but very still also.

Frank Armour was confounded. He came forward slowly, looking hard. Was this distinguished, handsome, reproachful woman his wife, —Lali, the Indian girl whom he had married in a fit of pique and brandy? He could hardly believe his eyes; and yet *her* eyes looked out at him with something that he remembered too, together with something which he did not remember, making him uneasy. Clearly, his great mistake had turned from ashes into fruit. "Lali, my wife!" he said, and held out his hand.

She reached out hers courteously, but her fingers gave him no response.

"We have many things to say to each other," she said, "but they cannot be said now. I shall be missed from the ball-room."

"Missed from the ball-room!" He almost laughed to think how strange this sounded in his ears. As if interpreting his thought, she added, "You see, it is our last affair of the season, and we are all anxious to do our duty perfectly. Will you go down with me? . . . We can talk afterwards."

Her continued self-possession utterly confused him. She had utterly confused Marion also, when told that her husband was in the house. She had had presentiments, and, besides, she had been schooling herself for this hour for a long time. She turned towards the door.

"But," he asked, like a suppliant, "our child! I want to see our child."



She lifted her eyebrows, then, seeing the photograph of the baby on the table, understood how he knew. "Come with me, then," she said, with a little more feeling.

She led the way through the hall, and paused at her door. "Remember that we have to appear among the guests directly," she said, as though to warn him against any demonstration. Then they entered. She went over to the cot and drew back the fleecy curtain from over the sleeping boy's head. His fingers hungered to take his child to his arms. "He is magnificent! magnificent!" he said, with a great pride. "Why did you never let me know of it?"

"How could I tell what you would do?" she calmly replied. "You married me—wickedly, and used me wickedly afterwards; and I loved the child."

"You loved the child!" he repeated after her. "Lali," he said, "I don't deserve it, but forgive me, if you can—for the child's sake."

"We had better go below," she calmly replied; "we have both duties to do. You will of course—appear with me—before them?"

The slight irony in the tone cut him horribly. He offered his arm in silence. They passed into the hall and to the staircase. "It is necessary," she said, "to appear cheerful before one's guests."

She had him at an advantage at every point. "We will be cheerful, then," was his reply, spoken with a grim kind of humor. "You have learned it all, haven't you?" he added.

They were just entering the ball-room. "Yes, with your kind help—and absence," she replied.

The surprise of the guests was somewhat diminished by the fact that Marion, telling General Armour and his wife first of Frank's return, industriously sent the news buzzing about the room.

The two went straight to Frank's father and mother. Their parts were all excellently played. Then Frank mingled among the guests, being very heartily greeted, and heard congratulations on all sides. Old club friends rallied him as a deserter, and new acquaintances flocked about him; and presently he awakened to the fact that his Indian wife had been an interest of the season, was not the least admired person present. It was altogether too good luck for him; but he had an uncomfortable conviction that he had a long path of penance to walk before he could hope to enjoy it.

All at once he met Lady Haldwell, who, in spite of all, still accepted invitations to General Armour's house—the strange scene between Lali and herself having never been disclosed to the family. He had nothing but bitterness in his heart for her, but he spoke a few smooth words, and she languidly congratulated him on his bronzed appearance. He asked for a dance, but she had not one to give him. As she was leaving, she suddenly turned as though she had forgotten something, and, looking at him, said, "I forgot to congratulate you on your marriage. I hope it is not too late."

He bowed. "Your congratulations are so sincere," he said, "that they would be *à propos* late or early."

When he stood with his wife while the guests were leaving, and

saw with what manner she carried it all off,—as though she had been born in the good land of good breeding,—he was moved alternately with wonder and shame,—shame that he had intended this noble creature as a sacrifice to his ugly temper and spite. When all the guests were gone and the family stood alone in the drawing-room, a silence suddenly fell among them. Presently Marion said to her mother in a half-whisper, "I wish Richard were here."

They all felt the extreme awkwardness of the situation, especially when Lali bade General Armour, Mrs. Armour, and Marion good-night, and then, turning to her husband, said, "Good-night,"—she did not even speak his name. "Perhaps you would care to ride to-morrow morning. I always go to the Park at ten, and this will be my last ride of the season."

Had she written out an elaborate proclamation of her intended attitude towards her husband, it could not have more clearly conveyed her mind than this little speech, delivered as to a most friendly acquaintance. General Armour pulled his moustache fiercely, and, it is possible, enjoyed the situation, despite its peril. Mrs. Armour turned to the mantel and seemed tremulously engaged in arranging some bric-à-brac. Marion, however, with a fine instinct, slid her arm through that of Lali, and gently said, "Yes, of course Frank will be glad of a ride in the Park. He used to ride with me every morning. But let us go, us three, and kiss the baby good-night,—'good-night till we meet in the morning.'" She linked her arm now through Frank's, and as she did so he replied to Lali, "I shall be glad to ride in the morning, but——"

"But we can arrange it at breakfast," said his wife, hurriedly. At the same time she allowed herself to be drawn away to the hall with her husband.

He was very angry, but he knew he had no right to be so. He choked back his wrath, and moved on amiably enough, and suddenly the fashion in which the tables had been turned on him struck him with its tragic comedy, and he involuntarily smiled. His sense of humor saved him from words and acts which might possibly have made the matter a pure tragedy after all. He loosed his arm from Marion's.

"I must bid our father and mother good-night. Then I will join you both,—'in the court of the king.'" And he turned and went back, and said to his father as he kissed his mother, "I am had at an advantage, general."

"And serves you right, my boy. You had the odds with you: she has captured them like a born soldier."

His mother said to him, gently, "Frank, you blamed us, but remember that we wished only your good. Take my advice, dear, and try to love your wife and win her confidence."

"Love her,—*try* to love her!" he said. "I shall easily do that. But the other——?" He shook his head a little, though what he meant perhaps he did not know quite himself, and then followed Marion and Lali up-stairs. Marion had tried to escape from Lali, but was told that she must stay; and the three met at the child's cot. Marion

stooped down and kissed its forehead. Frank stooped also and kissed its cheek. Then the wife kissed the other cheek. The child slept peacefully on.

"You can always see the baby here before breakfast, if you choose," said Lali; and she held out her hand again in good-night. At this point Marion stole away, in spite of Lali's quick little cry of "Wait, Marion!" and the two were left alone again.

"I am very tired," she said. "I would rather not talk to-night." The dismissal was evident. He took her hand, held it an instant, and presently said, "I will not detain you, but I would ask you, Lali, to remember that you are my wife. Nothing can alter that."

"Still we are only strangers, as you know," she quietly rejoined.

"You forget the days we were together,—after we were married," he cautiously urged.

"I am not the same girl: . . . you killed her. . . . We have to start again. . . . I know all."

"You know that in my wretched anger and madness I——"

"Oh, please do not speak of it," she said, "it is so bad even in thought."

"But will you never forgive me, and care for me?—we have to live our lives together."

"Pray let us not speak of it now," she said, in a weary voice; then, breathlessly, "It is of much more consequence that you should love me—and the child."

He drew himself up with a choking sigh, and spread out his arms to her. "Oh, my wife!" he said.

"No, no," she cried, "this is unreasonable; we know so little of each other. . . . Good-night, again."

He turned at the door, came back, and, stooping, kissed the child on the lips. Then he said, "You are right. I deserve to suffer. . . . Good-night."

But when he was gone she dropped on her knees, and kissed the child many times on the lips also.

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## CHAPTER IX.

### THE FAITH OF COMRADES.

WHEN Francis Armour left his wife's room he did not go to his own room, but quietly descended the stairs, went to the library, and sat down. The loneliest thing in the world is to be *tête-à-tête* with one's conscience. A man may have a bad hour with an enemy, a sad hour with a friend, a peaceful hour with himself, but when the little dwarf, conscience, perches upon every hillock of remembrance and makes slow signs—those strange symbols of the language of the soul—to him, no slave upon the treadmill suffers more.

The butler came in to see if anything was required, but Armour only greeted him silently and waved him away. His brain was painfully alert, his memory singularly awake. It seemed that the incident of this hour had so opened up every channel of his intelligence that all

his life ran past him in fantastic panorama, as by that illumination which comes to the drowning man. He seemed under some strange spell. Once or twice he rose, rubbed his eyes, and looked round the room,—the room where as a boy he had spent idle hours, where as a student he had been in the hands of his tutor, and as a young man had found recreations such as belong to ambitious and ardent youth. Every corner was familiar. Nothing was changed. The books upon the shelves were as they were placed twenty years ago. And yet he did not seem a part of it. It did not seem natural to him. He was in an atmosphere of strangeness,—that atmosphere which surrounds a man, as by a cloud, when some crisis comes upon him and his life seems to stand still, whirling upon its narrow base, while the world appears at an interminable distance, even as to a deaf man who sees yet cannot hear.

There came home to him at that moment with a force indescribable the shamelessness of the act he committed four years ago. He had thought to come back to miserable humiliation. For four years he had refused to do his duty as a man towards an innocent woman,—a woman, though in part a savage,—now transformed into a gentle, noble creature of delight and goodness. How had he deserved it? He had sown the storm, it was but just that he should reap the whirlwind; he had scattered thistles, could he expect to gather grapes? He knew that the sympathy of all his father's house was not with him, but with the woman he had wronged. He was glad it was so. Looking back now, it seemed so poor and paltry a thing that he, a man, should stoop to revenge himself upon those who had given him birth, as a kind of insult to the woman who had lightly set him aside, and should use for that purpose a helpless confiding girl. To revenge one's self for wrong to one's self is but a common passion, which has little dignity; to avenge some one whom one has loved, man or woman,—and, before all, woman,—has some touch of nobility, is redeemed by loyalty. For his act there was not one word of defence to be made, and he was not prepared to make it.

The cigars and liquors were beside him, but he did not touch them. He seemed very far away from the ordinary details of his life: he knew he had before him hard travel, and he was not confident of the end. He could not tell how long he sat there. After a time the ticking of the clock seemed painfully loud to him. Now and again he heard a cab rattling through the Square, and the foolish song of some drunken loiterer in the night caused him to start painfully. Everything jarred on him. Once he got up, went to the window, and looked out. The moon was shining full on the Square. He wondered if it would be well for him to go out and find some quiet to his nerves in walking. He did so. Out in the Square he looked up to his wife's window. It was lighted. Long time he walked up and down, his eyes on the window. It held him like a charm. Once he leaned against the iron railings of the garden and looked up, not moving for a time. Presently he saw the curtain of the window raised, and against the dim light of the room was outlined the figure of his wife. He knew it. She stood for a moment looking out into the night. She could not see

him, nor could he see her features at all plainly, but he knew that she, like him, was alone with the catastrophe which his wickedness had sent upon her. Soon the curtain was drawn down again, and then he went once more to the house and took his old seat beside the table. He fell to brooding, and at last, exhausted, dropped to a troubled sleep.

He woke with a start. Some one was in the room. He heard a step behind him. He came to his feet quickly, a wild light in his eyes. He faced his brother Richard.

Late in the afternoon Marion had telegraphed to Richard that Frank was coming. He had been away visiting some poor and sick people, and when he came back to Greyhope it was too late to catch the train. But the horses were harnessed straightway, and he was driven into town,—a three hours' drive. He had left the horses at the stables, and, having a latch-key, had come in quietly. He had seen the light in the study, and guessed who was there. He entered, and saw his brother asleep. He watched him for a moment and studied him. Then he moved away to take off his hat, and, as he did so, stumbled slightly. Then it was Frank waked, and for the first time in five years they looked each other in the eyes. They both stood immovable for a moment, and then Richard caught Frank's hand in both of his and said, "God bless you, my boy! God bless you! I am glad you are back."

"Dick! Dick!" was the reply, and Frank's other hand clutched Richard's shoulder in his strong emotion. They stood silent for a moment longer, and then Richard recovered himself. He waved his hand to the chairs. The strain of the situation was a little painful for them both. Men are shy with each other where their emotions are in play.

"Why, my boy," he said, waving a hand to the wine and liquors, "full bottles and unopened boxes? Tut, tut! here's a pretty how-d'-ye-do. Is this the way you toast the home quarters? You're a fine soldier for an old mess!"

So saying, he poured out some whiskey, then opened the box of cigars and pushed them towards his brother. He did not care particularly to drink or smoke himself, but a man—an Englishman—is a strange creature. He is most natural and at ease when he is engaged in eating and drinking. He relieves every trying situation by some frivolous and selfish occupation, as of dismembering a partridge or mixing a punch.

"Well, Frank," said his brother, "now what have you to say for yourself? Why didn't you come long ago? You have played the adventurer for five years, and what have you to show for it? Have you a fortune?" Frank shook his head, and twisted a shoulder. "What have you done that is worth the doing, then?"

"Nothing that I intended to do, Dick," was the grave reply.

"Yes, I imagined that. You have seen *them*, have you, Frank?" he added, in a softer voice.

Frank blew a great cloud of smoke about his face, and through it he said, "Yes, Dick, I have seen a damned sight more than I deserve to see."

"Oh, of course; I know that, my boy; but, so far as I can see, in another direction you are getting quite what you deserve: your wife and child are up-stairs; you are here."

He paused, was silent for a moment, then leaned over, caught his brother's arm, and said, in a low, strenuous voice, "Frank Armour, you laid a hateful little plot for us. It wasn't manly, but we forgave it and did the best we could. But see here, Frank, take my word for it, you have had a lot of luck: there isn't one woman out of ten thousand that would have stood the test as your wife has stood it: injured at the start, constant neglect, temptation——" he paused. "My boy, did you ever think of that, of the temptation to a woman neglected by her husband? The temptation to men? Yes, you have had a lot of luck. There has been a special providence for you, my boy; but not for your sake. God doesn't love neglectful husbands, but I think He is pretty sorry for neglected wives."

Frank was very still. His head drooped, the cigar hung unheeded in his fingers for a moment, and he said at last, "Dick, old comrade, I've thought it all over to-night since I came back,—everything that you've said. I have not a word of defence to make, but, by heaven! I'm going to win my wife's love if I can, and when I do it I'll make up for all my cursed foolishness—see if I don't."

"That sounds well, Frank," was the quiet reply. "I like to hear you talk that way. You would be very foolish if you did not. What do you think of the child?"

"Can you ask me what I think? He is a splendid little fellow."

"Take care of him, then, take good care of him: you may never have another," was the grim rejoinder.

Frank winced. His brother rose, took his arm, and said, "Let us go to our rooms, Frank. There will be time enough to talk later, and I am not so young as I once was."

Truth to say, Richard Armour was not so young as he seemed a few months before. His shoulders were a little stooped, he was grayer about the temples. The little bit of cynicism which had appeared in that remark about the care of the child showed also in the lines of his mouth; yet his eyes had the same old, true, honest look. But a man cannot be hit in mortal places once or twice in his life without its being etched on his face or dropped like a pinch of aloe from his tongue.

Still they sat and talked much longer, Frank showing better than when his brother came, Richard gone gray and tired. At last Richard rose and motioned towards the window. "See, Frank," he said, "it is morning." Then he went and lifted the blind. The gray, unpurged air oozed on the glass. The light was breaking over the tops of the houses. A crossing-sweeper early to his task, or holding the key of the street, went pottering by, and a policeman glanced up at them as he passed. Richard drew down the curtain again.

"Dick," said Frank, suddenly, "you look old. I wonder if I have changed as much."

Six months before, Frank Armour would have said that his brother looked young!



"Oh, you look young enough, Frank," was the reply. "But I am a good deal older than I was five years ago. . . . Come, let us go to bed."

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Many weeks afterwards an anxious family stood about the cot of a sick child.

The family doctor had just left the room. Marion, turning to the father and mother, said, "Greyhope will be like itself again now. I will go and tell Richard that the danger is over."

As she turned to do so, Richard opened the door and came in. "I have seen the doctor," he began, in his cheerful tones, "and the little chap is going to pull along now like a house afire." Tapping his brother affectionately on the shoulder, he was about to continue, but he saw what stopped him. He saw the beginning of the end of Frank Armour's tragic comedy. He and Marion left the room as quickly as was possible to him, for, as he said, humorously, "he was slow at a quick march," and a moment after the wife heard without demur her husband's tale of love for her.

Yet, as if to remind him of the wrong he had done, Heaven never granted Frank Armour another child.

THE END.

JOHN F. HUNTER.

*AMATEUR ROWING.*

[ATHLETIC SERIES.]

"THEY'RE off!" The hoarse, eager cry goes shrilling over the water, intermingled with screaming steam-whistles, shouts of encouragement, and warnings. You, who are fond of that prince of all aquatic sports, rowing, does not your blood tingle, your heart beat faster, and your breath come a bit short when your memory paints for your imagination the long low hills on either side of the beloved Schuylkill, on a delightful June afternoon, the water like a polished mirror, and four eight-oar shells lying expectantly within earshot of the umpire's boat?

You know what the scene means,—the long, dreary winter nights' training on the "machines," the abstention from the flowing bowl, the stern withdrawal from the pleasures that are called social,—in a word, the almost Spartan-like absorption in his work of the "man" who is "training" for a boat-race. With what pride does he scan the weekly evidences, nay, even the daily records, of his gains against that enemy,

—fat! How he exults at the increase of lung-power, the “staying” qualities of his wind! Then the sharp, forced marches on Sunday, the bathing, the harsh massaging, the hardening of the muscles into veritable whip-cords, the pink skin, the bright clear eyes,—in a word, the healthy man, who emerges from all this severe work, and for whom the real fun begins when the ice has melted.

And then those never-to-be-forgotten “pulls” up the river under a blazing sun, the light repast, and the pitying looks bestowed on the unfortunate outside world who are not in training, and who persist in indulging their abnormal appetites for catfish and waffles at the “Falls.” “Waffles!” the epitome of all that is accursed, in the eyes of the man “training.”

The young giants are at last ready for the final tug of war. Fond but critical eyes have watched, admonished, and “coached” their every move, until the day, the hour, and the word “go” arrive. Then for eight minutes your true lover of rowing knows what life really is. What a gay, animated, moving spectacle! The upper decks of the steamboats crowded with pretty girls wearing rival colors, the river black with small craft of all sorts, and all focussing their course, their attention, on those four long slim shells well out in mid-stream, their occupants, with swelling chests and arms literally bulging with muscle, pulling for dear life. They near the end,—how they pull!—the desultory cries and shouts have deepened into one dull continuous roar, from which a word, a cry, emerges occasionally. They’ve crossed the line; the flag’s dropped; “Well rowed, boys!” and then the band plays, and everybody is cognizant of a deep abiding thirst. Oh, but it’s a fine sport!

It is not the province of the writer to enter into the technical points of rowing, but, with subtle craftiness, he leaves that to such masters of the art as the Cooks, the Godwins, or the Danas: their broad shoulders could better bear the brunt of sharp criticisms sure to be called forth. He, however, will attempt to give a brief résumé of the events of the aquatic world, from the time when English athletes took up rowing, in an amateur sense, down to the present day.

Racing in eight-oar shells was first in vogue at Oxford University; then Cambridge University adopted that style of boat, the latter’s first shell being built at Eton and belonging to St. John’s College. This boat was launched in 1826, but it was nearly three years later before the Cambridge University Boat Club was formed. A meeting was held in 1828, and a set of rules draughted. The first races were held on the Cam, in the Lenten terms. There were only six boats on the river at that time,—one ten- and one eight-oared boat belonging to Trinity, one eight-oared in possession of St. John’s College, and three six-oared, belonging respectively to Jesus, Caius, and Trinity-Westminster.

On February 20, 1829, Mr. Snow, of St. John’s College, was authorized to communicate with Mr. Stanniforth, of Christ Church, Oxford, with a view of arranging a University match for the ensuing Easter vacation, “to be rowed at or near London.” After much correspondence, a race was arranged and a course selected from Hambledon Lock to Henley Bridge, a distance of two and a quarter miles, to be

rowed June 10, in the evening. Oxford won by between five and six lengths, but there is no correct time recorded, it being placed at from eleven to fourteen minutes by various authorities. There was no effort to get up another race until 1834, when Cambridge was again desirous of rowing, and sent a challenge to Oxford on April 26, but the dark blues declined to compete.

Challenges came from Oxford and Cambridge in 1836, and a conference was held at the Star and Garter Hotel, Putney, on June 16, when it was decided to race the next day, the start to be made at twenty minutes past four in the afternoon. The crews had trained for the event, and this time Cambridge managed to turn the tables on their rivals.

In 1837 the colleges disagreed about the course, Cambridge objecting to Henley and Oxford to the Cam. In the same year Cambridge challenged and defeated the Leander Boat Club of London, the race being over a course from Westminster to Putney, the University winning by seven seconds in thirty minutes and twelve seconds. During the following season there was a match between Queens College and St. John's, Cambridge, at Henley. The crews rowed about two and a half miles against the stream, in twelve minutes and fifteen seconds,—the St. John's crew winning.

Both colleges remained idle until 1839, but Cambridge had improved wonderfully. In their 1836 race they had no idea of bending forward, but in 1839 *Bell's Life*, of London, says that the Cambridge stroke was really terrific,—“one of the severest ever seen.” It was as long as the men could stretch forward, and at the same time tremendously swift. The Universities were matched in 1839 for an eight-oared race during the Easter vacation, from Westminster Bridge to Putney, “no fouling to be allowed, and boats to be steered by gentlemen.” The Oxford boat, built by Ling, of Oxford, was fifty-two feet long and beautifully constructed, painted white and blue, with the Oxford arms on the rudder. Messrs. Searle, of Wingate, built a new boat for Cambridge. Both boats were finely constructed, and as oak cutters had never been surpassed in lightness. The race was won by Cambridge after a hot struggle.

The Henley regattas were started early in 1839, and the Universities offered their support and assistance. A one-hundred-pound cup for amateurs was presented, the following crews entering: Trinity Boat Club, Cambridge; Brasenose College, Oxford; Etonian Club, Exeter College; University Boat Club, Wadham. An interesting contest took place, the cup being carried off by the Cambridge boat *Black Prince*.

After the 1836–39 defeats, the Oxonians introduced more method in their rowing, but they again suffered defeat in 1840 by Cambridge. At this time an attempt was made by a member of the Leander and London Scullers' Club to organize a race for a wager of twenty pounds from Westminster to Putney, but the Universities objected to “rowing for lucre.” In the same year Leander won the Henley Grand Challenge Cup, defeating the University College of Oxford and Trinity Boat Club, Cambridge.

A change was made in 1841, the Universities having boats built of the same breadth, weight, and model, while the length also corresponded, being fifty-two feet seven inches, the only difference being that the Oxford boat was caravel-built, the edges of the planks being brought together so as to rest upon one another, thus giving a perfectly smooth surface outside, and the Cambridge boat was constructed on the old clinker style, with the planks overlapping. Cambridge again proved victorious, this time by one minute and four seconds.

A cup was offered during the same season at the Henley Regatta for four-oared boats, Oxford winning from Cambridge by over a length. In 1845 Searle built Cambridge an outrigger sixty feet long and two feet ten inches wide. Bell predicted in the spring that the outrigger would be brought into active service in the summer; and his prediction proved true. Oxford's boat was described as of durable construction, very low in the water forward, but rising to every stroke "like a duck."

During the winter of 1867-68 there was some correspondence between the Oxford University Boat Club and the rowing men of Harvard College, the latter being desirous of making a match for the ensuing long vacation, for eight-oared crews, on a straight course three miles long, without a coxswain. The Oxford crew agreed to row the Americans on similar terms to their matches with Cambridge, but declined to row without a coxswain. The race fell through on that account; but in closing the correspondence Harvard challenged Oxford to row a three-mile straight-away race from Norfolk on the Ouse, some time between August 15 and September 1, 1869, each boat to contain eight oarsmen and a coxswain, the exact time and place to be decided upon by the captains of the respective crews.

The race was rowed on Friday, August 17, but the boats contained only four oarsmen and a coxswain. Oxford won by three clear lengths in twenty-two minutes and seventeen seconds, but Sir Aubrey Paul, the judge, said the distance was three-quarters of a length between them at the finish.

*Bell's Life*, commenting on the race, said, "A more gallant or determined contest—one honorable alike to victors and vanquished, and worthy in every respect of the first meeting between the amateur oarsmen of the Old and New World—it has never been our lot to chronicle, and we imagine that few of those who had the good fortune to witness the struggle from start to finish will readily forget the scene presented yesterday on the Thames from Putney to Mortlake. . . . A more magnificent race for the first two miles it has never been our lot to witness, and we scarcely know to which crew we ought to accord the highest praise,—to the winners, for their splendid exhibition of form, style, and patient endurance, or to the losers, for the indomitable pluck and unwavering resolution they displayed throughout the whole of the trying struggle. Though beaten, the losers have assuredly lost no laurels in this contest: on the contrary, they will feel that their opponents found them foemen worthy of their steel."

The crews and weights were as follows:

## OXFORD.

	Stone.	Pounds.
1. F. Willan (Exeter) . . . . .	11	11
2. A. C. Yarborough (Lincoln) . . . . .	12	0 $\frac{3}{4}$
3. J. C. Trime (University) . . . . .	13	7
4. S. D. Darbishire (Balliol) . . . . .	11	5
Coxswain, J. Hall (Corpus) . . . . .	7	2
Average weight, 12 stone, 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ pounds.		

## HARVARD.

	Stone.	Pounds.
1. J. S. Fay . . . . .	11	7
2. F. V. Lyman . . . . .	11	2
3. V. H. Simmonds . . . . .	12	2
4. A. P. Loring . . . . .	10	13
Coxswain, A. Burnham . . . . .	7	6
Average, 11 stone, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds.		

On July 4, 1878, the Columbia College eight, stroked by Jasper Goodwin, competed at the Henley regatta. In their trial heats they defeated the Dublin University and the University College of Oxford, winning the final heat and the race from the Hertford College, Oxford, for the Visitors' Cup. This was the initial victory of an American amateur crew in English waters.

A few years later both the Shoe-wae-sae-mette crew of Michigan and Cornell College four were defeated over the same course by English crews, and it was not until 1882 that the famous Hillsdale four-oared crew (champions of America) were sent to England under the auspices of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen of America to compete at the several English regattas.

On their arrival in England they were unable to compete at Henley, owing to a great deal of controversy with the rowing authorities in that country, and it was only after winning several minor races that they arranged the match with the Thames Boat Club of London, to take place over the National Course from Putney to Mortlake, a distance of four and three-eighths miles. The Americans at once went into training, and are credited with making a trial in the fastest time ever made over that course in four-oared boats,—viz., nineteen minutes and forty seconds.

In the race the crews got away on even terms, and for some distance were bow to bow. The Hillsdale then forged ahead, and at Hammer-smith Bridge they were a length to the good. At this point Mr. Terwilliger, the bow oar of the American boat, unfortunately broke his seat, and the Thames crew, seeing that something was wrong with their opponents, redoubled their energies, and after a terrific race won by two lengths. The Hillsdale crew were unable to make any further matches, and returned home disappointed men.

Rowing has been steadily gaining in popularity in this country since the first American crew visited England, and such was the public interest that in 1876 it was decided to hold an International regatta, the Schuylkill River in Philadelphia being selected as the course. The affair was managed by the Schuylkill Navy, and it was a phenomenal success. Twenty thousand persons lined the banks of the pretty stream



R. H. Potts.

F. D. Braudish.

Theo. Van Raden.

Walter Simpson.

John F. Hunsaker.

J. M. Forrester.

Wm. M. Young.

Clara Cullen.

Henry W. Garfield.

Oscar P. Schmidt.

Harvey E. Hinckman.

A. B. Sweet.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF AMATEUR OARSMEN, 1892-98.

to see the races, for which there were twenty-six four-oared crews among the many events. It was made more interesting from the fact that three English crews—London Rowing Club, Trinity College, Cambridge, and the Dublin University—had entered. It was the first time that English crews had competed in these waters, and the American public was anxious to see the outcome.

The famous London Rowing Club won both its trials, beating, among others, on the first day the Northwest Crew of Chicago, and on the second day Yale University. The finals, in which they were beaten by the Beaverwycke Boat Club of Albany, New York, was a race that will never be forgotten by the thousands that were fortunate enough to witness it.

The London crew can thank their captain, Mr. Gullston, for their defeat by the Beaverwyckes. Throughout the race he devoted his attention to the wonderful Watkins crew on his right, crowding them in the eel-grass at the half-mile post, and not watching his more dangerous competitors on his left who were slowly creeping up. The latter's steering was perfect, and their endurance superb. The race was won within one hundred yards of the finish by a terrific spurt of the Albany crew, which landed them winners by three feet.

The other foreign visitors fared still worse, the Dublin men being easily beaten in their trial heats by the Eurekas of Newark, and the Trinity of Cambridge being distanced without difficulty by the then famous Yale crew. It was in this crew that Captain Bob Cook pulled bow as substitute for the regular bowman, Fred Wood, who was compelled to relinquish his place, owing to illness.

There was never a better opportunity to compare the crack crews of England and America than during this great regatta. The London four were perfect types of English athletes, heavy, brawny, and stalwart, and a revelation to the oarsmen of this country, from the fact that such rowing and such clock-like precision of stroke had never been seen before. In contradistinction to this the Yale crew were representatives of the style of the true American athlete,—greyhound-built, lithe, wiry, with muscles like whip-cords, and as black as Indians from exposure to the summer sun. They were beaten in their trial heats by the London crew entirely through the courtesy of their bow, Mr. Cook, who gave way to Mr. Gullston's unfair jockeying.

The outlook for rowing in America is very bright, and the sport promises to become more popular yearly. The phenomenal success achieved in 1891 by the Malta Boat Club of Philadelphia, who from their training as athletes in the Athletic Club Schuylkill Navy were enabled in three months' time to work their way up from juniors to seniors with an almost unbroken score of victories, shows what persistency will accomplish. Their only defeat was sustained at the Fourth of July regatta on the Schuylkill, when they were beaten by the crews of the University of Pennsylvania and the New York Athletic Club.

Another instance of the marked improvement in rowing was the work of the New York Athletic Club's famous "chippie" eight. Light in weight and young in years, they succeeded in wresting the

championship of America from a field of competitors at the National regattas of 1891 and 1892.

Despite its age,—for twenty years in American athletic history seems old,—the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen has kept apace with the times, and to-day is the strongest organization of its kind in the world. As the outcome of a proposition to hold an amateur regatta for the championship of the United States, this association dates its birth at Philadelphia in 1872, where the necessity for a body national in character among the rowing clubs of the country had been long considered. A call for a convention met with liberal response, and a constitution and by-laws were adopted August 28, 1872.

The first National Regatta was held at Philadelphia in the following September, under the rowing rules of the Schuylkill Navy, and the first of record under its own laws, again at Philadelphia, in October, 1873. The entire government of the Association between the intervals of the Annual Conventions is vested in an Executive Committee of twelve members, representing the large cities of the country, and to their ceaseless vigilance in investigating and punishing violations of the amateur laws is due the present high standing of the organization.

It is to be hoped that in 1893, at Detroit, where great preparations are being made, an International regatta will be given that will excel the famous one held in Philadelphia in 1876. The American oarsman has so improved in the past seventeen years that our English cousins will need to look well to their laurels, as, like everything else in this country, athletics in general have advanced in one year as much as they formerly did in England in ten years.

And now, when the tendency in these days of sport leans towards the adoption of mechanical aids for speed, when steam has supplanted snowy canvas, and when electricity will soon supplant steam, rowing, despite the many improvements in regard to its externals, remains, after all, the most natural of all manly exercises. It calls into play all the muscles of the body, it rests the brain, and is a gentlemanly, graceful amusement, for, unlike boxing, it has never been put to base uses, and its increasing popularity and general adoption by a cultivated class of amateurs forever bar it from any taint of vulgarity. Of all forms of athletics, rowing seems to me to be the most favorable for a high development of mind and body, and as such should recommend itself to active Young America.

*John F. Huneker.*

## LIFE AND DEATH.

CAUGHT in a crevice of the marble tomb,  
 A fragile plant uplifts its hand of bloom,  
 And poised thereon a butterfly takes breath :  
 Fantastic fellowship of Life and Death !

*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

## THE PHILOSOPHERS.

[LIPPINCOTT'S NOTABLE STORIES, NO. IV.\*]

"Men at some time are masters of their fate."

**I**N the select seclusion of her own  
set Miss Eleanor Mannere was

considered a very  
She certainly had  
ning eye, a round  
cheek, a soft, ro  
that type of fig  
which fashionable  
sit to a nicety. S  
quite a bright wit  
side, was well o  
had a position of  
high standing,  
and the air of a  
young princess  
who knows  
herself a prize.  
Add to this  
that she had  
two lovers,  
and one can  
see that she  
was a young  
woman to be  
envied.

But it was  
because of  
these two  
lovers — the  
brightest  
jewels in her  
crown — that  
Miss Elea-

MISS ELEANOR MANNEER.

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\* With the March number began the issue of this series of short stories, one of which is to appear each month during the current year. On the completion of the series the stories will be reprinted in a small volume, and the royalty on the sale of this book will belong to the author of that one of the ten tales which receives the popular verdict.

To determine this choice, our readers are invited to signify each month, by postal card addressed to the editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*, their opinions as to the merits of the short story in the last issue. Those who thus report as to each of the ten tales, from March to December inclusive, will receive, free of charge, a copy of the collected edition of "Notable Stories."

nor was troubled. For though in matters pertaining to the style of her gowns, the hour of her rising in the morning, the fashion of her hats, and the additions to her visiting-list, she was positive enough, in the matter of deciding which of the two *soupirants* should win her hand she was continually wavering.

Miss Eleanor had grown up for twenty-four years without knowing how deep the pangs of indecision may be. She had experienced the unpleasantnesses that sometimes are unkind enough to beset the path of beauty. She had known the heart-burnings that rise when one comes face to face with the exact duplicate of one's new imported costume. She had gone down into the depths of despair on receiving her dentist's bill. She had realized how disagreeable it is to try to listen to a conversation on your left and talk to the man on your right and then not succeed in either. She had tasted the bitterness of discovering that the person who said buttermilk was good for freckles had absolutely no foundation for the statement. But the sorrow's crown of sorrow of not being able to make up her own mind had never touched her till now.

If there had been more love on Miss Eleanor's part there would have been less indecision. Unfortunately, she was not largely dowered with the capacity for loving. She was a peaceful person of a philosophic tendency, who took the days tranquilly, and never lay awake at night unless a loose shutter banged in the wind or she was afflicted with toothache.

On her twenty-fourth birthday she came to the conclusion that she had better marry. One ought to marry some time: everybody did. Twenty-four was a good age at which to conform to the popular custom, which, though it has been said to domesticate the Recording Angel, has yet many followers. And Miss Eleanor turned her grave, sedate eyes upon the two suitors, and considered the advantages of a matrimonial alliance with either one of them.

Philip Barry was the best-looking. He was also of a good family and a gentleman of leisure and wealth. He was a rather solemn man, a trifle too grave to be amusing, and both punctual and phlegmatic. He liked reading poetry aloud, which one must regard as a vice to be discouraged, and he had a great many relations. The latter was his most serious defect. An ideal husband should be the last survivor of his line. If one married Philip Barry one would have to endure not only him, but also a pair of parents and one grandparent, to say nothing of uncles and aunts. The quality of mercy would be strained; one could only trust that it would not break.

Henderson Trevor, on the other hand, had no relations, and was an extremely lively, gay, and witty man. He was not quite so well off as Barry, though, and his social standing was not so good. Miss Eleanor had at times thought that her social standing was good enough for two, but there was rather too much responsibility in that thought. Fancy what a labor it would be to establish Henderson Trevor as a member of her set! a great deal more trouble than inducing Philip Barry to refrain from reading "Prometheus Unbound" aloud.

"I could break him of that in a week," she reflected, "whereas

it would take fully a season to make The Set smile upon Mr. Trevor."

So the choice fell on Barry, and Trevor accepted his fate with manly fortitude.

The engagement went along very smoothly at first. The solemn man had moments of vivacity and was now and then almost witty. Then the parents began, as it were, to creep out of their burrows and sun themselves in the eyes of their future daughter-in-law. Miss Eleanor liked them less on closer acquaintance, not as individuals,—in this way they were delightful,—but as relatives of her prospective husband. And he—well, it was harder to break him of reading "Prometheus Unbound" than one would have imagined. And finally when he did consent to leave it alone he substituted Browning. Miss Eleanor, sitting in the softened light of the silver lamp, listened for a space. Then, extending a languid hand, she said,—

"YOU PREFER 'PROMETHEUS'?"

"Philip, dear, just close that book and go back to 'Prometheus,' please."

"You prefer 'Prometheus'?" he inquired.

"Yes: next to no reading I like 'Prometheus' best. Bound or unbound, he's better than 'Sordello.' Chain him to his rock again, and let loose all the spirits of fire and water and earth and air and whatever others there are."



Towards the end of the engagement there were moments when Miss Eleanor had qualms. It was humiliating to think that Miss Eleanor Manners could have made a mistake. She had never before done so, —never, after hours of indecision, failed to be satisfied with her choice of a hat or a gown. But hats and gowns did not have relatives, or unbridled determinations to read poetry aloud every evening. Once you got them they never changed, except to fade or grow old-fashioned. Philip Barry was doing neither of these bearable things. He was beginning to dwell on the happiness of seeing his parents every day for the rest of his life and of reading poetry aloud on and on through the interminable advancing years; and these were unbearable things.

"Why do people have to have mothers and fathers, and why did the poets ever survive their infancy?" mused Miss Eleanor, sadly. "If I was going to marry over again I would choose a man who had grown up from the dragon's teeth and had never taught to read."

But it was too late. People in Miss Eleanor's generation never changed their minds. Henderson Trevor's reason was that they have any to change. Eleanor had a great deal for her set, and would go against its tenets on all sides, a broken engagement made such a bother and explanations, trousseau on your side that never would we and—— Oh, well, we must abide by one's takes, and this was undoubtedly a mistake.

Nobody knew that Miss Eleanor had arrived at this pessimistic conclusion. She kept her thoughts to herself.

Henderson Trevor had not an idea that his rival had been weighing in the balance and found wanting. Henderson was

AFTER ALL, THERE WAS A LITTLE BALM LEFT IN GILEAD.

a philosopher, and did not wear the willow garland. He saw his love and her fiancé continually. And by contrast with that serious man's phlegmatic gravity, his amiable vivacity, his airy lightness, was as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. And then, alas! he had no

parents. He might, as far as progenitors were concerned, have been born of the sea-foam, like Venus. And as to reading, he openly admitted that he never looked at anything but the daily papers. Was not that much more sensible than reading poems which described all sorts of impossible things that never could have happened? Miss Eleanor began to agree with Josh Billings that "it was better *not* to know such a lot of things than to know such a lot of things that were not so."

And so we let our happiness slip by us unwittingly! The trousseau was interesting, however. When Miss Eleanor held the lovely skirts up against her waist and looked at their ruffled edges lying along the carpet, she felt that, after all, there was a little balm left in Gilead.

The wedding-day arrived. There were six bridesmaids, and Henderson Trevor was the best man. For days beforehand presents of the most gorgeous description had been pouring in. Miss Eleanor, a few evenings before, had counted three chocolate-pots in silver and two in royal Worcester.

"We had better give some of those to my relations," Mr. Barry had remarked. And it was thus that these dreadful people would keep cropping up in the conversation. He never would let you forget them. Why, even on showing him a superb etching of an old Dutchwoman—a perfect gem—his sole comment had been,—

"Doesn't it look very much like my grandmother?"

Three days before the wedding an urgent batch of aunts and uncles who lived somewhere out in the West had claimed a visit from their adored nephew. The dutiful creature, who always did exactly what was right, had hied away there, telling his betrothed that he would only be back the day of the wedding, and the next time he saw her would be as she approached the altar in all the glory of bridal white.

"And you will wear my mother's diamond coronet, and Aunt Louise's old Flemish point," he murmured.

"And carry a copy of 'Prometheus Unbound' in my hand, instead of a prayer-book," said the bride, gloomily.

The wedding was set for four, and long before that hour the house was arranged for the great reception to follow the ceremony. The bride's trunks were packed, and her travelling-costume laid out. She herself, radiant in her mist-like veilings of white, stood in front of the glass, fastening on her mother-in-law's diamond coronet. Numerous female relatives of the groom's hovered about. Everywhere you went you ran into them and stumbled over them. There seemed to have been a miraculous draught of Barrys. Miss Eleanor began indeed to realize that henceforth her habitation would be among the tents of Kedar.

At a few minutes before four the bride's carriage drew up at the church door. Miss Eleanor alighted and swept into the porch, shut off from the aisle by green leather doors. Here the ushers and the bridesmaids were already waiting, and two servant-girls in white caps and aprons were arranging the bridesmaids' trains and settling the long ribbons that floated from the backs of their hats.

One of the ushers, peeping through the crack between the green

leather doors, pronounced the church crowded. There were lights lit about the altar, making a yellow haze where the bridal party were to stand. The flowers were superb. Through the vast interior crept a gentle rustle of crushed, rich fabrics and a murmur of softly-modulated voices, as the well-dressed, pretty women turned in their seats and whispered with each other.

Some one had pulled the white ribbon away, and a change took place in the harmonies issuing from the organ, which of a sudden gave forth stormy and uncertain growls, as if in uneasy indecision. Miss Eleanor took her place, with the two maid-servants kneeling at her

"I'VE JUST HAD A TELEGRAM."

feet, their mouths full of pins. She was as calm as ever, but dejected. When the doors would be flung back she would see that solemn man standing with his hat in his hand, waiting for her. She sighed into her bouquet. For she realized the feelings of the lady in Congreve's play who remarked, "Nothing but his being my husband could have made me like him less."

Just at this moment the door leading into the side aisle was violently pushed open, and the best man entered. He looked slightly disturbed, and held a yellow paper crushed in his hand.

"I have news for you, Miss Manners," he said, drawing her away from the bridal party and speaking in a low voice,—“very provoking news. I've just had a telegram. Philip's train has been delayed by a wash-out, and he can't possibly be here to-day.”

Miss Eleanor depressed the corners of her lips.

"Good gracious!" she murmured, "how ghastly! And how very inconsiderate of Philip!"

"What shall we do? The church is packed. The bishop is here, and four clergymen."

"It's dreadfully annoying," observed the bride, nervously fingering Aunt Louise's old Flemish point, "and while we're all at sixes and sevens here I suppose Philip is sitting on the wash-out reading 'Prometheus Unbound.'"

"What shall I say? I can go back and tell the bishop that the wedding is postponed,—that the bridegroom has met with a wash-out."

"That will be horrible! Fancy sending all those clergymen away without giving them a thing to eat! And all the flowers will be faded by to-morrow. What *shall* I do?"

"Nothing but postpone it. We can't have a wedding without a bridegroom; that's an established fact."

"And my trunks packed, and the presents so beautifully arranged; and then to disappoint all these people!"

"Well, of course, if you've no objection, here *I* am. If you'd rather marry me than disappoint the bishop and the people, I am more than happy to be able to oblige you."

"Oh, Mr. Trevor, you are always so kind!" An expression of relief relaxed the bride's features. "But I hardly like to accept such a favor."

The best man smiled deprecatingly:

"Pray don't mention it. To be able to oblige you is a privilege, to be of service to you a pleasure. And really it does seem a pity not to have a wedding when everything has been so nicely arranged."

"Are you sure that you are quite willing,—that you are not sacrificing yourself to save the occasion?" queried the bride, smoothing the rumpled telegram in her white-gloved hand.

"Not in the least. Have I not always been your slave? Of course I am entirely at your commands, but my advice is that you had better marry me. These people have been invited here to see a wedding. True consideration for your guests should prompt you to have a wedding, even though it isn't the one they came to see."

"Eleanor," cried out one of the bridesmaids, who had been reconnoitring the interior of the church through the crack of the door, "they've been playing the Lohengrin march for the last ten minutes, and the people are beginning to stare at each other, wondering why we don't come."

"Very well," murmured the bride: "that's the best thing to do, I think. Hurry up, or we'll get there before you do. Come, papa,

your arm. Marie, pull my flounce out there, and don't let my train turn over. Begin on your left foot, girls, and two pews between each couple: don't forget. Now—go!"

The doors were flung back, the Lohengrin march pealed forth for the sixth time, and the bridal procession moved up the aisle.

The bride and groom had returned from the altar and got into their carriage, when a figure in an ulster and a Derby hat hurried across the street, gained the steps, and, pausing, looked into the carriage window. It was Philip Barry.

"I thought that was you," said the phlegmatic man. "Didn't you get my despatch?"

"Well, Philip!" said the bride, with an air of somewhat indignant surprise, "I thought you were washed out somewhere in the West?"

"So I was, and this morning early I sent a telegram. After I had sent it some men that were on the same train got horses and rode to the next station and hired an engine. I came in with them."

"The telegram must have been delayed. We only got it half an hour ago."

"That is not improbable. I believe I did hear them saying something about the wires being down this morning. It was a terrible storm."

"You're too late for the wedding," said the bride, positively. "It's all over."

"How did you have a wedding without me? I thought I was an essential part of the performance."

"Well, it was a narrow squeak, but we just managed it."

"But where do I come in?"

"You don't come in at all; that's just it. You said you were not going to be here in time, and rather than disappoint the people I married Mr. Trevor. When a bishop and four clergymen come a long distance to marry people there really ought to be somebody there for them to marry."

"That was very obliging of Mr. Trevor," said the late arrival, looking at the bridegroom with admiration tinged by mild curiosity.

"We couldn't let the flowers and the reception and four clergymen and a bishop go to waste," said that gentleman, modestly.

"Oh, Mr. Trevor has shown himself a hero. If it had not been for him there would have been no wedding."

"That, from my point of view, might have had its advantages," said Philip Barry, with pensive gentleness.

"It is rather hard on you," admitted the bridegroom, "but when it comes to choosing whether one will disappoint a bishop, four clergymen, and six or seven hundred ladies, or one single man, the choice generally falls on the individual."

"But the people," said Barry,— "weren't they surprised?"

"Oh, I dare say they were," said Mrs. Trevor, "but they didn't do anything to show it. Nobody forbade the marriage, or anything of that sort. It went off beautifully."

"Those who knew must have been a little astonished," said Barry. "Now, I, for example, was supposed to know all about it, and I

was really a good deal astonished when I saw you sitting here in this cab."

"The people are coming out of church. Hadn't we better drive on?" asked the bridegroom.

"Won't you drive up with us?" said the bride, politely.

"No: I think I'll walk on. You're very kind, though."

"But you'll come to the reception, won't you?"

"No, I think not. You see, the people who hadn't been to the church would think I was the bridegroom, and it would be such a bother explaining that I was not. Good-by."

*Geraldine Bonner.*

PHILIP BARRY.

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### LOVE AND THE LOCKSMITH.

"**L**OVE laughs at locksmiths." Truly well may he  
Laugh at the lock who holds the magic key!  
When Love tries wed-lock, and the key thereof  
Is lost, 'tis then the locksmith laughs at Love.

*Clinton Scollard.*



*HOW MEN WRITE.*

**I**T was in the sublime twilight of a summer evening in July in a dreamy Southern climate that I learned some interesting lessons from a strong man. In the door-way of a little out-building, some twenty yards from a quiet mansion where one of the most historic characters of the age dwelt, I sat and listened and learned. The place was not larger than the average-sized spring-house on a Virginia farm. A single table, three chairs, and a few shelves of books were within. They were all there was in sight that guided a powerful mind to write the romance and the tragedy of a revolution. It is a wonderful story, which brings into communion the conflicts and harmony of a tragic era, the habits and thoughts of a man whose life was harsh and lovable by turns. Once his closest friend, who had been his sponsor in the Confederate Senate, remarked that had the President of that attempt at a new government been able to give and take with men in the game of life, he would have been one of the most remarkable characters of any age. His home life, as I saw it this night, was a dream of tenderness.

It was just growing dusk as he spoke. The moon, almost full in its month's horns, was just beginning to throw its silver glints over the waters of the Gulf of Mexico, which washed the white sand of the beach up to Jefferson Davis's gate-way. The evening was perfect in color and air. The night-star shone through the Spanish moss and mistletoe which hung like sheets of silver among the green of the foliage above us. It fastened its look on the corner of the little house before which we sat, and played hide-and-seek with the boughs of the trees and the veil-like lace which nature wove into fashions, shapes, and dove shades like a gray nun's gown. As the winds of night whispered new songs of comfort from over the salt seas, the scene became impressive, and the chat thoughtful.

"Do you know, I think it a mistake for public men who have been active in political life to attempt to write history?" said he. "In this little workshop I wrote the 'Rise and Fall of the Southern Confederacy.' The work is not satisfactory to me, and I doubt if the product of any public man's pen is; but it may serve a good purpose to the future historian. Those schooled in the arts of expression and of labor with the pen, with no combats to remember, tell best the useful stories of achievement, which men who act and control forget, are apt to neglect, and let remembrances of what has passed warp their judgment or guide their criticism.

"A man to write well must have sentiment and write from his impulses rather than from his passion. No man ever mixed in politics, and held high public place, where the affairs of life in the active realm were to be considered and controlled, who did not, if he attempted to put his impressions upon paper, find harsh or eulogistic judgment of men intruding upon him, no matter how much he might try to put them aside. History can never be written in the generation which

created it. Time softens the temper, schools the intellect, and it takes years to reach the point where the truth of to-day can well be told. Then it takes a trained writer to do it, one who knows nothing personally about the occurrences of which he treats. He can be impartial, the actor in them cannot be. Years ago, I used to think that I would like to be a writer; but since I have attempted it I have found no fascinations in it. You have to depend too much upon the caprices of your mind and the feelings of your body to please me."

Orchard Lake may seem a queer place to continue the story of how men write, from a South-land beginning; but it is a good one. It is a kind of military station not far from Detroit, and the place recalls many of the incidents of frontier life, varnished with the strong advancement years have brought to the nation. Captain Charles King lived here a year ago, commanding the splendid battalion of cadets which Colonel Rogers, the superintendent of the Soldiers' School, has gathered here.

It was much of a surprise to find the author of "The Deserter," "From the Ranks," "The Colonel's Daughter," and other charming ideals of camp life in the far West, riding his hobby of command in this secluded spot, devoted to the education of youth in military as well as high classical life.

"Why should I not be here?" said he. "I am two-thirds soldier, and only one-third writer. Colonel Rogers has given me the control of this battalion, and my association with one of the finest schools in the land does not interfere with what literary work I care to do. In fact, I think the communion of the two makes me the better writer. The diversion from the struggle with the pen to that of disciplining the young makes me stronger when I sit down to write. The work of the soldier is rest rather than exaction.

CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.

"How do I write and command too? That is easy. When I get a new chapter, or a fresh thought, which sometimes comes while attending to my military duties, I go to my quarters after leaving the field and talk to my phonograph as long as I have the inspiration. The tubes are sent down to my type-writer, and in due time are returned for my revision. The use of the phonograph is a new experience for me, and a pleasant one. While most people fail to catch its power, I find it easier to dictate to than a human being. I used to write entirely with my own hand; but it was very laborious, for if publishers want your matter at all they want it fast. For instance, I wrote 'Laramie' and 'Between the Lines' while I was furnishing my house, and between hanging a picture and moving a piece of furniture I would write a little now and then upon the first obstacle I could find to hold

my paper. I penned as high as six thousand words in one day in this way: it was a terrible exaction, but one book paid for furnishing my home. With Mr. Edison's modern appliance I find it easier to do what is required of me in literature, and to command this battalion of boys, which is a most grateful task."

This meeting and talk with Captain King, years after Mr. Davis had spoken, recalled to my mind many interesting reminiscences which had fallen into the lap of my experience in association with the men who have alike thrilled and taught the world by their genius. They revive recollections of visits to and chats with Longfellow, Whittier, Walt Whitman, and many of the younger men who adorn literature with their gifts and make reading the wish of the many, rather than the choice of the few. Here are some anecdotes which seem to follow in the wake of the thought of the present.

Not long before Mr. Longfellow passed to the great Unknown, I sat with him in his library at Cambridge for a long conversation upon the incidents and demands of his literary life. He told the romances of the gems he had written, and as the gathering shadows cast a quiet tint over his mass of white hair and furrowed face, he spoke of some of his poems as a mother would speak of her pet offspring.

A grandchild sat on his knee as he talked. The father was called by Harvard graduates "Dick Dana," but the master of verse called him Richard. It was a day to be recalled when the poet put his hand on his daughter's child's head and told the story of "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha." His surroundings were a dream. On the table beside him were many intellectual relics of the past. The inkstand from which Coleridge wrote "The Ancient Mariner" was near his right hand. Just beyond his left was a glass case in which was a chip from the coffin of Dante. By its side rested a gold medal given to him by the citizens of Florence for his translation of the "Inferno." There was a bust of Shakespeare, and a dozen other things suggestive of the man's *penchant*. The surroundings without were quite as interesting as those within, for the old place in which he lived and died wore the sublime history of a hundred years of intellectual and physical life.

HON. JAMES G. BLAINE.

"Why do I write?" said he, in answer to a suggestion. "Because I am pleased with the touch of a pen. There is another reason. I find much pleasure in it. It is so restful. There was never a strong literary achievement born of an effort. Ease of mind and body are essential if much sentiment or words that will live are put on paper.

All men who pen lines have their moods and habits. They govern what is to be done, and when it shall be accomplished. The busy world cannot understand this fact. I work only when the inspiration commands me. Many of my poems have been written years after I have had the story in my mind. I did not write 'Evangeline' for nearly a quarter of a century after I began to frame it; but I had kept in my mind the theme Hawthorne gave me, and finally one day an incident, simply the calling of a stranger who revived the story, brought it to me afresh, and I sat down to put the idyl in verse. I had then travelled and read a great deal of the points where many scenes of the story are located, that were strangers to me when I first heard the tale."

He spoke of other incidents, and I then revived the thought about the methods of his labor.

"I have none," said he. "When I take my pen in hand, I simply write as long as I please, and then take the subject up again when it dominates my mind. I revise very carefully, and sometimes rewrite. It is a habit of mine, when a friend calls in whose judgment I have faith, to read what I have written for an opinion upon it. Sometimes I have received valuable suggestions, for it is true the world over that two minds are usually better than

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"A man will never get rich by his pen; that is, in money. But it is great wealth to find that sentiment, outside the reach of trade, lives to be honored when the accumulation of riches alone is forgotten. I do not write much in a day, and never permit myself to grow tired."

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

As the mighty man of words chatted about the fruits of his pen and brain, there was much that was touching in the simplicity with which he spoke of himself. He had means to live on, and need not write. Yet his verses are many. Like Whittier and others of the great poets, the author of "Hiawatha" wrote because he loved to, and not, like most other men of his guild, from the necessity of gathering money to keep ahead of need.

Mr. Blaine had most peculiar ways about his literary work, and when he labored at all it was with a good deal of system. He was an exception to the rule of all other writers whom I have ever known.

While penning his "Twenty Years in Congress" his life was in many respects a romance and a mystery to the professional laborer with his pen. Yet it was full of moods, and before it was finished bore like a ten-ton stone upon him, for his publishers were eager for copy, and one day when they crowded him he gave vent to feelings which all authors appreciate when he said,—

"Never again will I put myself between a given number of days within which to write a book."

He leaned back in his chair as he spoke, as if tired of the oppression of the pen, and continued :

"I wish I could dictate ; but I cannot with any satisfaction. I have a belief that there is a sympathy between the brain and the hand in putting what may be called literary thoughts upon paper. My hand seems responsive to the demands of the mind. Perchance it is a sort of electricity, which communicates between the thoughtful power and the physical, that finds its medium or circuit through the arm."

These may not be the exact words of the statesman ; but they are his ideas, and illustrate the peculiar impulses which govern the body when the head asserts its strength. The two great volumes which represent the rich endowment of Mr. Blaine's intellectual might in thought and expression were written under peculiar circumstances. He abandoned his library while creating them, and took a quiet room in the second story at his home in Augusta. He arose early, took his breakfast, and was at his desk by nine in the morning. He would work until one, and then drop his pen, take a long walk along the banks of the Kennebec River, and drive out of his mind the great task before him.

EUGENE FIELD.

"I usually write about fifteen hundred words a day," said he. "Then I spend a good part of the afternoon in exercise, and the evening after dinner in recreation with my friends. I will not think of the task before me after leaving my manuscript until I return to it again in the morning."

Not many authors can say this much, for as a rule they are capricious, and many of them put off the hour of endeavor until whims or necessities command them to act.

The habits, or lack of habits, of poets are peculiar. For instance, T. Buchanan Read, over a pot of tea brewed by his good wife, wrote "Sheridan's Ride" between twelve and four. The lines were penned in an up-stairs room of a relative's house in Cincinnati,—a harsh man of business. Read put on paper the words that will live as long as

time lasts, to please his friends, but against his own protest. The night before, with his old friend James E. Murdock, the actor, had not left the impulses as generous as they might be and the brain as capable of sentiment as when he wrote "Drifting" and other choice rhymes. Only by sheer force of will, copious draughts of the leaf grown in China, and solitude, did he bring forth that poem which Murdock recited the same night to a great audience and all the country read the next morning. While it made him famous, he was never satisfied with the manner of its origin.

Unlike many prose writers, poets never dictate. "The pen in hand must follow the line in the head, and a constant look upon the paper is essential to success. It is necessary to the pathos, description, or humor of the brain that the hand follow where it is led," said a poet of power one day. Mr. Read knew nothing of Sheridan's effort to

reach a struggling army until an hour before he was pushed to write a poem upon it. The foundation for his fancy was a picture of the dash up the Winchester pike, held in the hands of his relative, who I believe sold stoves and saw only the financial side of life. While he admired Read, he was never able to understand the caprices which naturally governed a man who was both poet and painter, and whose whole life was ideal rather than real.

Mr. Whittier was a curious worker with his pen. I remember one day sitting in his quaint library in the little plain country-side house at Amesbury, upon which the children of the working men and women who spin in the mills on Powow River looked with awe, as they followed the poet's footsteps with rever-

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

ence. It was a beautiful day in November, in the very midst of Indian summer, "that beautiful season of mist and mellow fruitfulness," when there is inspiration in the air that clears the brain and quickens the footsteps. The great man of verse was in good humor, and we chatted long and delightfully upon the fruits of his pen. He told me stories of his association with Longfellow, Hawthorne, and Emerson.

"You have written much," I suggested.

"Yes," he answered. "I wish some of it had never been printed. The conditions of my early life were so harsh, and my education so meagre, that many things written when I was young should not be criticised now. You know I began early, and wrote and wrote without any thought other than that of getting my views before the public."

"What were your ways of labor?"

"I never had any. I simply wrote when my brain commanded



my hand, without any other idea than reading what I had created in print. Sometimes I would write many hours a day, at other times not at all. When a thought struck me, I would put it on paper before I left it, if it took the day and half the night. It was always difficult with me to begin a subject, leave it, and then return to it. I would often revise both my prose and poetical writings; but it was next to a necessity with me to complete the momentary demands of my mind when it was fixed, before breaking the thread. Pictures could easily be made the next day; but the thought was essential to the hour, and that dominated all other things."

"Life was severe, then?"

"Yes, very. The writers of the early days never thought of compensation. They labored as a matter of sentiment or conviction, as the case might be. If we had been obliged to depend on pay for what we turned out, there would have been very little to eat in the house. In fact, it is my belief that any writer of work that is to live cannot do himself justice if his sentiment has a financial basis and he thinks of how much his effort is to bring him. To myself, as to Hawthorne, Emerson, and Longfellow, the products of struggle were simply bread cast upon the waters, which have returned in the later years when most needed."

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

"Then you never had any stated hours at the desk, either as poet or editor?"

"None. When the mob threw my printing-office in Philadelphia into the street, they expected to find me there, and I would have gone with it; but my lack of hours and methods saved me much trouble. I learned early in life that a man could never write well until the spirit moved him and his mind was in command."

Julian Hawthorne is one of the most erratic of our writers. Unlike his illustrious father, he dwells with men and their delights, working with great rapidity when the spirit moves him, and turns out more matter than any of the men who labor with their pen in this generation. He used to write with his hand; but his lines were so small that they could be read only with a field-glass, and his words were so close together that Maurice Barrymore once said of him, "Hawthorne can write a whole novel on four pages of foolscap."

He now uses a type-writer, upon which he pounds out the cunning and fancy of his fertile brain. In his quiet life at Sag Harbor, with his troop of romping children about him, he frequently writes four thousand words a day, and can turn out an ordinary-sized novel in six weeks which it would take most men six months to complete. What a difference between the days in which he lives and those harsh conditions which surrounded his great father, who in poverty and rude belongings penned "The Scarlet Letter" and "The House of the Seven Gables," with a melancholy upon his face and in his heart that was forced upon him, because the people about him could not tolerate a man who did not produce some daily return for his toil! It is even told of Emerson, who was more practical than his friend, that while he

was writing he kept a little store, that he might be regarded as doing something to appease the harsh prejudices of those about him.

That tall, raw-boned Western poet and humorist, Eugene Field, Joel Chandler Harris, who writes those delightful negro stories, and Mr. Edwards of the *Macon Telegraph*, who is following in the same vein, are about the only three writers of sentiment who undertake to keep up daily work on newspapers. But the *Atlanta Constitution* allows "Uncle Remus" to do as he pleases, and the *Chicago News* gives Mr. Field the widest latitude

BILL NYE.

for his wonderful fancies. The same can be said of Mr. Edwards and James Whitcomb Riley. Undertake to put these men within certain restrictions of hour or utterance, and it would be like undertaking to direct a Bengal tiger with a shoestring.

Bill Nye strikes his own attitude in this breezy conversation. After saying that his early lot in life was a hard one, but that he had learned from it lessons of great industry, he continues:

"I have no memory, not a vestige of one. My wife's features have now become so sort of impressed on me that I am able to call her by name at the breakfast-table; but there are very few other things that I can remember over-night. I have been building a house on the French Broad River this summer, and the architect and everybody else will tell you that I have asked a thousand times what the different

kinds of wood in the various rooms are, that are used in finishing it: yet yesterday I could not tell the man who is to build the mantels so that he could intelligently match them.

"I used to weep and sob over this thing, and curse my ill luck, but now I am more reconciled, for it saves me from lots of plagiarism, and gives me the blessed privilege of enjoying such men as Dickens and Thackeray all over again every summer.

"I have no special literary habits, more than others who use the pen. I can do double the work in the morning that I can in the afternoon or evening, and so do my task before the day is fairly begun with many people. Thus I always have the air in society of a man who dawdles away the time, and many regard me as simply a butterfly of fashion.

"I am rather proud of the fact that I am quite content to deal with newspaper readers. While I am told that what is printed in newspapers is not literature, and that it is stuff, I am convinced that where there is an audience of two or three millions every Sunday morning ready to receive the regular discourse, it must convince the sceptical that even if the matter printed in Sunday papers is not literature, it paves the way for literature, and fits the reader for the more refined and delicately scented literary touch-me-nots of the magazines.

"It must be rather easy for me to write, comparatively speaking, for I have written under all circumstances, some of them most unfavorable. I was nearly killed in a Wisconsin cyclone several years ago, and when I got home to Hudson, literally on a stretcher, I was met by a telegram asking me to write up the affair humorously, and offering a very tidy sum for the job. I did it with my fractured bones done up in glass, and black-and-blue landscapes and marine studies all over my gothic frame. For several years I have travelled and lectured, keeping up the weekly letter on a vegetable diet and under the most trying circumstances. Now that I am well and fat, with a good stock of mountain muscle and good blood from North Carolina, industry rather tickles me, and I am thinking of doing my own work next season entirely.

WALT WHITMAN.

"It is rather singular that my first work was serious, and I could give you a somewhat soggy poem of mine that is sad, oh, so sad. But I fear you would misjudge my motive. The poem was written at the age of twenty, at the time when I was learning with tears the sad, sad lesson of loving. The piece was written whilst I was also learning

to hone a razor properly, and a good judge of style and versification would say at once that it needed better drainage as much as anything."

Alexander H. Stephens could dictate with more facility than any man I ever knew. His "War between the States," his "History of the United States," and all his other books were mechanically the work of other hands. I have known him at his quiet home in Georgia to talk to his amanuensis ten thousand words a day, and the remarkable achievements of this man, who was carried in a chair for forty years, illustrate the value of the power to dictate, which, by the way, very few writers possess. I suppose that nine-tenths of the men who write are forced to use their own hands for their literary endeavor. But the newspaper writer of to-day, with the demands made upon him, could never accomplish a tithe of his task without the power to use a third party.

Meeting Walt Whitman just after he had written, and I had read in print, his great poem "My Captain," I spent a pleasant evening. He was then a clerk in the Attorney-General's Office, Washington, at a small salary, for which he was asked to do little. He was with a friend from his own town, a street-car conductor at the capital, who was Whitman's constant companion when off his beat on the tram-way. I asked the poet how and when he wrote such lines as are found in the "Leaves of Grass."

"I don't know how," said he, "and can hardly tell when. But as the thoughts came to my mind I put them down, for, after all, it is the curious fancies of the brain dominating the body which make it possible for the hand to follow along the paper. The writer is only a machine which traces the force which the spirit gives it. I love to write. That is why I do it. It brings little return in money, but a wealth of satisfaction."

It was always a marvel to me that Mr. Conkling, with all his wonderful powers, never put anything on paper for publication. Once I asked him why he did not. His answer was characteristic:

"Public men should not write. That should be left to those trained for that work. It is a peculiar gift, and, as a rule, those who mix in the active affairs of life do not possess it. Besides, I have no ambition to see my knowledge, judgment, or impressions in print."

John Boyle O'Reilly was a man of great intellectual activity. Being the editor of the *Boston Pilot*, which yielded him a handsome revenue, he had no demands for bread, and he wrote verse and romance as a sort of safety-valve to his strong physical and ideal nature. He was a most lovable character, fond of all heroic pleasures, yet would write a poem, teach boxing, and referee a prize-fight, all within twenty-four hours. With the heart of a lion and nerves of steel, his heart was tenderness itself, and his brain a strange mixture of sentiment and force. One day during our long friendship, filled with many memories of quiet talks, I asked him how he found time to edit a newspaper, teach athletics, write novels, theories on boxing, and such poems as "In Bohemia."

"That is my pet," said he. "That was penned without an effort, for it came from my heart. Some of my poems were a serious task.

For instance, the one on 'The Landing of the Pilgrims' cost me a good deal of work. Writing at the demands of a stated occasion is not a pleasant occupation. There is too much responsibility about it, which intrudes itself upon you all the time. I like to write upon the spirit of the moment, when the body is filled with red blood, and the brain sets itself up to be the master of all that is beneath it, both in heart and hand."

Not long after these words were spoken, the grip of the merciless black tiger put its hand upon all the powers of this wonderful Irish writer, who as an exile from his own land reached America to exploit his genius, and to be selected by a Puritan community to write verses, which will live as long as time, upon the landing upon a rock of the first settlers of this great government.

There are so many eccentricities in connection with this interesting question how *littérateurs* write, that a book could be woven from them that would read like two romances instead of one.' For the spirit and impulses which guide their hands are never found in any two of them alike, and, after all, a glance through the microscope of discernment finds these contradictions the very flower of their achievements.

*Frank A. Burr.*

### SUCCORY.

I PLUCKED a little bud of blue  
That nodded by the way,—  
The cradle of a drop of dew,  
The darling of the day.

I pinned the treasure at my throat,  
So might I bear to town  
Some token of the thrush's note,—  
The lane the leaves go down.

And why—I set it in a cup  
And blessed it with the sun—  
Why were the petals folded up,  
Where was the azure run?

Ah me! What was the difference, Heart?—  
What magic made thee beat?  
The self-same sun is on the mart,  
The breeze is in the street!

*Harrison S. Morris.*

## AMBITION.

## A ONE-ACT PLAY.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COLONEL THOMAS CLUETT, *a West Point graduate who has had twenty years of service in the regular army.*

THOMAS CARNOT, *his nephew.*

MARY WOOLCOTT, *a widow, at whose country home on Long Island the scene is laid.*

MARY WOOLCOTT, *her daughter.*

SCENE.—*The rose-garden of a country home on Long Island. Through the long windows of the house, which open upon a long old-fashioned balcony, is heard the sound of dance-music, and couples are seen flying past them in the waltz. Crickets and fireflies occupy the garden, and regard with curiosity a middle-aged man in evening dress, who limps slightly as he walks, and who is enjoying a cigar as he smilingly inspects a statue of Love, weeping, with broken wings, which stands amid a thicket of roses and honeysuckles just beneath the balcony.*

Col. Thomas Cluett, *addressing Love.* Have you been taking on like that for twenty years? Come now, my friend, be consoled! The last time we met I made quite as much fuss as you did! Do you remember? I do. Twenty years ago! Starlight, fireflies, crickets, and roses without, and within the old house yonder—not such a very old house then—dance-music, exactly as it is to-night. And you,—you wept, as you do to-night, elegantly; while I—well, I am afraid I blubbered like a school-boy. I know I wanted to do so. For Mary—the Mary who introduces to the world this night her daughter Mary—proved herself a very sensible woman, twenty years ago to-night, by refusing to leave home, comfort, and the friends of her girlhood—for what? For the perils and privations of a life on the plains. With whom, my boy? With me. You heard it all, you rascal, and wept then as you have been weeping ever since. You had wings then. And now you have lost them. I have lost mine also. But we never blamed her: did we, now? That night, the fever, the rage of youth; to-night, the calm of middle life, the good sense to prefer the cool and quiet of this garden to the deuced hot air of those rooms. I would go back to my hotel, but that I have a fancy I should like to chat a bit with her. Again Mary and Tom. Mary, matronly, serene, yet just as sweet,—perhaps just as faulty; and Tom, gray, weather-beaten, with a certain keepsake in the shape of an Indian bullet. Mary! *(slowly)* Mary!

*(A woman has come out upon the balcony during the moment and leans smilingly to break the roses from the vines.)*

Mrs. Woolcott. I am here.

Col. Cluett *(throwing away cigar)*. As you were twenty years ago.

Mrs. Woolcott. The night you left me alone?

Col. Cluett. Exactly. But I was given no choice.

*(Both laugh heartily.)*



*Mrs. Woolcott.* We were children.

*Col. Cluett.* Nothing else.

*Mrs. Woolcott.* And only wise when we——

*Col. Cluett.* Parted.

*Mrs. Woolcott.* Precisely.

*Col. Cluett.* Yet, I must confess, after all these years on the plains, I think to-night with tenderness of those old days.

*Mrs. Woolcott (archly).* But no regrets?

*Col. Cluett.* Shall I be honest?

*Mrs. Woolcott (laughing and raising eyebrows).* At our age the ability to be honest is a well-earned luxury.

*Col. Cluett.* Well, then, no.

*Mrs. Woolcott.* But it *was* laughably sweet.

*Col. Cluett.* It was.

*(Both are silent as he slowly ascends the narrow stairway which leads to the balcony where she is sitting. He finally stands beside her, and they keep time unconsciously to the waltz-music within.)*

*Mrs. Woolcott (thoughtfully).* I've been thinking——

*Col. Cluett (interrupting her).* I've done nothing else to-night.

*Mrs. Woolcott.* I had about me a certain hard common sense, which seems to be reproduced in my little Mary. Is she not beautiful?

*Col. Cluett.* She is. But not as beautiful as her mother was.

*Mrs. Woolcott.* Nonsense! She is more so. But, to resume a subject which is no longer dangerous. It was not *all* for myself I thought. It was for you also. I was a girl born to a life of home comfort, as my little Mary is. I was like a spoiled kitten, the pet of a household, and intuition seemed to do for me what experience does for the woman of the world. I had sense enough to know that we could not live on moonbeams and love,—that all hours did not belong to summer and roses. I think I loved you, in my way; yet I had little money, you none. You—you have never blamed me?

*Col. Cluett.* Blamed you, Mary! No,—never! I appreciated my position: I was poor as my rascal of a nephew Tom Carnot, and with no prospect of any home to offer a wife. Her home would have had to be my heart. And when I think of the barrack life I have led, the rough prosaic existence,—if I had blamed you then I should forgive you now. I don't wonder it frightened you.

*Mrs. Woolcott.* It did. Yet what a lover you made!

*Col. Cluett.* And my love-making——?

*Mrs. Woolcott.* Was the prettiest thing of the kind I ever saw. You were an artist.

*Col. Cluett (slowly).* So many, many years ago.

*Mrs. Woolcott.* Ah, man is with love as a child with a toy balloon. He may himself burst the enchanting bubble, being rewarded with flatness and staleness. He may lose it and watch it in anguish as the gaudy toy floats upward to the stars. Or he may, cherishing it hour by hour, live to see it slowly shrink into nothingness.

*Col. Cluett.* To voluntarily let love go——

*Mrs. Woolcott.* It is better so. To the last, then, it would not

change,—or rather it would change, it has changed, but it would be after it had passed out of sight.

*Col. Cluett.* Mary,—excuse the old habit,—a child losing its treasured toy takes another, and likes it quite as well. A woman,—can she do that?

*Mrs. Woolcott.* I—you mean me to take it in its personal sense—bought another toy.

*Col. Cluett.* And it—you found it quite as fine a thing as the one you had given up?

*Mrs. Woolcott.* Tom—he was indulgent, and through him I realized my ambitions. Life has—yes, life has been a success. (*They are both silent for a moment.*) And you?

*Col. Cluett.* I? Oh, I have fought my fight,—or, literally, my fights. I have met my Indian. My boyhood's dream of military fame has been quite fully realized. Barrack life is a fast life,—a hard one. I'm sorry Tom Carnot has chosen it. He leaves West Point with pretty much the same future ahead of him as I—twenty years ago.

*Mrs. Woolcott.* We are all proud of you. And your present is what makes young fellows like Tom Carnot picture the future to themselves as you did twenty years ago.

*Col. Cluett.* Twenty years! And yet they fade away like the veriest mist to-night. I live it again. Do you? See! (*Rising and leaning to look in garden beneath balcony.*) Just there, by the statue of weeping Love, you stood: you were waiting for me. By Jove! who is that?

(*A girlish figure steals from the shadows to the spot he had indicated.*)

*Mrs. Woolcott.* That! Why, that is my little Mary!

*Col. Cluett.* See! and there is Tom! Again it is Tom and Mary. So does history repeat itself.

*Below in garden.*

*Tom Carnot.* You are here——

*Mary.* For the hour: this hour shall be yours.

*Tom Carnot.* And only the hour! It is so little!

*Above in balcony.*

*Col. Cluett.* A little that is too much!

*Mrs. Woolcott.* So foolish!

*Below in garden.*

*Tom.* Oh, Mary, must it end?

*Mary.* Let me think!

*Tom.* No, dear! don't think——

*Mary.* Finish it, Tom! Say that neither of us dare think. You know it! I know it! People don't let themselves think when they long to do a foolish thing! And we long to be foolish. Oh, I know: a woman always knows!

*Above in balcony.*

*Mrs. Woolcott.* They always *think* they know.

*Below in garden.*

*Tom.* You mean that a marriage between us would be an impossibility?

*Mary.* It would be insanity.

*Above in balcony.*

*Mrs. Woolcott.* And this is my daughter!

*Col. Cluett.* Mary!

*Mrs. Woolcott.* Tom!

*Below in garden.*

*Tom.* But other people have been foolish.

*Mary.* Yes, and have regretted it.

*Above in balcony.*

*Mrs. Woolcott.* And other people have been wise.

*Col. Cluett.* And have regretted it?

*Mrs. Woolcott.* Hush! Listen!

*Below in garden.*

*Tom.* I would risk it.

*Above in balcony.*

*Col. Cluett.* Good for you, you rash rascal!

*Below in garden.*

*Mary.* I have thought it all over, Tom. I think I love you. But how can I know?

*Above in balcony.*

*Mrs. Woolcott.* By losing him, you little idiot!

*Below in garden.*

*Mary.* And we are so young! We can—we must—forget. We are worldlings.

*Tom.* I can never forget.

*Above in balcony.*

*Mrs. Woolcott.* Men say that; but they do.

*Below in garden.*

*Mary.* I shall.

*Above in balcony.*

*Col. Cluett.* You see, *she* is a woman.

*Mrs. Woolcott.* Men say, "I remember," and forget. Women say, "I forget," while they remember.

*Col. Cluett.* And don't you?

*Mrs. Woolcott.* Hush! Listen!

*Below in garden.*

*Tom.* Sweetheart, think: in there (*points to house*) is the world. Out here, in the darkness and the dew, is Love (*points to statue*). Decide between them.

*Above in balcony.*

*Mrs. Woolcott.* That's just what you said.

*Below in garden.*

*Mary.* I have little money—you none. You have a career ahead of you. Shall I spoil it? I should be a drag upon your life. Oh, Tom,—I'll tell the truth,—I'm not good enough, not unselfish enough, to give up all I know and am sure of—for you. Why, I've hardly known you three months!

*Above in balcony.*

*Col. Cluett.* There spoke the girl society has made.

*Mrs. Woolcott.* But not the girl God made.

*Below in garden.*

*Tom.* And love?

*Mary.* Is it love? Is it not rather an infatuation? a spell?

*Tom.* And this is to be all?

*Mary.* We shall live to laugh over it.

*Above in balcony.*

*Col. Cluett.* We did—to-night.

*Mrs. Woolcott.* Alas! that is so.

*Below in garden.*

*Mary.* And by and by you will say, "That was the most sensible girl I ever knew."

*Tom.* By and by.

*Mary* (*kneeling and stripping the flowers from her corsage*). See, right here we will dig a little grave,—right at the feet of the statue,—and we will take this little love of ours, and we will lay it within it. It is so little, so young! We will kiss its wings—so (*she goes through pantomime*), we will smooth its soft feathers—so. The June nights will shroud it, and through the long hours fireflies will watch beside it.

*Above in balcony.*

*Col. Cluett.* Girlish philosophy buries love.

*Below in garden.*

*Tom.* And for love we shall substitute—what?

*Mary.* Ambition.

*Above in balcony.*

*Col. Cluett.* God help him!

*Mrs. Woolcott.* And her also!

*Below in garden.*

*Tom.* Who has taught you these things?

*Mary.* The world; but chiefly—my mother.

*Mrs. Woolcott (leaning over balcony).* Mary, my little girl, I was wrong.

*Mary.* Mamma!

*Mrs. Woolcott.* And when I said that the world, social triumphs, ambition, could fill a woman's heart, I—lied.

*Col. Cluett.* Mary!

*Mary.* Oh, mamma!

*(Col. Cluett and Mrs. Woolcott descend from the balcony, and come to the spot where Mary is still kneeling beside a little mock grave covered with ball-room flowers.)*

*Mrs. Woolcott (kneeling beside her).* Mary, if you love Tom, don't do as your mother did twenty years ago to-night; don't throw away twenty years of life.

*Col. Cluett.* That is it,—Life. Tom! Don't give her up! Hold her against her worse self! To love and be loved,—that is life! I am alive, but I have never *lived*. I have missed all. Twenty years ago to-night, your Mary's mother and I stood as you have stood to-night and argued the old case of "Love *versus* Ambition." And to-night this old garden teems with ghosts,—ghosts of wasted years,—and I see——

*Mrs. Woolcott.* That it was all a bitter mistake. Tom! Mary! a woman's home is in the heart of the man whom she loves and who loves her. It is only a bad woman who can be satisfied with anything less. Mary, I'm your mother, a woman of the world for twenty years, and I say, if you love Tom, who must live in barracks, go live in barracks with him.

*Tom.* Mary, your mother gives you to me. What do you say?

*Mary (laughing).* Say? Do? I'll dig up love and wear him in my heart! *(Goes through pantomime of removing love from grave.)*

*Tom (kissing her).* And I will find him again on your lips.

*(They run up balcony steps.)*

*Col. Cluett.* Mary!

*Mrs. Woolcott.* Tom!

*Col. Cluett.* It is never too late to repent.

*Mrs. Woolcott.* But the world would say, "There are no fools like old fools."

*Col. Cluett.* Oh, hang the world! We've given it twenty years.

*Mary (from balcony, quoting her mother).* "And when one says that the world, social triumphs, ambition, can fill a woman's heart, one lies."

[Curtain.]

*Johanna Staats.*

## POETRY.

**P**ALPITANT utterance of impassioned thought,  
Divinely dear, by subtle instinct caught,  
Cadenced to music, swept by joy or tears,  
And given a passport through unending years!

*Joel Benton.*

## THE FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT.\*

[JOURNALIST SERIES.]

THE foreign correspondence and news of the American journal may be likened to the accomplishments of a liberal education: while not absolute essentials, they do give distinction and tone to the whole. The position of a paper may be gauged, generally, by the extent and quality—especially the latter—of its foreign matter. If the London *Times* still stands, taking it all in all, at the head of the world's Daily Press, this is due in a very large measure to the high character and wide scope of its foreign news.

The work of the foreign correspondent may be divided into two almost distinct classes: that which goes by mail and that which goes by telegraph. Many correspondents employ both agents in purveying for their papers. A word, at the start, about the first.

Mail correspondence from Europe has undergone a rather remarkable change during the last twenty-five years. When Horace Greeley, William Cullen Bryant, and other great American editors of the first half of the century visited the Old World, they were in the habit of sending home letters for the columns of their respective newspapers. Submarine telegraphy, however, dealt a deadly blow to European mail correspondence. Now the newspaper letter-writer who would use the post must seek out-of-the-way subjects, those of an artistic, literary, or social nature, those which have little if any "news point;" for the cable relegates a news letter, even before it is posted, to the editor's waste-basket. "It requires the best brains a man has to do anything now with *pen*," Mr. Moncure D. Conway once said to me, referring to this aspect of newspaper work.

But, fortunately for the producers of this class of matter, the increased and increasing speed of ocean steamships has come to their aid at the moment when starvation was almost beginning to stare them in the face. When a letter can be written, hurried over the Atlantic, and put in type, all within a week,—and this desideratum is almost realized at present,—then the mail correspondent will have regained much of his old power. Even now the reaction is setting in, and the editors of many leading dailies are turning with the former favor to the slower but more exact and vivid and less costly method of reporting European life, by post rather than by electricity.

But the "ocean greyhound" is not the only "friend in need" of the letter-writer. The "cable correspondent" who has held his head rather high during the past quarter of a century and has looked down with considerable disdain upon his more humble colleague, the "mail

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\* The author of this article was formerly Berlin correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, and, later, Paris correspondent of the New York Associated Press.



correspondent," is now called upon to withstand another and far more formidable enemy, whose blows are the more difficult to ward off because they come in the form of his own weapon,—the electric fluid. I refer to the Telegraphic News Agencies with which Europe is already richly endowed, and which are increasing from year to year in number and importance. Avenel's "*La Presse Française*" for 1892 gives not less than fifty-eight newspaper agencies of one kind or another in Paris alone. What the cable correspondent did to the mail correspondent the news agency is now doing to the former: it is gradually cutting the ground from under his feet.

One of the best-known foreign journalists in Rome writes me, "The great news agencies are doing so much of the work now, Stefani receiving all the official information to the exclusion, as a rule, even of the Italian press, that the importance of a correspondent for getting early and exclusive news is almost nil. Reuter and Havas have permanent correspondents at Rome, and Dalziel is about to appoint one. The London *Times* is now the only English journal which has a salaried 'own correspondent' in Rome for other than telegraphic work, the *Standard* and *Daily News* having telegraphic correspondence to an important extent from special and regular correspondents, that of the *Standard* being salaried. The rapidly extending organization of the news agencies, and the new feature lately introduced of 'special' news communications, which are now furnished by the chief agencies on demand through their regular staff, threaten to diminish still further the importance of the special correspondent and for most journals to supersede him, except in war-times."

Throughout Latin Europe the Paris Havas Agency rules supreme, while two or three weaker rivals dispute its monopoly in France at least. In Scandinavia Ritzau's Agency seems to cover the ground. At Copenhagen, for instance, the London *Times* has no correspondent of its own, but depends upon Ritzau for Danish news. In Berlin and Vienna a number of private and semi-official news agencies issue manuscript sheets or slips to which the German papers subscribe by the month or year. The best of these is the Allgemeine Reichs-Correspondenz, which occasionally gives telegraphic reports. But the great Berlin agency is that of Wolff, with the Herald Depeschen Bureau and the Hirsch Telegraph Bureau as new rivals.

The bearing on the American press and American correspondents abroad of what has just been said will be more clearly seen when I describe somewhat in detail the work of a leading agency for the transmission of news to the United States. I refer to the whilom New York Associated Press, and particularly to its head office in Europe at London.

In Effingham House, Arundel Street, just off the busy Strand and in the midst of the newspaper world of the English capital, the news of the whole Eastern hemisphere was concentrated and such portions of it forwarded to America as were thought of interest. The daily average of words thus supplied to the London office exceeded twenty-five thousand. Much of this large total was useless for American news purposes, but all of it had to be carefully scanned. Besides this news

furnished through the regular channels, the various editions of the London papers—over forty in number—were carefully read the moment they appeared, and any “special” information of importance found in their columns was extracted and cabled. While exercising a rigid economy in condensing news, the Associated Press, in spite of high cable rates, telegraphed important events from London to New York as fully as it would have done from Washington to New York. A speech delivered in Parliament, in the Reichstag, or in the Chamber of Deputies, was often cabled verbatim. Aside from these exceptional occasions and the general news supply, there was sent out daily a vast quantity of markets, stock, and shipping reports, from all quarters of the globe. The quality and extent of the Associated Press service were only half realized by the general public. But occasionally a journalistic expert gave his opinion,—as, for instance, when that eminent English journalist, Mr. H. G. Reid, writing in the *Fortnightly Review*, stated that while in America during the Home Rule debates in Parliament he found that the Associated Press reports gave a better idea of the proceedings than did those of the English papers.

As the newspapers of America are scattered from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and because of the difference of time between the two continents, ranging from five hours between London and New York to eight hours between London and San Francisco, there is scarcely an hour in the twenty-four when telegrams cannot reach some edition of a morning or evening newspaper. Thus, when the Duke of Clarence died at nine o'clock in the morning at Sandringham, it was but one A.M. in San Francisco, so that the news was in time for all morning papers west of Chicago. Consequently the regular editions of all American morning papers can be reached as late as six and even seven A.M., London time. This difference of time enables the correspondent to cull from the great London dailies any special news or editorial comment of interest to America. And this is one of the main reasons why London is *the* centre of news-collecting for America: the London dailies contain the largest and best collection of European news, which is all at the disposal of the American cable correspondents at the English capital.

The Associated Press co-operated with all the leading news agencies of Europe. Placing all the news it gathered in America at the service of these allied agencies, it received in return for use in the United States all the news they gathered abroad. It had an exclusive contract for shipping news with the celebrated institution known as “Lloyd’s,” whose thirteen hundred agents are scattered along every available portion of the earth’s seaboard and whose signal stations and boats are familiar to travellers in all parts of the world. It also received the news of the Press Association and Exchange Telegraph Company, which cover Great Britain and Ireland.

The news of these various agencies was, for the most part, laid down in the London offices of the Associated Press by means of news instruments similar to the American “tickers.” The visitor to the offices found a bewildering array of these instruments, of telephones, telegraph wires, and the other appurtenances of the modern news

agency. The Associated Press leased a special wire from the British government giving it direct communication with the cable companies, so that a message was flashed across the Atlantic almost as each word was written.\*

London, it will thus be seen, is the principal centre of American journalism in Europe. "It is remarkable in correspondential resources," Mr. Moncure D. Conway once said to me: "there is always something new in its learned societies, theatres, churches, university circles, woman movements, and especially in its artistic developments, that may be sure of exciting American interest."

What London is to the foreign newspaper world in general, Paris is to Continental Europe. In the latter city English dailies have their best-paid correspondents and best-equipped offices, and in Paris, too, American journalism and American journalists flourish as in no other Continental capital. Nor is this latter fact wholly due to the circumstance that "Paris is the Yankee Paradise." It is because for Continental Europe, and especially for Latin and Slav Europe and the Orient, Paris is the cynosure, is *the* news centre; since in Paris are published the *Temps*, the *Figaro*, the *Journal des Débats*, and one or two other famous newspapers; since Paris is the home of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the Comédie Française, the Académie Française, the annual Salons, etc.; not to speak of the important political actions and influences which emanate from this same city.

The history of the formation of the Paris Syndicate of Foreign Correspondents is so curious, and so typical of the fashion in which the foreign correspondent is treated and looked upon, not only at the French capital, but also in the other chief Continental cities, that I give it somewhat in detail. This story of the revindication of the "Fourth Estate" is here told for the first time, I believe, and may be taken as a fair example of the struggle which modern journalism has had, or is having, in most of the Continental countries, with what is left of the old régime.

During the Second Empire the journalist, whether French or foreign, had a pretty hard time of it. Every possible obstacle was placed in his way in his effort to obtain news; and if he got any, he ran the risk of imprisonment if he used it. The situation in Paris then was much the same as it is to-day in St. Petersburg. Of course no journalist was admitted to the sittings of the Corps Législatif; there were no galleries even for the general public, much less a press gallery; but when the war of 1870 overthrew the tyranny of Napoleon III., and before the National Assembly was scarcely organized at Bordeaux, the journalists of France made haste to claim their rights.

Early in 1871 the journalists congregated at Bordeaux called a meeting under the presidency of Victor Hugo, and appointed a com-

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\* For the above information concerning the Associated Press I am indebted to Mr. Walter Neef, who for nearly two years acted as London and general foreign manager of the Associated Press, and who has been connected with the agency for fifteen years. Prior to his going abroad, Mr. Neef was for several years assistant general manager of the Western Division of the Associated Press, with head-quarters at Chicago.

mittee composed of Paris, provincial, and foreign journalists, whose mission it was to obtain a permanent gallery for the press in the theatre where the National Assembly sat. I shall consider only one phase of this undertaking, that which concerned the interests of the foreign correspondents.

The only foreigner on the committee was the late George M. Crawford, who throughout the Empire had always taken the republican or liberal side in his despatches to the London *Daily News*. The committee called on the questor of the Assembly, but were received with such hot insolence that Mr. Crawford returned the ticket of admission to the sittings offered him as a sop in lieu of the desired press gallery, and abandoned the attempt to obtain recognition for the foreign correspondents, although the Paris and provincial press were more successful in their demand.

In the mean time the National Assembly left Bordeaux for Versailles. The continued exclusion from the sittings of the foreign correspondents, with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, who, through the kindness of powerful friends, followed all the debates, finally decided the London managers of the great English dailies to consider the advantage of securing an account of the sittings from French journalists, the English correspondents to act simply as translators. Thereupon Mr. Crawford was appealed to by his brother correspondents to make one more effort in their behalf, and he generously and patriotically consented to do so.

Mrs. Crawford took the matter in hand, had a bill drawn up, and after a year's labor succeeded in getting it passed. She first saw the questor, who pronounced himself once more as decidedly opposed to the measure as ever. Then she saw M. de Rémusat, Minister of Foreign Affairs, who, while not personally against the innovation, declared that he saw only difficulties in the way of its realization. Lord Lyons was also appealed to, and not in vain. M. Thiers, who was then President of the Republic, was early brought over to the proposal, but said, "I must not be supposed to be favorable to the bill, otherwise the reactionists will never pass it; but privately I will get my friends to support it." And when the measure came up for discussion in 1873, the shrewd Thiers said, "The government has been handed over to me in trust, and I must do nothing that might in any way cause it harm; but you enjoy the responsibility of your own acts." Of course the result was now certain: the bill was passed almost unanimously, "and now," as Mr. Crawford said to me when, one day in 1874, I went down with him to the historic Versailles theatre, "we sit here by act of Parliament."

But, notwithstanding the fact that we sit in the Chamber by act of Parliament, our accommodations are very bad, to employ an exceedingly mild term. The foreign press gallery in the Palais Bourbon is the poorest—I use the word advisedly—in the whole house. It is high up, near the roof, at one of the extreme ends of the hemicycle, and is so situated in regard to the tribune that the speaker is far in front of a line drawn at right angles to the gallery, which of course greatly increases the difficulties of hearing the debates. Then, again,

it can hold not more than a score of listeners, a mere corporal's guard from the vast army of foreign newspaper-men—Avenel mentions by name nine hundred and fifty—congregated in the French capital. But a single American correspondent sits there. And what has been said of the foreign press gallery of the Chamber of Deputies may be repeated in most particulars of that of the Senate.

In Rome the situation is much the same. An English journalist there writes me as follows: "The foreign press has no gallery in Parliament; but the general press gallery is large and open to all accredited correspondents, being simply a section of the public gallery, most inconvenient to hear from and for the greater part useless. The seats are drawn on the opening of each session, and only the front row gives a chance to hear even those who speak distinctly: so that, as a rule, foreign correspondents do not attend the debates."

There is a small press gallery in the Reichstag at Berlin; but it is not large enough to accommodate all journalists, even one of the well-established Berlin papers, having perhaps the largest circulation, being excluded for lack of space. The London correspondents are given seats there. "This state of things," an American journalist, Mr. Henry W. Fisher, writes me from the German capital, "is a consequence of the Bismarck régime, when only such papers were admitted to the Reichstag as acted as mouth-pieces of the Chancellor." A reform is promised.

In Vienna the foreign press has about ten seats in the general press gallery of the Reichsrath; but, with the exception of the German correspondents, these seats are not occupied more than once or twice a year. "To the late crown prince," the oldest foreign correspondent at the Austrian capital writes me, "belongs all the merit of having obtained favors for journalists,—such as their admission to a gallery at court balls, dinners, etc. At the Foreign Office there are high officials who receive us during a couple of hours daily, though, for all the information they give us, we might as well stay away. But we all go, if only to be able to quote the 'diplomatic circles' from time to time. Another court councillor attends to our wants at the home department, and provides us with tickets of admission to public ceremonies, etc."

In Madrid there is no foreign press gallery in either house, but foreign correspondents are admitted into the Spanish press gallery with cards delivered by the President of each house. But the crush is so great on any important occasion that it is not always easy to find even standing room there, flooded as it is on such occasions by people who have nothing to do with the press. Foreign journalists are recognized only on great occasions. On ordinary occasions no notice is taken of them by the government, Parliament, the theatres, the railway companies, or any other body.

Such, briefly told, are some of the more salient aspects of the professional life of the newspaper correspondent in Europe. It must be confessed that every effort seems to be made, at least on the Continent, to prevent him from filling the rôle attributed by Lowell to "the patron saint of newspaper correspondents," Noah, whom he pronounced "the only man who ever had the very latest authentic intelligence from everywhere." But if the Continental tendency is to permit us



to get no intelligence from anywhere, still a change for the better is being wrought, and it may be confidently hoped that if in the near future we may not attain to the perfection of Noah, we may at least enjoy the ordinary journalistic privileges exercised by the Anglo-Saxon descendants of Japheth.

*Theodore Stanton.*

### ARMISTICE.

**L**AST night I grasped the bony hands of Death  
 Hard in mine own, the while, in desperate wise,  
 Straitly I gazed into his hollow eyes.  
 (We were alone, beneath a linden-tree  
 Whose wet leaves trembled to the spring wind's breath ;  
 The bloom of spring was on the purple skies.)  
 Heavy of heart I stood and gazed on him,  
 So fair the world was in that twilight dim,  
 So sweet its shadow-haunted mysteries.

"Tell me," I cried, "for this I needs must know,  
 What have we done, O cruel Death, to thee,  
 That thou art still our one implacable foe,  
 Whom naught propitiates, naught may overthrow,  
 Whom none escapeth, howsoe'er he flee,  
 But, when thou beckonest, must arise and go?"

Gently Death answered me, and musing said,  
 "Am I, in very truth, thine enemy?  
 Nay, but thine angel, pitiful and mild ;  
 I am the parent ; thou, the wayward child,  
 Sprung from my loins, yet holding me in dread.

"Now, as in all time past, all time to be,  
 I welcome those the World and Time discard,  
 Whom Life hath banished, whom Eld hath maimed and marred ;  
 None is too vile, too full of misery.  
 Ever and aye my portal stands unbarred.—  
 Hath not thine own voice called me o'er and o'er?  
 Hounded by Care, beset and tortured sore,  
 Hath not thine own heart oft-times turned to me?"

"Go, and forget me yet awhile again ;  
 But when thy deep desire of life shall wane,  
 When thou art weary of all things, worst and best,—  
 Weary of taking thought, of Joy and Pain,  
 Of thine own faults and failures weariest,—  
 Cry to me then,—thou shalt not ask in vain ;  
 Come unto me, and I will give thee rest."

*Graham B. Thomson.*



## A GLANCE INTO WALT WHITMAN.

IF Walt Whitman had dropped upon us from some other sphere, he could hardly have been a greater puzzle to our literary circles. So huge, so uncouth on a hasty survey, so out of keeping with the poetic standards and traditions in vogue, even the best judges have been at a loss what to make of him.

"Leaves of Grass" makes a tremendous drive at certain definite things, one of them to break through the literary, the intellectual and conventional swathings of the reader's mind, and touch his sense of real things and his power to deal with them. Any person with a feeble sense of reality—a feebleness which always results from defective imagination—will find little pleasure or profit in Whitman's poetry. Over all the book is the sense, the quality of things in the open air, as distinguished from the art, the upholstery and *brio-à-brac* of our houses. I do not mean to say that Whitman has led a revolt against art; this would doubtless cause him to fall into the inartistic, of which he is not guilty. A revolt against art would be as unwise as a revolt against science; in her own sphere art is as supreme as science in hers; if you serve art you must serve her faithfully, if you serve science you must follow wherever she leads. The inartistic and the unscientific are alike false. I only mean to say that the dormant impression of Whitman's work is not that of art, as the word is usually understood, but that of nature and life at first hand. It is not a statue that he carves, but a man that he builds. We cling to the popular poets for their art and their exquisite poetical gifts; we cling to Whitman for the man and for the sweep of vision which he gives the spirit.

We value Longfellow for his art and for the sweet, benignant soul that breathes through it; we prize Lowell for his art and for the manly, scholarly nature that shines through it; but we can make little of Whitman except upon the most radical universal human grounds. If we are solely in quest of art, we must go some other way. Hence "Leaves of Grass" will fare better at the hands of men who have formed their taste upon real things, and whose culture has brought them back to the value of the common, the universal, the near at hand, than at the hands of merely bookish men.

No shutter'd room or school can commune with me.  
But roughs and little children better than they.

The young mechanic is closest to me, he knows me well.  
The woodman that takes his axe and jug with him shall take me with him all day.

The farm-boy ploughing in the field feels good at the sound of my voice.  
In vessels that sail, my words sail.  
I go with fishermen and seamen, and love them.

He is thus always calling attention to the fact that the spirit in which he writes and in which he is to be read is the spirit of real life

and real things. Workingmen and the common people probably can make nothing of the poems, because in their half-culture they face away from the common and the near; we must have gone through a wide circle of experience and of spiritual development and *have come back*, to appreciate fully "Leaves of Grass" in this respect.

Whitman's theory of art and poetry as he has sought to exemplify it in his book may be gathered from many passages here and there, notably from the poem called "To the Sayers of Words;" and the theory upon which he has modelled his life from the poem on "Prudence,"—"the prudence that walks abreast with time, space, reality; that answers the pride which refuses every lesson but its own." For purposes of his own, he has pondered well the lesson of the earth:

I swear there is no greatness or power that does not emulate those of the earth!  
I swear there can be no theory of any account unless it corroborate the theory  
of the earth.

No politics, art, religion, behavior, or what-not is of account unless it compare  
with the amplitude of the earth,

Unless it face the exactness, vitality, impartiality, rectitude of the earth.

What are we to do with a poet who works after such a pattern? "Leaves of Grass" is professedly modelled upon cosmic standards. Its author would fain "emulate the amplitude, the coarseness, the sexuality of the earth, and the great charity and equilibrium also." How far he succeeds let the reader judge. But I find in him a sense for mass and multitude, a feeling for space and time, which are very significant. There is, moreover, a disregard of details, an absence of studied arrangement, an all-embracing charity and acceptance, a rank, almost stunning objectivity, as well as an aboriginal freshness and power, and an atmosphere of health and sanity that seem to justify his statement,

Conveying a sentiment and invitation of the earth—I utter and utter.

The wild and the savage in nature with which Whitman perpetually identifies himself, and the hirsute, sun-tanned, and aboriginal in humanity, have misled many readers into looking upon him as expressive of these things only. Mr. Stedman thinks him guilty of a certain narrowness in preferring or seeming to prefer the laboring man to the gentleman. But the poet uses these elements only for checks and balances, and to keep our attention, in the midst of a highly refined and civilized age, fixed upon the fact that here are the final sources of our health, our power, our longevity. The need of the pre-scientific age was knowledge and refinement; the need of our age is health and sanity, cool heads and good digestion. And to this end the bitter and drastic remedies from the shore and the mountains are for us.

Though our progress and civilization are a triumph over nature, yet in an important sense we never get away from nature or improve upon her. Her standards are still our standards, her sweetness and excellence are still our aim. Her health, her fertility, her wholeness, her freshness, her innocence, her evolution, we would fain copy or repro-

duce. We would, if we could, keep the pungency and aroma of her wild fruit in our cultivated specimens, the virtue and hardiness of the savage in our fine gentlemen, the joy and spontaneity of her bird-songs in our poetry, the grace and beauty of her forms in our sculpture and carvings. I have thought that Whitman's poetry was pervaded by will, or begotten by will, more than were the studied and elaborate intellectual productions with which we are more familiar; that they sprang more directly out of his faith and quality as a man, showing less mental pressure but more personal power. Yet in the same breath we must direct attention to what a recent critic has called the "waves of profound thought" that surge through the poems and buoy up their huge masses of materials like ocean currents.

Some of the ideas which come from these thought-waves I may briefly indicate. The curious physiological strain that runs through the poems, of which I shall have more to say, the glorification of the body and the identifying of it with the soul,—an idea which, as it is followed out in "Children of Adam," in the begetting of offspring, has given much offence; the idea of identity through materials, through sight, hearing, touch, taste, smell,—the soul vibrated back from outward objects; the idea of the spirituality of all things which crops out again and again in the poems, and which is fully expressed in such a sentence as this, "Sure as the earth swims through the heavens, does every one of its objects pass into spiritual results," from which it follows that whatever a man or woman thinks or does is attended by consequences that follow him or her through life and after death; "No specification is necessary—all that a male or female does that is vigorous, benevolent, clean, is so much profit to him or her in the unshakable order of the universe, and through the whole scope of it forever;" the idea of the absolute equality of the sexes and that what the man requires for his health and development is equally required by the woman; the idea of creation as womanhood, or as symbolized by womanhood; the idea of religion as independent of all Bibles and creeds, as no more bound up with ecclesiasticism than the air we breathe or the water we drink; the idea of the "vast similitude which interlocks all" and makes the least fact significant; and the high moral conception of life as a perpetual journey, an endless field of action and effort, finely illustrated in that magnificent "Poem of the Open Road;" the idea that is riveted and clinched in poem after poem, that everything is for the individual, that "underneath the lesson of things, spirits, nature, governments, ownership," is the lesson of personality,—that "the whole theory of the universe is directed to one single individual,—namely, to You:" these and many others run through the poems, and make them stimulating and suggestive to the moral and intellectual nature no less than to the poetic.

Walt Whitman was one of the cleanest men both in person and in speech that I have ever known. During nearly thirty years of acquaintance with him, I never heard an unseemly word or indelicate allusion or story pass his lips. Jokes and anecdotes illustrative of the frailties of women or the wickedness of men never seemed to stick to him, nor did anything else that put human nature in an unfriendly

light. He abounded in quaint sayings and pithy stories such as his Quaker ancestry had delighted in, but everything offensive or unclean he silently turned away from. Woman never before had such a champion and friend as she had in Walt Whitman. His book, taken as a whole, is an utterance from the point of view of a composite, democratic, American personality, male or female. It is to express the woman just as much as the man. One thing our poet could never endure was disrespect either to women or working-people, or to the old and feeble, and he had as little patience with the scoffing, ridiculing tendencies that are daily growing stronger with us.

I say the human shape or face is so great it must never be made ridiculous,  
And that exaggerations will be sternly revenged in your own physiology, and  
in other persons' physiology also;  
And I say that clean-shaped children can be conceived only when natural forms  
prevail in public, and the human face and form are never caricatured.

Whitman laid great stress upon physiology and due care of the body. He was himself a remarkably fine and impressive figure. Indeed, his physical make-up was more than ordinarily suggestive.

A few years ago a young English artist stopping in this country made several studies of him. In one of them which he showed me he had left the face blank, but had drawn the figure from the head down with much care. It was so expressive, so unmistakably Whitman, conveyed so surely a certain majesty and impressiveness that pertained to the poet physically, that I looked upon it with no ordinary interest. Every wrinkle in the garments seemed to proclaim the man. Probably a similar painting of any of one's friends would be more or less a recognizable portrait, but I doubt if it would speak so emphatically as did this incomplete sketch. I thought it all the more significant in this case because Whitman laid such stress upon the human body in his poems, built so extensively upon it, curiously identifying it with the soul, and declaring his belief that if he made the poems of his body and of mortality he would thus supply himself with the poems of the soul and of immortality. "Behold," he says, "the body includes and is the meaning, the main concern, and includes and is the soul; whoever you are, how superb and how divine is your body, or any part of it." He runs this physiological thread all through his book, and strings upon it many valuable lessons and many noble sentiments. Those who knew him well, I think, will agree with me that his bodily presence was singularly magnetic, restful, and positive, and that it furnished a curious and suggestive commentary upon much there is in his poetry.

The Greeks, who made so much more of the human body than we do, seem not to have carried so much meaning, so much history, in their faces as does the modern man; the soul was not concentrated here, but was more evenly distributed over the whole body. Their faces expressed repose, harmony, power of command. I think Whitman was like the Greeks in this respect. His face had none of the eagerness, sharpness, nervousness, of the modern face. It had but few lines, and these were Greek; the brows were high and arching, the nose

straight and square-bridged, the gray-blue eyes heavy-lidded, the head perfectly symmetrical, with no bulging of the forehead. From the mouth up, the face was expressive of Greek purity, simplicity, strength, and repose. The mouth was large and loose, and expressive of another side of his nature. It was a mouth that required the check and curb of that classic brow. His figure was large and tall, but not athletic. I do not know that he ever showed any taste for athletic sports and exercises; his body and all its movements were expressive of gentleness and affection; a sweet-breathed, pink-skinned man, always with the atmosphere of one who had just come from his bath.

And the influence of his poems is always on the side of physiological cleanliness and strength and severance from all that corrupts and makes morbid and mean. He says the "expression of a well-made man appears not only in his face, it is in his limbs and joints also, it is curiously in the joints of his hips and wrists; it is in his walk, the carriage of his neck, the flex of his waist and knees—dress does not hide him, the strong, sweet, supple quality he has strikes through the cotton and flannel; to see him pass conveys as much as the best poem, perhaps more. You linger to see his back and the back of his neck and shoulder-side." He says he has perceived that to be with those he likes is enough: "To be surrounded by beautiful, curious, breathing, laughing flesh is enough—I do not ask any more delight—I swim in it as in a sea. There is something in staying close to men and women and looking on them, and in the contact and odor of them, that pleases the soul well. All things please the soul—but these please the soul well." Emerson once asked Whitman what it was he found in the society of the common people that satisfied him so; for his part he could not find anything. The subordination of the intellectual by Whitman to the human and physical, which runs all through his poems and is one source of their power, Emerson, who was deficient in the sensuous, probably could not appreciate.†

The poet seems to have charged himself to follow out the physiological lesson of his work,—the lesson of the essential purity of the body in all its organs and attributes and at all hazards. Mr. Stedman thinks the poet has violated his own canon of the truth and excellence of nature in his free, unabashed handling of sex and reproduction. But in these matters he is only following out his doctrine of the purity and sacredness of physiological laws and processes,—the sacredness of fatherhood and motherhood and the necessity of well-begotten, physiologically well-begotten, offspring. All this part of the poems is as clean as the pollination of the trees and plants. There is no illusion, no prurient suggestion, none of the witchery of the veiled and the forbidden which readers like so well, but a frankness which may shock and repel, but certainly cannot corrupt. A writer in *The Nineteenth Century*, a few years since, speaking of these things, justly remarked, "There is indeed something in the tearing away of veils which, however justly it may offend their modesty, is to unhealthiness and prurency as sunlight and the open air; they shrink from the exposure and shiver at the healthy freshness."

Great poets are always the physicians of their age and country.

They come that we may have life, and have it more abundantly. This is perhaps the meaning of Arnold's saying that poetry is a criticism of life. Whitman's poetry is based upon a criticism of his country and times, very bold, profound, and far-reaching. It is of course implied rather than directly stated, and is affirmative and uplifting rather than negative and destructive, as it was bound to be in a poetic utterance. An infusion of the spirit which he brings into our politics and sociology, into our literature, into our life as a people, would be eminently salutary. A little of the worldly strain and pressure taken off, larger, freer types, more charity, more faith, less-harsh judgments, ease and relaxation everywhere, less headiness, more unction and character,—it is in these directions that he would help us. We are an apt, quick, supple people, but we fall short in mass, in inertia, in power; and in all these things Walt Whitman was our prophet and savior.

*John Burroughs.*

### AN OLD GOOD-BY.

THE dead leaves rustle at my feet,  
 The moon is shining brightly;  
 Something has softly dimmed my eyes,  
 Across the path *one* shadow lies,—  
 The path two trod so lightly.

It was upon a night like this  
 Love left us only sorrow:  
 I held her little hand in mine,  
 That parting is to me divine,  
 Then there was no to-morrow.

Since I have learned life's lesson well,  
 Hearts are not easy broken;  
 To-night all joys I have forgot;  
 There's something sacred in this spot,  
 Where sweet good-byes were spoken.

I'd feel less lonely with myself  
 If I *were* broken-hearted:  
 Would I could live that night again,  
 With all its sadness-sweetened pain,  
 When love from love was parted!

*Lorimer Stoddard.*



## THE PRACTICAL JESTER.

**T**HE practical jester has been rightly banished from respectable society. A practical joke, except between people who are very young or very intimately acquainted, is now looked upon as little better than a bit of blackguardism. But time was when this form of jesting flourished apace. And the time is not very remote. The middle of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the present saw its acme. Grave philosophers and courtly wits played mad pranks upon each other. The verb "to bite," "to be bitten," used more often in the passive than in the active voice, was invented in Swift's days to describe the relative position of hoaxer and hoaxee. Early in 1800 a couple of clubs were founded in London for the express purpose of mutual "biting between the members."

Of all practical jokers Theodore Hook was the most inveterate, the most audacious and inconsiderate, the most nimble of wit. Nothing was allowed to stand between him and a jest. Once he was driving along the street in a cab with no money in his pockets to pay the fare. He spied a friend on the sidewalk, hailed him, and got him to take a seat. Then he explained the situation and besought a loan. His friend was equally impecunious. Thereupon Hook contrived to pick a quarrel with him; high words arose, and in a fit of pretended passion Hook stopped the carriage, leaped out, slammed the door, and shouldered the difficulty upon his friend.

One night, after a long carousal, Hook and several companions took a coach and drove to within reasonable distance of the point they wished to reach. Then Hook ordered the coachman to draw up in front of the house of a reputable physician. He pulled the bell violently, and, when the door was opened by a sleepy servant, dashed into the house with his friends. The doctor was standing, half dressed, at the head of the stairs. With all the eloquence at his command Hook conjured him to drive at once to Mrs. Blank's, as that worthy lady was about to become a mother and had no medical attendance at hand. He did not trust to eloquence alone. He and his friends laid hold of the gentleman, and forced him down-stairs and into the coach without giving him time to change his gown and slippers. Then they gave the cabman a number in some remote portion of the town and told him to drive off at all speed. The doctor found in due time that he had been hoaxed, but he paid the fare, and, for fear of ridicule, never alluded to the matter again.

In a rural town Hook entered the house of a wealthy gentleman unknown to him. It was early in the morning, and the gentleman was not yet down. Hook made himself free of the house, cocked his legs on the furniture, and ordered a maid-servant to bring him brandy and water. The girl, in astonishment, answered that her master kept the keys. Hook broke out into a tempest of abuse against the establishment, and demanded to see the master. That gentleman came down

furious, and ordered the servants to put the interloper out of the house. But his anger was pacified when Hook, with profuse apologies, explained that he had been directed to the house as an inn; and they parted as friends.

In "Gilbert Gurney" Hook has painted his own portrait, under the name of Daly. "Fun is to me what ale was to Boniface," says Daly of himself. "I sleep upon fun—I drink for fun—I talk for fun—I live for fun." The practical jokes which that gentleman delights in are in effect the jests which Hook had perpetrated in real life.

It was Hook, and not Daly, who once at Richmond asked the waiter to bring "some maids of honor,"—a sort of cheese-cake celebrated there. In his party was a lady who had never before been in Richmond; she stared, and then laughed. Hook saw her surprise, and elicited what he wanted,—her innocent question, "What do you mean by maids of honor?" "Dear me!" said he, "don't you know that this is so courtly a place, and so completely under the influence of state etiquette, that everything in Richmond is called after the functionaries of the palace? What are cheese-cakes elsewhere are maids of honor here; a capon is a lord chamberlain; a goose, a steward; a roast pig is a master of the horse; a pair of ducks, grooms of the bed-chamber; a gooseberry tart, a gentleman usher of the black rod; and so on."

The unsophisticated lady was taken in, and when the ladies of honor actually appeared in the shape of cheese-cakes, she convulsed the whole party by turning to the waiter and asking him, in a sweet but decided tone, to bring her a gentleman usher of the black rod, if they had one in the house, quite cold.

It was Hook, again, and not Daly, who perpetrated the jest that forms the turning-point in Gilbert Gurney's career. One day he and the elder Mathews, the comedian, took a row up the river to Richmond. Passing a well-trimmed lawn at Barnes, they noticed an inscription-board sternly forbidding any strangers to land. This was enough for Hook. Tying the boat to a tree, he and Mathews landed, taking with them fishing-rods and lines. Hook acted as a land surveyor, Mathews as his clerk. Pacing slowly to and fro across the lawn, they used their fishing-rods as pretended measuring- and levelling-staffs, their lines as yard- and rood-measures. Soon a parlor window opened. The occupant of the villa, a well-to-do alderman, strode out in great wrath and demanded what the two interlopers were about. Hook coolly but courteously informed him that a new canal was to be cut directly across the lawn, and that he and his clerk were taking accurate measurements. Partly in rage, partly in despair, the alderman invited them in to talk the matter over. Dinner was just ready. The wine flowed freely. The alderman sought to persuade the surveyor that another line for the canal might easily be obtained. Hook said he would do his best. Good humor was restored, the conversation grew general, the novelist and the comedian succeeded in charming the household. At last Hook sat down to the piano, and finally, after numerous brilliant impromptus, rattled off the following lines:

Many thanks for your excellent fare,  
But we are not the men that we look :  
My friend's Mr. Mathews the player,  
And I am one Theodore Hook.

Hood was a far more kindly humorist than Hook, and the jests which he occasionally perpetrated upon his family and his friends were in far better taste than those which Hook indulged in. His daughter tells us that he enjoyed playing off harmless practical jokes on his wife, who bore them with the sweetest temper, and joined in the laugh against herself afterwards with great good humor. She was a capital subject, for she accepted in good faith whatever he told her, however improbable, and her innocent face of wonder and belief added greatly to the zest of the joke.

Soon after their marriage Hood was ordered to Brighton for his health. His wife managed the housekeeping, and he offered to give her a few hints. "Above all things, Jane," he said, "as they will endeavor to impose on your inexperience, let nothing induce you to buy a plaice that has any appearance of red or orange spots, as they are sure signs of an advanced stage of decomposition." Mrs. Hood promised obedience. Next day the fishwoman arrived at the door. As it happened, she had very little except plaice, which she kept turning over and over, praising their size and freshness. But the obnoxious red spots met Mrs. Hood's watchful eye. Her expressed doubts as to the freshness of the fish were met with asseverations that they had only just been caught. "My good woman," said Mrs. Hood, with the air of one who was not to be taken in by such evident falsehood, "I could not think of buying any plaice with those unpleasant red spots." The woman's answer was a perfect shout: "Lord bless your eyes, mum! who ever seed any without 'em?" A suppressed giggle on the stairs made Mrs. Hood turn round, to see the perpetrator of the joke escaping in an ecstasy of merriment, and the discomfited lady was left to appease the angry sea-nymph as best she could.

The only approach to unkindness of which Hood was ever guilty was in retaliation for unkindness. He had been out rowing on a lake with a couple of friends, laughing and jesting and playing mad pranks. His friends preceded him out of the boat, and, as Hood rose to follow, one of them gave the boat a push and out went Hood into the water. Fortunately, it was the landing-place, and the water was not deep, but he was wet through. He quietly determined to revenge himself. Presently he began to complain of cramps and stitches, and at last went in-doors. His friends rather shamefacedly persuaded him to go to bed. His groans increased so alarmingly that they were at their wits' ends. Mrs. Hood had received a quiet hint, and was consequently only amused. There was no doctor for miles. All sorts of remedies were suggested. One rushed up with a tea-kettle of boiling water, another tottered under a tin bath, a third brought mustard. At last Hood declared he was dying, and in a sepulchral voice detailed some absurd directions for his will, which they were too frightened to see the fun of. But he could bear it no longer, and, while the penitent offenders were professing remorse and suing for pardon, he burst into a shout of laughter, which

they thought at first was delirious frenzy, but which at last betrayed the joke.

George Canning carried his propensity for jesting even into the Premiership. In 1826 a treaty of commerce was pending between Great Britain and Holland. Sir Charles Bagot, the English Minister at the Hague, received a despatch one day from Mr. Canning at the Foreign Office while he was with the Dutch king and his minister, Falk. He obtained leave to open it, but found the letter was in cipher. As he had not the key with him, he could do nothing else than ask permission to retire. Going home, he made out the despatch to be as follows :

SEPARATE, SECRET, AND CONFIDENTIAL.

(*In Cipher.*)

FOREIGN OFFICE, January 31, 1826.

SIR :

In matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch  
Is offering too little and asking too much.  
With equal advantage the French are content,  
So we'll clap on Dutch bottoms just twenty per cent.

Chorus—Twenty per cent., twenty per cent.

ENGLISH CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICERS AND FRENCH DOUANIERS.

*English*—We'll clap on Dutch bottoms just twenty per cent. ;

*French*—Vous frapperez Falk avec twenty per cent.

I have no other commands from His Majesty to convey to Your Excellency to-day. I am with great truth and respect, sir, Your Excellency's most obedient humble servant,

(Signed) GEORGE CANNING.

H. E. the Rt. Hon'ble Sir Charles Bagot, G.C.B., The Hague.

Poor Sir Charles and his secretary of legation were utterly baffled. They worried over the despatch for days, and got into a correspondence with Canning, who calmly refused to grant any more light, until in a happy moment it dawned upon Sir Charles that the liveliest of Premiers had tossed off a grave piece of fiscal diplomacy into facile verse of the sort which had made the *Anti-Jacobin* famous.

Actors have always been great practical jesters. Garrick used to be fond of mystifying his friends. One evening, when he expected Dr. Monsey to call on him, he asked the servant to conduct the doctor into his bedroom. Garrick was announced for King Lear that night, but the doctor found him stretched on the bed, with his night-cap on. He was really dressed, but the quilt covered him completely. Monsey expressed surprise, as it was time for the actor to be at the theatre to dress for his part. Garrick, in whining, languid tones, told him he was too sick to play himself, but that there was an actor named Marr so like him in face and figure, and so excellent a mimic, that he would impose upon the audience. As soon as the doctor had left the room, Garrick jumped out of bed and hastened to the theatre. Monsey attended the performance. He was bewildered, sometimes doubting and sometimes only wondering at the extraordinary resemblance between Garrick and Marr. At the end of the play he hurried back to Garrick's house, to discover whether or not a trick had been played upon him. But Garrick had been too

quick for him, and was found by Monsey in the same apparent condition of illness.

Ned Shuter was travelling one warm day in the Brighton stage-coach with four ladies, when the vehicle paused to receive a sixth passenger, of Falstaffian proportions. The ladies were dismayed, but Shuter only smiled. After the unwelcome addition to the party had seated himself, the comedian asked one lady after another her motive for visiting Brighton. All had some ailment which the sea was expected to cure.

"Ah!" sighed the comedian, "I would change places with any one of you. My case is dreadful."

The stout passenger pricked up his ears. "And pray what may be the matter with you?" he asked.

"Three days ago," said Shuter, sadly, "I was bitten by a mad dog. Sea-bathing is the only cure. I look well, indeed, but the fit comes on me at any moment, and I bark like a dog and seek to bite every one near me."

"Heaven have mercy on us!" puffed out the fat passenger. "But, sir, you are not in earnest—you——"

"Bow-wow-wow!"

"Coachman! coachman! let me out, I say!"

"What's the matter now?"

"A mad dog is the matter. Hydrophobia is the matter! Open the door!"

"Bow-wow-wow!"

"Open the door! Never mind the steps! Thank heaven, I'm safe out! Let whoso like ride inside, I'll mount the roof."

And he did mount the roof, to the relief of the ladies and the delight of the comedian, who kept repeating at intervals his sonorous bow-wow-wow!

Grimaldi, the clown, had the tables turned upon him. He had a shrewish wife and a bad temper of his own. The pair succeeded in making their lives so unutterably wretched that at last, in despair, they determined to end them. Grimaldi went out and purchased "an ounce of arsenic, to poison the rats." After swallowing each a moiety, the pair separated, that they might not witness each other's pangs. He went to the sitting-room couch, she to her bed in the adjoining room. The door between the two rooms was left open.

A long silence ensued. Each listened anxiously, intensely. But nothing was heard save an occasional sob from Mrs. G., a quivering sigh from Mr. G. At last Grimaldi, in a deep, low voice, asked, "Are you dead, love?" With a sigh she answered, "No." "Damnation!" he cried, in perplexity. "Grimaldi!" she returned, reproachfully. Half an hour elapsed. Mrs. Grimaldi found the silence unbearable. Frightful visions of her husband stretched out cold and motionless were before her. "Mr. Grimaldi!" she cried, "are you dead?" The gruff reply came, "No, Mrs. Grimaldi." For two hours these questions and answers went on periodically. At last, the lady's turn coming again, she tremblingly raised herself in her bed and cried out, "Mr. Grimaldi! my love, are you not dead?" as if his living were what gamblers would call a bluff. Grimaldi calmly replied, "No, my



dear, I am *not*; and I don't think I shall die to-night, unless it be of starvation! Get up out of the bed, Mrs. Grimaldi, and see for some supper, for I am very hungry!"

He had at last found out the truth. The apothecary knew the couple, and, guessing their purpose, had prudently given Mr. Grimaldi a small parcel of magnesia.

John Raymond went into Madame Tussaud's wax-works in London. He was tired, and sat down without noticing a number placarded over his head that indicated he was occupying the seat of a wax figure removed for repairs. A crowd gathered around him. At first Raymond thought he was attracting attention as Colonel Sellers; then the truth flashed across his fun-loving brain. One of the ladies cried, "How life-like, to be sure! Who is it?"

Catalogues were hastily searched. Raymond put a glassy stare into his eyes and sat perfectly still. But the joke was two-edged. One of the ladies soon found the number, and read the description: "Tom Thug, the cruellest murderer ever hanged; cut the throats of a whole family of fourteen persons for the trifling sum of ten pounds eight shillings and sixpence."

"Well, I'll be hanged!" cried Raymond, jumping to his feet; "is it possible to make a charge in England without tacking on that miserable sum of sixpence! Here is the late Mr. Thomas Thug, charged with a wholesale assassination, and they had to slap on that sixpence! I believe Mr. Thug was swindled!"

The crowd screamed with laughter at the sudden and startling effect. One, more cool, said, "Oh, pshaw! that's an old game here. This little fellow is hired to do this. Madame Tussaud pays him one pound six shillings——"

"If you say sixpence," cried Raymond, "I'll make the total number of the murdered an even fifteen."

E. A. Sothern was famous for his practical jokes, and many of them were as tantalizing and as clever as any of Hook's. One day he went into an ironmonger's store in London, and, advancing to the counter, said, "Have you the second edition of Macaulay's History of England?"

The shopkeeper explained that he kept a hardware-shop.

"Well, it don't matter whether it's bound in calf or not," said the customer.

"But, sir, this is not a bookseller's."

"It don't matter how you put it up," said Sothern: "a piece of brown paper,—the sort of thing you would give your own mother."

"Sir," bawled the shopkeeper, "we—don't—keep—it! This is an ironmongering shop."

"Yes, the binding differs; but I'm not particular, so long as I have a fly-leaf, don't you know?"

The shopkeeper gathered himself up for a mighty effort.

"Sir," he shouted, "can't you see we keep no books? This is an ironmongery."

"Certainly," said Sothern, seating himself. "I'll wait for it."

Believing his customer was either hopelessly deaf or equally mad,



the man called another clerk from the end of the store, and explained that he could do nothing with the gentleman.

"What do you wish, sir?" cried the second man, advancing.

"I should like a small plain file about so long," said Sothern, quietly.

"Certainly, sir," replied the man, casting upon the bewildered No. 1 a glance of unmitigated disgust.

The Russian marshal Suvaroff was famous as a jester, and was fond of confusing the men under his command by asking them unexpected and absurd questions. But occasionally he met his match. Thus, one bitter January night, such as Russia only can produce, he rode up to a sentry and demanded,—

"How many stars are there in the sky?"

The soldier, not a whit disturbed, answered, coolly,—

"Wait a little and I'll tell you." And he deliberately commenced counting, "One, two, three," etc.

When he had reached one hundred, Suvaroff, who was half frozen, thought it high time to ride off, not, however, without inquiring the name of the ready reckoner. Next day the latter found himself promoted.

Antoine Galland, famous as the first translator of the "Arabian Nights," was the victim of a jest that was suggested by his own work.

It was a bitter cold night, shortly after the appearance of the first volume of his translation, when he was suddenly awakened by loud knocks at the street door. He got up, hastily threw his dressing-gown around him, and ran to the window. Through the darkness he could discern a crowd of people before his door. "Who is there?" he cried.

Several voices answered, "Is this Monsieur Galland's?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure," said Galland.

"Take notice," said one of the persons below, "that what we have got to say can only be said to himself."

"Then you may speak freely, for I am Antoine Galland. But pray hurry: the wind is blowing in my face in no very agreeable manner."

"Do you speak," said one of the crowd to his neighbor.

"Nay, speak yourself," was the answer.

"No, I must speak," said a third.

"Ah, gentlemen, you must let me have a word," interposed a fourth.

"For the love of heaven, gentlemen," cried Galland, his teeth chattering with cold, "make haste! I am freezing."

But the dispute recommenced below. Galland again cried out, "For the love of heaven, make haste, gentlemen! I am freezing."

At last all the young people who had disturbed the sleep of the Orientalist joined in one chorus: "Ah, Monsieur Galland, if you are not asleep, tell us one of those stories which you tell so well."

This was in allusion to the "Arabian Nights," in which every

chapter had begun, "My dear sister, if you are not asleep, tell us one of those stories which you tell so well."

Galland was sensible enough to keep his temper. He laughed, and, replying, "Gentlemen, *au revoir*," closed the window, and returned to bed. He profited, however, by the lesson, and published all his other volumes without this exordium.

A more unpleasant jest was played upon Voltaire in Prussia. He had seriously offended one of the pages of Frederick the Great by calling him a fool. Shortly afterwards the king undertook a journey, in which he was accompanied by Voltaire and another gentleman of the bedchamber. The page rode ahead with other members of the household to prepare for accommodations on the way. In the first carriage sat the king, in the second Voltaire and the other gentleman of the bedchamber. At a village where they were to stop for breakfast, the page had informed a number of peasants that in the second carriage was the king's favorite monkey dressed as a gentleman and seated by the side of an attendant, and that the monkey had the vicious habit of snapping at the by-standers whenever he was suffered to leave the coach. To prevent this, the page asked the peasants to attend the coach door, allow the gentleman on the left to descend, and immediately shut the door again. Should the monkey cut capers and try to get out, they need only give him a few raps on his knuckles. In due course the coaches arrived. The king alighted, and was followed by the gentleman in the second coach. Voltaire found the door slammed in his face. He shook his head and gesticulated, to no avail. He railed at them in French, but the peasants, understanding nothing of the language, thought it mere monkey chatter and laughed the louder, threatening him with their sticks.

At last the tumult reached the ears of the king. He sent down messengers, who released Voltaire from his unpleasant predicament and arrested some of the countrymen. But when Frederick learned the whole story he was so mightily tickled that he laughed away all Voltaire's shrieks for revenge, and pardoned the ingenious page.

The story sounds improbable, yet Voltaire's appearance was strikingly suggestive of a monkey, and may have deceived a crowd of ignorant peasants, just as the appearance of Dr. Walter Farquhar Hook deceived an intelligent little girl. Dr. Hook used to tell this story himself. In a company, he observed a little girl looking very earnestly up into his face. "Well, my dear, I don't think you've seen me before?" "Oh, yes, I have." "Why, where?" "I saw you the other day, climbing up a pole, and I gave you a bun."

An unpleasant and dangerous jest was common in Paris until quite recently, and even spread into this country. This consisted in offering explosive cigars, which appeared genuine to the acceptor, but contained a minute squib or cracker. When the cigar had been consumed to a certain point the squib exploded, the cigar flying to some distance from the mouth of the smoker. A gentleman once inadvertently bought some of these cigars, and in entire innocence offered one to his uncle, whose property he expected to inherit. Now, the old gentleman wore a set of artificial teeth. The horror of the nephew may be imagined

when he saw what appeared to be the entire jaw of his respected relative issue briskly from his mouth and fasten on the features of a high official personage who happened to be on the other side of the room. Explanations were useless. The property was all willed in charity.

This story recalls a freak of the eccentric Lord Panmure. He had invited his tenant Panlathie to meet two young noblemen at dinner at Brechin Castle, telling him to be sure and bring some money with him. As soon as the cloth was removed Lord Panmure cried out, "All hats in the fire, or twenty pounds on the table!" Four hats were at once in the fire. From one of the noblemen came, "All coats in the fire, or fifty pounds on the table!" Four coats instantly followed the hats. "All boots in the fire, or one hundred pounds on the table!" cried the next nobleman. Eight boots went off their owners' feet. Panlathie was equal to the emergency. "Two fore-teeth in the fire, or two hundred pounds on the table!" he cried, and, pulling the teeth out,—false ones, of course,—he cast them into the fire. The example was not followed: so Panlathie went home, hatless, coatless, and bootless, but with his pockets richer by six hundred pounds.

*W. S. Walsh.*

## TWO PICTURES.

HERE stood the passionate eager dreaming boy!  
 Aglow with life, how should he speculate  
 Upon the chances of his coming fate,  
 Bewildered, then, by affluence of joy?  
 His hope and him what fortune could destroy?  
 The one harsh word he ever heard was "Wait!"—  
 For he would leap at once to man's estate,  
 And cast youth by, like a discarded toy.

Now see the man,—grown old before his day,—  
 Heart-sick, brain-weary, seeing nothing clear;  
 'Twixt him and boyhood stand in dread array  
 Ghosts of dead dreams,—pale shapes that mock and jeer,—  
 While dark and gaunt and vast, not far away,  
 Death beckons him, and whispers, "I am here."

*Philip Bourke Marston.\**

\* The above is one of the blind poet's last poems,—there is reason to believe it the very last,—written at the end of the sad life that had mocked him with so many vain longings and unfulfilled desires.

*Louise Chandler Moulton.*

## AN ACTOR'S ART.

THE art of acting, which is—or should be—the art of simulation, seems to have been much misunderstood of late in this respect, a condition of affairs brought about by various causes, but chiefly attributable to what is known as the starring system. Under present conditions it is possible for an actor to reach the height of his career by half a dozen successes, and the same character may pervade each play without exciting comment. Thus an actor whose talent and personality enable him graphically to depict a certain phase of character rapidly attains fame and fortune, while many a better, in the sense of a more versatile, artist dies unknown and unappreciated. The theatre-going public, and indeed the critics themselves, never stop to consider that many of our foremost actors have been seen only in plays written for them and especially adapted to their peculiar styles. Many of them are playing the same part in every play with only the thinnest veneering of fresh color. The individuality of the actor is never lost in the character he assumes to depict.

The tendency of the times to produce one-part actors is a natural one, no doubt. It has been maintained, not without reason, that it is a healthy one as well. Its one great advantage is that the right play and player are more apt to be brought together under the system. So long as it is possible, as now, for an actor to achieve fame by the delineation of a single character it may be taken for granted that he will do everything in his power to find the play and the part for which he is best adapted. The whole English-speaking world lies before an actor and a play in which he has achieved a pronounced success. There are other advantages to be cited in favor of the present system, but the question of its superiority to that of the stock-company days is neither new nor profitable to discuss, for, except in a very slight degree, there is no likelihood of any immediate change.

To the real artist, however, a system which engenders one-part actors is distasteful. What would be thought, for instance,—if such a thing were possible,—of a painter who could paint only one head, or of a musician who could perform but a single piece, however perfect the portrait or incomparable the *technique* of the musician? Yet it is much the same with an actor who plays only one part, or a series of parts so nearly resembling one another as properly to be considered as one. In many cases it is even worse, when acting is really unnecessary and the actor merely plays the part in his own character. Such an actor through pleasing personality and magnetism frequently attains high favor, but, seriously considered, his work is not art.

Reflecting upon these things, one feels really grateful to Edward S. Willard, an English actor who has played to American audiences for the last three seasons, for an earnest and conscientious effort on his part to do away with this objectionable condition, and thus elevate the dramatic art to the place which rightfully belongs to it beside its

Mrs. Henry F. Fulk  
Ed. S. Whitcomb





kindred arts. In Willard are found all the finer and more artistic instincts which distinguish the artist from the mere money-making adventurer. It is not enough, according to his theory, that an actor should successfully portray a character especially adapted to him, but he should adapt himself to his characters, however varied they may be. In the three most notable of the plays he has produced here, there is a wide range of difference in character. Cyrus Blenkarn in "The Middleman," Judah Llewellyn in "Judah," and Professor Goodwillie in "The Professor's Love-Story" are surely as widely different as men can be from one another. Yet it would be difficult to say to which part the actor is best adapted. Each of them stands out a distinct and clear-cut creation from which Edward S. Willard is still a being apart.

Mr. Willard's methods are exact and painstaking to a degree. It is a pleasant thought to the jaded theatre-goer, weary of slovenly presentations, that he is listening to an artist who is conscientious and careful of small things as well as great in his work. No detail, however slight, is neglected. It is worthy of note, for instance, that Mr. Willard's walk is different in every one of his creations.

Of the three plays mentioned above, the last is likely to achieve the greatest popularity, because it is far pleasanter in subject than either of the others. "The Professor's Love-Story," by J. M. Barrie, is a comedy having no great depth, but teeming throughout with delightful bits of human nature and fresh, pure humor. It is written with supreme disregard of existing stage traditions; there is not a situation nor a climax in it. Yet the whole story is told as eloquently as could be done by spoken words. Nothing could be more effective. In the series of stage pictures which it presents, in the incidents which follow one another as naturally as in a novel, in the fine character-painting and exquisite humor of the piece, the whole idea of the author is revealed, sketched as by a master-hand, from the rise to the fall of the curtain.

It is certain that no other actor could have made of Professor Goodwillie what Willard has, and it is difficult to say who shall deserve the most credit for the creation, author or actor. The author of "A Window in Thrums" was certainly fortunate in having his handiwork interpreted by one of such subtle skill and artistic perception as Willard possesses, for the written words, however meritorious, must be breathed into, given a soul, by the genius of the actor.

The plot of "The Professor's Love-Story" is simple, but unique. A middle-aged and abstracted professor of electricity falls in love with his private secretary, a young and pretty woman, without knowing it, and is treated for some real ailment by his physician, whom the symptoms baffle completely. Even when he is told the nature of his disease he fails to realize that he is in love with his own private secretary, and his awakening to this knowledge furnishes most of the incidents which go to form the play.

Throughout the piece not one delicate touch of the author's has been misconceived or neglected. The actor seems to be in thorough sympathy with the play itself, and there are a thousand and one fine

touches to the character of the Professor in which the author cannot have assisted. In the hands of Willard Professor Goodwillie is as real and as human as *The Little Minister*. There is a bit of pathos as real and touching as life itself, when the Professor, having been refused by Lucy White, his secretary, believes her to be in love with some one else.

"And I am not to know his name?" he asks. "But for sure he is young and good-looking, and he does not wear his hair long, and a shabby velvet jacket, as I do."

There is nothing in the lines themselves to lend them extraordinary beauty in cold type, but spoken by Willard, whose rich sympathetic voice gives full expression to the sadness and yearning they contain, they are very beautiful.

"*Judah*," by Henry Arthur Jones, is a curious work, very impressive, but decidedly unpleasant in its theme. Judah Llewellyn, a young Welsh clergyman, perjures himself in order to shield the woman he loves, who has been forced into the deception of posing as a spiritualist. The motive is strong, but the play is sombre in the extreme. In spite, however, of the unpleasant color which the theme imparts to the whole play, Mr. Willard as Judah Llewellyn never for a moment loses the sympathy of the audience.

"*The Middleman*," also by Henry Arthur Jones, has to do with the potter's art, and it is worthy of mention in evidence of Mr. Willard's care and thoroughness that he spent some weeks among the potters at Stoke-upon-Trent before he produced the play. He actually lived among them, and the fruit of his labor was that when the play was produced *The Pottery Gazette* said of his work that it was as if "some excitable and clever potter had become an actor, not that an actor had, for this piece only, become a potter."

Part of the plot is hinged upon the endeavor on the part of Cyrus Blenkarn, an old potter, to recover a lost secret in pottery, that of the manufacture of the Tatlow ware. Blenkarn has spent twenty years in the almost hopeless task of trying to rediscover the ancient process, during which he has made one discovery,—a "glaze." This is patented by Joseph Chandler, his employer, who grows rich from it, while Blenkarn, absorbed in his art, remains poor. His daughter Mary is betrayed and abandoned, as he believes, by Chandler's son, and Chandler refuses to allow his son to marry her, upon which Blenkarn prays for power to wreak vengeance on the heads of those who have so wronged him. His opportunity comes when at last he discovers the secret which had baffled him so long and which raises him to wealth. He buys Chandler's house, for the latter has been reduced to beggary through stock-gambling, but the spirit of revenge dies within him, and he finally forgives his old employer. The return of Chandler's son from Egypt with Mary, who is his honored wife, and not dead and dishonored as Blenkarn believed, forms a happy conclusion to the play.

No words can describe the fidelity of the actor to the character, an entirely new stage-figure, it must be remembered, with his fearful suspense, his disappointments, and his final triumph at the furnaces, his

dreadful prayer to God to give him the power to crush his enemies, and his final joy at the recovery of his daughter alive and honored.

Our stage will be the better for Willard. Such men as he do honor to any profession, and it is the lack of them that has brought disrespect upon the dramatic art. He is a man of striking and distinct personality. There is that about him which indicates a man of large ideas and firm purpose. He is self-confident and energetic, and the end of his career is not yet.

*Alfred Stoddart.*

### THE WOOING OF THE WIND.

ROSE of the dusk, didst ever  
 Regard the sea's refrain?  
 That is no love that never  
 Returns with time again.

Because I am the saddest  
 Of things beneath the sun,  
 Because thou art the gladdest  
 That ever he looked on,—

Because no ways to wander  
 Allure me any more,  
 With white sea-dreams to ponder  
 All day beside thy door,—

Because there's not a rover  
 But wearies on a day,  
 And not a faithless lover  
 But sorrow doth repay,—

I rove the world of shadows,  
 A wraith of the blue rain,  
 And in the dawn's deep meadows  
 Return to thee again.

*Bliss Carman.*

## A COLONIAL VISTA.

THAT regular development by which a nation, so soon as it has passed the rigor of its early struggles, turns towards the softer ways of art, finds a parallel in the tendency of historical study to reach after the facts of individual life and record the daily experiences of men and women,—their joys and sorrows, their recreations and gayeties, perhaps their household drudgeries and those petty annoyances which we of to-day (were we wholly honest) should admit to be more galling than the graver cares of existence. To the historian who, turning aside from the panorama of great events, beckons us to the delightful by-ways of every-day life in a past generation, we owe a king's ransom; and when Miss Wharton leads us through Colonial doorways\* into the spacious and hospitable mansions of the eighteenth century, we follow her with a feeling of confidence in the competency of her guidance not unmingled with a sense of awe at being thus brought into touch with the leaders of American nationality and society. How close it brings us to Washington when we hear him telling about his cook who was "sometimes minded to cut a figure" by adding a beef-steak pie or a dish of crabs to the ordinary roast and greens! And what an inspiration dwells in the information—duly recorded in black and white—that once upon a time, when they had "a pretty little frisk" at General Greene's quarters, the Terpsichorean wife of that gentleman danced with His Excellency for upwards of three hours without sitting down! One is tempted to exult in the discovery that the heroes of a splendid past were human after all, and there is an instinctive feeling that it is so much better to be human than to be heroic.

But there were vanities, too; and how lucky for the moralist that these should be recorded; else had the plight of Othello been his, and we should have been bereft of the daily ration of ethics which we are accustomed to absorb with our matutinal coffee and rolls!

The detailed description which Miss Wharton gives of *The Meschianza*—that tinsel *fête* whose glamour is enhanced by reason of the stern, dark background of Valley Forge—is the most valuable contribution yet made to the literature of the subject. Just how the red-coated gentlemen of His Majesty's troops of the line must have felt when they were enacting the fooleries of the "Blended Rose" and the "Burning Mountain," we of a later time may permit ourselves to wonder; but, as the record of an incident which has become historic, the story is one of keen interest, especially in the side-lights thrown upon Major André and in the little touches of feminine character illuminating the personalities of Miss Peggy Shippen, the Misses Chew, Miss Auchmuty, Miss Becky Redman, and the rest. Haply there came a little twinge of conscience to these beautiful women who thus adorned a Tory function while the patriots were enduring the hardships of a bitter campaign; but we scarcely can blame them; the time was a rugged one, and young hearts, then as now, craved the exhilarations of the lighter side of life. Of this Miss Wharton's chapter on New York Balls and Receptions furnishes an adequate picture. To read how "Mrs. Washington stood with the Cabinet ladies around her, stately Mrs. Robert Morris by

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\* "Through Colonial Doorways." By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. J. B. Lippincott Company, 1893.

her side, herself the stateliest figure of the group," is to experience a sense of degeneracy. The reader inevitably fumbles at his side for his dress-sword and glances downward in a Quixotic search for the silk hose and silver shoe-buckles which he knows are not there, though he feels that they ought to be; and when, in another chapter, he is let into the secrets and inner workings of the Philadelphia Dancing Assemblies in the Revolutionary Period, a local pride is aroused not wholly consistent with the Quaker conservatism characterizing the town from that day unto this. Yet we need not blush for so venial a departure from traditional stoicism; for have we not before us a unique specimen of William Penn's love-making,—a veritable *billet doux* addressed to the fair Hannah Callowhill and couched in terms beneath which a moderately imaginative reader can fancy the embers of a quite respectable passion? Yes, this and more; for the writer who so gracefully opens Colonial doors has a knack of opening Colonial hearts as well, and now and again we catch the echo of a plaint worthy of the lips of Astrophel and the ears of Stella.

But the amatory pyrotechnics of the Proprietary pale before those of "Rev." Mr. Keach, who in a letter to his Dulcinea poetically hopes "that the Silver Stream of my Dearest affections and faithfull Love will be willingly received into the Mill-Pond of your tender Virgin Heart"! Truly such efflorescence needed a chronicler, though the present one has placed us under a still deeper obligation by her Essay on the American Philosophical Society,—at once the most serious and most brilliant chapter in her volume. It is pleasant to think of the Philosophical Society as a continuous organization dating from the proposal of Dr. Franklin issued in 1743, and yet more gratifying to find it traced back to the old Junto of 1727, a conclusion supported on the high authority of Bigelow and Sparks. It sets one's blood a-tingle to read the names recorded in these pages: Franklin, West, Priestley, Du Ponceau; Bishop White, Hopkinson, Wistar, Abercrombie; and so on through a list adorned by the names of Jefferson and Adams, illumined by those of Humboldt and his friend Bonpland, till the reader feels touched with the glories of a vanished generation; even as, in the narrative of the Wistar Parties, the mention of Thackeray, and his references to a certain "pig-tailed shade," induce "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

To say that Miss Wharton has filled a dainty volume with essays of sustained interest, is not enough; she has preserved a record of the every-day lives of many men and women of historic note, and given us more than a glimpse of the social activities of a by-gone day.

F. H. W.

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### WHEN DOCTORS DIFFER.

Does the novelist take that pleasure in producing which others are expected to derive from his productions? Mr. Stevenson says that he does, that no other delight equals that of the free play of fancy, the exquisite joy of creating. The very lamest and dullest of his brethren, as he intimated some years ago, ought in this to find comfort for the woes of life, compensation for external failure. Their characters are real to them, if not to their readers. The tale

over which we yawn marches proudly and brilliantly to him who conceived it. He at least should enjoy his work, even if nobody else does.

But now comes Mr. Crawford, who is as far as possible from being lame or dull, and tells another tale. A cruel interviewer caught him in a too confiding mood, and asked him if his work did not tire him. He said it did, of course, just as any work tires a man. Now, I would not have owned that, nor would—but it is as well not to mention names; just as Napoleon III. never would admit that he was ill. But worse was to come. He went on to say that literature was pleasant to him only as it gave him a good living. “I write novels because it pays me to do so.”

Oh, Mr. Crawford! You ought not to go and disenchant us in this way. You never yet wrote a dull or unsuccessful book, and you are growing every year in public esteem. We expect you to take pleasure in delighting us. But perhaps Mr. Crawford was merely having his little joke. We don't always say exactly what we mean.

*F. M. B.*

## MEN OF THE DAY.

**THOMAS F. BAYARD**, recently appointed Ambassador to England, and the first person to hold so high a diplomatic position since the early days of the Republic, is a semi-spare-built man, somewhat rounded at the shoulders, with a clean-cut, smooth-shaven face, large gray eyes, and rapidly-whitening hair, and has the finest set of teeth and the most winning smile in the diplomatic service. Indeed, his best portraits fail to convey an adequate notion of the grave charm and air of benignant distinction that mark his handsome face. His manner is of the court courtly, dignified and polished, yet graciously genial withal, and in this and other respects he is one of the few creditable specimens still remaining of the scholarly statesmen of the high-bred old school. He comes of a long line of distinguished ancestors. He was originally apprenticed to an apothecary and intended for a business life. After passing a short time in a large mercantile house, he began to study law in his father's office, and got himself called to the bar at Wilmington. This was in 1851. Two years later he was appointed United States District Attorney for Delaware, but resigned in 1854 and moved to Philadelphia, where he practised law for two years, subsequently returning to Wilmington. In 1869 he was elected to succeed his father in the United States Senate as Senator from Delaware, which had come to be regarded as a “pocket-borough” in the family. He speedily became a recognized leader in that body, and played a prominent part in many notable political movements. He inaugurated the investigation which resulted in the legislation by which importers were freed from spies and blackmailers, took an active part in the exposure of the mismanagement of the Commissioners of the District of Columbia, fought the battle of constitutional rights against the carpet-bag system in the South, and made the final and successful appeal to the people of the North to consider their own rights involved and interwoven with those of the South. He received fifteen votes for President in the Democratic



National Convention of 1872, and in the convention of 1876, after receiving thirty-one votes, he furnished the two necessary to nominate Samuel J. Tilden. When, after the election, the Returning-Board dispute threatened the peace of the country, he was made a member of the Conference Committee which prepared the bill creating the Electoral Commission. He subsequently served on the Commission, and insisted on keeping faith with the Republicans, in spite of the fact that he honestly believed that Tilden and not Hayes had been elected to the Presidency. He was twice re-elected to the Senate, but resigned in 1885 to become Secretary of State in President Cleveland's first Cabinet. His achievements as "Premier" are a matter of recent history. His appointment as Ambassador to England was received with universal approbation, for his popularity is not confined to his own party. He committed matrimony for the second time in 1889. He is not wealthy, but he is respected by all who know him, and he wears in his very lineaments the white flower of a blameless life.

Giuseppe Verdi, the great composer, is a spare-built man of nervous manner, with curly white hair and a pointed beard, and, though rising nine-and-seventy, is still vigorous, both mentally and physically. He leads the life of a pampered recluse. He has for years cut himself off entirely from the world, his only appearance among his fellow-men being on the occasion of the production of one of his new operas. He recently emerged from his seclusion to take part in the presentation of "Falstaff," which took the world of music by storm. He lives in solitary state at his castle near Busseto, which is situated in the midst of a wild and desolate landscape and surrounded by a triple row of lofty walls. His only companions are two enormous Pyrenean hounds, and his entire days are spent in his study, which is quite shut off from the rest of the castle, and from which he emerges only to eat and sleep. No one is admitted to his presence except those who come by special invitation, so that often a distinguished personage will make his way over to the guarded stronghold only to be met with the information that there is no admission. Four years since he celebrated the jubilee of his career as a composer, which began in 1839. It is interesting to note that his two most popular operas, "Trovatore" and "Traviata," were brought out in the same year,—1853. A fine dramatic gift and a love of showy, taking melodies lie at the root of his remarkable success. He has naturally been "decorated" beyond endurance. Thirty years ago he was a member of the Italian Parliament. He enjoys the further distinction of having refused a marquisate.

John W. Mackay is an athletic-built man, of business-like manner, with a strong face adorned by a cavalry moustache, and he is rising three-and-sixty. He was born in Dublin, and has never quite discarded his native brogue, although his residence in the United States covers a period of more than four decades. He early caught the gold fever and went Californiawards. Shortly afterwards the tide in his affairs came in, and, taking it at the flood, he was swept on to fortune. There is no actual proof that he is not the richest man in the world. He is largely and widely interested in banks and railways and mines and telegraphs. He divides his time between San Francisco and the Continent, and for so rich a man is quite popular, though he has lately paid one of the penalties which seem to attach to millions, by narrowly escaping assassination at the hands of a crank. His wife, who had her portrait undone by Meissonier, is

accounted the leader of the American colony in London, where she entertains royalty on a scale of undiluted splendor. His step-daughter was married some years since to an Italian prince with a short purse and a long pedigree.

F. C. Burnand, the noted English humorist, is a burly-looking, bright-eyed man of genial manner, with beetling Mephistophelean brows, a bristly moustache, and a pointed beard streaked with gray. He generally wears a broad grin, which is far more contagious than his jokes, which, like caviare, the London fog, and Rudyard Kipling's stories, are essentially an acquired taste. He is now eight-and-fifty. Having "done" Oxford and Cambridge, he was called to the bar, but instead of occupying himself with briefs he turned his attention to farce-writing, his earliest attempt in this direction being made in collaboration with Montagu Williams, the famous criminal lawyer. Then he drifted into comic journalism and made for himself a name, so that when in 1880 Tom Taylor joined the choir of Immortals he succeeded to the editorship of *Punch*, in which he proses weekly to an audience that is world-wide. As a dramatist he is best known as a writer of burlesques, his happiest efforts in this line being "Ixion" and "Black-Eyed Susan," which may be said to have inaugurated the era of "long runs." Among his travesties on the works of living novelists those on Ouida and Rhoda Broughton are perhaps the most popular. But his best-known work is, of course, "Happy Thoughts." He is an indefatigable worker, and the father of a long line of marriageable daughters.

*M. Crofton.*

m o m  
J W











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